Charles L. Washburn

Worcester

1884.

THE

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1851, AND FEBRUARY, 1852.

VOLUME XVI.

AMERICAN EDITION, VOL. XI.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,
79 FULTON STREET, CORNER OF GOLD STREET.

1852.

THE

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

No. XXXI.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1851.

ART. I.—1. *Prize Essays on a Congress of Nations for the Adjustment of International Disputes, and for the Promotion of Universal Peace without Resort to Arms; together with a Sixth Essay, comprising the Substance of the Rejected Essays.* Boston, 1840. 8vo, pp. 706.

2. *The Manual of Peace, exhibiting the Evils and Remedies of War.* By THOMAS C. UPHAM, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Bowdoin College. Published by the American Peace Society. Boston, 1842. 12mo, pp. 212.

3. *An Inquiry into the Accordancy of War with the Principles of Christianity, and an Examination of the Philosophical Reasoning by which it is Defended; with Observations on some of the Causes of War and on some of its Effects.* Fourth Edition. London, 1843. Pp. 112.

4. *The Cause of the Heavy Burden of Great Britain, and of her National Debt; comprising a rapid survey of some of the great events especially connected with the Finances of British History during the last* 150 *years.* Second Edition. London, 1843. Pp. 12.

5. *The True Grandeur of Nations; an Oration delivered before the Authorities of the city of Boston, U.S., on the 4th of July* 1845, by CHARLES SUMNER. Boston, 1849.

6. *Extracts from "The True Grandeur of Nations."* Liverpool, 1846. Pp. 31.

7. *Congrès des Amis de la Paix Universelle réunis à Bruxelles en* 1848. Bruxelles, Pp. 90.

8. *Report of the Proceedings of the Second General Peace Congress, held in Paris on the 22d, 23d, and 24th of August* 1849. London, 1850.

9. *Verhandlungen des dritten allgemeinen Friedenscongresses, gehalten in der Paulskirche zu Frankfurt am* 22, 23, *und* 24*te August* 1850. Frankfurt am Main, 1851. 8vo, pp. 100.

10. *Trois Congrès des Amis de la Paix, à Londres, Birmingham, et Manchester, les* 30 *et* 31 *Octobre, et* 1*re Novembre,* 1849. Paris, 1850. 8vo. pp. 16.

11. *Report of the Proceedings of the Third General Peace Congress, held in Frankfort on the 22d, 23d, and 24th August* 1850; *compiled from authentic documents, under the superintendence of the Peace Congress Committee.* London, 1851. 8vo, pp. 77.

12. *Gedanken über die Bildung von Friedens-Vereinen in Deutschland dem am* 22 *Juli in London zu eröffnen der vierten Friedenscongresse gewidmet.* Von Dr. G. A. SPIESS, praktischen Arzte in Frankfurt am Main. Frankfurt, 1851. 8vo, pp. 32.

13. *Olive Leaves for the People,* in 12 numbers. By ELIHU BURRITT. Birmingham, 1851.

14. *An Earnest Plea for the Reign of Temperance and Peace as conducive to the Prosperity of Nations, submitted to the Visitors of the Great Exhibition.* By JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM. London, 1851. 12mo, pp. 144.

15. *Britain's Mission.* By the Rev. T. PYNE, A.M. London, 1851. Pp. 8.

16. *An Address on International Peace, as connected with the Meeting of Nations in* 1851. By a BARRISTER. London, 1851. Pp. 8.

IN ancient times the heathens of Greece and of Rome erected statues, and altars, and temples, to the Goddess of Peace. The Pagan throng worshipped at the holy shrine, and

the rich and the wise deposited their most valued properties within the precincts of the temple, and under the safeguard of its sacred name. We, too, in a better age, and with a higher purpose, have reared our temples of peace, consecrated in thousands to its God, and devoted exclusively to His service. Rising majestically to the skies, their lofty turrets and gilded domes challenge the admiration and solicit the entrance of the Christian worshipper. Within the sacred fane is taught the religion of "peace on earth and good will to man." The priest, on his bended knees, asks the Father of all "to give peace in his time," while the thousands around respond with fervent utterance to the holy aspiration; and thus has the prayer of peace ascended heavenward during every day of that long cycle of Christian rule which began when Peter was commanded to sheathe his weapon, and which is to terminate in the metamorphosis of the sword and the spear. But frequent as that prayer has been, and fervent as it has seemed, no answer has been vouchsafed to it, because it was "asked amiss." The incense of faith never ascended from the nation's heart, and the dove with the olive branch has never been permitted to settle on our shores. The priest and the parent retired from the altar to seek a home for their sons in the barrack and in the camp —the child of toil to find excitement and occupation in the ensanguined field—the statesman to compass new achievements of war, or perchance to stay amid the distraction of battle, and stifle amid the noise of its thunders, the indignant remonstrances of a people against his corruptions and his crimes. Were the hierarchy of the state—the servants of him who is the fountain of life—the spiritual peers who adorn our senate, to raise their voice of peace in its cause, to protest against the first murmur of war, and to prostrate themselves at the feet of the deluded sovereign that may be induced to proclaim it, the temporal peers might resile from their decision, and the statesman might pause in his frantic career. And should the bloody declaration still issue from the throne, (never again we trust with a female will,) then let the holy men, like the archiepiscopal martyr of a neighbouring land, throw themselves between the armed bands of husbands, and fathers, and brothers, or take their station in the rear, to administer the last Christian rites to the dying hero, and staunch with their lawn sleeves the red stream of life that is ebbing from his heart.

The continuance of war under the Christian dispensation, and its co-existence with a high civilisation, and with the institutions of education and philanthropy, is a fact in the history of man which defies the analysis of the metaphysician and the moralist. Religion, "pure and undefiled," pleads in vain the sacredness of life, and the value of the soul. Humanity utters unheard her most affectionate appeals; and even the strong instinct of self-preservation, and the inborn horror of death, have failed to subdue our animal ferocity; and while man, as an individual, dare not touch the life of him who maligns or robs him, social man, combining his individual conscience with that of millions, and transferring to them all but an infinitesimal of his own responsibility, consigns without remorse to a bloody grave, thousands of his fellow-creatures who have neither wronged nor insulted him. Thus falsely placed and criminally secure, we are horror-struck with the individual Shylock—the Jew—who demanded flesh and blood in payment of his bond—while we honour the social Shylock—the Christian—who takes more than the pound of flesh from imaginary foes, that may have knelt with him at the same altar, and drunk with him the same cup of kindness. Hence it is, that in this the latest century of civilisation, the fields of Christendom have been more copiously drenched with human blood than during any similar period of Roman or Macedonian domination; and judging from the general recklessness of human life, we might imagine that the Christian stripling who pants for battle, and the Christian maiden who would follow him to the field, had been nursed by the milk of the Red Indian, and tatooed from their infancy with the symbols and implements of war.

This strange condition of humanity—this utter antagonism between principle and conduct—this triumph of ambition, and cupidity, and revenge over the holiest of man's affections, and the sternest of his obligations, admits but of one explanation. Faith has no national existence. The sovereign who, to acquire territory, or avenge wrongs, lights up an offensive war—the minister that counsels it —the legislature that furnishes its sinews—and the constituency that adds their sanction, renounce by their very acts every title to the name of Christian, disclaim all faith in the immortality of their souls, and abandon every hope of a blessed resurrection. The citizen, too, who lives and dies with the guilt of blood upon his conscience—the genuine descendant of bloody Cain, differs but intellectually from the brutes that perish, and can have no other hope but that of perishing like them. If there be one crime in the catalogue of guilt which is really national, that crime is the crime of war; and the nation that wages it is truly infidel. It may have a church, and bishops, and members: It may have a confession, a liturgy, and a rubric: It may have a creed from which it has struck "THOU SHALT NOT

KILL;" but it has no faith but what is dead; —its religion is hypocrisy; and its holiest rites are but the tricks of conjurors to stifle the consciences of the living, and smooth the deathbeds of the dying.

If the religious principle, then, has had no power to overrule those interests and soften those passions which have their issue in war, the philanthropist must search for some more deeply seated agencies in the human heart that may exercise over it a benign influence, that may take root in the tender consciences of the young, and dispel from the general mind those illusory visions of national glory which have so fatally interfered with the happiness and progress of our species. In every age of the world, and in every land, whether barbarous or civilized, individuals have been commissioned to proclaim in burning eloquence the guilt of war and the blessedness of peace; and in more modern times, whole communities of Christians—the Moravians and the Society of Friends—have carried their principles into actual life, and made the doctrine of universal peace the basis and the badge of their communion. But it was reserved to the philanthropists of the present age to organize associations for the extinction of offensive war, and to assemble the heralds of peace in the most influential cities of Europe, to proclaim to kings and to statesmen those eternal truths which the ignorance, the cupidity, and the impiety of nations had so long kept in abeyance.

Interesting as the details might be, it is only a cursory view that our limits will permit us to take of the opinions of individuals, and of the labours of associations in favour of universal peace. Speaking of course of the mercenary soldier, Sir Walter Raleigh declares, "that he that taketh up his rest to live by that profession, shall hardly be an honest man;" and Lord Clarendon asserts, "that when there is no obligation to obey, it is a wonderful and an unnatural appetite that disposes men to be soldiers that they may know how to live." Alluding to the honours awarded to the soldier, Gibbon truly remarks, that "as long as mankind shall continue to *bestow more liberal applause on their destroyers than on their benefactors*, the thirst of military glory will ever be the vice of the most exalted characters;" and the Earl of Shaftesbury regards it "as strange to imagine that war, which of all things appears the most savage, should be the passion of the most heroic spirits," a passion which he ascribes to "a moral misguidance of the affections, by which a lover of mankind becomes a ravager, and a hero and deliverer an oppressor and destroyer." Erasmus declares that "they who defend war, must defend the dispositions which lead to war—dispositions absolutely forbidden by the Gospel;" and, looking at war in its results, he says, "I know not whether any war ever succeeded so fortunately in all its events, but that the conqueror if he had a heart to feel, or an understanding to judge, as he ought to do, repented that he ever engaged in it at all." In estimating the numbers which have been slain in war since "the beginning of the world," Burke speaks "of those torrents of silent and inglorious blood, which have glutted the thirsty sands of Africa, or discoloured the polar snow, or fed the savage forests of America for so many ages of continual war." He asks also, if he shall inflame the account by those grand massacres which "have devoured whole cities and nations, those wasting pestilences, those consuming famines, and all those furies that follow in the train of war;" and he adds, "that he charges the whole of these effects on political society."

If it is the warrior minstrels of former times that humanity must blame for creating a social interest in the feats of war, and nursing the passion for military glory, it is to the poets of a better age that we owe the most harrowing descriptions of its cruelties, and the most powerful denunciations of its crimes. Byron has struck his lyre in condemnation of

"——— those bloodhounds from whose wild
Instinct of gore and glory, earth has known
Those sufferings Dante saw in Hell alone."

He thus contrasts with the bright fiat of the Almighty the red handiwork of man:

"Let there be light, says God, and there was light;
Let there be blood, says man, and there's a sea."

And in estimating the glory of virtuous deeds, he places the humblest act of the sister of charity above the highest of the warrior, when he declares that—

"The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."

Feeble, however, as has been the influence of orators and poets in impressing upon the public mind the impolicy, the injustice, and the impiety of war, they have yet contributed their personal aid to its extinction; and some of the most distinguished of our living bards, Béranger, Lamartine, and Victor Hugo, have taken a prominent part in our associations for peace.

As in small communities and independent kingdoms, the frequency and intensity of particular crimes have often led to their suppression, so in the strife of nations may we ex-

pect that after a war the most frivolous in its origin—the most ruinous in its expenditure—the most ferocious in its acts—the most sanguinary in its results, and the most extensive in its conflagrations—a spirit of re-action may be evoked which shall rouse the indignation of universal humanity, and strangle the cannibal in his den. It was, indeed, after the downfal of Napoleon, when Europe was mourning for the noblest of her children, and when nature and art had been blighted and defaced by war, that the idea of a Peace Society first found favour with the public. Towards the end of 1814, Dr. Noah Webster launched the Ark of Peace on the American waters, and the dove with its olive branch speedily alighted on its unruffled flag. He made an affectionate appeal to the world in his *Solemn Review of the Customs of War;* and in 1815 the first Peace Society was established in the city of New York. In a few months a similar institution sprung up in Massachusetts, and another in Ohio; and on the 11th of June, 1816, the Peace Society of London was founded by Thomas Clarkson, William Allan, Joseph John Gurney, and others, on whose immortal brow posterity will plant the wreath of HUMANITY DISARMED, as the world has already done that of SLAVERY UNSHACKLED. The American Peace Society was founded on the 8th May 1828, and similar institutions have been established in France, Belgium, Switzerland, and other parts of Europe. The Count de Sellon founded a Peace Society at Geneva; and in his beautiful gardens on the banks of the Lake, he erected an obelisk to commemorate the event. On the 24th March 1841, the Society of Christian Morality which existed in Paris formed a Peace Committee, and some time afterwards there was established in the same capital the *Peace Society of Paris.*

The men who organized these institutions were not those who are contented with the ephemeral honour of expressing an affectionate sympathy or performing a holy deed, or vainly embalming their names among those of the benefactors of their race. They were men of large moral courage, of deep earnestness of soul, and of a high reach of aim. They had already seen deeply rooted institutions fall beneath the blow of indignant virtue, and had resolved, with God's blessing, to accomplish the object which they had in view. To their mental and bodily *labour* they added their *gold* and their *prayers*, and toiling under the powerful sceptre of this earthly trinity, they reckoned upon the support of that which is in heaven. The American Peace Society had from its origin contemplated a *Congress of Nations* as a means of advancing their cause, and a premium of thirty dollars, afterwards raised to fifty, was offered for the best essay on the subject of a Congress of Nations. A few essays only were obtained; but in 1831 a gentleman of New York offered 500 dollars for the best essay on the subject, and 100 for the second best. About forty essays were the result of this liberal offer, and five of them occupy the large volume of admirable Prize Essays published in America in 1840. The London Peace Society offered a prize of one hundred guineas for the best essay on peace and war, and twenty for the second best; and under its control countless numbers of tracts by male and female authors have been circulated throughout the empire.

Important as these measures have been in giving the public correct ideas of the principles of the peace associations, of the horrors of war, of the blessings of peace, and of their obligations as Christians, citizens, and men, another step was still wanting to give a cosmopolitan character to the National Associations. In August 1848, Mr. Elihu Burritt, the American apostle of peace, conceived the idea of assembling from all nations a Peace Congress in Paris. He addressed a circular on the subject to the most distinguished friends of the cause, and after a long and serious deliberation, the Peace Society of London resolved to give their most active exertions in the cause. Philanthropists from every country intimated their desire to be present; and with such powerful support, Mr. Burritt, fortified with introductions to the American Minister in London, set off for France, to solicit the concurrence of its government. He communicated in a letter to the Minister of the Interior the objects and views of the friends of peace; but though his proposal was kindly received, yet the peculiar political position of France was considered to be unfavourable for such a reunion. When this decision was laid before them, the Peace Societies of London, Manchester, and Birmingham, resolved to abandon their plan of meeting in Paris, and to take immediate measures for holding the Congress in Brussels. A deputation, consisting of Mr. Scoble of London and Mr. Bradshaw of Manchester, was accordingly appointed, and having been joined by Mr. Burritt, they set out for Belgium, with a letter of introduction from the Belgian Minister in London, Mr. Van der Weyer, to M. Rogier, the Minister of the Interior in Belgium. On their arrival in Brussels, the deputation was introduced to M. Rogier by Lord Howard de Walden, and the Minister of the United States, and after the kindest and frankest reception, every facility was promised for promoting the objects of the Congress. M. Rogier obtained for it the use of the magnificent hall of the Society of Great Harmony, and the use of a special train of the States

Railway from Ostend to Brussels, and relief from the Custom-house formalities. The first meeting of the deputation was held on the 10th of September in the saloons of the Minister of the Interior; and at the meeting a committee of organization was formed, consisting of M. Aug. Visschers as its president, and other individuals who held important offices and positions in the State.

In virtue of the arrangement made by the Committee, the first meeting of the Peace Congress was held at Brussels on the 20th September 1848, under the presidency of M. Auguste Visschers, Counsellor of Mines. The fine hall of the Great Harmony was magnificently decorated for the occasion: An allegorical statue with a bee-hive in its hand, with groups of the different attributes of the arts and sciences, agriculture and commerce, at its feet, rose behind the bureau: The whole was surrounded with shrubs and garlands of flowers, and the national banners of Belgium; while round the hall were suspended the national flags of England, France, the United States, Germany, Holland, and Italy. After the appointment of its office-bearers, the Congress was opened with a brief but excellent inaugural address by the president, M. Visschers, who closed it with the beautiful stanza which Béranger read at a fête given by M. De la Rochfoucauld-Liancourt, on account of the evacuation of France by the Allies:

J'ai vu la Paix descendre sur la terre,
Semant de l'or, des fleurs, et des épis.
L'air était calme, et du dieu de la Guerre
Elle étouffait les foudres assoupis.
"Ah! disait-elle, égaux par la vaillance,
Français, Anglais, Belge, Russe, ou Germain,
Peuples, fermez une sainte alliance,
Et donnez-vous le main."

The following proposition was the subject of discussion at the first sitting of the Congress:

The iniquity, the inhumanity, and the absurdity of war, as the means of settling differences between nations.

This great truth was supported by speeches profound in their logic, and impassioned in their eloquence, by M. F. Bouvet, Member of the National Assembly of France,—M. le Baron de Reiffenberg, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences and Belles Lettres of Belgium, Mr. Ewart and Mr. Silk Buckingham, Members of our own House of Commons, and the Rev. Henry Richard, the active Secretary of the Peace Society of London; and at the commencement of the second meeting, the following resolution, founded on the proposition, was adopted:

"The Congress declares that recourse to arms for the settlement of international disputes, is a custom condemned alike by Religion, Morality, Reason, and Humanity, and, consequently, it is the duty of the civilized world, and necessary for its safety, to adopt suitable measures for the entire abolition of war."

The following proposition was then submitted for discussion:—*The utility and the necessity of the adoption by all governments in future treaties, of a clause by which differences that may arise between them, and might lead to an appeal to arms, shall be submitted to arbitration, and settled by means of mediation.*

After an able and argumentative letter from Mr. Cobden had been read to the meeting, the proposition above mentioned was eloquently defended by M. Chamerovzow, Secretary to the Society for the protection of Aborigines; M. Roussel, Professor in the University of Brussels; the Rev. M. Panchaud of Brussels; and M. Rastoul de Mongeot, an author; and at the commencement of the third sitting, the following resolution was adopted:

"It is of the highest importance to insist that governments shall, by means of arbitration, the principles of which shall be inserted in treaties, terminate in an amicable manner, and according to the rules of justice, all differences that may arise between nations,—special arbiters, or a supreme international court, deciding in the last resort."

The following proposition was then submitted to the consideration of the meeting:—

The utility of the convocation of a Congress, composed of delegates from all nations, the purpose of which shall be to form an international Code, which shall have for its object to place the relations of one State to another upon a solid and unanimously accepted basis, in order to secure, as far as possible, the maintenance of peace.

This proposition was well supported by M. Bertinatti of Turin, Mr. Henry Vincent of London, and, after an excellent letter on the subject from Dr. Bowring had been read, by Mr. Ewart, M. Scheler, Librarian to the King at Brussels, Mr. Henry Clapp of the United States, M. Bourson, and Mr. Somerset; and at the commencement of the next sitting, the following resolution was agreed to:—

"It is desirable that in future a Congress of Nations, composed of representatives of each of them, should unite in forming a Code to regulate international relations. The establishment of this Congress, and the adoption of a Code sanctioned by the Council of all nations, will be the best means of arriving at a universal peace."

The last proposition discussed by the Congress was—

To call the attention of governments to the advantages of a general disarmament, and to request respectfully the exchange of their good offices in order to secure the maintenance of pacific relations between nations, as well as the interests and progress of humanity. This proposition was defended in a written note from Mr. William Stokes, agent of the Peace Society of London, by M. Alvin, director of public instruction at Brussels, M. L'Abbé Louis, chief of the institution at Brussels, M. Roussel, Mr. Henry Vincent, M. Huet, professor in the university of Ghent, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, of Bath, and Mr. Roberts, a mulatto, and governor of the colony of Liberia, who had succeeded in inducing several of the savage tribes under his influence to insert in their treaties a clause referring their differences to the government of Liberia.

The Congress concluded its sittings on the 22d September by the usual formalities of a vote of thanks to the President, and a warm acknowledgment of the hospitality of M. Visschers, and of M. Rogier, the minister of the interior. A soirée, held in the same hall in which the Congress met, was brilliantly attended by the beauty and fashion of Brussels; and after leaving a sum of 1000 francs for the best essay on the subjects discussed at the Congress,* the delegates of the different Peace Societies took an affectionate leave of their Belgian friends.

The impression which was everywhere made by the discussions, in this the first Peace Congress, was admirably maintained by the subsequent labours of its members. An address, explaining the principles of the Congress, was presented to Lord John Russell on the 30th of October, by a deputation of Englishmen and foreigners. His Lordship expressed himself in the kindest terms regarding the sentiments which actuated the Congress; he approved of meetings of that kind, as disseminating among the people ideas of wisdom and moderation; and he emphatically assured the deputation, that in case of any differences arising with another nation, if that nation should propose to refer it to arbitration, the English Government would always regard it as their duty to take such a request into the most serious consideration.

Thus encouraged by the British minister, a great public meeting of the friends of peace was held in *Exeter Hall* on the 31st October 1848, under the presidency of Mr. Hindley, when speeches of great eloquence and power were delivered by Mr. Ewart, who presided, and Messrs. S. Gurney, Cobden, Brock, F. Bastiat, Horace Say, Joseph Garnier, Mr. Potonic, and Mr. Mahan of Ohio. On this occasion M. Josselin, a young French magistrate, in the uniform of the National Guard, happened to enter the Assembly. He was immediately conducted to the platform, where the plaudits with which he was received testified the sympathy and good feeling towards the French people which animated our countrymen. Influential meetings at Birmingham and Manchester followed immediately that of London, and the public mind was thus prepared for the next great step taken in the cause of peace.

Mr. Cobden, who had already triumphed over the prejudices and interests of a powerful party in the State, by his successful exertions for the repeal of the corn laws, had given notice of a motion in the House of Commons:—

"That an humble address be presented to Her Majesty, praying that she will be graciously pleased to direct her principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to enter into communication with foreign powers, inviting them to concur in treaties binding the respective parties, in the event of any future misunderstanding, *which cannot be arranged by amicable negotiation*, to refer the matter in dispute to the decision of arbitrators."

With the view of supporting this motion upwards of 150 meetings were held in different parts of the empire, and about a thousand petitions, containing *two hundred thousand* signatures, were presented to the House of Commons in favour of the proposition.

This important proposal, which we believe embodies the anxious wishes of all the piety, and philanthropy, and disinterested talent of England, was submitted to the House on the 12th June 1849. It was moved by Mr. Cobden, in a speech rich in its facts, logical in its argument, sagacious in its views, and warm and affectionate in its humanity. Lord Robert Grosvenor, Mr. Hobhouse, (now Lord Broughton,) Mr. Milner Gibson, and Mr. Roebuck, supported it with great eloquence and powerful argument; and the previous question was moved by Lord Palmerston, and supported by Lord John Russell, in speeches of deep interest and good feeling. Lord Palmerston, with his usual ability, gave an interesting and statesmanlike view of our foreign relations. The two ministers fully admitted the principle of the resolution, and acknowledged the benefit that would arise from it; but they believed that peace might be maintained by the *old method of negotiation*, and cited the many recent occasions in which they had preserved peace without *the new method of arbitration*. In thus contrasting

* Twenty-two memoirs in competition for this prize were received before the specified time, the 1st June, 1849, and two afterwards; and on the 6th August the Committee of the Royal Academy of Belgium adjudged the 1000 francs to M. Bara, advocate, residing at Mons.

the two methods of settling national differences, Lord John Russell has thoroughly, we are sure unwittingly, misrepresented the proposition in debate. The friends of peace value and desire to uphold the old method of negotiation, and they honour the present Government for its frequent and successful application. The method of arbitration is not to *supersede* but to *supplement* the method of negotiation,—not to lower the character and weaken the influence of the negotiator, but with a court of appeal at his side, to moderate his patriotism and diminish his responsibility.

When all negotiation has failed, and all mutual concessions become unavailing—when the negotiators part in sullen civility, and with ferocious intent—when letters of marque are about to be issued, to sink or to seize the commercial treasures that are floating on the deep, to consign our fathers or our sons to a watery grave or a hostile dungeon—to demolish or to burn the castle or the cottage home that Providence has placed on our shores,—in such a crisis the friends of peace ask for the security of a written obligation, that the miserable question—perhaps one of false honour, perhaps one of filthy lucre—shall be settled by arbitration. They ask not that the Arbiter shall dispossess the Ambassador: He is to replace neither the soldier nor the sailor who defend their country, but the pirate and the burglar who disgrace it. The man, however, for whom Providence has reserved the noble destiny of the world's peacemaker, has still to assume the functions of a minister. The ideal, however, is but truth in the distance, and its living representative has not yet breathed among the senators of Europe. On the world's dial, indeed, the sun of peace and of knowledge has not yet culminated,—it has but gilded our mountain tops with its auroral beam; yet, in its diminishing shadows and glowing brightness we trace its upward path, and believe in its meridian destination.

"We see the war-crushed nations stand
To catch the noontide blaze in turn;
We see from ready hand to hand
The bright, but struggling glory burn:
And each, as she receives the flame,
Kindles the altar with its ray,
Then, turning to the next that came,
She speeds it on its sparkling way."

In confirmation of these hopes and views we have only to state, and we state it in triumph, that Mr. Cobden's motion, though negatived by a majority of ninety-seven, was supported by the votes of *seventy-nine* independent members of the House. What a glorious contrast does this result exhibit to us, and what hopes does it not inspire, when we recollect that the first proposition for repealing the corn laws was supported in the House of Commons by only *fourteen* votes!

The Second General Peace Congress assembled in Paris on the 22d August 1849, and held its sittings for three days, under the presidency of M. Victor Hugo, equally distinguished as a statesman and a poet. M. Dufaure, the minister of the interior, had readily given his authority for a meeting which he characterized as philanthropic, and as having a high character of international utility; and he at the same time exempted 500 of the English members from the necessity of obtaining passports and submitting their baggage to examination. M. Lacrosse, the minister of public works, "applauded most heartily the efforts which the Congress were making for the propagation of the noble idea of universal peace;" and he expressed his "sincere desire to behold the time of, at least, its partial realization," which "he hoped might be hastened by the numerous international relations which were being daily created by the vast development of the means of communication all over the face of Europe." M. F. Lesseps, ex-minister plenipotentiary at Rome, MM. Thierry, Tissot, and Barthelemy Saint-Hilaire, all members of the Institute, became members of the Congress, and numerous professors from every university in Europe and America, and many clergymen, followed in their train. The National Assembly sent to the Congress some of its most distinguished members, and the Catholic Church its learned and its pious primate. M. Marie Dominique Auguste, Archbishop of Paris, would have accepted the presidency of the Congress had his health permitted, and he in vain requested the permission of his physician to attend one of its sittings. In announcing himself as a member of the Congress, he declares, "that war is a remnant of ancient barbarism, and that it is accordant with the spirit of Christianity to desire the disappearance of this formidable scourge from the face of the earth, and to make strenuous efforts to obtain this noble and generous end;" and in the following year, when he had witnessed the state of feeling in France, this noble prelate addressed the president of the Congress at Frankfort in the following words:—

"Myself, a man of peace, minister of a God who has said of himself that he was 'meek and lowly of heart,' I applaud these efforts of the friends of peace to establish concord on the earth, and to banish wars and divisions. This is a grand object; an object essentially Christian. We cannot yet attain it, but there is a strong tendency towards its attainment. These public manifestations, expressed by these Congresses, prepare and form opinion, which is always the queen of the world. When public opinion shall

be decidedly pronounced against violence and brute force, to terminate the differences which arise among nations, their rulers will be obliged to consider among themselves what to do, and wars will become more and more rare.

"But above all, by the development of this Christian spirit among men of peace, when it shall be solidly established on the earth, when humanity shall form only one family, when men shall look upon one another as brothers, when the Church shall have only faithful children, and the passions be subdued, when feelings of selfishness shall give place to those of justice and charity, then will peace descend to the earth; there shall be peace on earth and good will among men.

"We shall in vain, Monsieur le Président, seek for combinations founded on reason and on the material interests of man. They are impotent. It is the heart of the people which must be changed. This great and salutary revolution on the earth cannot be effected except by the aid of a fulcrum taken from heaven. May all the friends of peace, therefore, be, above all, the friends of Christianity! Let them promote its operation on and among themselves. It is the sole means of real efficacy to attain the end proposed, and which we are all engaged to promote. May God supremely bless our common efforts, and incline the hearts of the people toward gentleness and love, which are, indeed, at the foundation of all religion!"

Under auspices like these, where religion, and science, and literature, and political wisdom, had united their torches in one common flame, the proceedings of the Congress were conducted with affectionate unanimity, with brilliant eloquence, and with the inspiration of a living faith in their cause. The ideal passed into the real; the imagination and the judgment proclaimed the same truths; and in the ignorance, the inhumanity, and the anarchy of the past, earnest men, whose convictions neither bigotry nor self-interest could shake, saw the dawn of enlightened times, the downfal of bloody institutions, and the blessed millennium of universal peace.

These interesting features, so seldom exhibited in the discussions of men of all nations and creeds, shone pre-eminently in the inaugural address of the president, M. Victor Hugo. We regret that we can find room only for some of its separate paragraphs.

"Gentlemen, this sacred idea, universal peace, all nations bound together in a common bond, the Gospel for their supreme law, mediation substituted for war—this holy sentiment, I ask you, is it practicable? Can it be realized? Many practical men, many public men grown old in the management of affairs, answer in the negative. But I answer with you, and I answer without hesitation,—Yes! and I shall shortly try to prove it to you. I go still further. I do not merely say it is capable of being put into practice, but I add that it is inevitable, and that its execution is only a question of time, and may be hastened or retarded. The law which rules the world is not, cannot be different from the law of God. But the divine law is not one of war—it is peace. Men commenced by conflict, as the creation did by chaos. Whence are they coming? From wars—that is evident. But whither are they going? To peace—that is equally evident. When you enunciate those sublime truths, it is not to be wondered at that your assertion should be met by a negative; it is easy to understand that your faith will be encountered by incredulity; it is evident that in this period of trouble and of dissension the idea of universal peace must surprise and shock, almost like the apparition of something impossible and ideal; it is quite clear that all will call it Utopian; but for me, who am but an obscure labourer in this great work of the nineteenth century, I accept this opposition without being astonished or discouraged by it. Is it possible that you can do otherwise than turn aside your head and shut your eyes, as if in bewilderment, when in the midst of the darkness which still envelops you, you suddenly open the door that lets in the light of the future?"

After referring to the time when the various provinces of France, now in peaceful union, were engaged in contest and bloody wars, he anticipates on similar grounds the pacification of Europe.

"A day will come, when you, France—you, Russia—you, Italy—you, England—you, Germany—all of you, nations of the Continent, will, without losing your distinctive qualities and your glorious individuality, be blended into a superior unity, and constitute an European fraternity, just as Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Lorraine, Alsace, have been blended into France. A day will come when the only battle-field will be the market open to commerce and the mind opening to new ideas. A day will come when bullets and bomb-shells will be replaced by votes, by the universal suffrage of nations, by the venerable arbitration of a great Sovereign Senate, which will be to Europe what the Parliament is to England, what the Diet is to Germany, what the Legislative Assembly is to France. A day will come when a cannon will be exhibited in public museums, just as an instrument of torture is now, and people will be astonished how such a thing could have been. A day will come when those two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, shall be seen placed in the presence of each other, extending the hand of fellowship across the ocean, exchanging their produce, their commerce, their industry, their arts, their genius, clearing the earth, peopling the deserts, improving creation under the eye of the Creator, and uniting, for the good of all, these two irresistible and infinite powers, the fraternity of men and the power of God. Nor is it necessary that four hundred years should pass away for that day to come. We live in a rapid period, in the most impetuous current of events and ideas which has ever borne away humanity; and

at the period in which we live, a year suffices to do the work of a century.

"But French, English, Germans, Russians, Sclaves, Europeans, Americans, what have we to do in order to hasten the advent of that great day? We must love each other! To love each other is, in this immense labour of pacification, the best manner of aiding God! God desires that this sublime object should be accomplished. And to arrive at it you are yourselves witnesses of what the Deity is doing on all sides. See what discoveries are every day issuing from human genius—discoveries which all tend to the same object—Peace! What immense progress! What simplification! How Nature is allowing herself to be more and more subjugated by man! How matter every day becomes still more the handmaid of intellect, and the auxiliary of civilisation! How the causes of war vanish with the causes of suffering! How people far separated from each other so lately, now almost touch! How distances become less and less; and this rapid approach, what is it but the commencement of fraternity! Thanks to railroads, Europe will soon be no larger than France was in the middle ages. Thanks to steam-ships, we now traverse the mighty ocean more easily than the Mediterranean was formerly crossed. Before long, men will traverse the earth, as the gods of Homer did the sky, in three paces! But yet a little time, and the electric wire of concord shall encircle the globe and embrace the world. And here, gentlemen, when I contemplate this vast amount of efforts and of events, all of them marked by the finger of God—when I regard this sublime object, the wellbeing of mankind—peace, when I reflect on all that Providence has done in favour of it, and human policy against it, a sad and bitter thought presents itself to my mind."

After asserting that the nations of Europe expend annually for the maintenance of armies a sum of *two thousand millions of francs*, (a hundred millions sterling nearly,) he thus proceeds:—

"If for the last thirty-two years this enormous sum had been expended in this manner, America in the meantime aiding Europe, know you what would have happened? The face of the world would have been changed. Isthmuses would be cut through, channels formed for rivers, tunnels bored through mountains. Railroads would cover the two continents; the merchant navy of the globe would have increased a hundred-fold. There would be nowhere barren plains, nor moors, nor marshes. Cities would be found where there are now only deserts. Ports would be sunk where there are now only rocks. Asia would be rescued to civilisation; Africa would be rescued to man; abundance would gush forth on every side, from every vein of the earth, at the touch of man, like the living stream from the rock beneath the rod of Moses. Misery would be no longer found; and with misery, what do you think would disappear?—Revolutions. Yes, the face of the world would be changed! In place of mutually destroying each other, men would pacifically extend themselves over the earth. In place of conspiring for revolution, men would combine to establish colonies! In place of introducing barbarism into civilisation, civilisation would replace barbarism."

When M. Visschers, the President of the Brussels Congress, had given an account of the progress of the Peace cause during the last year, the president presented to M. Bara a case containing bank-notes of the value of 1000 francs; and he announced that a prize of 500 francs would be awarded to the author of the best collection of extracts from ancient and modern authors, upon the horrors and evils of war; and that the *Société de la Morale Chrétienne* would give a prize of the same value for the best collection of extracts upon the benefits of peace.

In discussing the proposal for international arbitration, an excellent essay on the subject, by the Rev. Dr. Godwin, was read to the meeting; the Rev. John Burnet of London, MM. de Gueroult, Hippolyte Peut, the Rev. Asa Mahan of the Oberlin Institute, Ohio, and Mr. Henry Vincent of London, addressed the Congress in powerful and energetic speeches.

The subject of a general and simultaneous disarmament, which was the topic for the second sitting, was advocated in an eloquent speech by the Rev. Athanase Coquerel, by one less stirring from the Vice-President, M. W. H. Suringar of Amsterdam, and in a noble address by M. Francisque Bouvet of the French National Assembly, and Vice-President of the Brussels Congress. In answer to the presumptuous declaration that Peace is impossible, M. Coquerel asserted that nothing is impossible but that which is false, which is wicked, which is antihuman, and antichristian. But everything that is true and good, everything that is Christian and divine, is possible: if it were not so, we could do nothing but despair; the way of progress would be closed for ever to man; and to sum up all in one word, man would be no longer man, and God no longer God. M. Bouvet, after declaring the last councils of the Catholic Church, which prohibited liberty of discussion, to have been the cause of modern wars and revolutions, concluded with the following peculiar observation:—

"We have seen them issue from the obscurity of the middle ages by the light of the stakes erected for the punishment of heresy in the 16th century. Since that period the spirit of life has been separated from the spirit of order. The one giving rise to revolutions always incomplete, and often deceptive in their results; the other remaining isolated in its own see of Rome, sustained by the pagan arm of political monarchies, growing feebler every day, like a tree without sap, whose foliage has dropped off through old age, and whose trunk may indeed still offer some resistance to the storm, but can no longer yield a

tutelary shelter to society. The question being thus stated, the solution of the problem is clearly indicated. We must restore with the elements of modern civilisation, those grand deliberative and judicial assemblies which formerly existed in Christendom, and thither we shall see returning from all sides, like bees laden with booty to the common hive, the different elements of social order, religious, scientific, and œconomic, to form, in a holy association, the positive religion of nations. Then will a universal disarmament take place—then will be established permanent peace among all nations."

The discussion was continued by Mr. H. Vincent, M. Jules Avigdor of Nice, and M. Emile de Girardin, in a singularly powerful speech, at the close of which the whole assembly rose and greeted him with enthusiastic cheers. Mr. Ewart then ascended the tribune, and was followed by M. Frederic Bastiat of the National Assembly, and by Mr. Cobden, whose admirable speech terminated the sitting.

The third sitting of the Congress was opened by the reading of a letter from the illustrious poet Béranger, who had been prevented from attending by an attack of illness. He expressed his earnest desire for the success of this generous assemblage of distinguished men, and gave his hearty approbation to the initiative, which they had had the courage to take at a time apparently so little disposed for peace. It was now intimated to the meeting, that M. Lacrosse, who had previously opened all the national palaces and public establishments to the foreign members of Congress, had also ordered the great waterworks at Versailles to play on the following Monday, in place of Sunday, in order to suit the religious scruples of the English and American members; and after voting thanks to the Minister, the business commenced with a long and excellent essay "On a Congress of Nations," by Mr. Elihu Burritt. The Abbé Deguerry and Mr. Amasa Walker of Massachusetts continued the discussion in well considered speeches, and they were followed by Dr. Bodenstead of Berlin, Mr. Hindley, M.P., Mr. Edward Miall, and Mr. Cobden. Mr. William Brown, an escaped slave from the United States, made a short speech, and the Rev. Mr. Pennington of New York, once a slave, but now a Presbyterian minister, spoke in a special manner of the condition of the negro population, which he estimated at *twelve millions*, one half of whom were then in servitude to the whites. After a vote of thanks was passed to the French Government for their liberal countenance and splendid hospitalities, and another to the President, M. Victor Hugo returned thanks, and closed the Congress in an eloquent speech, with the following interesting statement:—

"This morning, at the opening of this session, at the moment when a Christian priest was enchanting you all by the spell of his sublime and soul-penetrating eloquence, at that moment, some one, a member of this assembly, of whose name I am ignorant, reminded him that the present day, the 24th of August, is the anniversary of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. The Catholic priest turned aside his venerable head, unwilling to think upon this lamentable occurrence. Well! for my part, I accept the omen, I adopt the recollection. Yes, two hundred and seventy-seven years ago from this very day, Paris—the Paris in which we are now assembled—awoke in terror; in the midst of the night, a bell, which was called the silver bell, tolled at the Palace of Justice—the Catholics ran to arms, the Protestants were surprised in their sleep, and a wholesale murder, a massacre, a crime in which commingled hatreds of all kinds, both religious, civil, and political, a crime of the deepest and blackest dye, was committed. Well! to-day, on the same day, in the same town, God summons all these hatreds before him, and commands them to be changed into love! God takes away from this fatal anniversary its sinister signification; where there had been a spot of blood, He puts a ray of light; in the place of an idea of vengeance, of fanaticism, and of war, He substitutes an idea of reconciliation, of tolerance and of peace; and, thanks to Him, by his will, thanks to the progress which He effects and ordains in this world, precisely on this fatal day of the 24th August, and so to speak, almost under the shadow of that tower which gave the signal for the massacre, not only English and French, Italians and Germans, Europeans and Americans, but also those who were called Papists, and those who were called Huguenots, recognise each other as brethren, and unite in a close and henceforth indissoluble embrace! Dare now to deny progress! But, know this well, the man who denies progress is a monster of impiety, the man who denies progress denies providence, for providence and progress are one and the same thing, and progress is only one of the human names of the eternal God! Brethren, I accept your acclamations, and I offer them to future generations. Yes! may this day be a memorable day, may it mark the end of the effusion of human blood; may it mark the end of massacres and wars; may it inaugurate the commencement of the reign of peace and concord upon earth, and may it be said—The 24th of August, 1572, is effaced and disappears before the 24th of August, 1849!"

On the 25th of August, the members and visitors of the Congress spent the day in viewing the various public edifices and exhibitions which had been thrown open for their inspection; and in the evening they attended a grand soirée, given in honour of the Congress by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and his lady, Madame de Tocqueville. The magnificent suite of reception rooms at the *Hôtel des Affaires Etrangères* was thrown open for their reception. A band of music was in attendance, and the garden was brilliantly illuminated for the occasion. Several members of the diplomatic body and of the National Assembly, and many

of the public functionaries, enjoyed the hospitality of their distinguished host, and like him conversed freely with the leading orators of the Congress.

On Monday the 27th August, the Peace Delegates visited Versailles, where they were received at the gates of the palace by officers waiting their arrival. The great fountains threw their jets to the skies, amid the joyous sounds of English cheers, and to the delight of between thirty and forty thousand spectators. The palace of St. Cloud was likewise opened for the reception of the Congress, and the great cascade was illuminated in their honour. Nothing was omitted by the authorities in Paris to shew their respect for the missionaries of peace. The liberality of the Government, and the hospitality of its most distinguished members, will never be effaced from the memory of those who enjoyed it; and we feel that, in future times, the feelings which were inspired, and the truths which were taught from the Tribune of Peace, will yet exercise a beneficial influence in promoting the highest interests of France, and the continued tranquillity of Europe.

The Third Peace Congress was held at Frankfort on the 22d, 23d, and 24th August 1850, under the presidency of M. Jaup, lately Prime Minister of Hesse-Darmstadt. Through the kindness of the Consistory of the Lutheran Church, the meetings were held in St. Paul's Church, a magnificent circular edifice, capable of holding between two and three thousand persons. Among the many interesting letters of sympathy and adhesion which were received at this meeting, we must specially distinguish those of two of the greatest men on whose brow science has already planted her wreath of immortality—Baron Von Humboldt and Baron Liebig. In his great work, entitled Cosmos, the illustrious patriarch of science had long ago given his opinion on the subject of universal peace.

"The one idea," he says, "which history exhibits as, is *the idea of humanity*,—the noble distinctness ever more developing itself into greater endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views, and by setting aside the distinction of religion, country, and colour, to treat the whole human race as one brotherhood, having one great object —the free development of our spiritual nature."

In his letter of apology, on account of his inability to attend the meeting at Frankfort, addressed to the president and members, this fine idea is more fully developed.

"The general peace which our Continent has now so long enjoyed, and the praiseworthy efforts of many governments to avert the oft-threatening dangers of a general European war, prove that the ideas which so prominently occupy your minds are in accordance with the sentiments called forth and diffused by the increased culture of humanity. It is a useful enterprise to inspire such sentiments in the commonwealth by public conferences, and, at the same time, to point out the way through which wise and sincere governments may, by fostering the progressive and legitimate development and perfectibility of free institutions, weaken the long-accumulated elements of animosity.

"How much mildness of manners, and an improved order in the organization of states, have confined within narrower limits the wild outbursts of physical violence, may be seen by comparing the first middle ages with modern times. The whole history of the past shews, that, under the protection of a superior power, a long-nourished yearning after a nobler aim in the life of nations, will at length find its consummation. Has not a disgraceful legislation, conniving at, yea, even encouraging, the infamous system of slavery and the traffic in human beings, at least on our Continent, and in the independent States of former Spanish America, yielded to the united efforts of the better part of mankind?

"We must not, then, relinquish the hope that a path will open, by which all hostile divisions and contracting jealousies will gradually disappear. The whole history of the world teaches, to use the expression of a statesman long departed, 'that the idea of humanity becomes, in the course of centuries, ever more visible, in a more enlarged acceptation, and proclaims its animating power.'"

After the president had delivered a brief introductory address, the usual topics of discourse were taken up by the Rev. John Burnet, the Rev. M. Bonnet of the Reformed Church at Frankfort, and M. De Cormenin, formerly member of the French Constituent Assembly, and Councillor of State. Emile de Girardin and by M. Visschers followed with able speeches. A long address from the friends of peace at Philadelphia was then read; and after an effective speech from Mr. Cobden, the resolution in favour of arbitration was carried by acclamation, and the sitting adjourned.

It is a remarkable circumstance that General Haynau was present at this sitting, and his presence was thus alluded to by Mr. Cobden:—

"Among the visiters to-day is a stranger whom I little expected to meet at a Peace Congress. The last great meeting I attended in England, I found myself side by side with General Klapka, and now I find myself almost shoulder to shoulder with General Haynau. Now, when we see the two leading generals who were recently opposed to each other coming to Peace meetings and Peace Congresses, I begin to entertain no doubt that the world is opening its eyes to the justice of our principle. These generals themselves seem not to be perfectly satisfied, whether they are victors or whether they belong to the vanquished; they seem not to be quite satisfied in their own minds of the righteousness of their

tribunal, when they attend the Congresses of the friends of Peace. Now, it is not likely that any of our peace friends will pay a visit to General Haynau in his camp. I wish to say nothing which would deter the leaders of our opponents from the progress of opinion; but I must say that General Haynau was about the last man that I thought we should have converted. I take this as a sign of progress which is safe and sure when founded upon those principles which have been laid down at the meeting to-day, founded upon the common interests and the common humanity of all living men."

At the second sessional meeting the subject of standing armaments was ably discussed by Mr. Hindley, M.P., and Rabbi Stein of Frankfort, who concluded with these words:—

"Yes, gentlemen, whenever I behold a locomotive engine rushing along with the speed of the wind, with its column of cloud and fire, I am reminded of that miraculous column of cloud by day and fire by night, which went before the people of Israel into the land of promise. Our ancient teachers say that that column gave way to no obstacle; mountains were levelled before it, hills were dispersed like dust. Even thus will be our journey into the land of the promised universal peace: God goeth before us, and every obstacle must disappear. And never do I behold those wonderful wires that carry upon their wings the words of men with the rapidity of thought, without a feeling of rapture at the reflection, that an electric current is passing through the hearts of men; that we are placed within the magic circle of love, which conveys from man to man, from nation to nation, the vibrating motion of its presence. It is, however, the spirit of the times that carries every thought with the rapidity of lightning through the world. To this spirit of the times, one of God's messengers, may be applied what was said of one of the liberators of America, Franklin—

"'Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.'"

M. Joseph Garnier, Dr. Bullard, U.S., M. E. Girardin, Dr. Hitchcock, President of Amersham College, U.S., the Rev. E. B. Hall, U.S., and Mr. Cobden, followed in the same line of argument; and the subject of disapproving of foreign loans for paying the expense of war having been discussed by Herr Ducker from Holland, M. E. Girardin, and Herr Zachariah of Stettin, the sitting was adjourned.

At the third and last sitting the subject of non-intervention was introduced, and a resolution condemning it was moved by Kah-Ge-Gah-Bowh, (Firm-standing,) now the Rev. G. Copway, lately a chief of the Red Indian tribes! He addressed the Congress in an animated speech, which he closed with the following words:

"When I look at this assembly I am astonished—astonished at its success; when I consider the state of Europe, and the difficulties to have been overcome, difficulties which rise up like hills and mountains in the way of civilization—and being thus astonished, who need wonder if I predict that the time must soon come when all the courts of Europe will send its representatives say to this Congress, even Rome itself? You may this is not possible. It is possible: as much so as the existence of those mighty machineries which your forefathers would have called miraculous. When I left my country in the West, my aged father came to me and said, 'Here, my son, take this,'—(unrolling the Indian pipe of peace:) yes, when I took my seat at this table, many persons seemed afraid to sit near me, as if I had arms in my hand; but, Mr. President, it is not a weapon of war, it is a weapon of peace, which, in the name of my countrymen, I present to you—it is our calumet. And I will add, of the great question of Peace—

"'Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,
And you, ye waters, roll;
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.'"

After a short speech from Dr. Weil of Frankfort, Dr. Bodenstedt of Berlin addressed the meeting in English; but having entered upon the discussion of the Schleswig-Holstein question, which was contrary to the standing order of the Congress, that reference to present political events should be avoided, he yielded to the request of the president. Dr. Bodenstedt "had arrived only that morning from Berlin, bringing with him an address to the Congress, signed by the leading men of the Constitutional party in that city, as well as by the ambassador of Schleswig-Holstein, entreating the Congress to appoint a Commission of Inquiry into the matters at issue between Denmark and the Duchies, with a view to put a stop to that deplorable and unnatural war. But the Committee, before whom this proposal was laid at a preliminary meeting, did not feel that this was a work which lay properly within the province of the Congress." Had the two contending parties sent an official offer to submit their differences to the arbitration of the Congress, the case would have had another aspect; but under the present circumstances any interference on the part of the Congress would have been justly regarded as a violation of the very principle of non-intervention, which the Congress had laid down for the government of States.

The subject under discussion having been resumed by M. E. Girardin, and pursued by Dr. Creizenach of Frankfort, Mr. Edward Miall, and Signor Madona from Piedmont, Dr. Jaup read a short historical treatise on the principle of non-intervention as recognised in the law of nations. Mr. Burritt then, in a vigorous speech, submitted a resolution on the subject of a general congress of the represen-

tatives of the various states, with a view to the formation of a code of international laws. The resolution was supported by various speakers, English, French, and German, and after being unanimously adopted, M. Cormenin moved the following supplementary resolution :

"The Congress condemns the practice of *duelling* between individuals, equally with war between nations; and every person joining this Society binds himself not to be a party to a duel, and ceases to be a member if he violates the pledge."

When the proposition had been seconded by Mr. Cobden, and the resolution was about to be put, M. Emile Girardin, who is well known to have given the mortal wound to M. Armand Carrel, rose and said,—

"Duelling is war between individuals. We here give a guarantee to obtain credit, and that guarantee is to be found in the solemnity of our acts—that guarantee is to deny duelling publicly and openly. A legislative assembly has, at this moment, as subject for future debate, a law upon duelling. In my life there is a painful reminiscence. I fought a fatal duel twenty years ago, and I still feel remorse for it at this moment. If we were to leave no other trace in Frankfort than this resolution, we might say we had done enough."

When the resolution had been adopted, the Rev. Henry Richard moved different votes of thanks to the authorities at Frankfort for their liberality and kindness. The Congress agreed to hold their next meeting in London in 1851; and after thanks had been returned to Mr. Jaup, the president, the proceedings of the Congress were closed.

The Fourth Congress of Peace met in London on the 22d of July, 1851, under the presidency of Sir David Brewster. Its meetings were held in Exeter Hall, a building which could accommodate upwards of four thousand persons; and owing to the vast number of strangers whom the Great Exhibition had brought to our metropolis, the attendance of the friends of peace to countenance and advance its cause was numerous and brilliant beyond all former example. In the two temples of peace, then filled with all that is great and noble and estimable in society, there were assembled two different classes of true worshippers. In the one, beauty, piety, and philanthropy were listening to strains of eloquence and poetry, addressed to their reason and their humanity. In the other, the prince and the peer, and the citizen and the peasant, were learning the anthem of peace, which through every heart thrilled from the countless creations of industry and genius. No sounds of battle were heard there. The brazen throats of war thundered no death-notes from their polished lungs, and the implements of battle hung around in peaceful isolation, guiltless of human blood, and forged for the admiration, not for the destruction, of man. They disappeared even among the fabrics and products that were to deck the prince and the peasant; among the luxuries that were to cheer them; among the mechanisms of advanced civilisation, and among the instruments of science that are yet to explore the invisible creation at our feet, and make known to man the distant glories of the universe. Unfurled above all these elements of peace rose the meteor flags of Europe, that had often "burned terrific" above her bloodiest battle-fields; but though now dimmed before the brighter banners of industry and commerce, the patriot still sees under the symbols which they bear the deeds of the heroes that had carried them to victory, while he feels, and glories in the feeling, that war's troubled night has passed, and that the star of peace has returned.

Although the thousands that assembled for three days in Exeter Hall could not be compared with the hundreds of thousands which thronged the Crystal Palace, yet it has been stated, on authority which cannot be doubted, that there had never before been gathered in the British metropolis an assembly embodying so large an amount of the highest elements of English society, its intelligence, its moral and religious worth, as that which met to plead the cause of peace and philanthropy. More than a thousand men were there from every district of the United Kingdom, representing all the principal cities of the empire, and selected, for the most part, on account of the honourable local distinction they had acquired among their fellow-citizens. There, also, were the official delegates from the important municipal and religious bodies—the chief magistrates from many towns—the parliamentary representatives of not a few influential constituencies—more than two hundred ministers of religion of various denominations, appointed by their respective congregations—eminent professors in our collegiate establishments, and a considerable body of men inferior to none in this country for their scientific, literary, and theological attainments.

Of the foreign delegates America sent upwards of *sixty*, representing *sixteen* different States in the Union, some of whom had travelled more than a thousand miles before they embarked on the Atlantic. France and Germany, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Holland, Sweden and Norway, sent also their contingent; and thus were arrayed on the neutral ground of humanity, a brotherhood from

nations that had often assembled on the battle-field, for the purposes of vengeance and mutual destruction.

Such was the composition of the Congress of Peace, as held in the capital of the British Isles. Lest we mislead our readers, we must tell them also who were not there. No member of the British Cabinet, either of the past or of the present, was there; no expectant, and no occupant of place; no British or Irish or Scottish peer; no Archbishop or Bishop or Golden canon was there; no Catholic priest; no Erastian Presbyterian; no teacher from our national universities; no worshipper of the muses, to welcome the Lamartines, the Victor Hugos, and the Bérangers of other lands; no military, or naval hero, with star and medal, was there; no healer of gunshot wounds; no spiritual stipendiary of the camp; no compounder of gunpowder; no primer of copper caps; and no stretcher of kettle-drums: Nor saw we there the rigger of our hearts of oak and our hulls of iron—of the Bloodhound and the Bulldog; of the Devastator and the Firebrand; of the Savage and the Serpent; of the Vindictive and the Vengeance—those arks of mercy, freighted with the benevolence of gun-cotton and grape-shot, to make friends of natural enemies—to civilize aboriginal barbarians; and, perchance, what no Englishman can do, to stifle liberty in its cradle—replace the man of sin on his unrighteous throne, and restore the inquisitor to his bloody judgment-seat.

We record not these facts as proofs either of hostility or indifference to the interests of humanity. They have, doubtless, some other origin, which may be discovered in the nature and peculiarities of our institutions; but when the foreign members of the Congress recollect the respect and hospitality which they received from Cabinet Ministers and official men in Paris, Brussels, and Frankfort, and the support freely proffered to their cause by distinguished generals, both in France and Germany, they may be excused for misinterpreting the coldness and inhospitality of our political, military, and municipal authorities.

After the Bureau of the Congress had been constituted, Sir David Brewster, as President, delivered the inaugural address, of which we can find room only for the following extracts:—

"I should have shrunk," said he, "from occupying the chair in which your kindness has placed me, were I required to address to you any formal and lengthened argument in favour of the grand object which the Congress of Peace has been organized to accomplish. I shall consider this part of my duty discharged by a brief reference to the nature and the justice of the cause which we are this day met to plead. The principle for which we claim your sympathy and ask your support, is, that war undertaken to settle differences between nations is the relic of a barbarous age, equally condemned by religion, by reason, and by justice. The question, 'What is war?' has been more frequently asked than answered; and I hope that there may be in this assembly some eloquent individual who has seen it in its realities, and who is willing to tell us what he has seen. Most of you, like myself, know it only in poetry and romance. We have wept over the epics and the ballads which celebrate the tragedies of war. We have followed the warrior in his career of glory, without tracing the line of blood along which he has marched. We have worshipped the demigod in the temple of fame, in ignorance of the cruelties and crimes by which he climbed its steep. It is only from the soldier himself, and in the language of the eye that has seen its agonies, and of the ear that has heard its shrieks, that we can obtain a correct idea of the miseries of war. Though far from our happy shores, many of us may have seen it in its ravages and in its results—in the green mound which marks the recent battle-field—in the shattered forest—in the razed and desolate village, and, perchance, in the widows and the orphans which it made! And yet this is but the memory of war—the faint shadow of its dread realities—the reflection but of its blood, and the echoes but of its thunder. I shudder when imagination carries me to the sanguinary field—to the death struggles between men who are husbands and fathers and brothers—to the horrors of the siege and the sack—to the deeds of rapine and violence and murder, in which neither age nor sex is spared. To men who reason, and who feel while they reason, nothing in the history of their species appears more inexplicable, than that war, the child of barbarism, should exist in an age enlightened and civilized, when the arts of peace have attained the highest perfection, and when science has brought into personal communion nations the most distant, and races the most unfriendly. But it is more inexplicable still, that war should exist where Christianity has for nearly 2000 years been shedding its gentle light, and that it should be defended by arguments drawn from the Scriptures themselves. If the sure word of prophecy has told us that the time must come when men shall learn the art of war no more, it is doubtless our duty, and it shall be our work, to hasten its fulfilment, and upon the anvil of Christian truth, and with the brawny arm of indignant reason, to beat the sword into the ploughshare, and the spear into the pruning-hook. I am ashamed, in a Christian community, to defend on Christian principles the cause of universal peace. He who proclaimed peace on earth and good-will to man; who commands us to love our enemies, and to do good to them who despitefully use us and persecute us; he who counsels us to hold up the left cheek when the right is smitten, will never acknowledge as disciples, or admit into his immortal family, the sovereign or the minister who shall send the fiery cross over tranquil Europe, and summon the bloodhounds of war to settle the disputes and gratify the animosities of nations."

After alluding to the adhesion of the Archbishop of Paris, and the opinion of Bishop Porteous, he remarks :—

"War is, by its friends, deemed a condition of man in his state of trial. It has, they allege, been part of the Divine government for six thousand years, and it will, therefore, continue till that government has ceased. It is, consequently, as they argue, wholly Utopian to attempt to subvert what is a law of Providence, and what seems part and parcel of our fallen nature. If the combativeness of man, as evinced in his history, is thus a necessary condition of his humanity, and is for ever to have its issue in war, his superstition, his credulity, his ignorance, his lust for power, must also be perpetuated in the institutions to which they have given birth. Where, then, are the orgies, the saturnalia of ancient times, the gods who were invoked, and the temples where they were worshipped? Like war, they were the condition of an infant race, and have disappeared in the blaze of advancing civilisation. The game of credulity, the condition of early science, and the sphere of the magician, the conjuror, and the alchemist, has, like that of superstition, been played, and the truths which once administered to imposture have become the sources of wealth and the means of happiness. The game of ignorance, also, has been played, and the schoolmaster has buckled on his armour to replace it with knowledge and with virtue. The game of slavery, too, has nearly been played—that monstrous condition of humanity which statesmen still living hold to be inseparable from social life, and which men, still called Christian, defend from Scripture. The game of duelling—the game of personal war, in which false honour and morbid feeling make their appeals to arms, and which was not only defended but practised by Christians—has likewise been played; and even the soldier, who was supposed to have a prescriptive title to its use, has willingly surrendered his right of homicide and manslaughter. Is it Utopian, then, to attempt to put an end to war? If personal and local feuds have been made amenable to law—if the border wars of once hostile kingdoms have been abolished by their union—if nations have successfully combined to maintain the balance of European power by their armies—if, in our own day, an alliance called holy has been organized to put down revolution in individual states, and maintain the principle of order—why may not the same great powers again combine to enforce peace as well as order, and to chastise the first audacious nation that ventures to disturb the tranquillity of Europe? The principle of this Congress, to settle national disputes by arbitration, has, to a certain extent, been adopted by existing powers, both monarchical and republican; and it is surely neither chimerical nor officious to make such a system universal among the very nations that have themselves partially adopted it. If these views have reason and justice on their side, their final triumph cannot be distant. The cause of peace has made, and is making, rapid progress. The most distinguished men of all nations are lending it their aid. The illustrious Humboldt, the chief of the republic of letters, whom I am proud to call my friend, has addressed to the Congress of Frankfort a letter of sympathy and adhesion. He tells us that our institution is a step in the life of nations, and that under the protection of a superior power, it will at length find its consummation. He recalls to us the noble expression of a statesman long departed, 'that the idea of humanity is becoming more and more prominent, and is everywhere proclaiming its animating power.' Other glorious names sanction our cause. Several French statesmen, and many of the most distinguished members of the Institute, have joined our alliance. The Catholic and the Protestant clergy of Paris are animated in the sacred cause, and the most illustrious of its poets have brought to us the willing tribute of their genius. The philosophers and divines of Germany, too, have given us their sympathy and support; and in America, every man that thinks is a friend of universal peace."

After pointing out the security and amelioration which property will derive from peace, he says :—

"With war will cease its expenditure. National prosperity will follow national security. The arts of peace will flourish as the arts of war decay. Science and the arts, in thus acquiring new intellectual strength, will make new conquests over matter, and give new powers to mind. The minister who now refuses to science its inalienable rights, and grudges even the crums which fall from his niggardly board, will then open the nation's purse to advance the nation's glory. Education, too, will then dispense its blessings through a wider range, and Religion, within its own hallowed sphere, will pursue its labours of love and truth, in imitation of its blessed master."

He then described the Exhibition in the Crystal Palace, and its influence in preserving peace, and concluded thus :—

"The grand truth, indeed, which this lesson involves, is recorded in bronze on the prize medal by which the genius of the exhibitors is to be rewarded. Round the head of Prince Albert, to whose talent and moral courage we owe the Exposition of 1851, and addressed to us in his name, is the noble sentiment—'Dissociata in locis concordi Pace ligavi.' It will, indeed, be the noblest result of the Prince's labours, if they shall effect among nations what they have already done among individuals, the removal of jealousies that are temporary, and the establishment of friendships that are enduring. Nations are composed of individuals, and that kindness and humanity which adorn the single heart, cannot be real if they disappear in the united sentiment of nations. We cannot readily believe that nations which have embraced each other in social intercourse, and in the interchange of professional knowledge, will recognize any other object of rivalry and ambition than a superiority in the arts of peace. It is not likely that men who have admired each other's genius, and have united in giving a just judgment on rival inventions, will

ever again concur in referring questions of national honour to the arbitrament of the sword. If, in the material works, the most repulsive elements may be permanently compressed within their sphere of mutual attraction; if, in the world of instinct, natures the most ferocious may be softened and even tamed when driven into a common retreat by their deadliest foe—may we not expect in the world of reason and of faith that men severed by national and personal enmities, who have been toiling under the same impulse and acting for the same end, who are standing in the porch of the same Hall of Judgment, and panting for the same eternal home—may we not expect that such men will never again consent to brandish the deadly cutlass or throw the hostile spear? May we not regard it as certain that they will concur with us in exerting themselves to the utmost in effecting the entire abolition of war?"

After addresses had been read from the mayor and aldermen of Sheffield, and from the provost, magistrates, and town-council of Dunfermline, and letters of adhesion from Count Dumellie, President of the Chamber of Deputies of Turin, and from Thomas Carlyle, who "held himself bound by all opportunities open to him to forward the cause," the meeting proceeded to discuss the eight propositions in which they embodied their opinions and views. These propositions are given in the following programme:—

"The Congress of the friends of universal peace, assembled in London, July 22d, 23d, and 24th, 1851, considering that recourse to arms for the settlement of international disputes is a custom condemned alike by religion, morality, reason, and humanity, and believing that it is useful and necessary frequently to direct the attention both of governments and peoples to the evils of the war system, and the desirableness and practicability of maintaining permanent international peace, resolves:—

"1. That it is the special and solemn duty of all ministers of religion, instructors of youth, and conductors of the public press, to employ their great influence in the diffusion of pacific principles and sentiments, and in eradicating from the minds of men those hereditary animosities, and political and commercial jealousies, which have been so often the cause of disastrous wars.

"2. That as an appeal to the sword can settle no question, on any principle of equity and right, it is the duty of governments to refer to the decision of competent and impartial arbitrators such differences arising between them as cannot be otherwise amicably adjusted.

"3. That the standing armaments, with which the governments of Europe menace each other, amid professions of mutual friendship and confidence, being a prolific source of social immorality, financial embarrassment, and national suffering, while they excite constant disquietude and irritation among the nations, this Congress would earnestly urge upon the governments the imperative necessity of entering upon a system of international disarmament.

"4. This Congress, regarding the system of negotiating loans for the prosecution of war, or the maintenance of warlike armaments, as immoral in principle and disastrous in operation, renews its emphatic condemnation of all such loans.

"5. This Congress, believing that the intervention, by threatened or actual violence, of one country in the internal politics of another, is a frequent cause of bitter and desolating wars, maintains that the right of every state to regulate its own affairs should be held absolute and inviolate.

"6. This Congress recommends all the friends of peace to prepare public opinion, in their respective countries, with a view to the formation of an authoritative code of international law.

"7. This Congress expresses its strong abhorrence of the system of aggression and violence practised by civilized nations upon aboriginal and uncivilized tribes, as leading to incessant and exterminating wars, eminently unfavourable to the true progress of religion, civilisation and commerce.

"8. This Congress, convinced that whatever brings the nations of the earth together in intimate and friendly intercourse, must tend to the establishment of peace, by removing misapprehensions and prejudices, and inspiring mutual respect, hails, with unqualified satisfaction, the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, as eminently calculated to promote that end."

In these propositions, so admirably conceived and expressed, our readers will find in no ambiguous language the objects which the friends of peace are desirous to accomplish. There is here no wish, as has been falsely stated, to recommend the discontinuance of our armaments, or the diminution of our vigilance, or the destruction of our defences, and still less to attack the honour or morality or bravery of our generals and our officers. The Congress urges the necessity "of entering upon a system of *international disarmament*," and recommends a series of measures which no patriot, and no friend of religion and humanity will venture to condemn. These views and these measures were advocated in 1846, when the peace societies were in active operation, by the most influential of all modern journals—*The Times*, in the following eloquent paragraph, which embodies all the doctrines of the friends of peace.

"Above all, there is one achievement before us without which every other must be insincere and of questionable value. It remains for the most powerful, the bravest, and the freest people of the globe, to proclaim and establish the virtue and beauty, the holiness and necessity, of Universal Peace, and that they will proclaim it, in due time, we entertain no doubt. It has already occurred to the thinking masses of this great country, notwithstanding the humanizing creed which we profess, the civilisation which we boast,

and the increased intelligence of all classes of the population, that the ferocity of warfare is as brutal to-day as in the remotest times of savage ignorance; that the Christian and the heathen are, to all intents and purposes, one and the same when they meet as destroyers in the battle-field; and that what we call the glorious victories of British arms, are scarcely to be distinguished from the butcheries of barbarous ages that we pity, and of more barbarous fighting men whom we think proper to condemn. And it must be so. You cannot redeem, under any circumstances, the naked and horrid aspect of war, the offspring of brutality, and civilisation's adopted child. War in itself is a mighty evil—an incongruity in a scheme of social harmony—a canker at the root of improvement—*a living lie in a Christian land*—a curse at all times. We confess that we regard with infinite satisfaction every endeavour, come whence it may, to destroy the supremacy of a cruel deity acknowledged on every ground. Kings who preach to their subjects the advantage and sacred character of peace are more than kings. Men who unite to promulgate the same doctrine, feeble instruments though they be, and liable to ridicule, claim respect for their mission."

The first resolution of the Congress, to assist in diffusing peaceful principles and eradicating hereditary animosities, as among the causes of disastrous war, was moved by the Rev. J. A. James of Birmingham, and the Rev. Mr. Brock of Bloomsbury Chapel, and supported by the Rev. Athanase Coquerel of Paris, and Don Mariano Soler, a Spanish writer, in speeches of much eloquence and power. Mr. James addressed himself to the ministers of religion, and implored them to assert from their pulpits the glorious doctrine of perpetual and universal peace. "And I could now almost wish you," he said, "to pledge yourselves to this labour of love." All the ministers here rose, amid the cheering of the Assembly, and thus accepted the challenge. "Gentlemen," continued the speaker, "I thank you for that response. It proves that I had not misunderstood your sentiments, or miscalculated your zeal in the cause."

The second resolution in favour of international arbitration was ably advocated by M. Visschers of Brussels, in an elaborate oration, and supported by Dr. George Beckwith, U. S., and by our eloquent countryman, the Rev. John Burnet.

At the second sitting of the Congress, on the 23d, very interesting letters of adhesion were read to the meeting from M. Barthelemy Saint-Hilaire, member of the Institute and of the Chamber of Deputies; from M. Carnot, a member of the same Chamber, and the son of the illustrious Carnot, whose brilliant career has already been traced in the pages of this Journal. Letters were also read from M. Victor Tracy, formerly minister of marine in France, and from General Subervie, general of division in the French army, and member of the National Assembly. "Of all the scourges," said the general, "that can afflict the world, war is the most terrible. I have assisted at all the sanguinary dramas which desolated Europe for more than twenty years, and amid fields of battle I have often reproached Providence for not arresting the effusion of the people's blood, the innocent victims of the passions and the ambition of those who call themselves the masters of our destiny."

The propriety of urging upon European governments the necessity of a system of international disarmament, was powerfully advocated by Mr. Cobden, and supported by M. Pompery of Paris, Mr. Ewart, M. P., Mr. Macgregor, M. P., and Don Jose Segundo Flores, Professor of Political Economy at Madrid; and the right of every state to regulate its own affairs was eloquently maintained by Mr. Henry Vincent, M. Garnier, the Rev. J. Burnet, and M. Emile Girardin. The Rev. H. Garnett, a negro and escaped slave, addressed the meeting; and the Rev. Frederick Crowe from Guatemala in Central America, gave the meeting an account of his experience of the demoralizing habits of the barracks, of his imprisonment for refusing to serve as a Spanish militiaman, and of the impressment as it were of the slaves captured in the Middle Passage, to serve in our West India black regiments.

Previous to commencing the business of the third sitting of the Congress, the Secretary intimated that he had received a letter of sympathy and approval from the Archbishop of Dublin, and an apology for his absence from M. Victor Hugo. At this moment fifteen of the Parisian workmen, who had been sent over to study the Exhibition of Industry, entered the Hall, and were received on the platform. Their names and professions were read over by Mr. Vincent, and one of them, M. Pierre Vinsard, a working engraver, delivered with much spirit an excellent address in French, pointing out the injury which was inflicted on the working man, and asserting that the annihilation of war and pauperism could be effected only by a sincere and durable union among the people of all nations.

After an able speech on the general topics of the Congress by Dr. Creizenach of Frankfort, Mr. Charles Gilpin moved the fourth resolution, which condemns the negotiating of loans for the prosecution of war. It was seconded by Mr. Edward Miall, in a speech of great mental vigour, every word of which told upon the audience. Mr. Samuel Gurney, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Buckingham, and M. Jules Avigdor, banker, Nice, brought forward new arguments in support of the resolution. M.

De Cormenin urged the necessity of sending to Parliament, members who were the friends of Peace; and Rev. Mr. Massie urged upon the female portion of the audience, the duty of educating their children in the cause of Peace; and he intimated the offer of a friend to add £500 to a fund of £20,000, to enable Mr. Cobden to carry on an agitation for international arbitration.

After an eloquent speech, which electrified the audience, from Mr. Elihu Burritt, who described with singular power the Great Exhibition and its influence upon society, excellent speeches were made by Mr. Coignet of Lyons, Dr. Scherzer of Vienna, and particularly by M. Bouvet of the National Assembly of France, who in a moment of great temptation and cruel insult had been induced to accept a challenge to a duel which had a fatal termination. In his admirable speech on the objects of the Congress, he expressed with much feeling the remorse which he felt for the violation of his principles, and the calamity to which he alluded.

The business of the Congress was now hastening to a close. A resolution moved by Mr. Sturge, that a Congress of the Friends of Peace should be held next year, was carried by acclamation; and after it was announced, amid the cheers of the audience, that Mr. G. Hatfield of Manchester, intended to have a silver medal struck at his own expense, and presented to the French workmen who had attended the Congress, as a memorial of the satisfaction which their visit had created, Sir David Brewster closed the sittings of the Congress with the following observations :—

"In closing this Congress, allow me to congratulate you on the peace and order which have marked its proceedings. I have had occasion to attend many large public assemblies, and several in this Hall, but I was never before present at a meeting when the Chairman was not even once called upon to exercise his authority, either over the audience or the speaker. It is not a less agreeable source of congratulation, that the gentlemen to whose eloquent and argumentative speeches we have listened with so much pleasure, have never violated the regulations laid down for the guidance of the meeting, and have never allowed their feelings to carry them out of their proper sphere of peaceful discussion into the field of political argument, within which we should at every step have been treading upon thorns. Although I have read much and thought much, as all of you must have done, on the important topics to which our attention has been directed, I carry away from this Congress, as I trust all of you do, many new views, and many new arguments in favour of universal peace. But while you have yourselves been impressed with the deep importance of this cause, as the cause of humanity and religion, I hope that you will regard it as a sacred duty to teach the lessons of peace in your families, and to propagate them throughout the sphere over which your influence extends. It is only by enlisting the young in our service, and preserving their minds from the poison that lurks under their amusements, as well as under the prevailing system of education, that we can hope to attain the grand object at which we aim. To you, gentlemen, whose daily work it is to teach and exemplify the doctrines of peace and charity, I need not offer any suggestions for your guidance; but you will perhaps allow me to say, that while much may be done for our cause from the pulpit, more may be expected from the school. It is by the selection of proper teachers, and the choice of proper school-books for the institutions you superintend, or over which you have any control, that you are most likely to check that admiration of military achievements which is so strong in the young, and which, when fostered by the poet and the historian, exercises such an influence over them in after life. Were our youth better instructed than they are in the popular departments of physical and natural science, subjects with which no deeds of heroism or personal adventure are associated; and were every school to have a museum, containing objects of natural history, and specimens of the fine and the useful arts, the amusements of the school would assume a different character, and the scholars would go into active life better fitted for those peaceful professions to which ere long they must be confined. But there is still another class whose active interest in the cause of peace I would fain secure. If there are mothers in this assembly, as I can testify there are fathers, whose sons have been sent, in the service of their country, to the regions of pestilence or of war, I need not solicit their assistance in propagating the doctrines of peace. They will proffer it in tears—in tears shed in the recollection of those anxious days in which they have followed in their hazardous career the objects of their deepest love—now sinking under a burning sun—now prostrate under tropical disease—now exposed to the sword of the enemy. If there are others in the fair assemblage which graces this Hall, whose sympathies have not yet been excited, and whose feelings have not been harrowed by the calamities of war, I would implore their active exertions in our cause. Should it be their destiny to become mothers themselves, they have much at stake in the question of peace and war; and, feeling as a woman ever feels, a deep interest in the cause of humanity, I would solicit her gentle influence over those stronger and less susceptible natures with which her own is destined to blend. With the expression of this wish I close our proceedings, trusting that we shall all meet again at our next Congress, with fresh zeal and ardour in the cause. But should we not all meet again, should some of us, from whose hour-glass are hastening 'life's last ebbing sands;' or should some of you who grace the panorama of youth and beauty now before me, be summoned from this world of strife to that world of rest, before the autumn's sun has performed another of its annual rounds,—should this be our fate or yours, you will not be the less

welcome to the land of the lamb and the dove, that you have breathed your last as a friend or as a member of the Congress of Peace."

After a vote of thanks had been passed to the President, Vice-President, and Secretaries, the proceedings of the Congress terminated.

In return for the great kindness and hospitality with which the English members had been welcomed in Brussels, Paris, and Frankfort, the English delegates gave a grand soirée to their foreign friends, in Willis's Rooms, on Friday evening. The company which assembled amounted to more than 800, including individuals of all nations. A great number of ladies graced the meeting, and much interest was excited by the French workmen, the representatives of large bodies of the French people, who mingled in familiar intercourse with their English neighbours.

Another soirée, but one necessarily smaller, was given at his own house by Charles Hindley, Esq., M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyne, and President of the Peace-Society, on Saturday evening; and the Friends of Peace separated with an anxious desire to meet again, and resume the great work of humanity in which they had been so agreeably and successfully engaged.

Having thus given our readers a brief and general view of the Peace Societies and Congresses that have hitherto assembled, we shall now submit to them, as men of the world and as Christians, some views which every member of a political and religious community, whether male or female, is bound seriously to ponder, —to reject as false, or to receive as true. To men of the world it would be folly to address any other arguments than those of reason and humanity. Their religion, whatever it may be, is ever in humble subordination to their interests and passions. It may be used to promote the one and palliate the other, but it never has power to regulate or subdue them.

In a period of profound tranquillity, a territorial dispute, or a claim of redress for real or imaginary injuries, has placed in a hostile attitude two powerful nations. Negotiation fails, and war becomes the arbiter of justice or of feeling. The bloody mandate issues from the frantic monarch. Bellona, with her purple scourge, seats herself upon his throne, and the Furies become the ministers of his power. The war steamer is commissioned to burn and to destroy. The privateer—the pirate ship of civilisation, is launched to rob and to murder. Life, wherever it breathes—on the unruffled ocean or on the rugged shore, perishes under the bloody cutlass; and property, wherever secured—the gold in the rich man's coffers, and the savings of the poor man's industry—becomes the prize of the ocean vulture. The emigrant ship, bearing her voluntary exiles to a distant shore, has no passport from the tyrant of the deep; and the home-bound sail, bleached by a tropic sun, freighted with the riches of luxuriant climes, and carrying back to their native land the adventurous merchant and the wealthy colonist, shares the same fate as if equipped for battle. Nor are the horrors of war less felt in the defenceless hamlet, the commercial seaport, or the exposed metropolis. Red from the furnace the fatal missiles crush the habitations of living men, and the consecrated shrine—the receptacles of wisdom—the temples of knowledge—the records of property, and the granaries laden with the food of man, perish in the general conflagration.

Yet these are but the harbingers of war, the mutterings of its distant thunder, the first ripples on its sea of blood. It is in the siege, in the sack, and in the battle-field, that war appears in her gorgon form—hideous in her frowns, and gigantic in her crimes. Exhausted with famine and with resistance, the devoted city receives the victor amid its ruins:—Massacre and pillage track his angry steps:—Neither age nor youth, nor sex nor rank, nor innocence, disarm the avenger. Wealth only is spared, that it may barter its life-blood for gold. Children are cast into the flames: Infants at the breasts of their dying mothers are stabbed in their arms, and the streets run with Christian blood, shed by Christian hands. The rivers and the ravines are choked with the dead and the dying; and the shriek of violated virtue, and the frantic cry of widows and of orphans, mingle with the crash of falling ruins, and the crackling of burning habitations.

Less agitated by passion, and less stained by crime, is the wider scene of the battle-field. There, science and martial skill, in cold deliberation, point the instruments of death. Column meets column in the bloody game—lance struggles with lance, and spear with spear—and the brave fall under the stroke of the brave. In the individual and equal struggle, where death pauses for his victim, and the flashing eye guides its weapon to the heart, can the living man ever efface from his dreams the death-stare which confessed the victor, or the form divine which he disfigured and destroyed?—can he mingle in the social circle with the childless mother, or with the widow or the orphan which he has made? He may perchance,—but he may never meet them in the paradise of the just. In the mingled affray, on the contrary, where the hand of the Ishmaelite soldier is against every man, and every hand against him, the dying hero sees neither the lance that pierced him, nor the hand from which it came. In the advance, too, and in the retreat, in the ambush, and in

the open field, the missiles of war, guiltless of revenge, alone grapple with their victims. Hero after hero falls, as if by the bolts of heaven, till death, exhausted by his toils, counts by his tens of thousands the life that has been lost.

Of this wager of battle let the monarch now count the cost. If he has secured his area of turf and stone, what is its value! and what the price he has paid! If he has established his right by the code of war, has he proved it by the code of justice? If his honour has been vindicated by the sword, are neutral nations convinced that he is honourable? In the empurpled ledger,—where life is the creditor and land the debtor,—where life is the capital and honour the interest,—where the ocean rock gained in war could not cover with its turf the heroes that died for it,—will the god of reason audit the account, or the god of humanity discharge it? If the man of the world, with reason as a guide and humanity as an impulse, does not answer NEVER, the Christian will. He who acknowledges the value of a single soul, and knows the spiritual condition of marshalled armies, cannot but regard war as the master-crime of nations, and as the deepest guilt of the individual that promotes it. He can defend it only by viewing the death of the hero as a passport to heaven; but were this the clear dictate of reason, and the avowed doctrine of revelation, the millions of the old world should rise against the millions of the new, and giving no quarter, rush into a happy immortality.

Such is the mode of deciding questions of right and points of honour—such its danger and such its guilt. The friends of peace propose to abolish what reason, humanity, and religion abjure, and to refer the differences between nations to upright and independent arbitration. The proposal is doubtless reasonable and humane. It has been pronounced Utopian by men who have an interest in war, by many who live by it, and by some who expect to live by it. The opinion is not unnatural, and we must respect it from the respectability of those who maintain it. The discovery of a universal medicine would doubtless alarm the faculty; and a balloon that made a successful trip to the Indies, would startle the directors of our railways; but the alarm would soon disappear, and doctors and directors would flourish as before.

In the history of past times, and in the history of our own, questions of high import have been settled by arbitration—sometimes by the friendly decisions of councils and leagues, and sometimes by the award of sovereigns or of governments. In our own day the United States and France referred a difference between them to William IV. England and the United States referred a dispute to the Emperor of Russia; Mexico and the United States referred a question to Prussia; and the United States and England referred the dispute regarding the Maine boundary to the King of the Netherlands. It is scarcely to be credited, even as a fact in our deceitful nature, that men, who, as individuals, or as members of families or associations, are willing to refer to arbitration the most important disputes which affect their honour and their character, their position in society, and their whole property and income, should, as members of the social body, feel any difficulty in referring international differences to the same pacific ordeal. There must be in the heart thus constituted some malformation, which, though unseen by its owner, is not hid from the world. A lust of power or of gain is the rankling germ that tempts the greedy statesman to keep in his own grasp the power of the sword, the profits of negotiation, and the patronage of war. Lord Palmerston has said, that he now thinks, and always thought, "that when two nations have had any difference capable of being settled by arbitration, it is most desirable that a third party, not actuated by the same passions which heat those immediately concerned, should step in and bring the disputants to something like a compromise, with a view to prevent an appeal to arms." While thus admitting the principle of the Peace Congress, the noble Lord has contrived to make it impracticable. The sophistry of dividing differences into those which *can* and those which *cannot* be settled by arbitration, is a distinction which might have been expected from the schoolmen of the middle ages. There is not, and cannot, in the nature of things, be any such difference. Was it ever before asserted that a difference could exist which the sword alone could settle? If we can imagine such a dispute, it must be one of honour, in which one of the parties felt itself dishonoured; and in such a case the sensitive party must necessarily be the proclaimer of war. The sword consequently is drawn, the blood of the insulter and the insulted flows, and if the dishonoured nation is subjugated, what becomes of its honour? Its reputation remains with its original stain, and its martial glory, like its moral fame, has suffered an eclipse in the eyes of surrounding nations. But if, on the other hand, the nation sensitive of its honour triumphs in the field, will the vanquished people concur in the verdict of the sword, and will civilized nations ratify its decisions? But even if our Minister of Foreign Affairs, whose ingenuity in this instance surpasses his logic, had not embarrassed the question with so singular an opinion, he has made his own scheme of arbitration impracticable by giving the arbiter no other power than that of counsellor or a friend. What would we think

of an individual who proffered to his opponent an amicable arrangement, and yet withheld from the arbiter the power of giving a final decision? and what would we think of an arbiter who would accept of so degrading a commission?

However limited has been our experience of the system of arbitration, as occasionally and voluntarily practised in our own day, it is important to state that it has never yet led to war, nor is it easy to conjecture how such a result could be the consequence of it. But were the principle of arbitration to be based on the solemnity of treaties, and become the germ of the international code of the world, the peace of civilized nations would never be interrupted,—the soldier would be the guardian of domestic order, and the missionaries would advance with the breastplate of faith and the sword of the spirit, to humanize the savage race, and carry to them the comforts and the luxuries of polished life. The frontier of crime and ignorance would gradually recede before the advancing torch of knowledge. The frontier of civilisation would make its way over the burning sands of Africa. The rivers of the new world would carry to their very springs the wealth and the knowledge of the old: The insular savage of the Pacific would yield to the influence of commercial intercommunication. Liberty would plant its foot on the Siberian wilds, and the presumptuous barbarism of Eastern Asia would wane before the stern rebuke of religion and humanity. In every region of the globe the physical energy of man would seek and find its noblest exercise in cultivating the soil and exploring the mineral wealth of his district. Treasures unknown would surrender themselves to his power, and the hand of peaceful labour would receive from its maker the gold and the silver, the metals and the gems, which he has denied to the conqueror and the tyrant. Our readers, we trust, require no farther defence of the plan of international arbitration for settling differences between nations. Reason, religion, and humanity plead for its adoption, and we defy human ingenuity to adduce against it the shadow of an argument. The man, indeed, who dares to aver that war is the only method of deciding international questions, must have a heart as cramped in its affections, as his mind is limited in its range. Such a man has never felt beyond his own selfish nature, nor thought beyond his own limited horizon; and we cannot conceive why such a being was made, unless as a finger-post to mark the extreme depth of ignorance, and the extreme height of presumption.*

In these observations we have supposed the contending nations to be equal in power and resources, or so nearly equal that the chances of war might give to either the victory. But if we suppose them to be unequally matched, it is only by arbitration that differences between them can be adjusted. If in individual states the rights of the poor man are vindicated by the gratuitous services of appointed agents, the rights of small but independent European states can be preserved only by an European court of arbitration. And if such a state should be placed between two of greater power, in whose quarrels they may be allured, or compelled to participate, their independence and tranquillity can be ensured only by a right of appeal to disinterested arbiters.

We have hitherto supposed that Religion and humanity were the only interests staked in the game of war; but every people in Europe has been taught, by an experience not to be forgotten, that their daily comfort as individuals, and their very existence as a nation, depend on the continuance and universality of peace. While the mailed goddess has sported with human life, drunk with the blood and the tears of her victims;—while she has defaced and destroyed the noblest forms of nature and of art, she has devoured also the resources of industry, inflicted the curse of poverty upon families unborn, and robbed the treasuries of nations that hated her, by the profligacy of her expenditure in war, and the folly of her extravagance in peace. It has been calculated that the cost of all the wars carried on by Great Britain since the Revolution in 1688, is £1,438,000,000 sterling, £635,000,000 of which was paid in taxes, while the remaining £803,000,000 remains OUR NATIONAL DEBT, requiring to pay its interest £29,500,000 of our national revenue,—more than the whole of the other expenses of the Government. This money, together with that furnished by continental nations, was employed in slaying *three million nine hundred and ten thousand* human beings, whose immortal souls, thirsting for blood, were summoned by the stroke of the sword into the immediate presence of the God of peace. In recording this master fact of human depravity, we almost feel partakers in its guilt by having lived, and by continuing to live, in the slaughter-house of the world.

* If persons of this description have learned to read, we recommend to them the following statistics of war, made out some years ago by the Peace Society of Massachusetts. Since the world became Christian, or since the age of Constantine, there have been forty-four wars of ambition, twenty-two of plunder, twenty-four of retaliation, eight of honour, six of disputed territory, forty-one disputed titles to crowns, thirty of alliances, twenty-three of jealousy, five of commerce, fifty-five civil wars, and twenty-eight on account of Religion, including the crusades against the Turks and Heretics!!—*Upham's Manual of Peace*, chap. vii. p. 84.

The Duke of Wellington has made the remarkable declaration, that *Great Britain cannot afford to carry on a little war.* The sentiment, to us incomprehensible, except in its simplest meaning, has been lauded as an apostolic truth to teach and to guide the Legislature. If Great Britain is unable to carry on a little war, she can still less afford to carry on a great one; and hence we arrive at the logical conclusion, that she cannot afford to carry on war at all. Should she, however, in the face of such a truth, wantonly light the torch of destruction, the nation, if it does not rise as one man, in abhorrence and resistance of the bloody mandate, justly merits its inevitable doom. If to a debt averaging the *eighth* or *tenth* part of the whole property of the kingdom, is added more, we tell the creditors of the nation—the contractors for the fire and the sword—that its bankruptcy is an event not coming, but come; and we tell the nation's friends, that revolution is the infallible result of financial ruin, and that they may begin to rehearse the secretion of those tears that are to flow over the downfal of our beloved country, and the destruction and dismemberment of its noblest empire. It is an act of patriotism to anticipate a great calamity. It is doubly patriotic if we have the sagacity to prevent it. We warn, therefore, the Arbiter of War, in whatever climate he breathes, that there are certain extremes in which the law of God and of humanity justifies a breach of the law of man. We hold him responsible for the peace of Europe. One life is a trifle compared with that of thousands; and that soul is worthless that has no regard for the souls of millions. If a patriot gives his own life in the cause of his country, a patriot might take another in defence of humanity.

Akin to the national calamity of war, is that of an armed peace, in which standing armies and floating navies frown defiance upon surrounding nations. While the grand budget or annual expenditure of all Europe is about £217,600,000, or two hundred and nineteen millions sterling, its war budget, in time of peace, (excluding its marine,) is no less than £56,000,000, or fifty-six millions,—more than a *fourth* of its general revenue. According to another statement, the *average** annual expenditure for military preparations in time of peace by Great Britain, France, Austria, Prussia, and the United States, is *fifty-four per cent.* of the whole expenditure of the Government. Is an international disarmament, then, an unwise or a chimerical proposal? Might not Great Britain and France lay down a portion of their arms in mutual confidence and security? If France requires hers to suppress intestine commotion, and protect her Republic against the enemies of liberty, Britain might admit the necessity, and generously reduce her military battalions and her naval squadrons.* She has no enemy to fear either from within or from without. Her real enemies are the cravens who see the mirage of armies navigating the Thames, and hovering over the Strand. It is not the weak and the defenceless who cry for bayonets, and steamers, and martello towers; it is the hypocritical coward that is to wield the one, and to occupy the other. When a foolish prince, now an exile from his country, had uttered his naval menaces against our peaceful shores, the nation trembled at the sound, the Government looked pale, and even now the coward-note has scarcely ceased its wail. Were every nation thus to arm itself to the teeth, under the influence of visionary dangers, we should follow the example in the protection of our properties and our homes. The domestic circle is more exposed to the rapacity of the thief and the violence of the burglar, than is the national domain, even in seasons of war, to the depredation of foreign enemies;—and yet we cut no ditches round our dwellings, erect no watch-towers on our roofs, and hire no sentinel to give us warning. Within the circumvallation of the laws,—with the watch-dog as our guardian, and with Providence as our defence, we may dismiss that unmanly fear which is a greater evil than the calamity which it dreads. Let the nation, then, follow the example of the individual. Centuries have rolled away since the foot of an invader has polluted our shores; and, without wooden walls or standing armies, centuries will still pass in happy tranquillity, if we but practise what we pretend to believe, and cultivate in universal charity the arts and the studies of peace. What a glorious future would the cessation of war, and the reduction of armies, provide for the rising generation, and with what joy would the living generation die could they but hail it even in the distance!—the world one family—nations one brotherhood—the lion lying down with

* In Austria . . . 33 per cent.
In France, . . . 38 per cent.
In Russia, . . . 44 per cent.
In Great Britain, . 74 per cent.
In United States, . 80 per cent.

Mean, 54

—Sumner's *True Grandeur of Nations.*

* "I am disposed," says Lord Aberdeen, "to dissent from that maxim which has been so generally received, *that if you wish for peace, you must prepare for war.* . . . . . I say, that so far from warlike preparations being any security for peace, *they are directly the contrary*, and *tend at once to war;* for it is natural that men having adopted means that they think efficient to any end, should desire to put their efficiency to the test, and to have some direct result from their labour and expense."

the lamb, and nothing to hurt or destroy in the holy mountain.

In the early portion of this Article we have endeavoured to support the doctrines of the Peace Congress by the authority of a few distinguished individuals who were not likely to be carried away by the seducing influence of sentiment and feeling; but so inveterate have we found the prejudice of educated and amiable individuals, and even of men who profess to cling to the Christian's hopes, that we feel it necessary to appeal to a still greater number of authorities against war. There are few writers of the present day who have denounced war, and its causes and its palliations, with more eloquence than Dr. Chalmers. He describes war as "a scene of legalized slaughter," which, were it not for the poetry, and the music, and the pomp and splendour which accompany it, "could never have been seen in any other light than than that of unmingled hatefulness." He elsewhere describes death in the battle field with all the power of genius, and all the feelings of philanthropy; and after giving his highest approbation to Peace Societies and Peace Congresses, he points out the steps by which these blessed views may be realized.

"Much," says he, "may be done to accelerate the advent of perpetual and universal peace, by a distinct body of men embarking their every talent, and their every acquirement, in the prosecution of this as a distinct object. This was the way in which, a few years ago, the British public were gained over to the cause of Africa. This is the way in which some other prophecies are at this moment hastening to their accomplishment; and it is in this way, I apprehend, that the prophecy of universal peace may be indebted for its speedier fulfilment—to the agency of men selecting this as the assigned field on which their philanthropy shall expatiate. I could not fasten on another course more fitted to call forth every variety of talent, and to rally round it so many of the generous and accomplished sons of humanity, and to give each of them a devotedness and a power far beyond whatever could be sent into the hearts of enthusiasts by the mere impulse of literary ambition."

And in another place he points out the method by which this great object should be pursued.

"Let one," says he, "take up the question of war in its principle, and make the full weight of his moral severity rest upon it, and upon all its abominations. Let another take up the question of war in its consequences, and bring his every power of graphical description to the task of presenting to an awakened public, an impressive detail of its cruelties and horrors. Let another neutralize the poetry of war, and dismantle it of all those bewitching splendours which the hand of misguided genius has thrown over it. Let another tell, with irresistible argument, how the Christian ethics of a nation are at one with the Christian ethics of its humblest individual. Let another pour the light of modern speculation into the mysteries of trade, and *prove that not a single war has been undertaken for any of its objects, where the millions and millions that were lavished on the cause have not all been cheated away from us by the phantom of an imaginary interest.* This may look to many like the Utopianism of a romantic anticipation; but I shall never despair of the cause of truth addressed to a Christian public, when the clear light of principle can be brought to every one of its positions, and when its practical and conclusive establishment forms one of the most distinct of heaven's prophecies, 'that men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, and that nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.'"

Sir Robert Peel has expressed the "hope that one great and most beneficial effect of the advancement of civilisation, the diffusion of knowledge, and the extension of commerce, will be the *reducing within their proper dimensions, of the fame and the merit and the reward of military achievements*, and that juster notions of the moral dignity of, and the moral obligations due to, *those who apply themselves to preserve peace, and avoid the eclat of war*, will be the consequence." In a similar strain the immortal Washington, the hero of peace, has contrasted the merits of the philanthropist and the warrior. "How much more delightful," says he, "to an undebauched mind, is the task of making improvements on the earth, than all the vain glory which can be obtained from ravaging it by the most uninterrupted course of conquests! How pitiful in the eye of reason and religion, is that false ambition which desolates the world with fire and sword, compared with the mild virtues of making our fellow-men as happy as their frail condition and perishable nature will permit them to be." "After much occasion," says Dr. Franklin, "to consider the folly and mischief of a state of warfare, and the little or no advantage obtained even by those nations who have conducted it with the most success, I have been apt to think *there never has been, nor ever will be, any such thing as a good war, or a bad peace. All wars are follies—very expensive and very mischievous ones.* When will nations be convinced of this, *and settle their differences by arbitration?* Were they to do it *even by the cast of a die*, it would be better than by fighting and destroying each other." The illustrious warrior, Prince Eugene, assures us "that a military man becomes so sick of blood and crimes in war, that in peace he is averse to recommence them." "I wish," he adds, "that the first minister who is called to decide

on peace and war had only seen actual service, *what pains would he not take to seek in mediation and compromise the means of avoiding the effusion of so much blood.*" "The fabric," says Robert Hall, "of the warrior's fame is cemented with blood; and if his name is wafted to the ends of the earth, it is in the shrill cry of suffering humanity, *in the curses and imprecations of those whom* his sword has reduced to despair." In reply to a toast given in honour of his victories in India, to his fellow-officers in the British army, Sir Harry Smith said, "Gentlemen, ours is a damnable profession;" and even Napoleon, in a moment of remorse after his bloodiest battle, exclaimed —"War is the trade of barbarians!"

We cannot close these observations without referring to those causes which create and foster in man that love of adventure and those habits of cruelty, which throw a halo round the red target of war, inciting the young to its bloody mysteries, and hardening the old in their military frenzy. When we witness, for the first time, the cruel experiments which science sometimes demands from her votaries, the heart sickens at the sight, and the head turns instinctively away from the living agonies before it. Soon, however, does the heart resume its normal tranquillity, and as soon does the eye return to the sight of pain. Need we wonder, then, that the child accustomed, almost from his birth, to the infliction of pain, and deriving his earliest pleasure from the extinction of life, should in his riper years boast of the number and magnitude of his cruelties, and thus by an easy transition pass to the atrocities of war, as a step in advance, or as the climax, of his early achievements.

It is painful to remember how we first exercised our dominion over living nature, by the capture and destruction of the loveliest insects, and how we arrested the industrious bee in its honest labours, and even when in our own service, by robbing it at once of its life and its treasure. By the hazel wand, with its line of cord and its hook of steel, we committed havoc among the minnows, before the spring-gun had introduced us to the more lethal tube which was guilty of the blood of sparrows. Though but a youthful spectator in the scene, we gaze with delight on the varied feats of the angler. We watch him in the stream and in the pool, impaling the writhing worm upon his line—sacrificing one life to take another; and with the bright sun above him, and the dove-like sky around, and rock and woodland demanding his admiration of peaceful nature, he terminates his every act of pleasure by every variety of pain. The life which he has caught is rudely dashed out against the rock, or crushed by his living hand, or allowed to pass away in the slow and fluttering agonies of pain. Thus hardened for the future, our river hero is soon introduced to a still higher sport, and still bloodier gambols. The companion of the licensed fisherman, or of the lawless poacher, he is invited to the romantic drama of the *sunning of the water* by day, and the *burning* of it by night, in which the picturesque grandeur of rock and stream, and the sublimity of worlds in the canopy above, form a strange contrast with the work of death below. Frightened by the ruddy blaze, the salmon seeks for shelter beneath the stones and cliffs, or lies stupified beside them, till the river Neptune, with his three-pronged trident, dashes it into the flesh of his glittering prey, and casts it in triumph to the shore.

Harrowing as is the sight itself, and painful as it is in all its details and accessories, we are yet disposed to regard our river sports as more humane in their character and less cruel in their practice, than those of the gun and the chase. We cannot indeed affirm, as some have done, that ichthyological life is less painfully surrendered than that of the mammalia, though our early cruelties make us indulge in the belief that the amount of suffering is proportional to the magnitude of the sufferer. Yet when we see the salmon stretched on the ground without a wound, and slain without the shedding of blood, our sympathy is immeasurably less than that which is called forth when we scan the stately hart, with its glazed eye and its quivering limb, or the comely roe-deer perforated by the rifle, or torn by the ferocious hound. Our animal associations, too, have a powerful influence over our sympathies. Ourselves a genus in the mammiferous community, we naturally associate their sufferings with our own. The shrieks of the female orang-outang, so singularly human, are said to thrill through the very heart of her pursuers; and we would not envy the sportsman whose domestic sympathies are not awakened when he has slain the hart in the presence of his mate, or the tender hind in the act of caressing its offspring. The death of a sportive fawn, killed by the random shot of the deer-stalker, will call forth a deeper feeling than the demise of 3000 salmon caught in one net by the Arctic fisherman. But though we have thus offered a palliative of fly-fishing as less inhuman than some of our other amusements, we have no toleration for the doctrine that the nervous system of cold-blooded animals is but little sensitive, and that the hook pulls only against a piece of unfeeling cartilage. Sir Humphry Davy, in his Salmonia, tells under the cognomen of Halieus, that he has caught pikes with four or five hooks in their mouths, and that these hooks "had no other effect than that of serving as a sort of

sauce piquante, urging them to seize another morsel of the same kind!" Now, we who have tasted the sauce of a hook, which, without our consent, entered one side of the cheek, and was cut out of the other, can assure HALIEUS that this is the least savoury of our steel medicines; and, with experience on our side, we are not indisposed to transfer to him Lord Byron's sentence upon Isaac Walton:—

> "The quaint old cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
> Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it."

With much sympathy, however, for the young sportsman, and still more for his prey, we must enter our protest against the monstrous cruelty of driving the *five-pronged clodding leister* into the naked back of a salmon, whether dazzled by a sunbeam, or paralyzed by the nocturnal fire. There is no valour in the sanguinary deed. It is midnight burglary enhanced by murder. It is a violation of that truce which darkness concedes to animal life,—an invasion of that rest from suffering which dumb nature might have looked for without an appeal to the mercy of her viceroy. It is unmanly too—for there is no reciprocity of strife or skill,—no competition between the devices of the deceiver, and the counter sagacity of his victim—no conflict between brute instinct and sharpened reason. When the otter bites his antagonist, and is bit by him in return:—when the vigorous fish outmanœuvres his captor—snaps his line, or exhausts his strength, or pulls him into the stream: or when the acute senses of the stag are marshalled against the practised reason of the huntsman,—there is a conflict of antagonist natures, which, if it does not justify, at least palliates the cruelty it evokes.

From the river scene our apprentice soldier passes to the field and to the heath, to the rock and to the forest, to wound and to slay his victims. It is a question to which humanity invites us, but which we cannot here discuss, how far it is justifiable to consider animal life as entirely at our disposal. The dominion which has been assigned to us over the dumb creation, may not involve a right over their lives. The flesh may be ours, but not the feelings and the affections which it breathes. It is doubtless a crime to kill with unnecessary pain. It is a greater crime to kill for the pleasure of killing, or the vanity of having killed. It is a crime to kill when the victim is innocent, and the carcase useless. It may be a crime to kill when the feelings and affections of uncomplaining instinct are violated by the deed: And, when we consider in the abstract the value of life—our inability to restore it—the beauty and loveliness of the forms which clothe it, and the *possibility* that in its nobler aspects, and under its almost rational instincts, it may have a responsibility here, and a life hereafter—it would be well to pause before we strike, and to rejoice over the life which we may have spared.

Such is the education of the civilian and the soldier—of the man that purchases and whets the sword, and of him that delights in its blood-spots, and anticipates glory from being its victim. It is an education this of easy acquirement—it is but the lesson of the eye and the limb. The mind hybernates under its teaching, and the heart ossifies under its training. It is the nursery of war—its school—its university—its apprenticeship. It has a government grant in its support. The Christian layman practises at its ring, and the priest blesses it with his sanction. Let the friends of peace, then, counteract this early passion for adventure and cruelty. Let not the mother turn her milk into blood, nor the father his parental tenderness into cruelty. Time will soon soften natures which custom has not hardened; and the stripling will hardly seek in his manhood for what have not been the amusements of his earlier days. The cruelty of youth diminishes as we advance in years,—age replaces it with a nobler ambition; and it is in the final lustrum of our being that we truly feel. The infliction of pain and the shedding of blood become torture to our chastened and more sensitive nature—ephemeral life even is spared—and all other life stands sacred when we are about to draw the first breath of that better life which we can never lose.

If such be the value of animal life, and such the respect for it which reason demands from those to whom it is entrusted, there are certain conditions of its existence under which it inspires a peculiar reverence. In every civilized community cruelty to the animals that serve us is an offence punishable by law; and when law does not interpose its sanction, the natural benevolence of man, small and evanescent though it be, enacts a law of kindness for itself. We would not injure, and still less kill the gay lark, or the minstrel nightingale, that have sweetened our solitary hours with their angelic lay. The noble steed that has carried us safely through our pilgrimage either of peace or of war, acquires a right to our affections which is but seldom withheld. And the faithful watch-dog, whose vigilance has guarded our dwelling, or perchance saved our life, is a household favourite, whose happiness we study with almost parental care.

What then must be the value of *human* life—what the respect which we owe it—and what the crime of him who takes it away? It is not yet decided by reason, nor by revela-

tion, viewed in its most comprehensive aspect, that man is, under any circumstances, entitled to take the life of his fellow. "Thou shalt not kill," stands a law, without exception, in the statute-book of heaven; and the Creator, who made of *one* blood all the nations of the universe, has nowhere given *express* permission to the creature to appropriate a single drop of the life-giving unity. The term of existence, then, which God has apportioned to his children, is in his hands alone—an inheritance of inestimable value, which it would be criminal to abridge, even if man were to lie for ever a human fossil amid the wreck of nature. But when the gift of life is a necessary prelude to the boon of immortality, and when this last and greatest gift to man is conditional on the discharge of duties in the first,—the duration of that life—the continuance of its period of trial—and the peaceful enjoyment of its serene evening for repentance and preparation, are blessings which He only who gave them can take away. These blessings are forfeited by him who falls by his own hand, and they are rudely extinguished in the man who falls by the hand of another—that bloody hand which no saint above will grasp, and which had better been cut off and cast into the fire. The life thus shortened, the body thus mangled, *may* have been that of a brother slain by a brother, or a father slain by his son.* It *must* have been that of a parent, a brother, or a child; and there must have been left behind a widow, a brother, a sister, or an orphan, to weep over the sanguinary deed, or to shed burning tears lest it was a stroke which should sever them for ever.

Art. II.—1. *Taxation and the Funding System.* By J. R. M'Culloch. London. 1845.
2. *Principles of Political Economy. Book V.* By J. S. Mill. London, 1850.
3. *Financial Reform Tracts.* Liverpool, 1850-1851.
4. *Bulletin des Lois.* Nos. 300, 303. Paris, 1851.

The English are noted for never doing more than one thing at a time. The national mind does not seem large enough to embrace more than a single interest at once. We attack the enemies of our social wellbeing in succession, and cut them off in detail. We take up public questions *seriatim*, devoting to each as it arises the whole force of the national will; and resenting as an intruder, or eschewing as a bore, whoever would direct into other, and intrinsically perhaps equally important channels, any portion of the general attention. Upon each grievance to be remedied, and each abuse to be swept away, we concentrate for the moment the whole intensity of our hatred, the whole energy of our zeal; we speak and feel as if it were the sole evil in existence, or, at least, as if all others were utterly insignificant in comparison; and, for the time being, all others are permitted to flourish unchecked and unregarded. This national idiosyncrasy, which is the despair of all whose topics of interest or abhorrence are not those of the present phase of the popular mind, and who find themselves in consequence contemptuously pooh-poohed and set aside, is estimated at its full value by philosophic politicians, who know, not only that it is the means of securing far greater efficiency to the operation of the reforming spirit, than it could hope to attain were it frittered away upon a hundred objects, but that it ensures all questions "becoming kings in their turn," and reaping in due time and order the full benefit of this exclusive and predominating zeal. As one battle after another is fought with antiquated error and injustice, as one victory after another, over the forces of the social enemy, is added to the records of national achievements, the subject is relegated to the past, and buried in oblivion for ever, and "the goodly fellowship of our reformers" marches onward to another conquest. Since this career began in Britain we have won the hard-fought fields, *first*, of religious liberty, then of civil freedom and parliamentary reform, and then of commercial emancipation. Each in its turn occupied the nation for years: each was magnified as the sole and special interest of the day; each occupied for a time an inordinate share of the public mind, utterly disproportionate to its real magnitude; and each in turn, when its day was over and its cause was gained, gave place to a successor as unduly and unreasonably favoured. New candidates for popular attention are now coming on the stage. Besides the various questions of the vast field of Sociology, three topics especially promise to become prominent, Colonial Policy, Law Reform, and the Principles of Taxation. Which of these will take precedence, and engross to itself the undivided political spirit of the country, it is hard to say. It may be that, contrary to our wont, we may be able, to a greater or less extent, to entertain the three topics simultaneously, and that while the public mind is acting upon one of them, it may be ripening for action on another. We propose, even at the risk of finding that our voice is as that of one crying in the wilderness, to call atten-

* "While we were at Rendsburg in Schleswig-Holstein," says a recent traveller, "there was seated at the same table with us at dinner, the *brother* of the Commander-in-Chief of the Danish army, who had *four sons* in the army of Schleswig-Holstein. We were informed that even *father and sons* were arrayed against each other in this war!"

tion to the last of these matters—the Science of Taxation—as one of which the interest is pressing, perpetual, and yearly renewed, and which comes home, more closely than either of the others, to the business and bosoms of every individual among us.

Till very recently, the Science of Taxation may be said to have had no existence. That which has performed its functions, and sometimes usurped its name, has been a mere art of extortion. A certain revenue was required, and it was to be got by *hook or by crook*, in the readiest and easiest way possible. That tax which yielded the most with the least difficulty to the collectors, and the least outcry among the influential part of the community, was ever the favourite. "*Plumer la poule sans la faire crier*," was the highest aim of the Chancellors of the Exchequer. The certainty of distant evils, the dread of collateral consequences, the chance of killing the goose that laid the golden eggs, were alike disregarded. In earlier times, the coarse and ready expedient of a poll-tax, or a hearth-tax, or the *primâ facie* fair one of a land-tax, was most usually resorted to. In more recent days, as society became more complex, and as commerce and manufactures were developed, more circuitous and silent, but not less unscientific or inequitable modes of transferring the property of the subject into the coffers of the state, came gradually into vogue. Each new branch of industry, as it raised its head, was pounced upon by the quick-sighted detectives of the revenue, and made to pay for license or protection; each fresh article of taste or consumption brought from foreign countries by our indefatigable merchants, was burdened with a special import-duty; funds were sought and extracted from the most incongruous and opposite sources, from the necessaries of the pauper and the luxuries of the millionaire, from the most healthful and the most noxious indulgences, from the poison that generates a disease and from the drug that cures it, from salt and from eau-de-Cologne, from tea and from gin, from rhubarb and from tobacco. No principle of private justice or public advantage was laid down or kept in view; one sole rule seemed to be followed—whatever was squeezable was to be squeezed;—*rem, quocunque modo rem.*

This state of things has in a great measure passed away: our Legislature has awakened to the necessity of juster and more judicious impositions. But though immense improvement has been effected in the *art* of taxation, next to no progress has taken place in the *science.* We were empirical and tentative in laying on taxes—we continue to be empirical and tentative in taking them off. Statesmen have arisen from time to time who have discovered that such and such a duty was injurious to industry, unproductive to revenue, or was becoming intolerable to the altered feelings of the people; and it has been repealed accordingly. Sudden emergencies have led to the invention of new imposts, which remain as a matter of course till public indignation kicks them off. A deficient revenue is met by a loan, a new tax, or the augmentation of an old one, according to the fancy or ingenuity of the actual Chancellor. A surplus revenue occasions the repeal of some branch of revenue, which is selected for sacrifice, not for its mischievousness, but for its unpopularity. But still no step has been taken towards a systematic decision of the general principles which regulate the imposition or the repeal of taxation. The subject, it is true, has been much discussed in the writings of economists, and is often touched upon in Parliament; but the public at large, which in the end settles all these questions, has not yet arrived at any clear comprehension of the question at issue, or any predominating opinion upon it. Writers of authority and statesmen of ability are ranged on all sides; but it is still a moot point whether taxation ought to be direct or indirect—whether it ought to be levied on all, or only on men of property—on terminable and professional as on perpetual and idle incomes; whether men should pay in proportion to their income or to their expenditure, in proportion to their means or to their requirements; what, in fact, are the qualities and consequences, by reference to which a tax is to be approved or condemned. We propose to contribute our mite towards the formation of a public opinion on this weighty subject, especially upon that branch of it—the controversy between direct and indirect taxation—on which the chief interest is now felt. Before proceeding to this task, however, we wish to notice one or two fallacies which have still a strong hold on the popular mind, and one or two principles which have been clearly elicited in the course of our irregular and floundering experiments.

It has long been the custom of English demagogues to represent the English people, as not only the most heavily taxed people under the sun, but as actually ground down to the earth by the weight of their burdens, and suffering thereby under a process of gradual and accelerated extinction. It has long been our custom to swallow these representations with implicit credulity, and even to listen to them with a species of savage and insane delight. Yet, nothing can be more certain than that both assertions are not only greatly exaggerated, but utterly untrue. The fact is, that the cuckoo note of the popular agitator has not varied since the beginning of

the century, though the circumstances which gave rise to it have been in a state of perpetual alteration, so that what was substantial truth then, is the opposite of truth now. It will astonish most of our readers to be told not only that our taxation, fairly calculated, is lighter than that of several other countries, but that it has long been steadily and rapidly diminishing. We are no optimists; we are far from imagining that our public burdens are not deplorably heavy; we are far from believing that a wiser course in former days might not have enormously lessened them; we are far from despairing of a great mitigation of them, by a judicious course in future; —but we protest against the childish and untruthful habit, so dear to the grumbling temper of our countrymen, of perpetually representing ourselves as the most ill-used and trampled-upon of mortals. We presume it will be allowed on all hands that the burden of taxation must be reckoned, not by the gross amount paid into the national treasury, but by that amount *compared with the wealth and the numbers of the nation.* Looking at the matter from this comparative point of view, we find that in 1801, the population of the United Kingdom was 15,800,000, and the revenue paid into the Exchequer, (exclusive, of course, of loans,) was £34,113,000, giving an average of 43s. a head. In 1815, the last year of the war, the population was 19,000,000, and the revenue £72,210,000; but as twenty per cent. must be allowed for the depreciation of the currency, the average will be found to have risen to 60s. a head. In 1821, after five years of peace, the population was 21,200,000, and the revenue £55,800,000, or 51s. a head. In 1850 the population was 27,000,000, and the revenue £52,300,000, or 39s. a head. That is, the pressure of taxation upon each Briton is actually less by *one-tenth* than it was fifty years ago; less by *one-fifth* than it was thirty years ago; and less by *one-third* than it was during our Buonapartean wars.

But this is not all. Taxation must be estimated not according to numbers only, but according to wealth also—and indeed chiefly —since it is our wealth that gives us the power of meeting it. An equal amount of taxation is obviously only half the burden, *ceteris paribus*, to a man of a thousand a year, which it is to one of five hundred a year. Now we have no means of ascertaining with *precision* the increase of national wealth (*i.e.*, capability of enduring taxation) since the beginning of the century, but there are on record a few significant facts,* which suffice to show that it has been certainly much greater than the increase of population. The *real property* of Great Britain was valued in 1803 at £967,284,000, and in 1842 at £1,820,000,000. The total amount of incomes (as assessed) derived from trades and professions was in 1812, £21,247,600, and in 1848, £56,990,000, being nearly a *three-fold* increase in thirty-six years. The amount of capital subject to legacy duty sprung up from £4,122,000 in 1800, to £16,622,000 in 1812, and to £44,348,000 in 1845, or a *ten-fold* increase in the half century. The sums insured against fire were £232,000,000 in 1801, and £722,000,000 in 1845. We think we shall be within the mark, if we assume that the wealth of the country has increased threefold since the beginning of the century, while the taxation has increased in the same period only from thirty-four to fifty-two millions; or in round numbers, the one has increased at the rate of 200 per cent., and the other only at the rate of fifty per cent. Mr. Norman, whose authority few will be inclined to dispute, after a careful examination of the whole question, and an ample allowance for the change in the value of money, sums up as follows:—"The reader will recollect that it has been shown, supposing the increase of wealth to have kept pace with that of the population, that a diminution of pressure arising from public burdens has taken place since the peace to the extent of 53 per cent.; but on reading the foregoing observations, he will probably be of opinion that the reduction thus exhibited falls far short of the real truth. By how much short, can only be a matter of conjecture. If we say that the real reduction has been 67 per cent., or two-thirds, we shall probably be still too low; and, taking all things into calculation, it seems probable that we shall not be far wrong in fixing it at 75 per cent., or three-fourths. In other words, it may be assumed on highly probable grounds, that an individual with a given income, who, in taxes and loans, paid £100 to the State in 1815, would now pay only £25.

If the public burdens of England are greatly diminished and diminishing, when compared with her wealth, which affords the only fair criterion of their severity, it is equally certain that they are not, when estimated by the same standard, so heavy in comparison with those of other European countries as it is usual to represent them. In England it is true, the taxation amounts to 39s. a head, against 29s. 7d. in France; 37s. 3d. in Holland; 21s. 8d. in Belgium; and 20s. in Spain. In France, indeed, it has recently reached 33s., and in the first year of the Revolution was 40s. a head. But will any one pretend that the wealth of England does not exceed the wealth of every

* See Porter's Progress of the Nation. Norman on Taxation.

one of these countries in a far greater ratio than her taxation? Is not England more than twice as rich as Spain?—is she not probably ten times as rich? Is she not more than one-fifteenth richer than Holland?—not more than one-fourth richer than France? With regard to the latter country, Mr. Norman calculates from premises, "which give his conclusions the force of moral demonstration, that the per centage of the national wealth abstracted for State purposes, is more than double what it is in England. In other words, that a Frenchman pays out of his income or fortune, more than twice as much as is paid by an Englishman who may possess a similar income or fortune."

But the case of the United States of America is generally cast in our teeth as a specimen of the light taxation of a country where the people govern themselves. Let us inquire into the facts of the case, before sitting down quietly under the reproach. Let us ascertain the *State* taxes, and the local taxes, as well as the national or federal taxes, which commonly are alone taken into consideration by popular haranguers.

We find that in Great Britain, in the year ending January 5, 1850, the total State expenditure was . . . £55,500,000
The Poor Rates, . . . 7,250,000
The Local and County Rates, 4,000,000

Total, . . . £66,750,000

Now, as the population was twenty-seven millions, this would give nearly 50s. a head. But the real property in Great Britain now assessed to the Income-tax, amounts to £2,382,000,000;* and this exempts not only all estates whose income falls below £150 a year, but the whole of Ireland. The personal property, as gathered from the Legacy Duty returns, is about £2,118,000,000, making a total of realized property of £4,500,000,000. Now sixty-six millions is equal to a tax of 1.46 per cent. upon this sum.

In the United States the *national* expenditure, as stated in the last Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, averaged forty millions of dollars during the last six years.† The population is now 23,674,000; but during the average of the six years it may be taken at 22,000,000. The *national* taxes, therefore, amount to about 7s. 8d. a head. In the State of New York, according to Mr. Johnston, the State and local taxes amount to two dollars, or 8s. 4d. a head. The total taxation may therefore be taken at 16s. *Man* for *man*, therefore, it is clear that the Englishman is taxed three times as heavily as the American. But what is the case when we come to estimate the relative wealth of the two countries? We may take the *national* taxes paid in the State of New York (chiefly derived from custom duties), at four millions of dollars in the last six years.* The State, County, and Township taxes were 5,500,000, making a total of 9,500,000, on a valuation of 666,000,000 of dollars of realized property. Great Britain, therefore, with realized property valued at four thousand five hundred millions of pounds, endures public burdens to the extent of sixty-six millions, or 1.46 per cent. The State of New York, with real property valued at six hundred and sixty-six millions of dollars, is burdened to the extent of nine millions and a half, or about 1.42 per cent.†

If, then, our taxation, fairly estimated, is not as heavy as is commonly alleged, neither is it levied as inequitably as we are accustomed to hear it represented. It is not *true*, as it is so habitually asserted, that it falls chiefly or disproportionately on the poor. Here, as elsewhere, we are satisfied with the careless and most unconscientious repetition of an ancestral war-cry. We are using language which was to a great extent true at the beginning of the century, during the war, and before the Reform Bill, but which is simply and culpably false now. Almost every year during the last twenty has witnessed the relief of the unpropertied classes of the community from some fiscal burden. The tendency now is, in our opinion, even to exempt them unwisely and unfairly. Incomes under £150 are exempted from the Income-tax: houses under £20 are exempted from the House-tax. That is to say, six-sevenths of all dwellings, and nine-tenths of all incomes in the country, are allowed to escape from direct taxation altogether. Between 1830 and 1850, £21,568,000 of taxes have been repealed, and £7,925,000 have been imposed. But those that have been repealed were almost exclusively taxes which pressed upon the masses; and those which have been imposed (*in order to render the repeal of the others possible*) are taxes which are paid almost exclusively by men of property. Of the £7,925,000, £5,500,000 are raised by the Income-tax alone. All taxes have been removed from the raw materials of that indus-

* See Johnston's N. America, vol. ii. p. 251, from which this comparison is taken.

† Three of these were years of war (with Mexico,) and three were years of peace. They afford, therefore, a fair comparison with this country, of whose expenditure one-half goes to defray the interest of war loans.

* It is true that Mr. Johnston takes these at three millions of dollars, but his estimate of the total national taxes is taken at 30,000,000 dollars, which is ten millions less than it has recently been.

† A certain amount of every man's property is, we believe, exempted in America, which may be set off against our exemptions under £150.

try which employs the poor. All taxes have been removed from those necessaries of life which feed the poor. Corn comes in free; butchers' meat comes in free. Two taxes only exist of which the poor man cannot avoid paying his share—the excise on soap and the duty on timber. But the duty on timber only raises the *cost of erection* of the poor man's house 4s. 3d.,* and *his yearly rent*, therefore, only by about 3½d. The excise on soap varies from 1d. to 1½d. a pound; and on the consumption of a poor man's family will amount to about 4s. 6d. a year.† These are literally the sole taxes which, in this country, are not *optional* with the poor man. Except in these items‡ no poor man need pay one farthing to the revenue unless he please. But the rich man cannot so escape. The poor man may say, as Benjamin Franklin said, and as hundreds of wise and good men have done —"Spirits are poison: I will not use them. Tobacco is nasty: I will renounce it. Sugar and tea are needless: I will dispense with them;" and he slips through life almost as untaxed as the Red Indian. But the upper and middle classes might renounce all these noxious and superfluous luxuries in vain, they would still have to pay £18,000,000 into the national, and £11,000,000 into the local Exchequer. In no other country, and on no other system of taxation, could the working classes escape so easily or pay so little.

But we shall be told that this is not a fair way of looking at the matter; that sugar, and tea, and beer, are now rather necessaries than luxuries, and that, whether they are so or not, the poor man has as much right to his luxuries as the rich. Unquestionably he has; we would be the last to grudge them to him. But we cannot think that he has a right to them *untaxed* any more than the rich man. Benevolence, and perhaps justice, seems to prompt that, as far as may be, our revenue should be levied on a man's superfluity, not upon that portion of his means which is essential to subsistence. But if a man *has* a superfluity, and spends that superfluity on sugar, which is pleasant to him, on beer, which is needless to him, on spirits or tobacco, which are mischievous to him, by that act and that possession he ceases to be a poor man, and voluntarily steps into the tax-paying class. If he has a surplus to expend in luxury, he is no longer entitled to sue *in formâ pauperis;* he ceases to be an object of charity or of exemption. If he drinks his gallon of spirits, or smokes his pound of tobacco, why should he not pay on that gallon or that pound as much as the rich man would do? If the rich man indulges, as he is able to indulge, in a double quantity, he pays a double tax. There can be no *inequity* in this.

But, as a matter of fact, *is* an unfair proportion, even of taxes on the consumption of luxuries, paid by the working classes? Do they, on the whole, contribute to the revenue at all more than, regard being had to their number, they ought to do? Let us look a little into detail. It is impossible to ascertain with accuracy what proportion the propertied classes in this country bear to the labouring classes, or *prolétaires*, as they are called among our neighbours, or how far the distinction between the two is a valid one; for there are comparatively few among the rich who do not work, and increasingly few among the poor who possess no property of any kind. But, from several indications* there is reason

---

* The quantity of timber used in the construction of a cottage, costing about £100, is 212 cubic feet. The duty on American pine (the sort used for such houses) is 1s. a load of 50 feet. The duty, therefore, adds 4s. 3d. to the original cost of the cottage. If Baltic timber were used, (the duty being 3s. 9d.) the addition would be 15s. 10d.

† The average consumption of soap per family, in that rank, as we have taken pains to ascertain, is less than 1 lb. a week. This is confirmed by McCullock, (*Account of British Empire*, vol. ii. p. 396.) See also Porter, (*Progress of Nation*, vol. iii. p. 76.) The quantity of soap consumed in the United Kingdom in 1849, was 186,000,000 lbs., or 6·75 lbs. a head, which, at five persons to a family, would give 37 lbs. a year; and this, at 1½d. a lb. duty, would amount to 4s. 7d.

‡ Perhaps we ought also to except the advertising duty.

* We will put down here a few of those known facts from which we have felt ourselves warranted in drawing the inferences in the text. We are aware that these inferences can sarcely reach beyond highly probably conjectures, but we are desirous that our readers should not imagine them to be mere random *guesses*.

1. The number of registered electors in the United Kingdom was, in 1850, by official returns, 1,050,187. Now, it is probable that the number of non-electors in the propertied classes would be about balanced by the number of electors among the *prolétaires*. If we suppose all, or nearly all, of these to be heads of families, (or those who are not to be equal in number to the women, *not registered*, who are,) this would give a total population to the propertied classes (at five to a family) of 5,250,000.

2. By the census of 1841 we got returns of the occupations of 7,850,000 persons in Great Britain, out of a total of 18,850,000. Of these, 760,000 (or those who are returned as independent, educated persons following miscellaneous pursuits, professional men, government civil servants, local, church, and law officers) clearly belonged to the middle and upper ranks. Of the remaining 7,090,000, (consisting of those employed in commerce, agriculture, army and navy, domestic servants, common labourers, &c ,) we cannot be wrong in supposing that naval and military officers, farmers, master manufacturers, merchants, clerks, and shopkeepers, would amount to at least 1,000,000. This would give in all 1,760,000, out of 7,850,000, as belonging to classes above the condition of day labourers and *prolétaires*, or nearly one-fourth.

3. The class of domestic servants reached 1,135,612

to believe that we shall not be wide of the mark if we reckon the former at one-fourth and the latter at three-fourths of the community. There are certain items in the Customs and Excise duties which we know are paid wholly by the rich. There are other items of which the rich consume, and on which, therefore, they pay, far more per head than the poor: such are tea, sugar, and coffee. Now, an examination into the detail of the expenditure of different families in various grades on these articles, leads us to believe that three-fourths of the tea and coffee that pay duty, and two-thirds of the sugar, are consumed in the houses of the propertied classes. This is the result of careful and extensive private inquiries. Among the agricultural poor, the *men* scarcely ever touch either tea or coffee, and we have ascertained, from personal inquiry, that the quantities purchased by the women for their own drinking are excessively small. Among the artisan population the consumption is much greater. But in the case of the rich and easy classes, not only is the consumption great individually, but they pay for the consumption of their servants. Now, the annual consumption of tea in Great Britain is, per head of the whole population, 23 oz. The consumption of families in the upper classes, where there are three or four servants, is 8 lbs., or 128 oz. per head. The usual allowance to servants is 6 lbs., or 96 oz. per head, just four times that of the average. In the case of sugar the average annual consumption throughout the country is 24 lbs. a head. But the male agricultural population use scarcely any, while the usual consumption of the shop-keeping and higher artisan class is 26 lbs.; that of the middle class 50 lbs; that of the higher 70 lbs. a head. Now, let us construct an approximate table on these data, admitting freely that they are scarcely more than careful and conjectural estimates.

Total Produce of the Ordinary Revenue levied in 1849.

Customs,			£2,268,864
Excise,			15,003 098
Stamps,			7,013,267
Taxes,			4,522,910
Income-Tax,			5,564,833
Post-Office, (Net)			832,000
Poor-Rate,	England, £5,395,000		£55,204,972
"	Scotland, 501,000		
"	Ireland, 1,359,000		
		£7,255,000	
County-Rate,	England, £1,317,000		
County-Rate,	Ireland, 928,000		
Highway,	England, 1,698,000		
Constabulary,	Ireland, 34,000		
		3,977,000	
			11,232,000
			£66,436,972

Paid by the Propertied Classes entirely.

Poor-Rates and County Rates,		£11,232,000	
Income-Tax, and Assessed Taxes,		10,087,743	
Stamps, (except Advertisements and Licenses,)		6,660,000	
Custom Duties on Books,	£7,748		
" Embroidery,	12,301		
" Flowers,	13,058		
" Lace,	7,943		
" Plate,	1,360		
Carry over,	£42,410	£27,979,743	£66,436,972

in 1831, and in 1841 had increased to 1,691,679. We shall not therefore exceed the mark if we take their numbers now at 2,000,000. These are, of course, entirely confined to families of the upper and middle ranks; and *the whole of the indirect taxes levied on their consumption of taxed articles is paid by those ranks.* The propertied classes pay not only on their own consumption, which is much larger per head than that in the lower ranks, but *on the consumption of two millions of the lower classes besides.*

Once for all, be it observed, we give these estimates, and others that follow, merely *for what they are worth.* They are carefully made; but we know from long use in statistical calculations how liable such are to error, and we therefore give our readers not only the results but the data on which we base them, so that they may judge for themselves.

Brought over, . .	42,410	£27,979,743	£66,436,972
Cust. Dut. on Eau-de-Cologne,	2,084		
" Brandy, . . .	1,639,464		
" Wine, ...	1,767,558		
		3,451,516	

Paid by the Propertied Classes in Part.

¼ths	Tea, . . . £4,471,420		
	Coffee, ... 642,520	3,883,965	
	Oranges . . . 64,680		
⅛ds	Sugar 4,126,500	2,751,000	
⅚ths	Post-Office, . . 832,000	693,334	
		£38,759,558	
¼th	Of the remaining Customs, Stamps, and Excise, say £27,538,748	6,884,687	
			45,644,245
			£20,792,727

In round numbers, that is, the comparatively few people of property pay *two and a half times* as much taxation as the comparatively many *prolétaires*. The working classes, who constitute three-fourths of the community, pay twenty millions, while the propertied, or upper and middle classes, who amount only to one-fourth, pay forty-four millions,—or, as our total population is about twenty-eight millions, the former pay not quite £1 a head, while the latter pay £6 10s. 6d., or *six and a half times* as much. This scarcely sounds like the inequity complained of.

The working classes then clearly pay far less in proportion to their *numbers* than the higher and middle ranks; do they not pay less also in proportion to their *incomes?* Here, again, we are thrown back upon the region of plausible conjecture; for we are without the data to enable us to ascertain accurately the relative incomes of the different ranks. A few considerations, however, may serve to show that the above question is not so irrational as it may at first appear.

1. The incomes of those who have more than £150 a year appear by the Income-tax returns to amount in Great Britain to £185,000,000.

2. The number of domestic servants in Great Britain (excluding Ireland, as in the last case) is above 1,400,000, and their incomes, male and female, (including keep, or board wages,) could not be less than £35 each, (Porter, vol. iii. p. 16,) or above £50,000,000, —the sum yielded by Schedule D. Their wages alone will be about £13 a head.

3. The population of Great Britain (in all these calculations we are obliged to leave Ireland aside) is now twenty-one millions, of whom the working classes, according to our previous data, will form about fifteen millions and three-quarters. Deducting from these the domestic servants, there will be left above fourteen millions and a quarter, or about three millions of *families*. Now, what is the income of these families on an *average*, taking into account all the trades and occupations into which they are divided,—agricultural labourers, artisans, mechanics, factory hands, journeymen tailors, shoemakers, engine-drivers, &c. &c.? From the Official Report on the employment of women and children in agriculture, it appears that the actual earnings of a *family* of peasants are much greater even in the worst paid districts than it is usual to represent them. The lowest seems to be 10s. a week, and they often exceed 20s. or 25s.* It is difficult, after reading that Report, to believe that 13s. a week is not rather below than above the yearly average. In the manufacturing districts, many single artisans earn double this sum—women and children often more than half—many *families* three or four times as much. Handloom weavers, no doubt, are below this; journeymen tailors, shoemakers, and other handicraftsmen generally much above; mechanics and engine-men, colliers, men employed in iron works, greatly above. On the whole, we believe we shall be below the mark in taking the average earnings of a family at 20s. a week, or say £50 a year. But, as we are aware that at first sight our calculations will appear extreme to many, whose opinions have been formed from speeches and writings of popular or party controversialists, and as we wish to be always within the mark, we will, at the suggestion of the first statistical authority in England, take £40 instead of £50 as the average. This, for three millions of families, would give £120,000,000, to which we must add £20,000,000 for the mere wages of the class of domestic servants. We take their *wages* only, not their *maintenance*, because the taxation on the articles

* Those who are startled by a statement so much at variance with their preconceived impressions, will find our view fully borne out by the careful investigations of the Official Commissioners referred to.

they consume is paid by their masters, and our present object is simply a comparison between the *tax-paying* income of the several classes. We thus arrive at £140,000,000 as the aggregate income of the working classes of Great Britain.

4. The income of the class who are above the working classes, and yet below £150 a year, we can only guess at. Probably we shall not be far wrong if we take it at £50,000,000. This we must add to the £185,000,000, the income of those who have more than £150 a year. This gives a total income for the middle and upper classes of £235,000,000.

5. But we have just seen that the working classes pay only (leaving Ireland as before wholly aside, and supposing no class there to contribute anything) £20,000,000 out of a revenue of £66,000,000. Now £20,000,000 of taxes on an income of £140,000,000 is about 14 per cent. But £45,000,000 (the amount paid as we have seen by the propertied classes) on £235,000,000, is not 14 per cent., but nearly 20.

In the course of our empirical proceedings in fiscal matters, though nothing like system or science has yet been developed, our experience has brought about the recognition of two or three important truths. Of these the most valuable are the connection between a flourishing revenue and a cheap and abundant supply of the necessaries of life, and the superior productiveness of moderate over high duties. The almost invariable concomitance between a low price of corn and an increased consumption of exciseable articles, not only directed public attention to the discovery, that the one is a logical sequence of the other, but enabled even Chancellors of the Exchequer to draw the conclusion, that as food and clothing must in the expenditure of all classes take precedence of any other articles of consumption, it is only on the surplus, after these are supplied, that the State can effectively levy its demands. Hence we may hope that it will henceforth be one of the principal objects of all governments to keep provisions cheap, and that even in our times of most pressing emergency, we shall never again see any proposal for imposing taxes upon food or other articles of first necessity.—The many remarkable instances, also, which our financial history affords of a rapid rise in the revenue arising from duties on articles of general consumption, following upon a great reduction of those duties, have fairly established the theory, and are fast entailing the practice, of moderate rates. The operation of a reduction of duty is twofold: it increases the consumption of the taxed article in consequence of the reduced price bringing it within the reach of a larger number of consumers, and enabling former consumers to purchase more abundantly than before; and it causes a larger proportion of what is consumed to contribute to the revenue, by removing or lessening the motive to illicit importation or production. The various fluctuations in the tax on sugar, on coffee, on tea, on wine, on spirits, and on letters, and their immediate and invariable consequences, which have been so often brought before the public, have raised the enriching tendency of reduced duties so nearly to the rank of an axiom of financial policy, that scarcely any one except a Chancellor of the Exchequer would hesitate to act upon it. The same history, however, which has taught us this prolific truth, has brought to light two exceptions, which are sometimes pointed to by financiers of little faith, as invalidating the general law. The usual result does not ensue when the article is not one of general consumption, but a mere luxury or fancy of the few. Thus, no reduction in the tax on hair-powder or four-wheeled carriages would so increase the use of either as to compensate for the change. Neither does the usual result ensue where the reduction is inadequate to the purpose, and neither materially reduces the price to the consumer of the duty-paid article, nor greatly diminishes the temptation to smuggling. It is obvious, that where the duty on an article of moderate bulk and in great demand is 800 per cent., the reduction of this to 600 per cent. would only reduce the price to the consumer, and consequently affect the consumption, to an inappreciable extent, and thus the revenue would probably lose the whole amount of the reduction. It is obvious also, that the *smallest* of these duties would still leave the stimulus to smuggling so enormous as to ensure its continuance to the utmost practicable extent. The reduction would leave the disadvantage of the fair trader virtually untouched. The experience of the items of tea and tobacco has well illustrated both these principles,—the duty on the former being about 200, and on the latter about 700 per cent.

These two practical facts form, however, pretty much the sum total of financial wisdom on which all parties may be said to be agreed. Nearly every other rule is *adhuc sub judice*. Even our first authorities on these matters, Adam Smith, Ricardo, M'Culloch, and Mill, are by no means always in harmony; and if they were, our senators and statesmen are far from having studied them or imbibed their principles. A new school, and a very active one, has now sprung up in Liverpool, and its votaries have formed themselves into an association for the avowed purpose of advocating direct taxation as the only sound, innoxious, and equitable system. We shall not attempt

to enter into any abstract disquisitions on the knottier branches of the subject, but shall endeavour to elucidate a few general propositions which may naturally aid us in gaining a clear conception of its larger bearings.

A perfect tax—if perfection can be predicated of a thing whose ineradicable essence is evil—would be one which should press equally upon every individual in the community; which should hamper no industry and curtail no commerce; which should offer no temptation and leave no opening to fraud; which should be levied in such a manner as to create no irritation, but should be paid as it were unconsciously, or at least ungrudgingly; and which should take no more from the subject than it put into the Exchequer. But such a tax, though conceivable, is obviously unattainable; and practically, therefore, we must be content to adopt such taxes as most nearly *approximate* to the fulfilment of these conditions, or of the most important of them. It will help us much if we fairly face the inevitable dilemma. A large revenue *must* be raised. Taxation, therefore, must be submitted to. But all taxes are objectionable. It is impossible, we believe, to name a single impost against which a case more or less strong might not be made out. Every tax diminishes the wealth of the country, because every one is unproductively expended. Almost every one we ever heard of is either inequitable in its nature, or fetters commerce, or stimulates to fraud, or is costly in the collection, or is irritating to the temper, or combines several or all of these objections. All that is left to us is a choice of evils. It is no sufficient reason, therefore, for rejecting or repealing a tax, that it is open to one or more of the above charges. Neither, on the other hand, is it any valid ground for preferring or imposing a tax, that it fulfils one of the above requirements, if it violates others equally or more important. It is no conclusive recommendation of a tax that it is equitable, if it be intolerably irritating or needlessly impoverishing. It is no adequate defence that it is cheap and palatable, if it be at the same time unfair or demoralizing. We must not judge taxes by a standard of ideal perfection, which none of them can satisfy, but by the degree in which they *approach* to the most *essential* requirements of that standard.

Let us now dive at once into the heart of the matter, and consider the chief recommendations alleged in favour of a system of *direct taxation*. "Direct taxation, we are told, is the most *equitable* of all systems. Under the existing mode the poor pay more, and the rich less, than their fair share. Under direct taxation this injustice would be remedied."—Under what system of direct taxation would the adjustment be equitable? and what is a "fair share?" *What is equity?*—Simple equity—the dictates of rigid justice, would seem to require that men should pay to the State in proportion to the services it renders them,—those who benefit most paying most. Now the class which derives the greatest benefit from the protection of the State is clearly that which would suffer most from the withdrawal of that protection, viz., the ignorant, the feeble, and the helpless. The class which profits most by the active beneficence of the State (when its functions are not merely negative and protective) is clearly the same, viz., the poor, the weak, and the incapable. Simple equity, therefore, would appear to require that those should pay the largest amount of taxation who are least able to pay—a conclusion which, however strictly deducible from admitted premises, it is alike impossible to adopt or carry out.—Other lovers of equity contend that, as every man has life and liberty to be guaranteed, but every man has not property,—a poll-tax should be levied as an equivalent to the former, and that the rest of the revenue should be raised on property, and according to property. There is a certain shallow plausibility in the distinction which will recommend it to many minds. But a single question will show how inadequate and unsatisfactory is the solution it affords. How are you to estimate the relative value of life, liberty, and property, so as to decide *what proportion* of the revenue shall be raised by a poll-tax, and what by a property-tax? According to general feeling the latter would be infinitesimally small. "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life." Again, is every man to pay the same amount of poll-tax?—the man to whom life is sweet and valuable, with every charm which health, happiness and affection can shed around it,—and the man to whom it is a burden and a malady. Others urge that the relation between the State and its citizens is too wide and too sacred to be thus treated as a bare contract for protection on the one side, and payment on the other; that it is the key-stone of a union in which all have entered with a view to the general good; and that every man should contribute, not in proportion to his needs, but in proportion to his means. But—practical difficulties apart—on what principle are a man's means to be estimated? By "means," do we intend to signify his property or income, or *his ability to pay?* Is he to be taxed according to what he *has*, or according to what he can *afford?* If the latter—which clearly ought to be the reply—how, by the resources of direct taxation, is it possible to ascertain it? If the former, as is contended by the parties whose arguments we are considering, what rule could be more *in*equitable? For, of three men with £1000 a year each, it is as certain that their *incomes* are equal, as that their *means* are unequal. The income of

the first is derived from fixed property, and is permanent and bequeathable, and he may spend the whole. The income of the second is a life annuity, and he can only venture to spend what remains after he has purchased an insurance policy for his surviving family. The income of the third is derived from severe professional exertions which cannot be continued for ever, and he can only spend what remains after the additional purchase of a deferred annuity as a provision for old age. Are all these men to be taxed equally, on the plea that their incomes are equal? If so, your equitable plan leads to the commission of a manifest injustice; for it is clear that a man can only afford to pay in proportion to what he can afford to spend; and though you levy the same amount of tax on each of the three men, the *pressure* of that tax will be very different. We will assume, however, that this objection is met, as many political economists contend that it should, by taxing permanent, terminable, and professional incomes by a varying scale. Still other difficulties as insuperable in the way of a really fair assessment remain behind. How will you deal with the case of men who, with equal fixed incomes, have most unequal demands upon those incomes, and therefore in truth most unequal means? It is abundantly clear that a man having £1000 a year, and ten children, cannot afford to pay as much as a man having £1000 a year and neither wife nor child. A tax of 10 per cent., which would be scarcely felt by the latter, or, at the worst, would only debar him from some noxious or needless luxury, would actually *pinch* the former, perhaps drive him into a smaller house, and probably compel him to stint his family in clothes or education.

In order in some measure to meet this objection, Bentham recommended, and Mr. J. S. Mill endorses the recommendation, that taxation should only be levied on a man's *surplus* income, *i.e.*, on that portion of it which remains after the absolute necessaries of life are provided for. In pursuance of this idea, he advises that all incomes under £50 should be exempted altogether, that a man with £100 should pay upon £50 only, and a man with £1000 upon £950, and so on. We see no objection to the proposal as a practical boon; but it is obvious that this could afford only a very rough approximation to justice: £50 a year would more than supply a bachelor with food, shelter, and clothing, but would be inadequate for a man with ten children. Moreover, it would leave the real difficulty untouched—which is to provide an income-tax which shall be truly and not nominally equitable—which *shall not press upon one man more heavily than on another?* We are not here arguing, be it observed, against an income-tax as inadmissible; we merely wish to shew that it does not, any more than those taxes which it is proposed to discard in its favour, fulfil the requirements of equity. It does not make, and cannot be arranged to make, every man pay his "fair share" towards the burdens of the State.

There is little doubt that many of the objections to the existing Income-tax might be removed or mitigated, but several we believe to be inherent in its essence. At present it combines nearly every possible bad quality that a tax can have. It is only half as productive as it might be made; it is inquisitorial and irritating to the last degree; it is brimful of obvious and hidden injustices, and it offers overwhelming inducements to fraud. It is impossible to point to any principle on which the exemption of all incomes under £150 can be defended. If the propriety (above stated) of leaving untaxed a sufficient portion of a man's income to provide him with an actual subsistence be urged on its behalf, then we reply that the exemption is far too wide, and should have been confined to incomes under £50. If the plea be brought forward that the class whose incomes fall between £50 and £150 bear an inordinate proportion of the indirect taxes, as is suggested by Mr. Mill, then we reply that the exemption does not extend nearly far enough, for the people whose income ranges from £100 to £300 are far the most heavily taxed portion of the community. They pay house-tax, they pay poor-rates and county-rates, they pay a considerable portion of the stamp duties and the advertisement duty, and they contribute fully more than their share to the customs and excise. Moreover, the exemption reduces the yield of the tax, according to the best opinions, fully one half. Finally, as the recent Parliamentary investigation is said to prove beyond question, it opens a wider door to petty fraud than any other provision of this baneful impost.* Those acquainted with the practical working of special taxes declare, that if there be one rule which their experience points to as admitting of less doubt and fewer exceptions than any other, it is, that *all exemptions are mischievous.*

Even if all the obvious and admitted inequalities of the Income-tax were rectified, it would still be in practice the most unfair of all imposts, from the utter impossibility of assessing with any certainty the actual incomes of the contributors. Rents, salaries, annuities, dividends, &c., may be accurately ascertained; but professional gains, and the profits of trade, can be estimated on no other ground than the declarations of the contributors themselves.

* In 1844 the claims for exemption were 82,854, of which the Commissioners were obliged to admit 75,500. The amount returned on these claims was £69,100.

No productions of books, no demand for minute and detailed returns, though these are often called for to a most vexatious and troublesome extent, can enable the collectors to prevent fraud where fraud is intended. Not only therefore does the tax fall heaviest on the most conscientious—the worst species of inequality—but an almost irresistible temptation is held out to subtle casuistry, to self-favouring decisions in all cases where the shadow of a doubt exists, to all those petty tamperings with integrity which gradually sear the tenderness of the moral sense, and pave the way for bolder and larger infractions of justice and of law.* The surveyors and commissioners feel themselves baffled by the deliberate and consistent assertions of the steady knave, and they repay themselves by subjecting the honest tradesman to an amount of vexatious and insulting cross-examination which amounts to absolute persecution. They openly charge him with having made a false declaration—the law gives them power to do this with impunity; they remand him day after day for fresh examination; they require returns of details and particular transactions for three years back, which it is sometimes impossible to furnish, which waste his time and sour his temper: when he either cannot or will not do this, or when, wearied out with contumely and annoyance, he abandons the contest in disgust, they confirm the surcharge which brands him as a would-be but baffled deceiver; and if, from a dread of meeting similar insolence and torture every year, or from feeling that no mere sum of money can make it worth while to submit again to such an irritating process, he consents to compound at the amount thus unjustly assessed, they point to his consent as an acknowledgment of his intended fraud. These cases are deplorably frequent; we speak from long and painful experience, and our own observation has been confirmed by some of the commissioners themselves, who blushed at the amount of bullying and insult inflicted by their colleagues on the unfortunate appellants. Now, a tax which enables the fraudulent to cheat the collector, and the collector to rob the honest, can be rendered endurable and defensible by no amount of supposed theoretical perfection. A tax, too, which leads to so much irritation of temper, and so much bitter indignation, that many of those who pay it would willingly contribute, in order to escape from it, double the amount in any other form, is surely open to one of the most fatal objections that can be alleged against any impost. Of the five requirements enumerated above, as characteristic of a perfect tax, a direct tax on income fulfils scarcely one. It is peculiarly and incurably unfair, it is excessively irritating, it is lamentably demoralizing, and, if all things be taken into consideration, it is by no means unexpensive in the collection. M. Mill, even, "with much regret," considers the first of these objections as insuperable. "It is to be feared," he adds, "that the fairness which belongs to the principle of an income-tax can never be made to attach to it in practice; and that this tax, while apparently the most just of all modes of raising a revenue, is in effect more unjust than many others which are *primâ facie* more objectionable. This consideration would lead us to concur in the opinion which, until of late, has usually prevailed—that direct taxes upon income should be reserved as an extraordinary resource for great national emergencies, in which the necessity of a large additional revenue overrules all minor considerations."*

The argument in favour of direct taxes on property and income, which has so often been alleged of late,—viz., that they fall upon the rich rather than on the poor—we have already partially considered. We have shewn that it is at least questionable whether, in simple equity, the poor *ought* to be so largely exempted from taxation. We have shewn good ground for believing that the poor, in this country and under our existing system, pay less than the rich in proportion to their incomes, and enormously less in proportion to their numbers. We have also shewn that the

* Defrauding the revenue is too commonly regarded as scarcely a moral offence at all. Thousands will cheat the Exchequer who would on no account cheat a fellow-subject; and the conduct of the Government in upholding, and the language of Sir Charles Wood in defending, a tax so replete with manifold injustices as the existing Income-tax, have done much to promote this misty, oblique, and exceptional morality. We scarcely know any didactic and professorial teachings as to the veniality of fraud to be compared with the speeches of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on this subject. He has repeatedly argued that the Income-tax is just because it is unjust to all—that it is so rotten and indefensible in all its details that you cannot meddle with it without risk of its falling to pieces altogether, that he must have the money, that he is cheated more than he cheats, &c., &c. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer declares that he cannot help being unjust, the tax-payer will naturally reply that he cannot help being dishonest. If the Chancellor pleads, in defence of an unfair tax, that he must fill his coffers, the subject will reply that he must protect his purse. It becomes a simple battle between extortion on one side and evasion on the other.

* "The truth is, that a fair Income-tax is a desideratum which is not destined ever to be supplied. After the Legislature has done all that can be done to make it equal, it will still remain most unequal. To impose it only on certain classes of incomes, or on all incomes without regard to their origin, is alike subversive of all sound principle. Nothing therefore remains but to reject it, or to resort to it only when money must be had at all hazards, when the ordinary and less exceptionable methods of filling the public coffers have been tried and exhausted, and when, as during the late war, Hannibal is knocking at the gates, and national independence must be secured at whatever cost."—*M'Culloch*, p. 137.

working classes with us are relieved from all taxation but that which is *self-imposed*, to an extent which can be affirmed of no other country in the world. We have shewn that our revenue may be said, without exaggeration, to be almost wholly levied *either upon property*, and chiefly upon the larger properties, *or upon luxuries*. But on this branch of the question, there is one other very important consideration to be adverted to. Direct taxes are now popular with the masses and their writers, *only because the masses are exempted from them.* Now, were we to decide upon raising our revenue wholly or mainly from direct taxes, this exemption could no longer be maintained. A large amount of taxation can never be levied on the *few*. If, therefore, this plan were adopted, *all must pay*. In countries where it is adopted, all do pay. In most countries on the Continent, in France, in Germany,* where Customs and Excise duties form a far less important part of the revenue than here, there is a per centage levied on all personal as well as real property; there is a capitation-tax, a hearth-tax, a trade-tax, a salt-tax, often a bread and meat-tax, besides the vexatious and burdensome *octroi*. From these burdens few or none are exempted. And so it would have to be here, were the projects of the Liverpool financiers adopted. Taxes on luxuries, if they are luxuries confined to the rich, can never be productive. Even a house-tax, if levied on the absurd principle of the new one—which out of 3,700,000 dwellings, proposes to exempt all under £20, or six-sevenths of the number—would yield a most insignificant return. Even an Income and Property-tax, confined to the middle and upper ranks, however heavy it might be, would soon shew the working classes that, whatever be the *first incidence* of an unfair impost, the due share of it must finally fall on them. By no jugglery of direct taxation can the many, ultimately or permanently, shift their burdens on the shoulders of the few. The rich, like the poor, can neither spend nor pay more than they possess. Nine-tenths of them already live up to their income, or as nearly so as they deem prudent; in other words, they spend as much as they safely can. Take the case of a man with an income of £1,000 a year. He pays, we will say, £200 a year in taxes, direct and indirect, the remaining £800 meets his personal expenditure. He keeps three servants, besides a groom and a horse. A new system of taxation increases his taxes to £400 a year, and of course diminishes his available income to £600. His tea, coffee, and sugar will cost him less than before, owing to the abolition of customs and excise duties. But the difference will be so slight, that he must diminish his general expenditure materially. He can only do so by paying less wages, or by purchasing less of those articles whose production gives employment to the poor,—*i.e.*, by diminishing that portion of his expenditure which was spent, directly or indirectly, in the payment of labour. He dismisses his groom and sells his horse. His groom in the first place, his saddler and blacksmith in the second, and the farmer who supplied him with hay and oats, in the third, are the sufferers. He gives up wine, and deprives of employment the artisan who used to produce the article of export which was formerly sent abroad to purchase his wine. He reduces the expenditure of his family in clothes: the tailor, the shoemaker, the spinner, the weaver, the dyer, feel the effect of his increased taxation. They have their sugar, their tea, their tobacco, their beer, cheaper than before; but the poor groom has lost all his means of purchasing these luxuries, and the other artisans have had their means greatly curtailed. Almost the whole expenditure of the rich man goes, in one form or another, in the employment of labour—often, it is true, in a most unwise employment of it; and when this truth is fully apprehended by the working classes, they will understand that every diminution of the rich man's income, by partial taxation, must recoil upon the poor,—not by a law of Parliament, but by a law of Economic science, against which Parliamentary enactments contend in vain.

If this were fairly stated and fully comprehended, what would be the feeling of the mass of our population on the subject of direct taxation? How would they who never see the face, or hear the unwelcome knock of the tax-gatherer, from the cradle to the grave—who, perhaps, scarcely ever pay a farthing to the revenue at all, or at all events would never find out that they did it, if they were not told—how would they endure to be called upon, year by year, for a house-tax of five per cent., for five per cent. of their wages, or for five shillings a head upon every member of their family? Direct taxes, like any other taxes, are sure to be popular with those who do not pay them. But if the choice were fairly placed before them, between indirect taxation as it now exists, and direct taxation of *which they must bear their fair share*,—between a tax on income, which they could not escape, and a tax on luxuries, which it was optional with them to pay,—who can doubt what would be their instantaneous and unanimous decision? Hitherto, the people have been systematically blinded as to the real question at

* Much of this is derived from private information sent us by the best informed parties on the Continent. For confirmation, see Laing's "Obervations on Europe in 1848 and 1849."

issue, both by their own misleaders, and by a misjudging Legislature. How could they form a just estimate of the relative merits of direct and indirect taxation, when they knew the former only as an income-tax, which spared *their* incomes, and a house tax, which spared *their* houses, and the latter as a burden which poisoned every pipe they smoked, soured every glass of beer they drunk, and embittered every cup of tea they sweetened? But when the question is honestly propounded to them: *Not*—"Which do you prefer—a tax which the rich pay and you escape, or one which you pay in common with them?" *but*, "Which do you prefer—a tax which you pay only *when* you like, *if* you like, and *to the extent* you like; or one which, though perhaps smaller in amount, is yet taken from you periodically, inexorably, and however ill you can afford it?"—we are satisfied that the advocates of direct taxation will find few supporters.

We cannot but think that much moral mischief has been done, and serious political danger incurred, both by the custom recently adopted or extended of exempting the lower classes and the smaller incomes from taxation, and still more by the language in which this custom has been advocated. No man has sinned more deeply in this particular than the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Charles Wood. We have already had occasion to animadvert upon his lax and slipshod morality. In recommending his new house-tax, on the ground of its exempting all houses under £20 a year, (or 3,000,000 out of 3,500,000,) he spoke thus:—"In all the commercial and financial measures I have submitted to the House, my principle has been one and the same. I have never turned to the right or to the left to consider what would be a benefit to one class or another; but I have looked to that which would be most beneficial to the great body of our labouring population. They are, in my opinion, the special objects of the care and solicitude of Government,—government being instituted for the benefit of the many, not of the few."

It is sad to see a man high in office utter, before a grave assembly charged with the destinies of millions, twaddle indicating such sad mistiness of view. In the first place, while professing to eschew all class legislation, he adopts a class legislation of the most sweeping, flagrant, and demagogic character. He will not turn aside to consider what will benefit this class or that, but yet he will make it his main object and consideration to benefit the largest class of all. He will inquire, not what is just and fair to all classes, but what will be most desirable for that class whose interests he especially desires to serve. In laying on a tax on dwellings, he will levy it on half a million only, out of three millions and a half, because he desires to benefit the class who live in the exempted three millions, at the expense of the class who live in the taxed half million. He will lay the burden on the few, not on the many, "because government was instituted for the benefit of the many, *not* of the few." Was it? we had always understood that government was instituted for the government of the many *and* of the few. We have always conceived that the distinction here drawn was the essential blunder and vice of vulgar democracy. In proportion to the smallness of that portion of the community on which taxation is imposed, does it assume the character of *confiscation*. In proportion as one class or section is singled out for bearing the burdens of the State, does taxation approach the essence, put on the garb, breathe the poisonous doctrine of *pillage*. We would go to the furthest point of the most thorough democrat in removing every impost which pressed unfairly, injuriously, or oppressively upon the mass of the community; we would apportion the public burdens on the most rigid principle of equity, wherever that can be discovered, and as far as it can be approached; but those who encourage the people to believe that taxation ought to be or can be made to fall upon the upper classes exclusively or disproportionately—those who adopt the course and use the language of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—are laying down a doctrine of the most fatal tendency, and the most flagrant immorality; a doctrine, in fact, which differs only in the extent to which it is proposed *at present* to apply it, from the doctrines of Jack Cade, Barbès, and Blanqui, of the plunderers, spoliators, confiscators, and "equitable adjusters" of all times.

One of the arguments in favour of direct taxation, most relied upon by its advocates, is its superior cheapness. When compared with indirect taxation, it is alleged, it takes less out of the pockets of the people, in proportion to the amount it puts into the coffers of the Exchequer. We admit the truth of the allegation to a certain degree; but that degree has been enormously overstated. The relative cost of collecting the different branches of the revenue in Great Britain is as follows:*—Customs, £5, 6s. 4d. per cent.; Excise, £4, 16s. 9d.; direct taxes, (assessed and income,) £3, 3s. 3d. In other words, the direct taxes cost three and one-sixth per cent., and the indirect taxes five per cent. in collecting, leaving an advantage of not quite two per cent. in favour of the former. On the first blush of the matter, then, it would appear as if the entire substitution of the former for the latter would

* Finance Account, 1851. Parl. Papers.

effect a saving of nearly one million a year to the country. How far this would be a sufficient equipoise to the vast addition of irritation and inconvenience which such substitution would entail, may well be doubted. But would the saving be even as great as it appears? This is more than doubtful. In the first place, a wiser adjustment of our customs and excise-duties, repealing those which yield little and cost much, would reduce the expense of collection most materially. Already we can trace a commencement of such reduction arising from the judicious changes which have been introduced from time to time. Thus we find that in the years from 1830-1833, the cost of collecting the customs' duties in Great Britain averaged £5, 19s. 7d. per cent. In the last four years it has only averaged £5, 7s. 3d.; and in 1850 was only £5, 6s. 4d. In the five years from 1835-1839 the cost of collecting the Excise averaged £6, 6s. 4d.; in the last five years it has only averaged £5, 7s. 2d., and in 1850 was only £4, 16s. 9d.

But there is another consideration. It is true that the direct taxes are now levied at a collecting cost of three and one-sixth per cent., because they are levied on comparatively few individuals, and in comparatively large sums. But if they became our sole taxes, or even the main basis of our taxation, they must, as we have shewn, be extended to all classes, they must be levied upon all individuals, however humble. Instead of Schedule D being demanded from 147,659 individuals, (as it was in 1848,) it would have to be demanded from probably upwards of a million. Instead of the revenue being collected in sums of £100, it would have to be collected in sums of £1 and under. Instead of a collector calling once and upon one man for £50, he would have to call a hundred times, and upon a hundred men. Instead of gathering the House-tax from 500,000 houses, it would have to be gathered from 3,500,000. The 20s. a year which the working man (according to our previous estimate) now pays indirectly and unconsciously, and which the collector never has to call upon him for at all, would then have to be wrung out of him by painful pressure, under a variety of heads, and at repeated visits. The collector now gathers the tax on tea or sugar, for example, from about one thousand importing and unmurmuring merchants, who pay it as a matter of course, and without demur. Under the direct system, the same sum would have to be drawn in small amounts from thirty millions of resentful and blaspheming contributors, who would make a point of giving as much trouble as they could. Under such circumstances, is there the least probability that direct taxes could be collected for three and one-sixth per cent., or perhaps for three times that amount?* Is it not evident that to obtain a *large* revenue you levy it from the *many*,—to obtain it *cheaply* you must levy it from, or rather through, the *few*!

We do not therefore see any reason to believe that direct taxes, fairly imposed, would be at all less costly in the collection than indirect ones, judiciously selected and adjusted. We have met boldly, and in the face, the principal recommendations usually urged on behalf of those imposts which are now bidding so high for popular favour. We have shewn that when they take the form of an Income and Property-tax they are inherently and incurably unfair; we have shewn that it is very questionable whether they are economical, and that it is beyond question that they are not equitable, and cannot be made so. There are, however, three classes of direct taxes which have our unqualified approval—the Assessed Taxes, and the House-tax, and the Legacy Duty. The Assessed Taxes, now that the Window Duty has been repealed, seem wholly unobjectionable. They are easily levied; they allow little, if any, room for evasion and deceit; they are taxes on expenditure, not on income; they are taxes on needless luxuries, and if a man wishes at any time to escape the tax, he can do so by foregoing the luxury. If he can afford to indulge in the luxury, it is certain he can afford to pay for it, and should not grudge doing so. Of all taxes, a house-tax, fairly levied on the assessable value of the dwelling, and admitting no exemptions, unites most merits, and is open to fewest objections. It is liable to no evasion or dispute; it creates no irritation beyond that which paying away money for an unseen reality unavoidably causes in nearly all minds; its pressure is more equitable than that of any other, since the value of the house in which a man chooses to live offers a criterion of what he can afford to spend, (and therefore to pay,) not, indeed, perfect and universal, but certainly more accurate than any other test. We particularly recommend to our readers' attention the section of Mr. Mill's work which he devotes to the consideration of the house-tax, in which he briefly, but most triumphantly, disposes of all the current objections which are urged against it, shewing how frivolous most of them are, and how entirely all that have any validity or weight apply not to the principle of the tax itself, but to the faulty and inequitable mode in which it was formerly levied. Now that this tax has been re-imposed, we trust to see it made permanent, universal, equal in its

* In confirmation of this, it is important to notice that previous to 1842, (when the Income-tax was imposed, which presses on so few,) the direct taxes cost nearly as much as the Customs and Excise in collection, or about five per cent.

pressure, and greatly increased in amount. It may then become—as we hope it will—a substitute for the present Income-tax, almost all the recommendations of which it may claim, and all the fatal allegations against which it avoids. A ten per cent. house-tax, laid not on 500,000 dwellings, but on 4,500,000,* would yield a large, steady, and unobnoxious revenue, and possesses, besides, this vast supplementary merit, that *the rate* might be raised or lowered according to the yearly necessities of the Exchequer, and thus save that constant alteration, repeal, imposition, and re-imposition of taxes, which is one of the great mischiefs of our present empiric, unscientific, and hand-to-mouth system. Now, if there be a deficiency, the Chancellor has to set his wits to work to devise some new tax that can be laid on with the least outcry, or to select from the old ones that which will best bear an increase; and in doing this it is scarcely possible for him to hit upon one which will not be more or less injurious, or more or less partial in its augmented pressure, and an alteration of which will not, therefore, fairly lay him open to the charge of injustice. If, on the other hand, there is a surplus revenue, the Chancellor is immediately assailed with the deafening clamour of twenty rival claimants for relief; and whatever tax he selects for repeal, it is scarcely possible for him to avoid favouring one class of the community more than others, and thus incurring the accusation of partiality. All changes in taxation are in themselves bad, because all involve an *unsettlement* of time-adjusted pressure. Taxes, whatever be their nature and *first incidence*, have a certain tendency, in the course of years, to rectify their own original inequalities, and spread themselves with tolerable fairness over the community. This is one of the most indisputable axioms of economic science, though writers differ as to the rapidity with which the process is effected. But of the inherent faculty of taxation, however partial its imposition in the outset, to place itself gradually and in due proportion on the right shoulders, there can be no controversy. Every change, therefore, every new tax laid on, every old one repealed, disturbs the natural adjustment which has been thus effected, and introduces, for the time, a fresh inequality of pressure, requiring a fresh process of adjustment. But if we had once removed the taxes really injurious to morals and to trade, it would be of inestimable benefit to have no further alteration, to have all taxes settled and permanent, but to meet the varying redundancies or deficiencies of the revenue, as they occurred, by *varying the rate per cent.* of that one impost which pressed equally on all. This, we conceive, would be the greatest practical improvement which could be introduced into our fiscal system.

The Legacy Duties, in the form in which they are now imposed, are utterly indefensible. Their partiality is gross and flagrant. In the first place, they exempt a vast proportion of the property of the country altogether; in the second place, they tax small properties at a higher rate than large. From the Probate Duty, which is levied on the entire personal property devised by will, from the duty on Letters of Administration, which is levied on the entire personalty of parties dying intestate, and from the Legacy Duty, which also falls on personality, but at rates varying according to the degree of consanguinity of the legatee, —all real property is exempt. Railway shares, bank stock, stock in trade, ships, gold, bills of exchange, &c., all pay: land does not. Again, the Probate Duty, which averages rather more than 2 per cent. on all sums under £2000, is only about 1½ per cent. on properties of £20,000, and not much more than 1¼ per cent. on estates of £100,000 or £1,000,000. The duty on Letters of Administration is 3 per cent. on the smaller amounts, and only from 2 to 2¼ on larger ones. These monstrous injustices have led to a feeling of hostility to a tax which, when fairly imposed and levied, is one of the most equitable and least burdensome that can be devised. In judging the principle of a Legacy Duty, we must consider it not in the imperfect and objectionable form which it may have assumed under the sinister operation of class interests, but in the form it would assume in the hands of just legislators. Now, if the Probate and Administrative Duties were repealed, and the Legacy Duty imposed upon *all* property passing by inheritance, at a rate varying, as at present, according to the degree of relationship, from 1 to 10 per cent., we do not see any tax to which so few objections could apply. It is little liable to evasion by donation *inter vivos*, and a slight alteration of the law might still further diminish this liability; it affords scarcely any opening to fraud, because the legal formalities necessary in the due performance of the duties of an executor would give ample means of ascertaining the amounts bequeathed or inherited; it fulfils admirably Adam Smith's third requisite of a good tax, (that it should be levied at the time when it is most convenient for the individual to pay it,) inasmuch as it is demanded from him at the very moment when he is receiving a considerable accession of property; and, finally, it is paid with less irritation and reluctance than any other fiscal burden, because it is called for when this accession of property

* *I. e.*, 3,467,611 in Great Britain, and 852,389 (probably) in Ireland.

has improved his circumstances, and may be supposed to have put him in good humour. Moreover, there seems a special equity in the tax on a separate ground. It may be regarded as an equivalent paid for the protection of the law under circumstances when an individual is disabled from protecting himself. A man's power over his property naturally ceases with his life; without the intervention of the State he could not secure its reversion to those whom he desired to endow. The State, however, steps in, and says to him, "We will carry out your posthumous wishes with regard to the disposal of your estate when you are helpless and departed, on condition of a moderate and reasonable fee." Thus he pays the ordinary taxes to purchase protection during his lifetime: he pays the Legacy Duty to purchase a posthumous power over his property, a power which only an executor like the State can bestow. If there be no property to bequeath, there is no tax paid.

Mr. Mill's estimate of the justice and incidental merits of this tax is so high that he would carry it much further than many will feel prepared to go along with him. He conceives that "the principle of graduation, (as it is called,) that is, of levying a larger *per centage* on a larger sum, though its application to general taxation would be a violation of first principles, is quite unobjectionable as applied to legacy and inheritance duties." He would, moreover, limit the power of bequest to a fixed amount, making the State residuary legatee in all cases where the property left exceeded this amount to each recipient; and he would make collateral inheritances *ab intestato* cease altogether, and the property escheat to the State. The arguments by which he defends these proposals have, we confess, failed to satisfy us altogether of their wisdom, but they are well worthy of consideration. They are to be found in the first chapter of his second book.

In comparing the respective merits of direct and indirect taxation—taxes on income and property, and taxes on commodities—much stress is laid by the advocates of the former on its superior economy,—on its taking less than its rival out of the pocket of the people, in proportion to the sum it puts into the coffers of the State. We have already considered this point so far as mere *cost of collection* is concerned; and we have shewn that the alleged cheapness of direct taxation in this particular, is rather delusive than genuine—rather accidental and fluctuating than permanent and essential. But another expense attaches to taxes on articles of consumption, which it is important to estimate at its real magnitude. Duties on commodities (it is said) being usually paid by the producers or importers before the commodities are sold to the consumers, increase prices, not only by the amount of the duty, but also by the amount of the profits on that portion of the producer's or importer's capital which was expended in advancing the duty. That is, if the usual and fair profits on capital employed in trade are ten per cent., the article in question reaches the consumer charged not only with the duty, but with the addition of ten per cent. on the amount of that duty; nay more, with an additional ten per cent. laid on by every tradesman through whose hands the article passes. Sismondi goes so far as to say that a tax of 4000 francs, paid originally by the manufacturer or importer, whose profits were ten per cent., would, if the article passed only through the hands of five different persons before reaching the consumer, cost the latter 6734 francs. If this statement were true, or even approached the truth, it would amount to an indictment against indirect taxation, which scarcely any or all of its acknowledged recommendations would suffice to countervail. But it is obvious that this blundering calculation proceeds upon the assumption that the tax accumulates by compound interest, not at the rate of ten per cent. *per annum*, but at the rate of ten per cent. *at each step of its progress*. If *each one* of the transmitters retained the article a year in his possession, and it was, therefore, *five years* in reaching the consumer, Sismondi's reasoning would be correct; but if only one year elapsed—and the actual time is seldom so long—then an addition to the original duty of 400 francs instead of 2734, would give a rate of ten per cent. per annum to all parties through whose hands the commodity had passed, whether they were five or fifty.

But even when we have thus reduced this objection from the gigantic magnitude to which Mr. Sismondi's oversight had swelled it, a farther and most material deduction must be made. We will assume that a year elapses between the payment of duty by the importer or manufacturer, and its repayment to him by the consumer; the consumer will then pay it with the addition of ten per cent. But *he pays it a year later* than he would otherwise have done: the State required the money at the time it levied it from the importer; if, in place of an indirect, it had been levied by a direct tax on the consumer, he must have paid it in January instead of in December. The money, therefore, has been left in his hand for a whole year, during which period it has yielded him, we may presume, five per cent. The real addition to the consumer is, therefore, not *ten* per cent. but *five;* since whether he pays the tax *plus* five per cent. in January, or *plus* ten per cent. in December, the actual sum taken

out of his pocket is the same. The State wants £100 from the tax-payer, whose money is invested at five per cent. interest; and, taking this by indirect taxation, it takes from him £110, but it does this a year later than it would have done by direct taxation; and whether it takes £105 from him now, or £110 twelve months hence, must be a matter of complete indifference.

But is there any reason to believe that a year, or any time approaching to it, elapses in ordinary cases between the payment of the duty by the importing merchant, and its recovery from the ultimate consumer? In former days it might have been so; but since the system of bonded warehouses was introduced, the case is altogether changed. Now the merchant can leave his goods under the Queen's key, and does not pay the duty until he takes them out for delivery, not indeed to the consumer, but to the dealer who supplies the consumer. The additional capital required, and on which he has to charge his supposed profit of ten per cent., is only needed for the few days or weeks which elapsed between *his* payment to the revenue officer, and the shopkeeper's repayment to him: the shopkeeper, again, has only to charge profit on the same capital for the few days and weeks which elapse between his payment to the merchant, and his customer's payment to him. If all parties paid ready money, the whole additional cost to the consumer would be confined to ten per cent. profit on the duty, for the time during which the goods lay unsold in the dealer's shop,—which time he would of course render as short as possible, by holding small stocks and applying to the merchant only a very short time before his previous supply was exhausted. If either vender *give credit* to either vendee, then the additional price which this credit obliges him to charge for the commodity, is a simple remuneration to him for consenting to remain so long out of possession of his capital. It is interest on money lent to his customer; and it is mere misrepresentation to speak of it as an addition to the duty advanced by the importer.

The indirect expense of indirect taxation, then, which loomed so large in the distance, turns out, when closely analyzed, to be very insignificant;—not, as Sismondi conceived, 70 per cent., not, as Ricardo seemed to admit, 10 per cent.,—not even, as for the sake of argument we assumed, 5 per cent., but probably not above 1¼ per cent., or three months' interest on the amount of the original duty. The enormous cost to the country of many taxes on imported commodities, (conjectured to have been in the case of sugar five millions, and in the case of corn twenty millions, annually,) arising from their effect in forcing production into unnatural and injudicious channels, and compelling us to buy from one country what we could have procured far more cheaply from another—need not be spoken of here. They are discredited, condemned, and almost swept away. Duties strictly and fairly imposed for the sake of revenue, have nothing in common with duties which are either purposely or incidentally protective; and the ill repute justly attaching to the latter can by no legitimate process be made to recoil upon the former. Neither need we combat the objections derived from the evil of excessive or ill-selected duties which, like that on tea, curtail consumption, tempt adulteration, lessen by so doing their own productiveness, and diminish the production of those labour-employing articles of export which are used to purchase the commodity so injuriously over-taxed. All arguments drawn from such cases are of weight, not against the principle of indirect taxation, but against its injudicious and clumsy application. They merely shew that the financier who lays himself open to such charges, does not understand his business. They are what logicians call *fallacia accidentis*. They are specimens of the sophism, *à dicto secundum quid ad dictum simpliciter*, which argues from what is true under particular circumstances, as if it were true nakedly and altogether. They are directed solely against the separable accidents, not against the inherent essentials of the system.

We pass over with a mere enumeration several minor advantages of indirect taxation, as our limits warn us to draw to a close. Such as the convenience of the time at which the tax is paid by the consumer, which consideration Adam Smith places so high in his list of requisites. Such as its self-adjusting qualities, enabling a man to do for himself what it is one great, but uniformly unattained object, of the Science of Finance to do for him,—namely, to proportion his fiscal burdens to his capacity of bearing them. Such as its light and evanescent pressure on the poor man, so soon as he becomes *poor enough* to be obliged to dispense with luxuries. Such, finally, as its liability to be thrown, in part at least, on foreigners,—the possibility of which, and the *modus operandi* of effecting it, involves so subtle and intricate a train of reasoning that we shall not attempt to enter upon it here, but shall content ourselves with referring to the argument of Mr. J. S. Mill, as confirmation of its practicability.*

The most weighty objection brought against Customs and Excise duties is their alleged demoralizing tendency. They encourage smuggling, and tempt to fraudulent adulteration.

* Principles of Political Economy, vol. ii. p. 405. Essays on some unsettled questions of Political Economy.

It is impossible to deny the accusation. But two pleas may be urged in mitigation, which will go far to prevent sentence of condemnation from being passed. In the first place, the charge is valid against excessive, not moderate duties. If the duties are so high as to leave the profits of the smuggler—*all risks included*—decidedly greater than those of the fair trader, such duties are not only demoralizing, but suicidal. But these immoderate duties have long been condemned, and in the majority of cases abandoned. Our experience in the case of the excise on spirits and the duty on silks, as in many other instances, proved the effect of the lowering of the duty in discouraging and knocking up the smuggling trade, and thus clearly shewed that *this* argument, like others we have just disposed of, bore not against indirect taxation, but against enormous and abortive taxation,—not against import and excise duties *per se*, but against such injudicious and ineffective duties as no financier who was master of his profession would dream of imposing. To impose a duty which rendered smuggling and adulteration overpoweringly attractive—which gave higher inducements to the smuggler than the tradesman's native preference for honesty and the vigilance of the coast-guard were competent to countervail—would be to impose a duty which failed of its purpose, and the imposition of which, therefore, would be a proof of the incapacity of the statesman who laid it on. It is true that we have not yet fully carried out the maxims of fiscal wisdom which our experience has taught us; and that in the case of tea and of tobacco we still retain duties which offer irresistible temptations to the smuggler and adulterator; but their operation is now well understood, and their death-warrant is already signed—as far, that is, as refers to their self-defeating and illegitimate *excess*. In the second place, temptations to evasion are inherent in the nature of every tax, in proportion to its disagreeableness and the severity of its pressure. We know the subterfuges often resorted to in the case of the assessed taxes; we have seen something of the enormous stimulus to fraud arising from the Income-tax; the revenue is defrauded in the several departments of the Legacy Duty, the Stamp Duties, and the Post-Office; and, while fully admitting the validity of the objection in question, when urged against Excise and Customs Duties, we hold that it is one of those objections which, as we have seen, inevitably attach to things so intrinsically evil in their nature as all taxes are; and that, where the duties are moderate in amount and judiciously selected, they are as little open to it as almost any direct tax that can be named, except a house-tax,—and far less open than many that might be specified such as an income-tax.

We now come to the final consideration,—on which we are at issue with, and diametrically opposed to the popular declaimers against indirect taxation, viz., the comparative ease with which it is levied, the comparative unreluctance—approaching to unconsciousness—with which it is paid. This the Liverpool financiers regard as its decisive demerit: this we regard as its crowning recommendation. Horace says of poems:

"Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunto."

We hold this to apply in the case of taxes also. They should be, as far as possible, not only theoretically beautiful, but practically sweet. If an impost must be levied, let it be done with as little irritation and annoyance as the thing will admit of. When a painful operation has to be performed, it is surely desirable to effect it while the patient is under the influence of chloroform. If the life-blood must be extracted from a man, it is unquestionable mercy to throw him first into a deep sleep. "Not so, (say the financial reformers:) this would remove the most efficient check on the extravagance of Government. If taxes are made pleasant, or even endurable, there is no limit to the amount that may be extracted from the people—if, by the perfection of art, they are reduced to a kind of insensible perspiration, the patient may be bled to death before he is aware. The best security we can have for the economical expenditure of the public money, is to make taxation so disgusting and burdensome that the people will grudge every farthing they are called upon to pay." Surely this argument is very childish and very shallow. Englishmen are scarcely such infants as to require to be treated in this way. If the taxation be not needed for the due furtherance of public objects, it is wrong to levy it, and weak to pay it; if it be needed, it is silly to grudge it, and would be double silliness to raise it in any but the least objectionable way. But let the matter be argued on its own grounds: let us tie our Government down in the strictest mode we can devise to expend the public money for none but the most just, important, and valuable purposes; let us, by the closest vigilance, compel them so to manage as to obtain these purposes as cheaply as they can; but let us not adopt so blind, clumsy, empirical a way of reaching our end, as the excitement of a needless detestation of taxation, which will be equally likely to cut down or to refuse the best as the worst employed revenue. If the physic is unnecessary, why take it at all: if it be necessary, why make it superfluously nauseous?

The truth is, that at present the danger is all the other way. Partly from the natural dislike to pay away money for which no immediate and visible equivalent is received; partly owing to the violent, thoughtless, and often uncandid and unfair language of that section of politicians who for years have been urging retrenchment upon the Government as its chief duty, and exciting the hostility of the people against taxation as their chief grievance, —the difficulty is becoming yearly greater of raising revenue sufficient for the maintenance of the national credit, the vindication of the national honour, and the improvement and efficacy of the national institutions. This is the natural and inevitable consequence of the language habitually held and the line of argument pursued for many years back by the more demagogic of our public men, and at times also, and for party purposes, by statesmen whom we should be loath, even in thought, to class with these. There is no road to temporary popularity so easy, so low, or so inconsiderate as that which is offered by an appearance of excessive vigilance over all drafts upon the public purse, by leading the onslaught upon this or that obnoxious impost. But neither is there any road which more certainly leads to ultimate failure — which entails a more sure or more richly merited retribution. All taxes are unpopular; and necessarily so. None can be devised by the wit of man which do not press inconveniently and often painfully upon some classes or upon all: abuse of any tax is, therefore, sure to meet with ready sympathy from millions. No tax can be discovered to which there may not be urged some serious and valid objections: a severe exposure and hostile criticism of any tax, therefore, will find an echo in the reason as well as in the feelings of all hearers. Taxes in their best estate are only necessary evils; they are all, more or less, directly burdensome, and incidentally mischievous: if a proof of their objectionable nature were a sufficing argument for their removal, it would be impossible to raise a revenue at all. But our popular financial reformers have been too much in the habit of representing the Government as a body hostile to the people, and fond of bleeding them for some selfish purpose of its own; forgetting that, though there have been times in our history when this representation was in a great measure true, those times have long since passed away; and that the traditional language of agitating orators which befitted the days of Walpole and Pelham and Pitt, is out of place and unbecoming now. They have too often incautiously spoken as if taxes were things which could be dispensed with; evils to be escaped altogether, not evils *to be chosen among;* and the masses have listened greedily to language which harmonized with their sentiments, and seemed to justify their discontents.

It is, we seriously think, high time to make a systematic and determined stand against the mischievous consequences of these inconsiderate and uncandid representations. It is essential to our future safety and good government that all leaders of public opinion, whether in Parliament or in the press, all on whom now rests, or may hereafter rest, the duty of ruling the country, or of influencing those who rule it—should take a deliberate view of the solemn responsibilities attached to their position, and, warned by indications of the dangerous tendency of an opposite course, should resolve to abstain in future, whatever temporary triumph they may have thereby to forego, from arousing that "ignorant impatience of taxation" which, if carried much further, and persevered in much longer, bids fair to end in rendering the wise and safe administration of this great empire a task almost impossible. Already it is difficult to modify or exchange a tax without raising a storm which no cautious Chancellor of the Exchequer will readily encounter. Already it is difficult to maintain inviolate sources of revenue which every man, with the slightest insight into public business, knows to be perfectly indispensable. Already, on more than one occasion, legislators whose class sympathies overpowered their sense of imperial necessities, or whose thirst for popularity was stimulated by an approaching dissolution, have voted the repeal of taxes which it was impossible to spare, and have been compelled to rescind the idle and disreputable vote. Already the most valuable and important schemes have been relinquished, from the unwillingness of the country to submit to the slightest additional expense for their promotion, or still more from the dislike felt by the Government of the day to risk the unpopularity of proposing such addition. Already questions of the widest range, and the most vital moment to the grandeur and stability of our empire—Colonial questions, European questions, Judicial Reforms—are discussed, not as matters involving high statesmanship and philosophic patriotism, but as they bear upon the financial prospects of the year, as portion of the details of the army and navy estimates! In April last, Lord Truro distinctly alleged the unwillingness of the House of Commons to vote the necessary funds, or, as it afterwards appeared, the reluctance of ministers to ask for them—as a ground why he dare not propose those Chancery reforms which every lawyer and every statesman concurred in declaring absolutely indispensable. He is reported to have said, "His noble friend seemed not aware of the extreme jealousy with which that

House looks upon any increase in the expense of the judicial departments of the State. *There lies the evil. The temper of the present time is not disposed to make the necessary sacrifice for the administration of justice.* The business of the Court of Chancery has greatly increased; it is in fact extremely heavy. There is not sufficient judicial strength there; and it is very doubtful whether the House of Commons would add to that judicial strength."* There is terrible and stinging sarcasm in all this; and the temper here pointed at is fraught with menace and with mischief. We shall scarcely be accused, by any who have watched our course from the beginning, of being advocates either of lavish expenditure or of needless taxation; we have fought in the ranks of retrenchment and reform too earnestly and too long not to have earned the right to speak our thoughts now, and to be listened to with patience and candour when we say, that England can well bear, and ought not to grudge, any expenditure needed for the maintenance of the national credit, for the completion and consolidation of the national interests, for the perfecting of our judicial institutions, for the collection of that full and close statistical information without which our rulers must often be working in the dark, and for the remuneration of those public services which, where truly ably and conscientiously rendered, it is not easy to overpay. We warn the country that the danger is imminent and serious, when a low and bastard economy has become the god of our idolatry, when a Lord Chancellor can utter without shame, and without clear untruth, such a plea for misgovernment as we have quoted. What *ought* to be done, *dares not* to be done, (we are told,) because our senators take a narrow, partial, short-sighted view of their duties, and forget that they have other and higher functions than that of mere guardians of the public purse. They forget that they are intrusted with the money of the nation, in order that they may purchase therewith those blessings which the nation needs, and on which its happiness, reputation, and prosperity depend. They forget that their duty is so to dispense the public revenue as to further most effectually those objects which the public has at heart, and for which the community consents to be taxed; and that, if the first of these be defence against foreign foes, the second, at least, is the administration of prompt, easy, and impartial justice at home. In proportion as Lord Truro's charge is true—and it is impossible entirely to gainsay it,—in proportion as ministers shrink, and are excusable in shrinking, from applying to the House for needful funds for important and righteous purposes, out of a dread of its parsimonious temper; and in proportion as this temper has been fostered by the class of financial reformers to whom we have referred, are we justified in saying, that the sticklers for "cheap government" are—unconsciously perhaps, and unintentionally—the supporters of mal-administration;—that matters have reached a point at which Reform or Retrenchment no longer go hand in hand, but are pitted against one another; that, in a word, those who would *save* the money of the people, and those who would *spend it well*, are no longer identical, but distinct, at issue, and antagonistic. Economy in the public expenditure is a great object and a sacred duty; but there are aims yet worthier and nobler, and obligations yet holier and more imperative. The education of our brutal and neglected masses is one of these. The promotion of those sanatory reforms, on which health, life, decency, and morality, so essentially depend, is one of these. The amendment of our judicial system, till it becomes in fact what it claims to be in theory, is another. The reform of our prisons, of the provision for juvenile criminals, of our whole arrangements for secondary punishments, is again an obligation of paramount magnitude, and clamorous for immediate initiation. The maintenance of those colonial interests which bind our distant dependencies to the mother country, on which hangs the future spread and permanence of our special and highly valued form of civilization, is another of those mighty objects with which no mere considerations of immediate parsimony can be allowed to come into competition. And, finally, a prior and more sacred claim than any pecuniary saving, is the unimpaired preservation of those effective elements and external manifestations of national strength and vigour, which will not only secure Great Britain from personal danger, but will enable her to speak with decision and with influence, when she speaks at all; which will render her in future, as in the past, the protectress of the weak and the refuge of the oppressed; which will enable her, when civilisation is endangered, when humanity is outraged, when morality is trampled under foot, to remonstrate in that language of disgust and indignation which could not be rashly disregarded; which, in a word—when one sovereign tramples out the guaranteed and consolidated freedom of its subjects, as in the case of Hesse; when another summons in the

* The House, we rejoice to say, vindicated itself from this charge, in so far, at least, as it voted the salaries of two new judges without remonstrance. But the timid and hesitating way in which Lord John Russell proposed the vote, and his evident reluctance to do so, and dread of its probable reception, spoke volumes.

savage succour of a barbarous power to aid him in crushing the liberties of a generous and long-descended people, as in the case of Hungary; when a third violates every promise, ravishes every right, sanctions every cruelty, sets at nought every decency, as in the case of Naples; or when the uncontrolled citizens of a powerful State do not scruple to turn pirates, and invade an unoffending neighbour, simply because they covet her possessions, as in the case of Cuba—will empower her, when such iniquities are perpetrated, to step forward, fearless of the consequences, and bold in her conscious capacity to meet them, and say, "These things shall not be!"

These considerations appear to us so important at the present juncture, and in the actual state of the public mind, that we are glad to fortify ourselves by the opinion of a writer whose deep popular sympathies it is impossible to doubt, and whose deliberate and searching wisdom has won him the first place among social philosophers,—we mean Mr. J. S. Mill. The intense dissatisfaction which would arise were our whole revenue "of fifty millions raised by direct taxes, would, he conceives, be productive of more harm than good. Of the fifty millions in question, nearly thirty are pledged, under the most binding obligations, to those whose capital has been borrowed and spent by the State; and while this debt remains unredeemed, a greatly increased impatience of taxation would involve no little danger of a breach of faith similar to that which, in the defaulting States of America, has been produced, and in some of them still continues, from the same cause. That part, indeed, of the public expenditure which is devoted to the maintenance of civil and military establishments, is still in many cases unnecessarily profuse; but though many of the items will bear great reduction, others certainly require increase. There is hardly any public reform or improvement of the first rank, proposed of late years, and still remaining to be effected, which would not probably require, at least for a time, an increased instead of a diminished appropriation of public money. Whether the object be popular education, emigration and colonization, a more efficient and accessible administration of justice, a more judicious treatment of criminals, improvement in the condition of soldiers and sailors, a more effective police, reforms of any kind which, like slave emancipation, require compensation to individual interests; or, finally, what is as important as any of these, the entertainment of a sufficient staff of able and highly educated public servants, to conduct, in a better than the present awkward manner, the business of legislation and administration; every one of these things implies considerable expense, and *many of them have again and again been prevented by the reluctance which exists to apply to Parliament for an increased grant of public money*, though the cost would be repaid, often a hundred-fold, in mere pecuniary advantage to the community generally. I fear that we should have to wait long for most of these things if taxation were as odious as it probably would be if it were exclusively direct."*

It is time to sum up, and bring this long paper to a close. We have seen that there is no tax to which valid objections do not apply,—no tax which is not, more or less, inequitable in its pressure, injurious in its operation, and annoying in its collection. This objection, though from its universality not decisive against any particular tax, is decisive against making it the only one. It is in a *variety* of imposts that we are to look for the solution of the great problem of the Finance Minister—how to make taxation equitable and endurable. We have seen that the apparent merits of direct taxation are apparent only. We have seen that it does not fulfil *all* the requirements of Adam Smith's "good tax" better than the indirect system, and that it scarcely fulfils any of them better. It is at least as unequal in its incidence, as unfair in its severity, as prolific in stimulants to fraud,—and immeasurably more irritating and vexatious. It is even questionable whether it is more economical in the collection. It is the first, the easiest, the coarsest mode which suggests itself to rude and uncivilized financiers. The paramount duty of a government in fiscal matters, is to levy the revenue *fairly:* This takes precedence over all other considerations. But next to this, if its first duty is to levy them so as to cause least injury, its second unquestionably is to levy them so as to cause least irritation. We have seen, finally, that taxation, whether direct or indirect, cannot be, and ought not to be, confined to the few;—that to approach this verges upon confiscation, that to recommend it is to preach Jacquerie and spoliation.

At the risk of exposing ourselves to the sarcasms with which the actual Chancellor of the Exchequer loves to reward those "amateurs" who offer him useful suggestions, or hint that there is a Science in his Art which he has not fathomed, and principles in fiscal policy which he either has not mastered or habitually sets at nought,—we shall venture to enumerate those sources of revenue on which—following out the views above developed—we think it would be safe, just, and prudent to rely. The first of these is a house-

* Principles of Political Economy, vol. ii. p. 418.

tax, which, taking a pivot of 20 per cent., should vary from 15 to 25 per cent., according to the exigencies of the Exchequer. This should be levied on all the 4,500,000 houses in the kingdom, without exemption. Of these it is estimated that about 500,000 are above £20 a year rent, and the rest under.* The former we may fairly take at an average rent of £45, which, at 20 per cent., would yield £4,500,000:—the latter, at an average rent of £5, would yield above £4,000,000 more. The Legacy Duty, on *personal* property only, now yields £1,400,000:—if levied at the same rate on *all* property, it would bring, it is calculated, £3,000,000 into the Exchequer. The Land and Assessed Taxes in Great Britain, leaving out the Window-tax, reach £2,835,-000:—if Ireland were included we might take them at £3,000,000. So much for direct taxes. The tax on tea should be reduced certainly to 1s. a lb., perhaps still lower, but would probably, according to all analogy, yield at that rate as large a revenue as at present. The tax on spirits and tobacco, there can be no reason for reducing below the point at which smuggling and illicit distillation could be prevented. Probably this might entail some loss on the article of tobacco. Our budget would then stand thus—taking the receipts of 1849 as our standard:—

DIRECT TAXES—		
House Tax,	£8,500,000	
Legacy Duty,	3,000,000	
Assessed Taxes,	3,000,000	
		£14,500,000
INDIRECT TAXES—		
British Spirits,	£6,000,000	
Malt,	5,000,000	
Tobacco,	4,400,000	
Wine and Foreign Spirits,	4,600,000	
Tea,	5,500,000	
Sugar,	4,000,000	
Coffee,	500,000	
Miscellaneous articles of luxury,	1,000,000	
Post Office,	1,000,000	
		32,000,000
		£46,500,000

£46,500,000, out of £50,000,000 needed, is thus provided for. The remainder might be raised by a continuance of the present modified Stamp Duties, till the augmented consumption of the above articles, which would ensue as our population increased and improved, rendered them superfluous;—or, as Mr. Mill suggests, by raising £10,000,000 instead of £8,500,000 from the House-tax, and by a higher Legacy Duty.

ART. III.—1. *Kugler's Hand-Book of Painting—The Schools of Painting in Italy.* Translated from the German of KUGLER, by a LADY. Edited with Notes, by SIR CHARLES L. EASTLAKE, P.R.A., F.R.S. Second Edition, thoroughly revised, with much additional matter. London, 1851.

2. *Handbuch der Kunstgeschichte.* Von DR. FRANZ KUGLER, Professor an der Königlichen Akademie der Künste zu Berlin. Zweite Auflage, mit Zusätzen. Von DR. TAE BURCKHARDT. Berlin, 1848.

3. *Ancient Art and its Remains; or a Manual of the Archæology of Art.* By C. O. MUELLER. New Edition, by F. G. WILCKER. Translated from the German by JOHN LEITCH. London, 1850.

FOR many years past the condition of the Fine Arts in Edinburgh has been to us a subject of the gravest concern, and the period, if we mistake not, has at last arrived when, with some hope of sympathy, we may impart our solicitude to the more serious portion of our fellow-townsmen.

We have now for a quarter of a century had an annual exhibition of the works of living artists, and what we have fondly called a school has been formed under the auspices of those who, on behalf of the public, have judged and purchased the works which there appeared.

To the school thus created one merit above

---

* The data of the above calculation are as follows. The total inhabited houses in Great Britain are (in 1851) 3,647,611, to which we may add for Ireland 852,389. Now, till 1824, we had a House-tax in Great Britain levied on all houses (except farm-houses) above £5 a year rent. In that year there were—

	Houses.	*Rent.*	*Average Rent.*
Above £5 and under £10,	171,522	£ 1,161,667	£ 6 15 0
£10 and upwards,	375,410	10,516,550	28 0 0
In the same year there were			
under £20,	361,513	3,537,742	9 15 0
above £20,	185,419	8,140,475	43 15 0
In that year all houses under £10 were exempted.			
In 1833, just before the entire repeal of the tax, the case stood thus—			
From £10 to £20,	227,604	2,997,524	13 3 0
" 20 and upwards,	214,438	9,606,388	44 15 0

all the schools that ever existed must be conceded. It has had the glory of testing, by a prolonged and careful experiment, the applicability of one of the favourite doctrines of modern political science to the production of works of art. The *laissez-faire* system has been tried in the most favourable circumstances. With the influential to countenance it, the wealthy to patronize it, the fair to commend it, and the general public eager, by every means within their reach, to express their interest and sympathy, the art of our country has been left unfettered by one single regulation, untrammelled by one single law either of nature or tradition. No compulsory course of uniform training has checked the vigour of its native growth, no tyrant master has set limits to its freedom, or stamped on its productions the impress of his too dominant thought. On the contrary, every new freak which it imagined, every fresh vagary which it perpetrated, has been hailed as a manifestation of originality and a pledge of progress. It has been romantic, sentimental, pathetic, devotional, genteel, and vulgar; and in each of these phases it has not only been left in undisturbed possession of its self complacency, but it has been congratulated by a grateful public on having at last stumbled on the upward path.

We are willing to admit that with institutions it may be as with men, that those who ultimately effect most are neither earliest to exhibit the signs of future eminence nor least prone to the eccentricities and extravagances of youth. But there is a limit to the consolation which this acknowledged fact affords us. If the years of ripe manhood have been reached without one trace of serious purpose in life, if the tastes continue trivial, the occupations desultory and planless, the will feeble, and the aim low, then, with sorrow and reluctance indeed, but with very considerable confidence, we should pronounce that the individual in question, to all human seeming, was destined for no very heroic part. But the rule by which we measure the probability of ultimate individual success is applicable by more than analogy to such an institution as our Scottish Academy, for its effects, if any, must be seen in the character which it has stamped on its pupils; and he who drew breath on the day of its first opening will now have attained to that period of life at which we feel entitled to expect that the lineaments of his completed manhood, if not *in esse* shall *in posse*, at least, be very distinctly traceable.

But it may be well that we at once relieve our readers from any apprehensions of individual fault-finding which these observations may possibly have occasioned, by mentioning in the outset that our concern has reference rather to the manner in which art in general is regarded, as manifested in the artistic productions of this, and we may add other countries, at the present time, than to any deficiency of ability which it has exhibited in the realization of its conceptions. Our animadversions will be directed against its objects rather than its efforts, and our objections to the conduct of our artists will have reference not to what they have succeeded or what they have failed in, but to what they have not even attempted.

The advancement which several departments of physical science have recently made, has not only greatly facilitated the imitation of external nature, but has had the effect of directing the attention of artists more exclusively to this, which has been called the primary, but which is far from being the ultimate object of art. By means of a few very simple chemical arrangements and mechanical processes, we can now obtain a mathematically perfect representation of every form, and but one step more is requisite in order to perpetuate in their totality those images of which the changing face of a mirror has hitherto been the only recipient. It is by no means impossible that these inventions may be carried to such perfection as that every object which greeted the eyes of one generation may be preserved for the gratification of every generation which shall follow. Is this, then, an invasion which science has made on the province of art? At first sight, in truth, it wears much of this aspect, and may well occasion anxiety to the artist who has assigned to himself no other function than that of servilely imitating nature. Already, in so far as form is concerned, he fights with the Calotypist at a sad disadvantage; and when the domain of colour shall also have been conquered by the latter, his occupation, it would seem, must for ever cease. If mere truth to individual nature is the object to be attained, no human hands will ever rival the looking-glass, which reflects your king or our hero. But will any single reflection, or any number of reflections of the individual face present an image corresponding to the prevailing mental characteristics which entitled the individual to the appellation of hero or king? Will it abstract or subordinate the accidental and temporary peculiarities, which in the individual existence interfered with the manifestation of regal or heroic qualities; or will it gather together the specific manifestations of these qualities, and present them to the eye as a consistent and harmonious expression of the character in question? We here come upon the artist's proper function, and viewed in this

light it is as permanent as natural imperfection, against which he stands over as an antagonist.

For the sake of distinctness, we shall arrange the few general observations on art with which we think it desirable to preface the more practical part of the present Article under three heads, premising, however, that these distinctions are by no means of so absolute or exclusive a kind as to render the principles which govern any one altogether inapplicable to the others. We shall speak

1*st*, Of portrait, or the representation of the idea of an individual, which we shall call individual idealization.

2*d*, Of the representation of types of particular classes, or specific idealization; and,

3*d*, Of ideal art, properly so called, or generic idealization.

As individual portraiture is not only the department to which the inventions of which we have spoken have been most successfully applied, and in which the artist has consequently been dragged into immediate rivalry with nature, but as it is the one with reference to which, more, perhaps, than any other, erroneous and unworthy views at present prevail, we shall make no apology before proceeding to the higher branches of artistic endeavour, for dwelling on the duties of the portrait painter with some degree of minuteness. In doing so, we shall endeavour to answer what seems to us the primary question of his art, viz., in what does a true portrait differ from a correct likeness?

Has it ever happened to the reader to be present in a family when one of its members has produced from his pocket a Calotype or Daguerreotope likeness of himself which he has just had taken? It is, we shall suppose, a sharp and good impression; after many trials the artificer has selected it as the best, and he has not deceived his employer. It is a perfect likeness; and still, though everybody knows for whom it must be intended, and everybody admits that it must be like, no one for a time can trace the resemblance. First, the children mark how well the hair is *done*, and the whiskers, and the shirt collar, and all the other immovable portions; then the features, one by one, are compared and found to be accurate; if it be a fine example, perhaps the very texture of the skin can be traced, and every imperfection, at all events, is infallibly to be found in its proper place. Nothing, in short, can exceed its accuracy in every respect. At last there is a discussion about the expression, and in this it is thought that a key to the difficulty may be found; but no—the expression also is one by no means alien to the face, with which every one who knows the individual is perfectly familiar, and which all agree that he very probably would assume on the occasion. Notwithstanding all this, however, the likeness continues to be not only not a pleasing one, but not even a striking one. Now, let the same individual betake himself to a really good portrait painter, and let the result of his labours be carried in the same unexpected manner into the midst of his family circle, and the very reverse of all this immediately takes place. The first impression produced on every one is that of marvellous likeness. It is the man himself, as they have always known him, as they have always thought of him, liker almost than himself as he sits amongst them. But then, when they commence to examine the details, it seems almost as if the likeness were vanishing from their sight. In many respects these are positively inaccurate. The nose is straighter, and possibly more prominent; the mouth firmer, the eyebrows overshadow the keen and vigilant eyes even more decidedly than in the original; the whole person is more vigorous; and though both the colour and texture of the skin have been preserved with astonishing truth, *les traces de la petite verolle* (if the individual partook of the misfortune of Mirabeau) have probably disappeared. In all these respects it is less true to nature than the Calotype, and yet it is not only a more pleasing object of contemplation, but positively more like the individual on the whole. Now, how is this mystery of greater likeness arising from inaccuracy than from accuracy to be explained? It is simply that the character of the individual has been seized, not as it presents itself at any one given point of time, but as it manifests itself habitually. In the portrait you have actually more of the man than in the Calotype, more of him than you have in himself at any one moment. It is the concentrated image of him, not as he lives only, but as he has lived and will live, nay even, but for accidental misfortunes, as he might have lived. The primary intention of nature with regard to him the artist has fulfilled; he has accomplished the idea which lay at the root of his life, and which his friends unconsciously associated with him. The ideal not of a man, or of a class, but of the individual man whom you have known, stands before you; and you are strangely satisfied. But though many, and perhaps most persons who have bestowed any thought on the subject at all, will agree with us, that something similar to that which we have described must be achieved, or at least attempted, by the portrait painter who lays claim to the character of an artist, there is, if we mistake not, a very considerable amount of error which prevails on the part both of artists and critics with reference to the method which must be adopted for its attainment. We are told, and told truly, that

the artist must abstract and generalize, that he must analyze before he paints; but then what is usually understood by this is simply that he is to lay aside individual peculiarities and imperfections, in order that he may bring his subject nearer to the generic idea of man, which is supposed to be some strange negation of all individual qualities; and the result is, that instead of being developed and strengthened, the generic qualities, as manifested in the individual, are stripped and emasculated, and what is presented to us is not a loftier and grander specimen of the species of man which nature intended, but a being enfeebled by the softening down and paring away of those characteristics through which, and through which alone, the generic qualities were manifested. It is not by taking from, but by adding to individual existence that the portrait painter's work is to be done. His effort must be not to denude the generic qualities of their accidents, but, by discovering and exhibiting them in these accidents themselves, to give unity and harmony and meaning to what seemed blind caprice. In this sense the portrait painter is truly an interpreter of nature, for before he can trace one feature with security, he must have read the riddle which she has written on the whole countenance.

But it may be objected that no confessional is attached to the studio, and that consequently unless the painter forms a league with the priest, it is impossible, according to our principles, that he can paint at all. We reply, he must form his theory, a true one if he can, if not a false one, but at all events one to which he consistently adheres. He may paint a saint or a hypocrite, a hero or a bully, a knave or a fool, but he will produce but a feeble and unsatisfactory portrait, if he attempts to paint a man without determining for the nonce, at all events, to which of these categories he belongs. The character which rightly or wrongly he has thus adopted must be the centre thought, the dominant idea, around which the minor characteristics range themselves like ministering spirits.

Such then, as it seems to us, is the principle upon which individual idealization must proceed. The whole man must be heightened and intensified, by heightening and intensifying the individual characteristics of which he is made up, whilst unity and harmony is communicated to the image by subordinating the minor features to the dominant and ruling idea. These views will be further illustrated if we attend to the distinction between portraiture, as we have here described it, and caricature, which Aristotle, if he had troubled himself about the matter, would probably have laid down as a παρέκβασις of individual idealization. Caricature, even more decidedly than portraiture, depends on the subordination of minor characteristics to one dominant characteristic, but the difference lies here: in caricature the characteristic selected is not the leading idea of the whole individual existence, around which the character, bodily as well as mental, has formed itself, and of whose colouring, so to speak, every feature partakes, but the most prominent external peculiarity, which is magnified to such an extent as to destroy all harmony in the image, whilst the other characteristics, instead of being strengthened and intensified, are diminished so as to give to the whole a mean and ludicrous appearance. Let us take a well known example. Suppose a caricature of Lord Brougham is desired: the most striking peculiarity in his countenance is a square portion of flesh which is pendulous from his nose. With this the caricaturist begins: this he adopts as his leading idea, and to this he subordinates all the other features in that remarkable face, till he renders the whole image absurd and laughable. What you have is not Lord Brougham, with his nose of an abnormal form, but Lord Brougham's nose immensely magnified, to which is appended a likeness of his other features greatly diminished. Now, let a painter take him up: the first characteristic he would fix upon would probably be the intense activity of his nervous system, as exhibited in the restless life of his whole countenance. He would say to himself, "Here is a man of unusually quick and versatile parts;" and this idea once adopted he would work into each individual feature, as he painted it, till it became the involuntary exclamation of every spectator on first glancing at the canvass. The nose unquestionably he would not ignore, but by raising and strengthening the other features he would bring it into such harmony with the whole idea that its irregularity would cease to be very obtrusive.

We have dwelt on this portion of our subject with some earnestness, not from any idle fancy that what we have said is to possess the character of an æsthetic discovery to the better instructed and sounder headed portion of our readers, but from a firm conviction that to a forgetfulness of the principles which we have attempted to revive on the part of the general public, and of those popular artists who reflect its sentiments, is to be ascribed that want of confidence at the present time so prevalent in all artistic efforts which professedly depart from the letter of individual nature. Against the spurious idealization which consists either in taming down individual characteristics or in magnifying accidental peculiarities, the charges of feebleness on the one hand, and exaggeration on the other, are most justly directed;

but the error consists in supposing that every departure from nature, as she presents herself in special circumstances, must be in one or other of these directions.

So much then for individual idealization, the first step which the artist makes out of the region of actual existence, and short of which he cannot stop, if he is to lay claim to the character of an artist at all. The next step is one very frequently attempted, with more or less success, by modern artists, and which commonly forms the limit of their endeavours, we mean specific idealization, or the seizing of the *type* of a particular species or class of men, animals, or things. It was at this that the whole school of Dutch painters aimed, and it was in this that our own Wilkie was so signally successful. His "Blind Fiddler" is the type of all blind fiddlers; and in his "Rent Day," his "Village Politicians," his "Chelsea Pensioners," and others of his pictures, we have frequent examples of most complete success in this department. The object of the painter is here to subordinate the individual peculiarities, not to the leading idea of the individual life, but to the most prominent peculiarity of the class of which it is intended that the subject shall serve as a representative. The field of action is, in a certain sense, a wider one than in individual portraiture, the generalization stands on a broader basis; and if the subject selected be such as to admit of the free exhibition of generic qualities in and through the specific, the work will border upon the higher department of which we have next to speak. Suppose the type to be aimed at is that of a soldier or an orator, the appropriate image will not differ greatly from a work of ideal art, properly so called. The full expression of the specific qualities, of the idiosyncrasies of class, is here not only consistent with an exhibition of the generic qualities of man, but seems absolutely to demand it. Even the canon according to which nature has proportioned the human figure, may not only be adhered to with propriety, but can scarcely be departed from with impunity. The specific peculiarities, in short, from the very nature of the case, must be exhibited in a well proportioned and fully developed human form; and these peculiarities are in themselves of so simple and universal a kind, as to be perfectly consistent with that unity of purpose which must ever be conspicuous in works of art of the highest kind. But such are by no means the subjects usually chosen by artists who devote themselves to this department; on the contrary, those cases in which the generic qualities must of necessity be subordinated to, and as it were obscured by the specific offer to many persons, for reasons not difficult to discover, a temptation scarcely to be resisted. The more abnormal any object or class of objects is, the more easily will an effect of a certain kind be produced, and a certain species of success be secured by its representation; for when the qualities of the genus are thrown into the shade, no great amount of skill is required to make those of the species stand forth with peculiar vividness. Let us take an example. The Irish have long been distinguished for their powers of public speaking, and their orators possess so many peculiarities as to render it quite possible that an artist should present a type of the class. In addition to the peculiarities of an Irishman, however, he would in this case require to bestow on his subject the qualities of a well formed and largely developed man, the better classes in Ireland being large and handsome. Now, one-tenth part of the ability which would be requisite thus to preserve the Irishman in, and present him through the generic qualities of well developed manhood, would suffice, if the artist were permitted to subordinate these entirely to peculiarities of race, which he probably would be entitled to do if he were representing an Irishman of the people. In the former case, the normal human form being preserved without any serious alteration, would form a continual element of likeness, against which the typical peculiarities, so to speak, would have to struggle; whereas in the latter, it might be distorted to any extent which was requisite, to bring out the specialities of the case with greater force. It is for this reason that the subjects selected by artists in this department are usually those, the effect of whose occupations or habits is to destroy the symmetry of their form. Tailors and shoemakers with bent backs, blear eyes, and wrinkled faces, fat cooks with thick arms, bloated drunkards with thin legs, idiots with "foreheads villanous low," grinning from ear to ear; such were the favourite subjects of the Dutch masters, and if they have not been precisely followed in them by our countrymen, it is because the fastidiousness of our times demands subjects of greater refinement, though by no means partaking to a greater extent of absolute or generic qualities. It is from this circumstance that the tendency to caricature in this department of art is even greater than in individual portraiture; and so much so indeed has this been the case, that the great majority of Dutch pictures might be more correctly described as caricatures of a class, than by any other epithet.

As it is to this department of specific idealization that nineteen out of every twenty of the cabinet pictures which crowd the walls of all our exhibition rooms belong, we may regard it as pretty certain that it at pres nt enjoys no small share of favour both with artists and the public. For this favour many reasons might

be assigned besides that of its comparatively easy execution, which we have mentioned as a temptation to the less aspiring class of artists. From dealing almost entirely with prominent external peculiarities, it is far more easily understood by the vulgar than works of art of a higher class, nay, even than thoroughly good portraits, whilst to a more universal interest than portraiture can possibly possess, it adds the charm of caricature without the malignity of individual satire. To those who regard art as a mere amusement, it is unquestionably the most attractive form in which it can present itself, and by all it must be admitted that it affords an infinite field for the display, not only of good-natured humour, but of shrewd observation of life and manners. Notwithstanding all these advantages, however, we must admit that the frequency of its appearance is to us a subject of regret, regarding it, as we do, as probably less calculated than any other to affect the great ends and purposes of art, of which it will presently be our business to speak.

But independently of the class (we fear a numerous one) of those who are contented to rest at the stage which we have now reached, and who seek in art nothing higher than a harmless amusement, arising either from that literal copying of natural objects by which their instinctive love of imitation is gratified, or from a clever seizing of some of those peculiarities by which different classes of their fellow-men are distinguished, there is, if we may trust a species of indefinite longing which frequently expresses itself in a scarcely articulate manner both from the press and the platform, no small number of persons who would willingly regard it in a very different light. From them we continually hear of the influence which art is calculated to exercise in reforming the taste and in elevating the imagination of the people; and by them it is not unfrequently referred to as an instrument, the use of which, those whose business it is to watch over the advance of civilization are not entitled to neglect. It is at the instigation of persons holding these opinions that galleries are built, academies founded, and a very considerable portion both of public and private wealth expended on works of art. It is very rarely, however, that we hear from them anything like an intelligible account of the manner in which they look for the attainment of these results; and if we do not greatly err, it is from a certain want of clearness on this point, that so much laudable enthusiasm for the promotion of art in this country has hitherto been productive of so little. We constantly find that persons professing these expectations, practically bestow their patronage upon those very departments of art which receive the countenance of those who have no such sanguine views with regard to it. Now, could we predicate an unlimited amount of patience on the part of our readers, we believe it would be no hard task to demonstrate, that from neither of the departments of which we have hitherto spoken, least of all from the second, as it is usually practised, can any important social influence by possibility arise. In individual portraiture, if the primary idea of nature be brought out with greater consistency and clearness than she herself has exhibited it, something unquestionably will be taught to him who appreciates the work, beyond what, with unartistic eyes, he could have read in the individual face; but where the magnifying of accidental peculiarities alone is attempted, whether they be those of an individual or a class, the spectator may learn the influence of circumstances on the human frame, but he will not be raised one step nearer to the idea after which it was formed. It is from the last and highest department of art alone, that which, according to the division which we have adopted, we call generic idealization, that these results can be expected; and in order that we may see in what manner they flow from it rather than from the others, we must endeavour to determine in what respect it differs from them.

The main distinction between the highest department of art and every other, we take to be that from the former deformity, *i.e.*, all violation of the norm, or general law of nature, with reference to the object to be represented, is absolutely excluded. In the most freely idealized portrait, in order to preserve the identity to which he is bound down, the artist may be compelled to admit positive deformity, and the type of any class of actually existing beings, must necessarily exhibit many characteristics at variance with nature's absolute law.* In both cases, the representation must unquestionably be consistent with nature, but with nature only in so far as she has manifested herself in this or that particular case, or class of cases. In the higher art, however, the image presented by the artist must be natural beyond nature herself, as exhibited in any individual example. It must be absolutely, not relatively natural. "The painter," says Sir J. Reynolds, "corrects nature by herself, her imperfect state by her more perfect; his eye being able to distinguish the accidental differences, excrescences and deformities of things, from their general figures, he makes out an abstract idea of their forms more perfect than any original, and what may seem a paradox, he learns to design naturally, by drawing figures unlike to any one object." After this most orthodox ex-

* The artist may represent an individually idealized hunchback, or a specifically idealized hunchback, but a generically idealized hunchback would be a self-contradiction.

position, however, Sir Joshua, without guarding them by any definition, or qualifying them by any comment, makes use of certain customary modes of expression, which have done much to propagate an error which still occasions no small difficulty to many in considering this subject. He speaks "of this idea of the perfect state of nature, which the artists call the ideal beauty." Elsewhere he mentions the *beau ideal*, and at last, as if anticipating what would now be regarded as a Germanic mode of putting the same thought, he calls it, "that central form from which every deviation is deformity."* From these and similar phrases, persons little acquainted with the subject have not unnaturally inferred that not only deformity, but variety also, must be excluded from ideal art, and that if carried to its highest perfection it must necessarily end, in so far as the human form is concerned, in one ideal man, and one ideal woman; or perhaps by carrying the abstraction a little farther, in one sexless human form. Such, however, we are persuaded, was far from the meaning which Sir Joshua Reynolds intended to convey, and such certainly was not the view upon which the ancients, who framed the canon of form which he adopted, acted in their own practice. Of this latter fact no farther proof is necessary than that which will be afforded by the most cursory examination of a gallery of Greek statues, where they will be found to vary quite as much as an equal number of family portraits. They have not only the peculiarities incident to sex and to age, but they have moreover, and very conspicuously, those necessary for the expression of the mythological ideas which respectively attached to them. It would be difficult to find two men more unlike than a Jove and an Apollo, or a Hercules and a Mercury.

If the extraordinary attempt of arriving at "one central form" were actually made, it is obvious that it must be in one or other of two ways; either the whole qualities of life, moral, intellectual, and physical, must in all instances be subordinated to the same ruling quality, such as power, majesty, love, or the like, which should be selected as their representative; or, they must be co-ordinated, and presented in an expression infinitely complex. But in neither of these was it attempted by the Greeks at all events; for against the first of these methods the whole system of Pantheism, which it was the peculiar function of their artists to embody, may be regarded as a standing protest, its leading characteristic being, not to embrace every form of existence in divinity, but to exhibit divinity under every form of existence; whilst the other is excluded by a rule of art which Sir Joshua has himself professedly derived from them, viz., that the expression of a mixed passion, emotion, or quality, is beyond the reach of art. On this subject Sir Joshua is far more sound than consistency with his own principles would have warranted. After mentioning the childish delight which a certain class of critics in his day exhibited in attempting to trace mixed passions in some of the figures in Raffaelle's Cartoons, he has these most sensible observations, which we would gladly see engraven on the walls of every exhibition-room in the kingdom:—"What has been, and what can be done in art, is sufficiently difficult; we need not be mortified or discouraged at not being able to execute the conceptions of a romantic imagination. Art has its boundaries, though imagination has none. We can easily, like the ancients, suppose Jupiter to be possessed of all those powers and perfections which the subordinate deities were endowed with separately; yet, when they employed their art to represent him, they confined his character to majesty alone." The "central form," then, in this sense at all events, according to Sir Joshua's own shewing, becomes an impossibility. If it contains "*equally* the activity of the Gladiator, the delicacy of the Apollo, and the strength of the Hercules," as he elsewhere says it must, it sins against his own law of unity of expression, and ceases to be a legitimate work of art; and conversely, if it complies with the requirements of the law of unity, it ceases to fulfil his idea of the central form. This central form, indeed, if such there were, would be nothing short of a sensible expression of the τό πᾶν, which it is as little within the province of the imagination to conceive as of art to portray.

But what then, it will be asked, is this invariable element, this opposite to deformity with which we have said that an absolute compliance is requisite in works of ideal art? According to our view, nothing more definite can be said of it than that it is the law of organic form, that is to say, the law in the shape of the several parts, and their relative proportion to each other, within which nature in the general case confines herself, and which may be arrived at or approximated by a comparison of her several workings in any particular species. So long as this canon is complied with, the variations which are requisite for the expression of the qualities or attributes of the individual are as legitimate in the highest department of art as in any other; for, like those which are incident to sex and age, they are as much in accordance with the scheme of nature, and consequently as far removed from the for-

* In a subsequent page, (63 of the edition of 1798,) Sir Joshua goes somewhat farther, and, we fear, falls quite into the error which we have here endeavoured to point out.

bidden deformities, as the invariable proportions themselves. But in saying that this absolute law of form, this idea which an undisturbed and perfect natural action would have exhibited in each individual, may be approximated by a generalization from particular instances, we do not mean to assert that a mathematical law of construction has been, or can be evolved. To set a limit to all flagrant and glaring deformity, it is true, is within the reach of every one who possesses a tolerable acquaintance with the structure of the human frame: but when we come to a finer harmony of the parts, principles unknown to the mathematician and the anatomist are brought into play, and we touch upon the law of beauty itself, which has hitherto been found to be far too subtle for such definite handling. Novalis said that painting was nothing but "the art of seeing;" and in every other department of art as well as painting this may be called the *ars artium*. It is to this faculty of artistic vision, and not to any rules, either mathematical or anatomical, that the artist must finally trust for separating the permanent idea from, or tracing it in, its accidental and abnormal accompaniments; and, once acquired, we believe the faculty is exercised, for the most part, as spontaneously and unconsciously as the ordinary operations of acquired perception. But, unconscious as it is at the moment of its exercise, they err gravely, if we mistake not, who suppose that its acquisition is equally unconscious. To some, it may be, the happy gift has been imparted of seeing instinctively in all things the glory of the original idea, unclouded by the accidents of individual imperfections, or the peculiarities of specific existence; but to far the majority of mankind not only is its perception at first hand impossible, but even its recognition, when presented by another, (in other words, the appreciation of a work of art,) is the result of careful and serious and conscious culture.

As to the methods by which this art is to be acquired, the primary and the ultimate one, that by which the earliest artists of necessity began, that with which the highest artists must of necessity end, is what Sir Joshua calls, "the correcting of nature by herself, her imperfect states by her more perfect." Since it is with nature and with nature alone that the artistic faculty is to occupy itself, it is from nature and nature alone that it can be acquired. But is it necessary to his ultimate success that the artist should enter the school of nature without a teacher; or has it been decreed that in this department of activity alone the experience of one generation shall avail nothing to those which follow? Must the tide of ignorance again overflow the field of his labours, so soon as the breath has departed from the body of the discover; or shall he be forced to return to the bosom of nature the secret which by long solicitation he had won? Were such the case, truly of all tasks that of the artist would be the hardest, of all roads his the longest. In every other sphere of effort, before anything approaching to perfection could be reached, men have had to stand on the shoulders of men, and generations of generations. The chain by which they mounted was of many links, forged by many artificers. Nor has any one that we know of pointed out a principle according to which the arts form an exception to this law, though many at the present day seem willing to recommend its practical violation. To us it seems that no more recondite faculty than that which is known by the name of "mother wit" is requisite to enable us to conclude, that the simplest method of becoming acquainted with any process whatsoever, consists in examining the manner in which it has been performed by others; and consequently, that if the mystery of artistic treatment is to be learned at all by the majority of men, it will be by comparing those works in which it is exhibited, with the actual productions of nature. It is with the lamp of what Sir J. Reynolds calls "experience" thus lighted, that they are to seek for the golden corns of nature's permanent idea amidst the chaff of her diseased and deformed individual productions. "The investigation, I grant, is painful, and I know but of one method of shortening the road, that is, by a careful study of the works of the ancient sculptors." Such was the opinion of Sir Joshua, and notwithstanding all that has been written, and in a certain sense written learnedly and well, on æsthetics lately, we know nothing better than the chapters in which he treats of what was and was not to be acquired by, what was and was not to be sought in, these studies. The benefit which he looked for was by no means a crowding of our galleries with copies from, or variations on classical works, but the acquisition on the part of artists themselves of what he called experience of nature's modes of production, what we have called the faculty of artistic vision. But if the tendency of such studies be to develop this faculty, the absurdity of the prevalent notion that their effect is to cramp originality, becomes at once apparent; since it is its possession alone which can enable the artist, with any approach to safety, to quit the path which custom has trodden. Carrying as it were the secret of nature within himself, he can boldly and confidently push to the very limit of her possible working, nay, even when he altogether oversteps the possible, he need be in no terror of falling into the extravagant or eccentric, because though he has forsaken the letter,

he feels that he is still guided by the spirit of her law. There is no distinction more important, and none more frequently forgotten than that between a departure from, and a soaring above individual or specific instances, between what is odd and what is imaginative, between a perverse violation of the laws by which nature acts, and a free and unconstrained treatment of natural objects according to these laws. For the former little beyond wilfulness is requisite; the latter, which is the groundwork of all true originality, can be effected only in and through the artistic faculty of which we have spoken, and the methods which lead most directly to its culture, must not be neglected, if we wish a foundation for its exercise to be laid. "Das echte neue," says Schlegel, "keimt nur aus dem alten." All originality which is not the legitimate consequence of a law as old as the creation itself, is worthy of no better name than artistic raving, and those whose ambition it is to possess this law, or what is better still, *to be possessed by it*, will scarcely act wisely if they shut their eyes and their ears against the lessons of those who have been happy enough to seize it in former times. There could scarcely be a more striking proof of the fact that lawlessness is not the root to originality, than is furnished by the insignificant results of that "unchartered freedom," which modern schools of art have allowed themselves.

From what we formerly said it appears that, according to our view, the only limit to this department of art is where nature oversteps the boundaries of her regular and healthy working; and that an object, however mean, whether man, animal, or thing, if represented in its perfect state, and with no abnormal varieties of expression, would in a certain sense be a work of ideal art. But though perfection in kind thus forms the principle of exclusion, it does not furnish the principle of selection. There are many subjects which, though treated in such a manner as to satisfy the former, would by no means fulfil those of the latter; though no subject, however lofty, if treated without regard to the absolute laws of form, whatever might be the merits of the treatment otherwise, could by possibility be entitled to the appellation of a work of ideal art. The distinction between the primary and secondary requirements of a work of art, is thus pointed out by Müller, in language which, after what we have said, will require no commentary even to those least familiar with German æsthetic writings.

"The artistic form must, in the first place, in order to excite a connected emotion in the sensitive faculty, possess a general conformity to laws which is manifested in the observance of mathematical relations or organic forms of life; without this regularity, it ceases to be artistic form."

After illustrating this by music and sculpture, he continues:—

"But this conformity to law is not, in itself, capable of expressing an internal life—it is only a condition of representation—the boundary of the artistic forms, which range to and fro within, modifying, but, on the whole, preserving this conformity."

He then proceeds to the secondary requirement of artistic form, with reference to which he is by no means so satisfactory.

"Whilst this regularity is the first requisite in the artistic form generally, beauty is a more immediate predicate of the artistic form in reference to sensation. We call those forms beautiful which cause the soul to feel in a manner that is grateful, truly salutary, and entirely conformable to its nature, which, as it were, produce in it vibrations that are in accordance with its inmost structure."

This seems, indeed, a threatening passage, and to those of our readers who are not metaphysically disposed, may not unnaturally have caused apprehensions that they were about to be led into a discussion of the nature of the beautiful; but we shall at once relieve them from all such terrors, by mentioning that our object in quoting it was simply to point to the necessity, in works of ideal art, of the recognition of another principle than that which we had laid down as the excluding one. It is from the right use of this latter principle, which we regard as the vehicle not only of sentiments of beauty, but of all elevated emotions whatever, that its civilizing influence must be anticipated.

If art is truly to raise the imagination and thinking of a people, it must be the expression not only of perfection in each particular kind, (in which case it would be little more than an exponent of natural history,) but of perfection, (and something more than perfection, in the negative sense, of the absence of deformity,) in the most perfect kinds, in the highest forms of organized life. Its proper function has ever been to give sensible expression to the loftiest conceptions of the age to which it belonged, and it is from the fidelity with which, in most cases, it has discharged this function, that its history comes to have such important bearings upon the general history of mental progress. Of the manner in which it thus reflects its age, the most remarkable instance, and also the most easily traceable, is to be found in its short but glorious existence in Greece. If we take the age of Phidias as the culminating point of the earlier schools, and the Peloponnesian

War as marking the period of transition, we have not only a regular progress from poverty of conception and utter barbarism of execution, through all the stages of immobility, stiffness, and hardness, to perfection on the one hand, and on the other an equally noticeable decline, through effeminacy, mannerism, and affectation to an idealess manual dexterity; but we have each of these stages corresponding to the condition of the people, and the character of the most prominent historical personages at the periods to which they correspond.

Our limits forbid the attempt to verify this observation in detail, but, by way of illustration, we may glance at the relative condition of society and the arts immediately before and after the Peloponnesian War.

In the severe majesty of the works of Phidias, the simple and manly spirit which, notwithstanding their love of magnificence, characterized the Athenians of his day, and of which Pericles may be regarded as the impersonation, found a corresponding expression. The enthusiastic and lofty self-consciousness which the Persian successes had engendered, are scarcely more conspicuous in the monuments which have come down to us from this time, than a certain austerity which we are told Pericles exhibited even in his personal appearance and manner. "He had a gravity of countenance," says Plutarch, "which relaxed not into laughter; a firm and even tone of voice; a quiet manner of walking, and a decency of dress, which no vehemence of speaking ever put into disorder." The impression of quiet and unimpassioned dignity with which the presence of the politician inspired his friend and companion, the sculptor has conveyed by his works, and in neither case was its appearance accidental, but in both the necessary external manifestation of the internal life of the time. The subjects which Phidias selected were such as to call for the conscious expression of ideas rather than an enthusiastic resigning of the imagination to sensuous emotions. By far the greater number of his works are statues of gods, in which the majesty of the divine idea is made conspicuous through the respective characteristics of the particular divinities. The ideals which he perfected, and on which he impressed the types which were followed in after times, were the Minerva and the Jupiter: facts in themselves pretty significant of the tendencies of his school. Such was the character of Athenian art, when Athenian life, social and political, was at the summit of health and vigour. But the jealousy of Sparta lighted up a war which, during a space of nearly thirty years, exerted a wasting influence on the whole Greek race.

"At its extinction," says Kugler, "not less in severe Sparta than in excitable Athens had the antique dignity of Greek life disappeared. A new generation had grown up during its continuance, who, incapable of deriving gratification from internal resources, sought it in the external enjoyments and excitements of the moment. Thus their art also experienced a change. For the execution of great public monuments the means were often awanting, still more frequently the desire, and Architecture consequently was deprived of its main supports; whilst plastic art, in place of that quietness of spirit which characterized the works of the former period, acquired a direction towards the expression of passion, the representation of sensual longing and sensuous charms."

In these circumstances, the second Attic school arose under Scopas and Praxiteles, and the immediate change of subjects is remarkable. Minerva and Jupiter give place to Venus and Bacchus; and as the sentiments which they represented became prevalent, the ideals in which these sentiments were embodied were brought to perfection. We have no one political character who represents this period with the same fidelity with which Pericles corresponded to the other, though we may regard the ill-regulated genius of Alcibiades, to whom the love of power and enjoyment, not the sense of duty, gave law, as already foreshadowing a state of society which speedily became too relaxed to render it capable of producing a well-marked and consistent representative man.

But if the change of subjects was remarkable as an index of the state of society and the habits of thinking, that of their treatment of the same subject was no less so. We have selected one from the pages of the works before us which we shall present in a condensed form to our readers, as a specimen of the extent to which art may, in this respect, become the commentator of history. It is the ideal of Mercury:—

"1*st*, The earliest form in which Hermes was represented was that of a bearded head on the top of a square pillar. As the bringer of good luck there was a desire in these simple times to see him at every turn, and hence it was necessary to have him in a cheap form. The practice of placing the head on a pillar existed also with reference to the other gods, and, besides the reason which we have assigned, arose no doubt from the absence of artistic skill.

"2*d*, Having gradually passed from the character of the god of good luck to that of an economical and mercantile deity, of a protector of profit and commerce, (κερδῶος,) he became the patron of heralds whose duty it was to facilitate the business transactions of early ages. In this manner he obtained the form under which we must think of him throughout the whole of the elder poetry, that of a sturdy active man, with a strong pointed beard, braided hair, clad in a robe (χλαμύς) thrown

back as the most suitable dress for rapid motion with a 'travelling cap' on his head, wings to his feet, and in his hand the *caduceus*. This was the hard style of representation which preceded the Peloponnesian War.

"3*d*, By the younger Attic school the character of the god was regarded in an entirely new light. He was viewed as the bestower of corporeal vigour, and was consequently represented in the form of a youth who had just received the completed training of the gymnasium. His hair is short and curling, in allusion to the custom of cutting off the hair at this period of life, and dedicating it to a god. The expression of the countenance in this form of the Mercury is mild and intelligent.

4*th*, In connexion with these there exist statues similar in other respects, but having the right hand elevated, as indicating that he is to be regarded as the god of oratorical skill, (Ἑρμῆς λόγιος).

5*th*, As the messenger of Jove, he is seen half sitting and half springing up in order to hurry on the mission of his master. In bronzes he is frequently represented in this character audaciously darting through the air; sometimes also reposing after a long journey.

"6*th*, In smaller works of art he often occurs as the minister in sacrificial rites, an office which formed part of the duties of the Herald; as the protector of cattle, especially sheep; the inventor of the lyre; and finally, as the conductor of souls to Hades."

Nor is it in an historical point of view alone that such modes of representation as we have here recounted are important. In every one of these forms, even the rudest, it is obvious that the idea of the god is taken up in such a manner as to raise the imagination of the spectator above ordinary life, and that thus something is added by the artist to the popular thinking of his time. Even if he took the prevalent idea as he found it, by clothing it with a form he gave to it a precision and clearness which it could not otherwise have had to the many, and he probably enabled them to see in it a meaning which they had never seen before. In addition to this, when he arrived at the point of familiarizing their eyes with a perfect human form, he gave them a glimpse of the principle on which Nature works in her most perfect organisms. He expounded nature whilst he raised them above her. But it is not in this general manner alone, that the author of a generic work of art adds to the intelligent thinking of his time. In his own special department, he communicates to every one who beholds his work, some portion of that artistic vision by which he himself had been guided in its execution. If public taste is ever to be developed to the extent of becoming a safe tribunal for artists to appeal to, it must be cultivated by artists themselves, and the means which they must employ, are none other than those to which they were indebted for their own culture. If it be by a study of the antique that the road to original artistic production is to be shortened, it will be by rendering the public more, and more generally, familiar with works of art of the same class, that a genuine criticism will be most expeditiously and surely evoked. So long as criticism has no other foundation than natural feeling, it too often is nothing more than an expression of individual caprice, and he whose fate it is to wait upon its changes, will have a hard taskmaster. Even where a principle can be traced in its action, it scarcely presents to the aspiring artist a brighter prospect, for its preferences are invariably for works of a low class. "It is certain," says Sir Joshua, "that the lowest style will be the most popular, as it falls within the compass of ignorance itself; and the vulgar will always be pleased with what is natural, in the confined and misunderstood sense of the word." Now, if there be one respect in which artists of the present day sin more conspicuously than another, not only against the dignity of their calling, but against what never can be separated from it—their own true interest, it is by the anxiety with which they conform to public taste. Instead of endeavouring to diminish the numbers of the vulgar, and to swell the ranks of those from whom they might look for a consistent and intelligent patronage, their constant endeavour is to gratify the former, whilst to the complaints of the latter, the comparative insignificance of their numbers is considered a sufficient answer.

As a counterpoise to the many advantages which have arisen in modern times, from the transference of patronage from the few great to the many small, must be regarded the want of judgment with which it is occasionally exercised. Where the question is one of fact, there can be no better tribunal than an ordinary jury of impartial men; but a special jury alone can do justice where it is one of skill, and to a special jury the artist cannot afford to appeal. It is the voice of the people alone which can decree him an immediate substantial reward, and with this reward he is rarely in a condition to dispense. Aristotle says that demagogues are the sycophants of the people, and it is in this capacity that too many of our artists are forced to appear. Unless their pictures are popular, they know that their means of subsistence are gone, and Sir Joshua Reynolds has already named the cost at which popularity is to be gained. But what is to be done? The tendencies of modern society have once for all decided that the public are, and must continue to be, the dispensers of success. Our answer is a simple one. You must endeavour to communicate to the many, or at least to as many as will be able

to make their voice heard, the qualities which hitherto have been the exclusive property of a few. You must educate the public taste if you would either improve the condition of the artist, or have a school of art in any of its branches worthy of the name.

We here come upon the more practical part of our present Article, and we trust that the honest interest which we feel in the subject will form a sufficient bond of union between our readers and ourselves, to prevent the novelty of the few observations and suggestions which we shall offer, from depriving them of the benefit of a patient hearing.

The truth of the proposition, as we have laid it down, viz., that if the arts are to be safe the arbiters of artistic success must be educated for their task, will not, we believe, be disputed, but as to the means which must be adopted for the attainment of this end very considerable difference of opinion may possibly arise.

In the first place, however, it seems to us pretty plain that no such result can be looked for from exhibitions of works of art which do, and for the reasons which we have already hinted at must represent the actually existing taste. It will never be by contemplating works the very end and object of which is to shadow forth their own imaginings, that the imaginations of the people will be elevated to a higher sphere. So long as popular taste is to set a limit to a school its influence at best will be negative. It may disseminate the prevailing taste more widely, it may perform the duties of an efficient minister, but the office of a guide and a leader it has renounced. Nor can a school thus stationary be trusted to beyond a very limited extent, even as a means of disseminating the existing taste. A principle which we advanced and illustrated at some length in a former Article, when pleading for the higher instruction generally, viz., that in civilization rest is equivalent to retrogression, here comes into play. Each time an idea, or class of ideas, is repeated, it loses something of its force, till what was once a truth becomes a truism. What was a *plus* sign to one generation becomes a *minus* to the next. If the art of the present day tells the same tale which it did twenty years ago, that tale, depend upon it, will not produce the same effect. In literature we are familiar with this fact. The critical opinions of the *Edinburgh Review* are no longer the same, even to those who never heard of its existence, that they were to the generation in which they first appeared. If equal effects are to be produced it must be by other means, by doing as its authors did, that is, by outrunning their age, not by doing what they did, which would be to lag behind our own. Nor let it be supposed that this view is irreconcilable with what we formerly said of the necessity of an acquaintance with the works of the ancient masters. What we are to learn from them is the art of doing as they did, *i.e.*, of treating our age and its ideas as they treated theirs. A Mercury with a pointed beard, a staff in his hand, and wings to his feet, would no longer be a fitting emblem of trade; but still it may be possible to give artistic expression to the idea as it exists in modern times, and a mode of doing so may be suggested by knowledge of the manner in which it was effected then.*

Such is our first ground for doubting the beneficial influence of Exhibitions as at present conducted; and in some measure it involves our second. It is constantly said that by their means a market for works of art is created, and that, on the soundest principles of political economy, it can be shewn that by no other means can you so surely encourage production. Our answer is, that they do *not* create a market for works of art of the better class. A supply of such works as they demand they unquestionably call forth, but let a work of another class, which they do not demand, appear, and it will speedily be seen that for it no market has been provided. The late David Scott, it is now beginning to be admitted, was the greatest artist whom Scotland has yet produced, and yet for years his works were unappreciated and unpurchased—a subject of terror to the timid and of merriment to the gay, and this not by any means entirely in consequence of the tinge of something more than eccentricity which unquestionably pervaded them, but too often simply because they did not fall in with prevailing tastes, and customary modes of thinking. He viewed his subjects differently from people in general; and as patronage was dispensed in accordance with their views, it came not to his door. The cry was constantly, "Why does he not conform?" which being interpreted, means simply, "Why does he attempt to lead where he ought to follow? Why does he insist on being a devotee to art as he understands it, instead of an humble expounder of our ideas? Why

* One instance of an attempt to take up a national subject in an ideal form which we have lately seen, we must not pass over without bestowing upon it our mite of commendation; we refer to Mr. Park's statue of Wallace. The manner in which the idea of a Scottish hero has been seized is worthy of the highest praise, and gives promise of a bolder school of art than any which we have yet seen in this country. The execution, in some respects, we confess, did not appear to us faultless. The same amount of character, if we mistake not, might have been given to the countenance though the treatment had been more purely generic, and we fear there is a slight attempt at something like the expression of a "mixed emotion," which Sir Joshua Reynolds has stigmatized in painting, and which in sculpture is altogether inadmissible.

will he persevere in teaching us when he knows that we hate to be taught?" Though Scott had been far less perversely eccentric than he was, we believe that the fate which he experienced in his lifetime would have been substantially the same.

But if our objections to the Exhibition itself be well founded, it is obvious that they apply equally to any gallery of art which could be formed by purchasing the works exhibited, or any efforts to disseminate the thoughts which they embody by means of engraving. If the institution itself be so constituted as that the prevailing public taste shall, of necessity, set a limit to the art which it calls forth, then it must be by the merest accident if a picture appears which has any value beyond that of illustrating the history of the time. In no circumstances can the preservation and dissemination of works of this class be productive of any important artistic working; for, even if art should sink still lower than it is, far more efficacious means than the contemplation of the art of our day will be at hand to raise it, whereas, if it rises, the only use which could be made of them then, would be to gratify the vanity of our children, by enabling them to contrast their creations with ours. It is not enough that works of art be preserved, if they are not worth preserving. There is scarcely an architectural monument erected since the time of Charles II., which is not now in existence, and we are very certain that they, at all events, have had nothing to do with the recent revival of architecture. At Versailles there is a whole gallery of national heroic pictures, but no school that we know of, either in France or elsewhere, has yet been reduced to the condition of learning from them. Still, if we were asked to name the means by which we conceive artistic taste might best be cultivated in public, and genuine encouragement of art secured, those that we should fix upon would be precisely the formation of a gallery of pictures, and the dissemination of engravings. But then we should propose that the gallery should be brought together, not by the purchase of a certain number of the best works exhibited annually, whether their absolute value be great or small, but by an annual purchase of a work or works better than any which are exhibited, if possible originals, if not, first-rate copies. We believe that, by means of the mechanical processes to which we referred in the beginning of our Article, copies so accurate as, for the purposes of instruction, to possess almost every quality of originals, can now be produced; and we see no reason why every town of note, particularly such a town as our own, should not possess a small Pitti Palace for the instruction of its artists, and the cultivation of artistic tastes among its people. In the existing gallery of ancient pictures, we have already a very respectable nucleus around which such a collection might be formed, and one half of the sums annually expended on the purchase of pictures which, for either of the ends we have mentioned, are utterly valueless, would bring it into a very fair workable condition in not many years.

A gallery of casts of no contemptible character we already possess, but why, we would ask, is it not arranged according to schools, and furnished with a catalogue? To the student of form, when the casts can be seen, which, from the manner in which they are huddled together, is not always the case, it may be of some service in its present condition; but to the student of the history of art it is utterly useless, unless he be possessed of means which do not lie at the beck of every one, and time to use them, which all do not possess. We believe that it is the want of such simple aids as systematic arrangement, complete catalogues, and perhaps a few elementary but not altogether superficial lectures, more than anything else, which has led the great mass even of cultivated persons in this country to regard all acquaintance with the higher art as a hopeless task.

Again, as to engravings, in place of the present system of sending forth annually an issue of engravings of such a class as to be regarded as worthless by the great mass of those who receive them, we should propose that one work of art of acknowledged merit be engraved every year in the best style, and that the copies be distributed by lottery, as with pictures at present, a prize being allotted to every fifth or tenth ticket, as the expense might require. It seems to us that this method, in addition to its other advantages, would have the effect of acting as a greater stimulus to engraving than the mere employment which is given to it at present. We believe that by a judicious distribution of engravings more may be done for the culture of the public taste than by any other means whatsoever. One thoroughly good engraving fairly established and domiciled in a house, will do more for the inmates in this respect than a hundred visits to a hundred galleries of modern pictures. It is a teacher of form, a lecturer on the beautiful, a continually present artistic influence. Nor do we see any reason why the same system should not be extended to casts, which might be taken either after the antique, or some thoroughly good modern sculptor, such as Thorwaldsen or Kiss. If such a system were carried out, matters might soon be brought to a state in which there should scarcely be any family which did not possess

within its own walls the means of forming a taste, and that a genuine and high one, both in painting and sculpture.

One very important step towards diffusing a critical knowledge of art over a wider circle than could have been reached by more original writers, has been made by the publication and occasional translation into English of the very useful class of compilations known by the name of hand-books in Germany. Of these, probably the most serviceable are those of Professor Kugler of Berlin. The portion of his "Hand-Book of the History of Painting," which has reference to the Italian schools, has been "done" into very excellent English by "A Lady," and the second edition is now presented to the public under the able editorship of Sir Charles Eastlake. The circumstance of a book of this description having within the space of a very few years attained to a second edition, we cannot but regard as an unequivocal sign of very considerable interest in the subject being felt by a large class. We hope that the success which has attended this experiment will lead to a speedy publication of his larger work on the General History of Art, which with ourselves, we confess, has always been the favourite. Travelling as it does over a much larger space, it is more condensed than the History of Painting, whilst it furnishes almost all the information that can be desired short of a really learned treatment of the subject. Its arrangement is far simpler than that of most German works; it possesses the cardinal virtue of excellent *indices*, and if it had occasional notes and references to sources, it would come very near to perfection in its kind. A book of much higher pretensions, and unquestionably far more satisfactory for special reference in the department of which it treats, is Müller's "Ancient Art and its Remains," which, in its English dress, has likewise attained to the honours of a second edition. In the thorough manner in which the Archæology of Art is here treated, we have an instance of the effect which the modern school of philology in Germany has produced on all kindred studies. Whatever we may think of the recent art of our neighbours, as to the importance of their artistic criticism, there can be but one opinion. But whilst the work before us possesses the virtues, it must be admitted that it partakes also of the vices of a German book. The arrangement, though simple in appearance, is not so in reality, the same subject being often treated of in several places from several points of view. There are too many divisions, and the large type being unintelligible without the small type, and the small type without the large, they seem as if they were intended to be read simultaneously by two eyes of different ranges of vision. When well marked before hand, however, it is an excellent companion to a sculpture gallery, and it is in this way that we would chiefly recommend its use. The very complete set of engravings indeed which accompany the German editions, both of this and of Kugler's works, but more particularly Müller's, go as far as anything of the sort can do to supply the place of casts, though the proper light in which to regard them is rather as a means of preparation before, and of revisal after a visit to a gallery.

There is one institution for the cultivation of artistic taste, and the dissemination of artistic knowledge among the higher classes, the want of which has long been felt, and often deplored,—we mean a professorship of the history of art in the University. We believe there is scarcely a university in existence out of this country in which such a chair does not exist; and in Germany there are usually two or three professors in each university lecturing on the subject of æsthetics in its different phases. The history of art is there regarded as a constituent portion of the history of civilisation; it being thought, and, as it seems to us, thought justly, that history would be but imperfectly represented by a system which takes no cognizance of the manner in which men of different races, in different stages of advancement, have endeavoured to express to the senses their ideas of the beautiful and the good. We know no subject which can be more satisfactorily taught by lectures, and none, which by the aid of illustration by pictures, casts, and engravings, may be rendered more attractive. Were such a chair endowed, the local galleries of painting and sculpture would of course be placed at the service, perhaps under the superintendence, of the professor, and it would be his interest, and probably would be in his power, to contribute to their improvement. The person who held the chair, in our view of the matter, ought rather to be an æsthetic scholar than an artist. His function being that of the acknowledged representative of the literature of art, he ought to be the friend and counsellor, rather than the rival of artists; and, were such the case, he might reckon on the friendly co-operation of those who were more directly engaged in cultivating the special departments of art.*

It is not accidentally that we have given to the cultivation of artistic tastes among the public, a priority of place even to the educa-

* We have been told that the endowment of such a chair is one of the objects which some of the most intelligent members of the Scottish Architectural Institute have most at heart, and there is no part of their scheme in which they have our best wishes more sincerely.

tion of artists themselves. We are persuaded that the former once secured, the latter will follow as an inevitable consequence. By raising the tastes of the public, you raise the requirements for their service; and as the means of rewarding must remain in their hands, you render it the interest of artists to prepare themselves for their newly imposed duties. The principle, that the supply follows the market, is still that to which we trust; and the only change which we would propose, would be so to constitute the market as that its demands should influence the quality as well as the quantity of the commodity. We believe that a salutary dissatisfaction with the article usually offered has already been created in many quarters by the wider acquaintance with the principles of artistic criticism which has resulted, partly from the study of such works as those of Kugler and Müller, and partly from the influence of increased travel; and we confess that it is this circumstance more than any other which we are disposed to regard as a hopeful sign in the present condition of art. So soon as the public cease to regard art as a mere amusement, they will cease to be satisfied with the form in which it is usually presented to them at present, and then we doubt not, more liberal institutions for the instruction of artists at home, and for supplying them with the means of study abroad, will spring up on all sides; and a school of art will arise possessing all the qualities which an enlightened and thorough instruction can secure. But before we finally take leave of the subject, there is one grand and leading objection of the opponents to learned artistic culture, and thorough artistic instruction, which we must endeavour to meet. It will be said that though the doctrines which we have here advanced, when considered *a priori*, seem plausible enough, it is impossible to set them up empirically, that experience has shown that artistic eminence is a boon which God bestows but on a few generations of men, and that though the experiment has often been tried, no important results have ever followed from an attempt artificially to secure it. Now our answer to this is, that it is but half true, and that the half of it which is true no more furnishes an argument against the cultivation of art than of any other department of mental endeavour. It is certain that no training will ever call into being a strongly and originally productive mind; you cannot create genius; but in the present case, as in every other, you can supply the conditions of its working so soon as it shall be sent into the world; nay, what is more, you can secure the nearest approach to its energizing which is consistent with the comparative weakness of ordinary minds. Now, if we place ourselves in the most favourable position for the reception of genius when it arrives; whilst in the meantime we turn the ordinary staple commodity of talent to the best advantage, we accomplish all that we aimed at, and it is no fair reproach against a system that it does not do more. "But can you show us an example even of this minor success?" We answer, "many;" and as the instances are not only more numerous, but far more important than seems usually to be supposed in this country, we shall select two or three of them by way of example. The first we translate from Kugler:—

"In Greece itself, after the age of Alexander the Great, art experienced a gradual decline, and during the whole of the last period of its indigenous existence, we scarcely encounter a single distinguished name. At the close of this period, however, towards the middle of the second century (B. C), a restoration of art was brought about at Athens by means of a renewed study of the works of the great masters, and an endeavour thus to rise again to a higher region. At this period, indeed, works of wonderful perfection were produced, but in which might be remarked a certain coldness and deficiency in naïveté which invariably characterizes periods of restoration."—(P. 223.)

What will such of our readers as are new to the subject think, after this rather cold commendation, when we tell them that it was this school which produced the Venus de' Medici, the Farnese Hercules, the Torso of the Vatican, the Barberini Faun, the Diana of Gabii in the Louvre, the Venus of the Bath, and the Venus Kallipyge! It is to this school of the revival, indeed, that we are indebted for by far the larger share of existing Greek statues; and it was this school which, when transplanted to Italy, for two hundred years longer, flourished as a vigorous exotic, to delight the eyes, and refine the manners, of a hard, unimaginative, practical people! Such is our first example of an artificial school; and we shall be contented with one more, which shall be taken from more modern times. Raphael had not been dead much more than a quarter of a century, and Michael Angelo was still living in a green old age, when Ludovico Caracci was born, and yet on him was laid the task of reviving art in Italy from a state of the basest degradation into which it had sunk in the hands of the so-called *Naturalisti*, an artistic sect whose tenets very closely resemble those which the advocates of license so eloquently support in our own day. The principles on which, in the first zeal of his opposition, he attempted to found what has been called the Eclectic School, were sufficiently absurd. They are embodied in the following sonnet by Agostino Caracci:—

"Chi farsi un buon pittor cerca, e disia,
Il disigno di Roma abbia alla mano,
La mossa coll' ombrar Veneziano,
E il degno colorir di Lombardia.

Di Michel Angiol la terribil via,
Il vero natural di Tiziano,
Del Correggio lo stil puro e sovrano,
E di un Rafel la giusta simmetria.

Del Tibaldi il decoro, il fondamento,
Del dotto Primaticcio l'inventare,
E un po di grazia del Parmigianino
Ma senza tanti studj, e tanto stento,
Si ponga l'opre solo ad imitare
Che qui lasciocci il nostro Niccolino."

"This patchwork ideal," says Kugler, "constituted only one transition step in the history of the Caracci and their school. In the prime of their artistic activity they greatly threw off their eclectic pretensions; they neither needed the decorum of Tibaldi nor the invention of Primaticcio; they had attained an independence of their own. The imitation of the great masters, where it is apparent, is no longer of a soulless, superficial character, but is a thoroughly understood and artistic appropriation of their highest qualities, bearing the character rather of rivalry than of imitation. It is true that the eclecticism they originally professed left its traces in a coldness, stiffness, and academical consciousness, which offends the spectator; but we are inclined to moderate even this criticism, when we consider the difficulty of opposing fresh ideas to the exaggerated mannerism then existing, and when we consider also that it was the individual energy of these painters which forced them a way through the trammels of imitation. They possessed a true and a great feeling for the representation of the higher subjects of life, and it was by their own incredible zeal that they attained a considerable, though not a perfect, harmony of corresponding style. In some respects they adopted the bold naturalism of their times, but moderated and refined by an acquaintance with the great models of antiquity, and with those of the Raphael period."

Such, in few words, was the school of the Caracci, from which, besides the founder and his two nephews and fellow-workers, Agostino and Anibale, there arose Domenichino, Albani, Guido Reni, Guerchino, Lanfranco, and others, who, whatever may be their rank as compared with the heroes of the Raphael time, have certainly never been surpassed by later painters. As the prejudices of the present day against all art which is not supposed to be the result of immediate inspiration, have led many to adopt a depreciatory view of the Bolognese school, it may not be out of place, for the benefit of those whose opinions are swayed by authority, to recal the sentiments of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the already often quoted father of English artistic criticism. In speaking of "style," which he characterizes as "a power over materials, whether words or colours, by which conceptions or sentiments are conveyed," he says, "In this Ludovico Caracci (I mean in his best works) appears to me to approach the nearest to perfection. His unaffected breadth of light and shadow, the simplicity of his colouring, which, holding its proper rank, does not draw aside the least part of the attention from the subject; and the solemn effect of that twilight which seems diffused over his pictures, appear to me to correspond with grave and dignified subjects, better than the more artificial brilliancy of sunshine which enlightens the pictures of Titian." "It is our misfortune," he adds, "that those works of Caracci which I would recommend to the student are not often found out of Bologna;" he enumerates them; and concludes, "I think those who travel would do well to allot a much greater portion of their time to that city than it has hitherto been their custom to bestow." In connexion with this subject, it is not unimportant that we should remark, that the only artistic revival of our day, that of architecture, has arisen precisely from the causes we have indicated as most likely to produce it in the other arts. In connexion with certain ecclesiastical tendencies in England, a greater degree of attention began to be bestowed on the subject by the public, a few good "Hand-books" appeared, and criticism revived to such an extent, that, as a friend once observed to us, every school-girl in England now knows more of Gothic architecture than the best architects did fifty years ago. A new class of architects consequently was called for; nor did the supply lag behind the demand. Pugin and his followers appeared, and we have now a school of Gothic architecture at all events, which, if it wants the freshness and naïveté of a first enthusiasm, has almost atoned for the absence of these qualities by the skill and freedom with which it combines and adapts already existing ideas.

The unquestionable merits of modern landscape painting we are disposed to regard rather in the light of an original appearance than a revival of art, and we attribute them partly to the more accurate observation of nature, and more correct views of her working, both organic and inorganic, which modern science has introduced, and partly to the entirely novel manner in which the poetry of nature has been seized by Wordsworth, Coleridge, and their followers. Coleridge in his "Hymn to the Earth," expresses the sentiments with which the painter, as well as the poet of nature, must approach his task, when he says,—

"Thrilled with thy beauty and love in the wooded slope of the mountain,

Here, great mother, I lie, thy child, with his head on thy bosom!
Playful the spirits of noon, that rushing soft through thy tresses,
Green-haired goddess! refresh me; and hark! as they hurry or linger,
Fill the pause of my harp, or sustain it with musical murmurs.
Into my being thou murmurest joy, and tenderest sadness
Shedd'st thou, like dew, on my heart, till the joy and the heavenly sadness
Pour themselves forth from my heart in tears, and the hymn of thanksgiving."

But whilst a seriousness of purpose, a loving and almost religious earnestness, before unknown, has been brought to bear both on the study and representation of nature in her lower manifestations, it is remarkable that whatever has reference to man as a spiritual being, and not as a mere breathing organism, is treated with a degree of frivolity which no semi-civilized race ever exhibited. Our philosophy of nature stops short whenever it arrives at the workings of spirit, and investigations into the physical principle of life have taken the place of inquiries into the laws of mental action; our art shuns the representation of the highest form of organized existence, that in and through which alone sensuous expression can be given to spiritual qualities; and we confess that it is rather on a growing consciousness of the degrading nature of these tendencies which we imagine we perceive in many quarters, than on the circumstance that the great Exhibition of Industry is open in London, and half the world staring at our calicoes and patent chubbs, that we found the hope that our national effort may yet, in our own day, be directed to higher aims than those which it has at present assigned itself.

Art. IV.—1. *A History of the Hebrew Monarchy, from the Administration of Samuel to the Babylonish Captivity.* By Francis William Newman, formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and Author of "The Soul; Her Sorrows and Her Aspirations." London. 1847.

2. *The Creed of Christendom: its Foundation and Superstructure.* By William Rathbone Greg. London, 1851.

If some impression has been made on the minds of a few thoughtful and serious persons by the perusal of Mr. Newman's Hebrew Monarchy, it must be ascribed rather to the author's reputation for ability and learning, than to any evidence of either which the volume itself affords. The fact that he is Latin Professor in University College, London, and that he bears a high character for classical scholarship, may have predisposed some to entertain favourably his pretensions as a critic and a theologian, and to listen with deference to the cavils against sacred truth to which he has lent the prestige of his name and position, but most of which would be dismissed from the thoughts at once as utterly futile, if they occurred in the pages of an anonymous or unknown author. It is because we are well aware how liable the humility of general readers is to be thus practised upon by strong assertions, resting solely on the authority of the asserter, that we are induced to offer a few considerations by means of which even "he who occupies the room of the unlearned" may satisfy himself of the invalidity, or at least the insufficiency, of the arguments by which Mr. Newman endeavours to destroy our belief in the Old Testament, as a revelation from God. Those who are well acquainted with the subject, will perceive that these considerations are not distinguished by novelty or originality; but, then, neither are the objections to which they are opposed. If Mr. Newman will condescend to reproduce the identical arguments, or rather assertions, advanced by Paine against the divine authority of Scripture, the Professor of Latin, and late Fellow of Balliol, must be content to receive the same answers which proved sufficient to refute and silence his vulgar and ignorant predecessor. There are some persons, we know, who look on the task of refuting objections as an idle one, and are willing to waive the whole question for and against the genuineness of Scripture history; affirming, with Mr. Newman in his preface, that our faith should not rest on historic records, but on the evidence afforded by the testimony of our own hearts. They forget that a religion which is sought *only* in the heart of each man, will be a religion of his own framing, varying with the character of each individual. It is vain to say, as many do, that the strength of Christianity rests wholly on its *internal* evidences, and that *external* ones may be thrown aside as valueless. Internal evidence is that which springs from a consideration of the intrinsic character of Christianity. How are we to know what that character is, unless we seek it in the external and historical records in which it has been handed down to us, and which profess to contain God's revealed will? Neither can we safely take our stand upon the New Testament, and abandon the Old; for the New Testament writers have set their seal upon the Old, and the two are so closely linked together, that if one fall the other must fall with it. The task of examining the Old Testament accounts is therefore one of no common importance, and demands both candour and learning in its execution.

It is generally allowed, also, that in disput-

ing the truth of matters of fact which have always been believed by the great mass of readers, something more than mere assertion is necessary. Be they true or false, the burden of proof lies on the side of the objector.

Both these principles are violated by this author.

Mr. Newman's judgment of the Old Testament history seems to us unfair, whether viewed as a history of human events only, or as one of events occurring under a peculiar Divine government.

Considering it, first, in a purely historical point of view, we observe that those events in the course of the narrative which strike him as at all *improbable*, or even about which he can discern a shade of romance, he dismisses at once as legends. It is curious that his historical knowledge should not have taught him that the history of mankind is a series of improbabilities and unexpected incidents.* If it were otherwise, indeed, and all events answered to our ideas of what is probable, might not ordinary men become prophets? A moderate share of good sense and reflection would, in that case, enable us to anticipate all the events of history, as clearly as an experienced novel-reader foresees the conclusion of a tale. And yet, how few have ever prophesied public events correctly! What human foresight could, for example, have described the events of the last three years, including, as they do, the rapid and extraordinary changes in all the chief countries of Europe? According to Mr. Newman, these events should be set down by posterity as legends.

We may add, further, that it is too often overlooked, that in a history written by an ignorant and illiterate person, the connecting circumstances which would often explain seeming inconsistencies, are omitted or lightly passed over. Such a writer seizes only the most striking features of the case before him, and either forgets or does not comprehend the links which connect the principal events of human life.

Then again, considering the Jewish history, not as an account of ordinary events merely, but as mingled with numerous miraculous exertions of Divine power, this author's judgment is no less unfair: for without declaring, generally, that *all* miracles are *à priori* impossible, he proceeds practically on the supposition that *any* thing is more conceivable than a miraculous interposition.

This dislike to allow the possibility of a miracle is, we believe, more prevalent at the present day than is generally known, because it is oftener implied than expressed. Certain foreign writers who openly hold it, allege in defence of it, the improbability that the Creator should leave his works so imperfect as to require *interferences* of extraordinary power from time to time. This (they say) is inconsistent both with the wisdom and the power of the Supreme Being. But they forget how impossible it is to ascertain what *is* an interference with the laws of nature. May it not be doubted—to suggest one among several hypotheses—whether what we call an extraordinary interference of God's power, be not simply the result of other laws, with which we are not acquainted, and which seem to us out of the course of nature, because their sources are hidden from us, and we are only acquainted with a very small portion of that course and those laws? Many natural phenomena,—comets, for example,—have been discovered, in the progress of scientific knowledge, to be no capricious interruption to the system of the universe, but a part of that system, subject to definite laws. If such discoveries are made in nature, should it not make us distrust our judgment of that other great book of Providence—the book of revealed religion, of which we can know nothing but what is directly taught us?

We may go still further. If a brute could reason, most of the works and actions of man, even the simplest, would appear to him interruptions of the laws of nature. And the works of civilized men do appear so to savages. When America was first discovered by the Spaniards, their horsemanship and use of firearms were attributed by the natives to magic; and the recent accounts of Terra del Fuego, shew that its savage inhabitants imagine their European visitors to be Beings of a different order from themselves, and in a certain degree superhuman. This shews how inadequate a judge Man is of what constitutes a miracle: or rather, we may say, it proves that the term miraculous is itself relative. What is *miraculous* to us, may perhaps be *natural* to a superior race of Beings.

But we must from these rather desultory introductory remarks return to Mr. Newman's History, through certain parts of which we propose to accompany him minutely. The earlier part of the Old Testament narrative he passes over with scarcely a remark. The few observations he does make are all founded on the *assumption*—(for he does not even attempt to *prove* it)—that the whole history of the Hebrew people, down to the days of Samuel, is a series of legends, from which no clear and connected narrative can be gathered, and to which no more credence is due than to the fables of Homer and Hesiod. In his preface he alludes to the new lights thrown on Roman and Grecian history by Grote and Niebuhr, and

* See a very ingenious pamphlet illustrative of this, entitled, "Historic Certainties," by "Aristarchus Newlight."

speaks of the absurdity of treating of sacred history, any more than profane, without making use of modern historical discoveries. This sounds plausible enough; but Grote and Niebuhr did not content themselves with *asserting* that many of the earliest records of Greece and Rome were fabulous; they undertook to *prove* it; and all writers on the subject would *now* consider it necessary not only to refer continually to these and other great authorities, but to recapitulate *their* arguments, at least in part, in support of opinions but recently established. But Mr. Newman neither refers to nor quotes the arguments of others, nor yet does he bring forward any of his own: simple assertions and obscure hints are here his only weapons.*

After dismissing thus summarily the early Jewish history, and tracing, on his own plan, the settlement of the Hebrews in Canaan, and their emigration from Egypt, (which he does not dispute,) he at once chooses as the starting point of his connected history, the election of Saul as king of Israel. Why this starting point has been chosen it is not easy to see, since he has evidently as little reliance on the subsequent portions of Scripture as on those which precede the reign of Saul: the only difference he makes is to condemn the earlier records in the mass, the later ones in detail.

He observes on the election of Saul, then, that "it is highly doubtful whether Saul was chosen either by the Lord or by Samuel." The Israelites, he supposes, fixed on the young man for his stature and beauty, (1 Sam. ix, 2, 5;) and Samuel, after opposing their choice at first, reconciled himself to necessity, and declared that their king was chosen by God. Mr. Newman does not, however, seem to think the worse of Samuel for the pious fraud implied in this wholly gratuitous supposition.

He objects (chap. xiii. p. 46) to the expression "young man," as applied to Saul at the time of his election, when, two years afterwards, his son is spoken of as grown up. In this remark he forgets the very loose way of designating age among the ancients. The Romans spoke of a man of forty as "adolescens." Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego are described as "children" at an age when they were considered fit to be made rulers over part of Nebuchadnezzar's kingdom. David is called "a youth" at forty, which circumstance Mr. Newman also brings forward as an objection, instead of viewing it as an explanation of the previous passage. At the age of forty, Saul might well be the father of a son capable of bearing arms.

In the fourteenth chapter he derides the history of Jonathan's exploit with his armour-bearer in the garrison of the Philistines at Gibeah, (1 Sam. xiv.) alleging that they could not have slain twenty men between them. This objection is frivolous; for it is expressly stated that the Philistines were seized with a panic, (probably imagining that Jonathan was followed by his army,) and turned their arms against each other. Under the same circumstances a larger number of men has sometimes been slain by one or two individuals. In one of the battles between the French and Russians, for example, a Cossack is recorded to have slain twenty men single-handed with his spear, and was only checked in his career by being at last knocked on the head by one of the enemy. Many similar exploits are recorded both in ancient and modern history.

Mr. Newman considers the whole history of Saul and the Amalekites as a fiction. The accounts of the tribes of Amalek, he says, are from their earliest origin "full of contradictions," and "many legends were invented to justify the hatred" entertained by the Jews towards them,—which hatred he assumes to be causeless.* As a confirmation of these assertions he goes back to the history of the wanderings of the Israelites in the desert, and objects to the "contradiction," contained in Exodus xvii., in the account of their being near perishing with thirst in Rephidim, and saved by "the miraculous fountain," and then shortly after attacked by the Amalekites, who voluntarily marched into this thirsty desert to meet them.

Now, besides that the time is not specified, so that the first of these events might very possibly have taken place in the summer and the last in winter—besides the circumstance that the Amalekites, habituated to the desert, were more likely to know where springs of water were to be found than the wandering strangers—waiving both these considerations, what is more natural than that a troop of marauders, armed, mounted, unencumbered, and able to carry skins of water enough to serve their small numbers, should march safely through a desert in which a mixed multitude,

* The "fallacy of reference," as it has been called, is very apt to lead inexperienced readers astray: for a string of learned names may often be introduced from the titles of works which are in fact wholly foreign to the question. Hence, as we have observed above, a certain degree of recapitulation is necessary where the subject discussed is little understood, and the works alluded to not generally known. Mr. Newman, however, has contented himself with an occasional reference to Ewald and other critical writers, on trivial points of scholarship and geography, quite irrelevant to the main question.

* Is it not more likely that the Israelites should have been harassed by depredating tribes, such as *exist at this very day in the very same country*, than that they should have taken a gratuitous antipathy to the tribe of Amalek, and then invented fables to justify it?

including the infirm, women, children, and numerous flocks and herds, would perish with thirst? In our own days, it appears to be a very common occurrence in the same countries, for a caravan to be distressed for water at the very time when a band of hostile Arabs can attack it with ease. The possession of a newly discovered well is also one of the commonest subjects of dispute among wandering tribes: and Archdeacon Blunt, in his treatise on the Veracity of the Books of Moses, suggests that the miraculous fountain may have thus actually been the cause of the Amalekitish invasion.

Mr. Newman proceeds to notice Samuel's rejection of Saul for sparing the Amalekite king and spoil. He blames this rejection for its cruelty. It shews Samuel, he says, "in a darker and harsher light" than we should have expected. He speaks of Saul's offence, as if it had been one merely *personal* to Samuel, even if it were to be considered as one at all. Here, again, the sin against the divine Head, *temporal* as well as spiritual, of the Jews, is overlooked. Saul was presuming to offer up to God what God had commanded him to destroy. A grosser act of disobedience to an *earthly* despotic monarch could scarcely be conceived; what it must be towards God, all must feel who acknowledge a God to whom we owe allegiance.

Objection is next made to Samuel's address to the Israelites (in the earlier part of the Scripture narrative) on their choice of a king, as "too forcible and eloquent for an *old man*." There are so many eloquent speeches of old men, both in ancient and modern history, on record, that it is difficult to conceive how this objection could have had any force with a person of ordinary reading. The defence which Sophocles, when accused of incapability to manage his own affairs, made before the Athenian tribunal, by reading his own recently composed tragedy of Œdipus Coloneus, was at least *as* great a feat for an old man of ninety, as Samuel's speech. But it is wonderful how many circumstances which are considered *insurmountable difficulties* in the study of Jewish history, are viewed as perfectly natural when the scene of action is changed from Palestine to Greece.

Mr. Newman next observes, (p. 50,) that Samuel committed what is politically called *treason* in deposing Saul and electing David. It is true that many things *are* treason in one government which are not so in another. And it must never be forgotten, that under the Jewish theocracy the kings were mere delegates, and that Samuel, as the oracle of the Most High, had as full right to appoint and depose them as the prime minister of an earthly monarch to give and withdraw appointments to subordinate offices.

The account of David's slaying Goliath with a sling is next disputed, because he was *afterwards* celebrated for excellence as a swordsman! As reasonably might it be urged that the accounts of our ancestor's skill as archers must be false, because their descendants are *now* renowned for the use of fire-arms.

David's slaying two hundred Philistines (1 Sam. xviii.) is also objected to by Mr. Newman. He seems to think that David must have slain them single-handed; whereas it is mentioned expressly that he had his men with him! The same objection is made to a similar exploit related later.

In a note he speaks of the "Jehovistic but unmoral spirit" of the book of Chronicles. This expression seems to be adopted from the German Neologians, by whom it is freely used, together with the kindred term Eloistic, to insinuate that the worship of Jehovah was the form or phase of the Jewish religion maintained by the authors of such books as Joshua, Chronicles, &c., and that Jehovah was regarded by them merely as the tutelar deity of their nation, in opposition to the claims of Baal or the Egyptian Ox-god. To represent the worship of the true God as in no respect more pure or spiritual than that of false deities, and to separate from it the idea of superior virtue and morality, is the continual aim of the writers whom Mr. Newman has unhappily chosen as his authorities, or rather oracles.

The next objection he proceeds to consider is one which must have presented itself as a difficulty (though not as an argument against the truth of Scripture) to many minds less disposed to cavil than Mr. Newman's—the expiation by David of Saul's slaughter of the Gibeonites. It is plain that no particular mode of giving satisfaction to the Gibeonites was dictated by the oracles of God. *Some* satisfaction was required for the cruel treachery committed by Saul; such, too, as should exhibit a terrible example to future tyrants, and become at the same time a vindication of national truth, and the protection of the most defenceless and degraded portion of the community. Nor must it be forgotten that the Mosaic dispensation was one totally different in its character from that of the New Testament; that it has been declared by an infallible authority to have been imperfect, rudimental, and carnal, and that it contained provisions and permissions due to the "hardness of man's heart," which were intended to be only temporary, and have been since entirely abrogated. Let it be observed, also, that the transaction to which we are especially referring is one of those in which the awful and mysterious idea of atonement for sin—"expiation made, not by the principal offender, or not by him alone"—

was presented to the mind of the ancient Church. The form in which the idea was clothed on that occasion, may have been more suitable than we can in our circumstances conceive, to enable men's spiritual faculties to apprehend it as a reality.

Mr. Newman next proceeds to the "superstitious belief" that David was punished for numbering the people. It is certainly not very clear what fault he had committed in so doing; though most probably either the spirit or the purpose of the action were blameable. That it was something which set public opinion at defiance, or invaded the laws of the country, is proved by the horror of the deed shewn by so reckless and unscrupulous a soldier as Joab.

Mr. Newman alludes shortly after to a difficulty which is caused rather by the headings to our chapters than by the text itself; namely, David's treatment of the cities of Rabbah and Ammon, whose inhabitants he "put under saws, and under harrows of iron, and under axes of iron, and made them pass through the brick-kiln." (2 Sam. xii. 31.) Now we know that it was the practice of some ancient nations to compel a captive and defeated army to pass under a yoke or arch constructed of weapons, as was done by the Samnite general to the Roman army. So that, if the Ammonites had been said to have "passed under the sword and spear," the meaning of the passage would have been evident. The use of agricultural and servile instruments instead of arms was probably a sign of still greater humiliation. Some commentators are of opinion that this expression implied setting them to servile offices, and that "passing through brick-kilns" denoted that they were compelled to work at brickmaking, as the Israelites had done in Egypt. In any case, Mr. Newman's supposition, that a new and cruel mode of torture was implied, is wholly unwarranted, either by the context or by known ancient customs. It would appear that he was chiefly guided in his conjecture by the heading of the chapter, which does speak of David's torturing the citizens of Ammon. But the *headings* of chapters have not been generally considered as good authority; except, indeed, by a writer of a very different school, whose coincidence with Mr. Newman is in this case very curious, Dr. Hook; who, in his "Church Dictionary," refers us for mention *by name* of the "*seven Deacons*" to Acts vi., the word "Deacons" being only found in the heading to the chapter!

We may remark in passing, that it is curious to see those who pride themselves on their free and loose views of Scripture history, adhering, when they come to details which suit their purpose, to as close and servilely literal an interpretation of individual texts as the most devoted advocate for the verbal inspiration of Scripture could desire. This is remarkably exemplified by Mr. Newman. While he throws aside large portions of the Old Testament as legendary, he clings with unreasoning fidelity not only to the *verbal*, but even to the *traditional* meaning of such particular passages as imply moral wrong in the persons concerned. For instance, in an allusion to the story of Jephthah, he appears to take for granted the truth of the vulgar notion, that Jephthah *slew* his daughter for an offering to the Lord: overlooking the fact, that not only is there no express mention of her death in the narrative, but several of the most intelligent commentators consider the contrary to be implied in what the narrative does record. Hence we may see that it is not from a free interpretation of individual texts, nor from the employment of learning and knowledge of antiquity in the study of Scripture, that Christianity has anything to fear. The real danger to our belief in Revelation lies in the resolution to believe nothing which does not agree with our previously formed fancies, and in the presumptuous attempt to decide on what God is *likely* to have done or not done, and to judge Him as if he were "even such an one as ourselves." This tendency, far from being produced by extensive learning, may be found equally in the minds of all men, whatever be the extent or deficiency of their knowledge, in whom humility and candour are wanting. Mr. Newman's interpretations of Scripture, indeed, do *n* bear the character of learned ones, but the contrary, to a degree which could not have been expected in an author of his attainments, and in a work, the subject of which would seem peculiarly and imperatively to require the application of learning.

The reign of Solomon is next passed under review; and after some remarks on the splendour of that monarch's empire, and the extent of his power, we find strong sympathy expressed for the "7000 bearers of burdens, and 80,000 hewers in the mountains," whom Mr. Newman denominates "a nation of bondsmen."

That the Israelites, like other eastern nations, did keep slaves, is well known; but the supposition that this immense body of workmen were all bondsmen, is quite unauthorized. They are never mentioned as slaves, and there seems no necessity for supposing it. Solomon was a despotic monarch, at least as far as his subjects were concerned, and could therefore accomplish some of those great works which belong to such governments, either by hiring large numbers of workmen, or more probably, by what would now be called "corvées"—a tax taken in a certain amount of labour instead

of money, generally with a view to some specific object. The great military roads, and other works completed by the French under Napoleon, were of this character; yet we should scarcely speak of *them* as "a nation of bondsmen." What, moreover, would Mr. Newman think of a Chinese, who, on hearing of the number of excavators (or "navvies") employed in the construction of our railroads, should infer that *we* are a nation of bondsmen?

Solomon's prayer (1 Kings viii.) is blamed by implication as "being offered up neither by priest nor prophet." It is curious to contrast this objection to the use of an *ordinance never once mentioned* in the Levitical law, with the indignation shewn by Mr. Newman at the rebuke given to Saul for offering *sacrifice*. Prayer does not appear to have formed part of the essential function either of priest or prophet among the Jews: although Solomon was most probably inspired when he pronounced that beautiful prayer and solemn blessing, which seems to excite in Mr. Newman only the disposition to cavil.

But Mr. Newman objects to Solomon's "offering sacrifice" as an innovation. It does not appear, however, that either Solomon or David, when the Ark was brought up from among the Philistines, (2 Sam. vi.) offered the burnt-offering *themselves* on the altar.* When a king or other great man is said to "have *built*" a palace or other public edifice, he is not generally supposed to have acted himself the part of architect or mason. But the rules which are considered obvious in matters of common life, are often neglected in examining Scripture, especially by unfriendly judges.

It appears that those who wished to "offer a sacrifice" brought the victim, and when it was slain presented it to the priest, who took of the blood and offered it on the high altar *within* the courts: (Lev. i. vii., &c.) Solomon's offering was made before the Ark, *previously* to its being placed within the Temple. (1 Kings viii.) The king did not enter into the most holy place; after the priests came out, a cloud filled the inner parts of the temple; but the memorable prayer was uttered by the king while among the people in the outer courts.

Then follows a digression on the giving of the Law in Exodus and Deuteronomy, in which Mr. Newman informs us that there were *two decalogues:* the Second Table of the Commandments being different from the first, which Moses broke in his anger at the people's idolatry. Deuteronomy he considers as a modern book, so that the repetition *there* of the contents of the Tables goes for nothing with him. But, confining ourselves to Exodus, it may be worth considering what grounds he can find for his opinion.

The texts on which he bases it are the 10th and 24th verses of Exodus xxxiv. "Behold, I make a covenant;" "Write thou these words;" —then follows a list of directions, chiefly ceremonial, which he considers a Second Decalogue. Taking this by itself, it would seem a forced explanation, considering that there are certainly *more* than *ten* distinct commands between the 10th and 27th verses. But what appears decisive against this view is, the *first verse* of this same 34th chapter—"I will write on these tables the *words that were in the first tables.*" Nothing can be conceived clearer; though, indeed, this proof was hardly needed, for, if we grant Mr. Newman's supposition, how are we to account for the fact, that what he calls the "First Decalogue" has been preserved among the Jews as "*the* Decalogue" ever since, while the list of directions he calls "the Second," was merely considered as part of the ceremonial law?

It is worth observing, that Moses repeats all these ceremonial instructions which had been given orally, but *does not* repeat the Decalogue, except the one ceremonial command contained in it, that of the observance of the Sabbath.

Mr. Newman then returns again to the subject of the dedication of the Temple, and observes, (p. 134,) that "the strange awe of the dangerous ark" seemed to have "evaporated" under Solomon, and that the fate of "the unlucky Uzzah" appeared to be forgotten. He infers this from the opening of the ark: but was not this evidently done by the priests? It is expressly mentioned (1 Kings viii.) "*that the priests brought it out.*" Surely it was scarcely needful to add that they opened it, an office which could not be lawfully performed by any one else. The circumstance that nothing but the two tables of stone were found in the ark, seems at first glance startling; but it is easily accounted for, when it is remembered how many months it remained in the hands of the Philistines. They were not likely to hold its contents sacred, and probably stripped it of all that they considered valuable. If any miraculous punishment (besides the well-known pestilence) had befallen the individuals who thus spoiled the ark, it would not probably have been recorded by the idolators. But, in fact, this discovery of the loss of the ark's contents may be considered as a corroboration of the truth of the whole history. If it had been a fiction, is it conceivable that so humiliating a fact would have been introduced by the chronicler?

Some remarks follow on the tribes of Israel, in the course of which Mr. Newman observes,

* 22,000 oxen and 120,000 sheep (2 Chron. viii.) is the number of the victims which Mr. Newman supposes Solomon to have slain with his own hands!

that Simeon's name was omitted in the song of Moses, whence he infers that this song was a comparatively modern composition, written when the tribe was completely swallowed up in Judah.

The omission of Simeon's name may have been caused by the crime of their prince Zimri, when he and a number of companions (probably the greater number of his tribe) fell into Midianitish idolatry; the pestilence which destroyed the delinquents, if (as is probable) most of them were of this tribe, would account both for the extraordinary thinning of their numbers, leading to ultimate extinction, and for their exclusion from the blessing of their great lawgiver.

From the consideration of Solomon's reign, Mr. Newman proceeds to the revolt of Jeroboam and the ten tribes. In speaking of the temple service, he objects to the figures of the cherubim as tending to encourage idolatry. The images of Bethel, he observes, "were neither more nor less idolatrous than the cherubim," although they are "*derided* as golden calves." The command of the Most High would seem to *us* to constitute some difference in the intention of the worshippers; but it must not, also, be overlooked, that the Israelitish *people* had no access to the cherubim. One only person in the whole nation—the high-priest—was permitted to enter the place where they were kept, and that but once a-year. Will Mr. Newman affirm that this could encourage idolatry, in the same way as an image exposed to every eye? What the cherubim really were, and what they were intended to represent, can only be conjectured in these days. Mr. Newman considers that this part of the Jewish worship, as also the Urim and Thummim, and several other parts of their service, were adopted from Egypt. But the resemblance to be observed in some points to the Egyptian worship, would go *as* far to prove that the Egyptians had received these things from the Hebrews. It has been shown to be highly probable,* that there existed at that early period a portion of the Egyptians who worshipped the true God; their sympathy with the Hebrews would naturally lead them to adopt some of their customs, (which, undoubtedly, existed in part before the introduction of the Levitical law,) and thence these ceremonies might gradually be incorporated with the established religion of Egypt.

Mr. Newman observes, with an air of some triumph, that there is "convincing casual evidence that the Hebrew people were *habitual image worshippers*, both before and after the time of Jeroboam." That they were prone to fall continually into idolatry, is plain not from the "casual," but from the *direct* evidence of the Scriptures; that it was *not* "habitual," in the sense of being *countenanced* and *tolerated*,* as Mr. Newman seems to insinuate, but was severely reprimanded and punished, we have also abundant proof.

The brazen serpent is next alluded to, with an implied observation that the Israelites had worshipped it all along, from its first introduction. "It was believed towards the end of the monarchy," Mr. Newman adds, "to have been an image made by Moses!" He does not, however, attempt to adduce any proof, either of the falsity of this "belief" of the Jews, or of the truth of his own assertion, that the worship of the serpent had existed all along. Hezekiah evidently considered it a *recently* introduced superstition.

The visit of the "man of God" to Jeroboam (1 Kings) is described as "a legend forged in Josiah's days;" but Mr. Newman adduces no proof of this, except, as he says, "because *no result* followed." If this were true, it would not be a decisive proof of the falsity of the history; but it is very far from being true. Can it be called "no result" that vast numbers from the ten tribes resorted to Judah and the Temple, doubtless in consequence of this visit of the prophet? In 2 Chron. xi. we find these words:—"And the priests and the Levites that were in all Israel, resorted to him out of all their coasts. . . . . And after them, out of all the tribes of Israel, such as set their hearts to seek the Lord God of Israel, came to Jerusalem to sacrifice unto the Lord God of their fathers. So they strengthened the kingdom of Judah, and made Rehoboam strong." This last clause shows how very great must have been their numbers. Later, in the reign of Asa, (2 Chron. xv.,) another considerable emigration of Israelites to Judah took place. And in 1 Kings xii. 23, this expression is found:—"Speak . . . . . unto the house of Judah and Benjamin, and to the *remnant* of the people," evidently indicating the Israelites who adhered to Judah.

After some just remarks on the great number of prophets at this period of the Jewish history, and the probability of their undergoing some sort of training for the prophetic office, in what were called "the schools of the prophets," Mr. Newman proceeds to the history of Ahab. His opinion of this king will be startling to most readers. Ahab, he thinks, was rather *weak* than wicked; Jezebel was *made* cruel in the course of her feud with the prophets of Jehovah: but this, he adds, was partly *their* fault for approving the slaying of the votaries of Baal. "The legend of

* See "Lessons on the History of Religious Worship."

* The word *habitual* is itself ambiguous.

Elijah's slaying Baal's prophets" is a proof (he continues) of the feeling existing among the prophets of Jehovah. Now, if the account in the Book of Kings is to be credited at all, the votaries of Baal were *not* slain till after the prophets of the Lord had been put to death by Jezebel, and a considerable number saved only by the exertions of Obadiah.* The "legend," therefore, as Mr. Newman calls it, would go to prove that the worshippers of Baal began the hostilities. If one-half of the history would prove a hostile feeling on the part of the worshippers of Jehovah, the other half proves far more on the opposite side. But it seems to be Mr. Newman's habit, whether he regards a record as fiction or truth, to select such parts of it as have a tendency to cast a shade upon the worshippers of Jehovah. He admits that the "martyr age of the prophets of the Lord now began," but excuses Jezebel on the ground that "hers was a struggle of life and death." "The crisis," he continues, "called forth two great prophets, Elijah and Elisha, whose adventures and exploits have come down to us in such a halo of romance . . . . that it is impossible to disentangle the truth."

It must be acknowledged that Mr. Newman makes no effort to perform this "impossibility," but summarily dismisses both histories, merely observing that the miracles recorded of both prophets are often mere repetitions of each other. Such a case as a similar event happening to two persons, or at different times to one, he is unable to believe possible.

"The ascription of miraculous powers" (Mr. Newman continues) "to these prophets is a notable circumstance, as being altogether *new* in Jewish history. (!) To find anything analogous we must run back to the *legendary days* of Moses." (!) The dangers of the times, he adds, worked up the people to such an enthusiasm that they were ready to *imagine* miracles. It would seem strange to readers of a less *easy* belief than Mr. Newman, that the enemies of the prophets—the zealous worshippers of Baal—should have been affected by this enthusiasm for miracles, which were wrought *against them.* Several of Elijah's miracles resemble those of our Lord and his Apostles in this circumstance, that they were wrought amongst *enemies.* Ahab and Jezebel would not have stood in such awe of an impostor. Mr. Newman's best course would have been to deny the whole history from beginning to end. This he hesitates to do in express words; but he throws additional discredit on all the facts by his assertion, (totally unsupported by the faintest attempt at a proof,) that the Book of Kings was written 300* years after the facts recorded in it.

The overthrow of the walls of Jericho is alluded to by Mr. Newman incidentally as "an old poem," which was recalled to the minds of men when the "legendary curse" was fulfilled!

He proceeds rapidly to the history of Athaliah and the murder of the young princes. He endeavours to defend, or rather palliate, her cruelty by attributing it to the alarm and "irritation" occasioned by the severity shewn by the prophets of the Lord towards the Baal worshippers. "Such (these are his words) is the train of atrocities which Elisha's message entailed on both the Hebrew kingdoms."† The study of these events "is," he continues, "the training of mind which steeled all Europe to cruelty under the name of religion. This has lit up hell-fires in Christendom; this has perpetrated perfidious massacres unknown to Paganism; this has bequeathed even to the present age, a confusion of mind which too often leads those who are naturally mild and equitable, to inflict hardship, vexation, degradation, and loss, on the professors of a rival creed."

"Unknown to Paganism!" How well must an accomplished scholar, like Mr. Newman, have known the contrary! How familiar must he be with the cruelties of heathen monarchs, from Phalaris down to Nero and Commodus, with the human sacrifices in Carthage, with the tortures inflicted by Hindoo Brahmins, with atrocities in every heathen country openly countenanced and approved by public opinion, such as have never been paralleled even in the darkest ages of Christianity. But his eagerness to carry his point is quite unchecked by any regard for truth. And this portion of his work is likely to be more injurious to careless readers, because it assumes the garb of Christian humanity and forbearance.

There are, however, two or three considerations which even faithful students of the Bible

* Obadiah's preservation of the Lord's prophets is the more remarkable from its not being ostentatiously brought forward, but incidentally, and as it were casually, mentioned in a parenthesis.

* It has been remarked by scholars deeply learned in the original language of the Old Testament, that this book bears in its construction the strongest marks of having been composed in detached pieces, as a chronicle or register at the time when the events noted down occurred.

† Elisha is very severely treated by Mr. Newman. His zeal is called "frenzy;" and he is described as condemning a troop of *young* children for laughing at him. We have already seen that the term "children" was applied to young men; and we may here add that Benjamin was called a lad, and even a little one, when certainly more than twenty years old. The young persons whom Elisha punished were probably votaries of Baal, who insulted him as a prophet of the Lord. (See M. Burnier's Commentary on the Old Testament.)

are apt to overlook, because connected with the peculiar character of the Jewish dispensation. We are apt to consider the case of the worshippers of the true God with regard to those of Baal, as analogous to the relation between Christians, for instance, living in close connexion with heathens, or Protestants with members of the Church of Rome. Such persons are convinced, indeed, that their companions are in grievous error, but (if imbued with a truly Christian spirit) they feel it a duty, while guarding against their mistaken belief, to treat them with kindness and forbearance. Such *was not* the duty of a pious Hebrew of Elijah's day: for what with *us* is merely *religious error*, with *them* was *high treason;* and we must again repeat, that to one who loses sight for a moment of the peculiar character of a *theocracy*, the Jewish history necessarily presents a tissue of contradictions. What would Mr. Newman have thought of a faithful subject of George the Second, who should have connived at the machinations of some emissaries of the Pretender? Should we not look on such toleration of high treason as treason itself? Would he admit, as an excuse for such conduct, the plea "that we ought to live peaceably with our neighbours?" This was precisely the case with Elijah. Under the Christian dispensation we are commanded not "to strive" for our religion; but this is because the rewards and punishments of the *new covenant* are reserved for another world, and under the sole and immediate administration of the great Mediator, that "Man whom God hath ordained to be the Judge of quick and dead." Our Saviour's own words are, "My kingdom is not of this world; *if* my kingdom *were* of this world, *then would my servants fight*,"—evidently acknowledging the consequence which necessarily followed from such a dispensation as that of the Old Testament.

Why such a dispensation should have been necessary, is a question which fallible mortals are not competent to answer. It is not for us to look into "the hidden things of the Lord." But it may be observed, that writers of the stamp we are now considering, seem to be unwilling to allow the possibility of God's punishing wickedness either here or hereafter, and shrink from every part of the Bible which implies it. They forget that this is a difficulty not peculiar to revealed religion, but inseparably connected with the course of natural events in this world. Sin does draw down evil on itself even in this life: why it exists, or why it is permitted, it is not for us to know: but we cannot escape from the difficulty by denying revelation.

This prevalent reluctance to look a fact thus self-evident in the face, may also be in part the cause of another evil of the present times —the tendency to confound tolerance with indifference.

Mr. Newman goes so far as to endeavour to convey a more favourable impression of the worshippers of Baal than of their opponents. He informs us (page 213,) that "they did not revenge on the priests of Jehovah the violence which they had suffered from Jehovah's prophet,"—(naturally enough, as they had slain *these* already, and could not wreak their vengeance twice over)—and in comparison with their opponents, he regards them as humane!

He proceeds to sketch rapidly, but not very clearly, the later reigns of the kings. He affirms that the Levite and priestly system was devised long after the time of Moses; the "priestly system" being "at its height in the time of Jehu," the Levite later. For this conclusion he gives no reasons, unless we can so denominate the complaint that the pedigree of the priests was not made out before the Captivity. This is, however, just what we should expect. *After* the Captivity it was necessary to prove that their genealogy was correct: *before* that event it was needless to prove or to mention what was well established. To the same cause may be referred the omission of all mention of the Sabbaths (on which he also remarks) in the history of the monarchy.

But the object of this part of Mr. Newman's work is evidently to prove the modern origin of the Pentateuch, which he considers to have been compiled in the days of Jehoiada. The reasons adduced for this belief are not very clear: one of them seems to be, that Joshua wrote on "the stones" of the altar he erected after passing Jordan, "a copy of the law." (Joshua viii. 30.) As no stone altar could have contained the whole of the last four books of the Pentateuch, he concludes that they could not then have existed: but is it not a far more simple and obvious conclusion, that he copied the *positive commands* taken from these books; or rather, merely those which the tables contained, which would naturally, in common parlance, be called "the Law," and which our Lord afterwards referred to as *the* Commandments?

In support of his opinion, however, Mr. Newman speaks of the law *found* in Josiah's reign as "a *new* book." Is it conceivable that the people would have read it with grief and shame, had they not recognised the Law which was the acknowledged standard by which their nation had been governed?

In commenting on the prophetical writings, Mr. Newman ascribes the books of Isaiah and

of Zachariah each to two different writers.* Here, however, as in every other part of his work, he seems to adopt implicitly the dicta of the German critics whom he has chosen for his authorities, and who, like his favourite prophets of the Baalistic faction, "follow their own spirit," in preference to inspiration, common sense, or fair reasoning. He delights also to dwell on those parts of the other prophetic writers from which he can draw conclusions to the discredit of their private character. Jeremiah's flight into Egypt, and the bitterness of Hosea and others towards "their *fellow prophets*,"—as he denominates the idolaters whom they denounce,—are animadverted upon with great severity.

It is remarkable, too, that disposed as Mr. Newman is to treat the recorded facts of Scripture as myths, he is ready to assume that the metaphorical language of the prophets involves real facts, and that deeds of a questionable or an extraordinary nature, said to be performed by the prophets at God's command, in order to declare and explain his present will and future dealings towards his people, were in all cases real transactions, originating in the will or desire of the human agent to whom they are attributed. Now, how is it that one who holds so strongly that the Bible accounts are not trustworthy, should adhere so scrupulously to a literal interpretation of statements more probably allegorical than many to which he ascribes that character, whenever they appear to militate against the Most High, or against his accredited messengers?

To a very different class of Bible-readers many of these passages (laying aside such as through our own ignorance of ancient customs, or through doubtful readings, are in themselves uncertain) do indeed present great difficulties, chiefly, perhaps, arising from an incorrect view of the subject of inspiration.

The revelations or messages with which the prophets were entrusted seem to have been usually conveyed to them through visions or dreams; and the prophet commonly delivered his message along with the vision or dream through which it came to him. Hence the relation of actions which were not only allegorical in their meaning, but the very history of which is allegorical, as the eating of the book or roll in Ezekiel, and in St. John's Revelations. And as the vision or dream through which the revelation came to the recipient would naturally be formed of images taken from the store-house of his own imagination, they would, it is likely, be conformable to his age, his country, and his individual character.

The message or revelation might indeed come to the mind of the inspired instrument clothed in language suitable for delivery—and this we have every reason to believe was the ordinary mode of its communication—but it might also come as a simple suggestion or impression, in which case he would naturally declare it by means of such images as most readily occurred to him, and which he thought best adapted to draw attention to it; and hence, besides the Oriental type which runs through *all* the language of prophecy, we find in it the marks of individual influences,—of the education, turn of thought, and moral sentiment habitual to the prophet. For God's messages seem to have been conveyed through various instruments, (as the ordinary workings of his providence take place by various means;) and the mode of delivery would therefore vary accordingly. Thus would the imagery of each prophet be more or less exalted, and his language more or less pure, according to the influence of his own natural habits of thought and life, and very much according to the nature of the prophecy he was declaring, which we find to be the case. Hence the purity and sublime simplicity of Isaiah's language in all his announcements of the Messiah, and the blessings of his kingdom, and in all his direct allusions to the Most High. And so with the other prophets, when they touch on these subjects, though modified by their individual characters. But the allegories in which the divine messages are sometimes wrapt up, and especially such allegories as imply *action*, are regarded by Mr. Newman as requiring a *literal* interpretation, whenever such an interpretation can be plausibly represented as involving the violation of decency or morality.

We do not find many things worthy of remark in the later and less important portions of Mr. Newman's work, which ends somewhat abruptly. But the impression with which we closed it was, that he has stated no *new* difficulties in his criticisms on the Old Testament history, but has simply collected together and brought forward those which have presented themselves at different periods and in different ways to most students of the Bible, some of which, however, could only have had weight with persons engaged in seeking objections rather than in eliciting truth.

In these remarks on the "Hebrew Monarchy," we have merely had recourse to what is within the reach of every student however humble in his attainments, to the English Bible itself. By comparing one part with another, and examining the texts quoted by Mr. Newman in support of his views, the most unlearned reader may satisfy himself

* There seems to be a considerable difference in the style of the earlier and later portions of Isaiah, which has probably led him to this conclusion.

of the futility of many of his arguments, and the unfairness with which passages of Scripture have been brought forward to support them.

The consistency of the various Bible narratives, written as they were in different Ages, and by persons of various conditions and attainments, will also furnish strong internal evidence of their intrinsic truth and genuineness —an evidence which indeed is made manifest through this very work, in spite of the utmost efforts of an objector so determined as Mr. Newman, and in spite of a censorship so unfair as that to which he has subjected the sacred writings—altering some parts, assuming others, acting, in short, as an unscrupulous judge might do in charging a jury for a prisoner on whose condemnation he was predetermined.

But Scripture is not to be overthrown by enemies such as these. Difficulties will ever perhaps remain attached to it; some being inseparable from our ignorance of things pertaining to God, others perhaps attributable to our imperfect acquaintance with the nature and operation of inspiration. In respect of those connected with the existence of evil, a fact which in the history of the Pagan world is often overlooked, because it passed unheeded —as the force of a stream is not known until an effort is made to resist it—all these, and many other *apparent* stumbling-blocks, seem, on study and reflection, to act rather as confirmations to the faith of those who consider them aright.

But while we hold fast, with a firm and fearless, but also a candid and *reasoning* faith, to that Scripture which has been given us for our guide and support in this world, and on which are based all our hopes of another, we shall have no cause to tremble, "though the waters rage and swell, and the mountains shake at the tempest of the same," sure as we may be that the rivers of that very flood, however terrible, "shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High."

But we must now pass from this series of criticisms suggested by Mr. Newman's work, to discuss, very shortly, some of the principles contained in the abler and more comprehensive work, very recently published by Mr. Greg. We shall confine ourselves at present chiefly to that part of Mr. Greg's work which relates to the Old Testament.

This book, which we have, on account of a similarity in many of its views, associated with the Hebrew Monarchy, and on which, considered in that relation, we are about to make some remarks, professes to investigate, generally, "the Foundations and Superstructure of the Creed of Christendom." In so doing the author assails doctrines which we are wont to regard as the most sacred and worthy of regard. In saying this we are consciously ranging ourselves with those who would be pronounced by him unfit for the task we propose,—that, namely, of investigating some of the principles on which he founds his work of destruction. For if, according to a motto adopted by him, as expressive of his views, man is incapacitated for the investigation of truth by a regard for "the prospects of his soul,"* —by a desire, that is, of his own future happiness, and the exaltation and purification of his nature; and if an indifference to the result be an essential condition to a course of correct reasoning, then must such an employment of the intellectual faculties be unsuited to the *highest and best* natures among us; since it is with these that such indifference is least likely to prevail. Or if, on the other hand, the reason of man is so weak, and his prejudices so strong, that his wishes and desires on any subject must necessarily bias his judgment, then indeed must not only a desire for our own happiness, but any strong interest in that of our fellow-creatures, fetter our reasoning powers, so as to deprive us of all right to a hearing.

Now, what should we say of any one who should assert that no plan for the public good ought to be listened to which proceeded from a philanthropist, because such a man cannot but *wish* for the success of such a plan, and his wish must of course *bias* his judgment in framing his scheme. On such terms Mr. Greg would be excluded. He is himself a well-known philanthropist. According to this view, indeed, no physician should prescribe for a patient unless perfectly indifferent whether the patient recovers or dies. This, however, seems to be the principle adopted and set forth by some modern writers, and among them by Mr. Greg. Yet every one's own experience might have taught him that man's judgment is often even biassed the other way, —that extreme anxiety will make men distrust the probabilities in favour of something they earnestly wish for, (according to the proverbial expression of "too good news to be true,") and exaggerate the chances of something they very much dread. But we suppose that Mr. Greg would confine his theory of indifference to the hopes and promises of Christianity. We may remind him therefore, that the Gospel was introduced, and prevailed in *opposition* to all the expectations and wishes of the then world, all the habits and prejudices which are

* "No inquirer can fix a direct and clear-sighted gaze towards truth, who is casting side glances all the while on the prospects of his soul."—*Martineau.*

now in its favour being then arrayed *against* it.

Before entering on the proper subject of his work, Mr. Greg gives us his judgment in respect of the class of persons best fitted for the task he has imposed on himself. This judgment we find unfavourable to the class of persons whose education and habits of mind, whose knowledge of the ancient languages, and familiarity with biblical criticism, would seem to render them most fitted for such an investigation,—because it is assumed that "clergymen of all denominations are shackled by their previous professions of faith, and by the consequences to *them* of possible conclusions." Mr. Greg is unable, it would almost seem, to conceive the existence of an honest and disinterested mind so circumstanced. He is surely however aware, that in a training for the Ministry, among almost all denominations of Christians, the principal objections which infidels have raised against Christianity are presented to the student's mind in the course of study prescribed to him, and that this course does sometimes deter men—though chiefly through the minor difficulties attending on subscription to Articles—from entering the Ministry, even where, in all the more important points, their faith remains not only unshaken but confirmed by the investigation. It is reserved, however, for "an unlettered layman, endowed with no learning, but bringing to the investigation the ordinary education of an English gentleman, and a logical faculty exercised in other walks," to pursue, what Mr. Greg elsewhere declares to be "a species of criticism with which few in this country, even of our educated classes, are at all acquainted." And from this class he would, we must suppose, exclude all believers who feel any deep interest in Christianity, as *biassed* by their wishes. In short, all he requires in order to obtain a verdict that shall satisfy him, is, to pack the jury, and to have a judge of his own selecting.

It is, however, by the German critics after all, (by some few at least; for their learned men are divided on the subject,) that the great question of the truth of Christianity is, we find, to be decided; as by them sufficient evidence has been laid before us to upset our faith in the truth of the scriptural records. Of these their discoveries in the science of evidence, Mr. Greg proposes to act as interpreter.

With our own theological writers Mr. Greg seems to have little acquaintance. Dr. Arnold and Mr. Coleridge, whose genius, bright as it was, did not lie in close reasoning, are his types of two classes of divinity students; and he has given some of their thoughts, and not some of their best digested thoughts, as expositions both of their own views, and of the general views of theological writers. Mr. Greg has an advantage rather apparent than real over these writers; he reasons well on premises which he has taken for granted, and his conclusions therefore have the air of truth. It is wonderful, indeed, to what a degree an imposing style of writing may dress up, so as to seem plausible, anything, however at variance with every one's own experience and knowledge, especially when, to a considerable talent for logical arrangement, is joined a very confident assurance that so and so is actually beyond the possibility of a reasonable doubt. The modest reader is appalled by strong assertion, and consents perhaps to some decision which, if stated in plain terms, his plain sense would reject as non-proven, and even wholly unworthy of a serious attention. Such, we think, is frequently the case in the present work, and such its chief danger,—a danger to which a work of logical pretensions always exposes its reader; for the study of logic, it may be remarked, is just now in that state which makes a boastful pretension to it peculiarly likely to overawe a large portion of readers. Thirty years ago, a writer would have been more likely to meet with derision than with respect who should have professed himself a logician: and thirty years hence, perhaps, the study may have so far extended itself, that ordinary readers will be qualified to require some proof of the proficiency of any one who makes such a profession. But just at present, men are disposed to rate highly the importance of logical reasoning, and at the same time to give any one credit for it (especially if he makes confident pretensions) who does but arrange his arguments in a logical form, so as to give to his style the appearance of accuracy.

But it must be remembered also, that even the most perfect logical correctness is no security against an author's drawing the most absurd conclusions, if he does but take the liberty of assuming, from time to time, as his premises, whatever may suit his purposes; even as the writer now before us is enabled very logically to prove several of his *conclusions* from *principles* arbitrarily laid down by himself,—taken for granted without any proof at all,—and open to complete *dis*-proof.

It is not our purpose to enter into a critical discussion of all the objections brought by Mr. Greg in detail, against the truth of the Old Testament history; there are writers of all denominations among us who are learned and acute enough to take up this subject either as a whole or in its several parts. Mr. Greg's most popular objections relate to the *inspiration* of Scripture. We shall concern ourselves principally with the relations of that doctrine to the Old Testament records, leaving the

German critics to other hands, and merely noting down a few of the observations which occurred to us on passing through the pages before us, concerning the difficulties or objections which Mr. Greg has set forth; most of which, however, have been brought forward from time to time by older writers of the same class, and more recently by Mr. New man.

Mr. Greg's general view of the Scripture records is, that the books of the Old and New Testament contain a human history of a divine revelation, and that their writers are consequently "to be treated as Niebuhr treated Livy and Arnold Thucydides." The term *revelation* may, however, mislead readers not versed in modern phraseology: we must therefore premise, that certain modern writers apply that term to *all* true histories, whether of facts in human life, or discoveries in natural science; and that this language has been adopted by some of our recent poets and essayists.

The external evidences for the truth of Christianity are so strong, that Mr. Greg is unable to reject them altogether, though he impugns many of them singly; and we can scarcely conceive that a mind so clear and acute in its judgments on other subjects should fail in this, but through the influence of some unhappy antagonist causes at work within. One of these causes, and the most important, we believe to be, the erroneous notions which he appears to entertain (in common, we must acknowledge, with some sincere and able Christian writers) on the subject of Inspiration. As, however, the views which are taken by some of the soundest Divines of the present day meet most of the objections against the validity of the sacred record which are brought forward in the present work, we shall endeavour to state them as briefly as possible, rather than discuss those objections singly.* Their theory on the subject of inspiration seems to be, that the sacred writers were guarded by the Holy Spirit against error in everything which relates to *doctrine;* that their main business was to record and to teach —not scientific truth,—not historic truth,—but religious truth; and that they were concerned with facts, with *historic truth*, that is, only so far as it contained those doctrines, or that revelation of God's will and purposes, which we call *religious truth;* and that the books of the Old Testament, in particular, set forth this religious truth in the records which they contain of the Divine teaching, and of the Divine dealings with one particular nation (and with some others in relation to that one) which they relate; together with intimations and prophecies of some future transactions—of some new revelation in which the whole world was to be concerned. The history of these transactions—of this new revelation of God's will—is the religious truth set forth in the New Testament, in the recording of which the sacred writers claimed to be inspired by his Holy Spirit. And the simplest, as well as the soundest view of this miraculously tested inspiration seems to be, that it was given to aid them—1*st*, in bringing (according to especial promise) "all things to their remembrance, whatsoever" their Master "had said unto them;" 2*d*, informing them concerning some portions of his life and teaching which they had not personally witnessed; and 3*d*, in guarding them from error, both with respect to doctrine and to all points at all connected with doctrine.

We may here remark, in connexion with the general question of inspiration, that, with respect to an objection to Paul's accuracy, (founded on 1 Thess. iv. 15,) urged by Mr. Greg,* the Apostle appears to be speaking, not of himself or his friends, but of such among us human Beings, "as shall be alive at the Lord's coming"—ἡμεῖς οἱ ζῶντες οἱ περιλειπόμενοι—"we the living and the remaining" persons of mankind. In truth, the very next chapter seems to shew that when he is speaking to the Thessalonians of "times and seasons," he is alluding to the times and seasons of their own death; and that "the day of the Lord" is this day of summons, which comes to all of us "as a thief in the night"—and not that last great day and hour concerning which he must have been aware that its times and seasons were not even revealed to the angels of God. Indeed, if we consider the repeated references made by Paul to his own expected death, at Jerusalem and elsewhere, we cannot suppose him to have believed that the resurrection was at hand, and that he *should be alive* at the Lord's coming on that day. "By the end of another century we shall probably have telegraphic communications all round the world." Now, who would infer that a person uttering such a sentence as this, meant to express his conviction that he himself should live a hundred years longer?

From moral errors in conduct, the sacred writers claimed no exemption through the inspiration afforded to them; and the candid relation of their own faults and weaknesses which we find in their writings, is one of those internal proofs of their veracity which false witnesses would certainly not have been likely to supply, though Mr. Greg seems to regard it as fatal to their claims. Our author's confusion of thought on this subject, indeed, leads him

* See particularly Bishop Hind's "History of the Rise and Early Progress of Christianity."

* See Creed of Christendom, pp. 24, 25.

to suppose that the term inspiration may be applied to that ordinary assistance of God's Holy Spirit in helping our infirmities, and renewing and purifying our moral nature, which all true Christians share with the sacred writers—to which our Lord alluded when He said, "ye cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth," but which does not enlighten our judgments, or secure us from error, in any other way than by rendering us less liable to be misled by unworthy passions.

Mr. Greg well remarks (p. 27), that there can be no degrees of inspiration. This is true; for any question as to differences of inspiration, must be a question not of degree, but of quantity; since, as has been rightly said, "one person cannot be *more* inspired on each point than another, though he may be inspired on more *points*." The words of a logical writer of the present day, appear to meet this portion of the subject so suitably, that we shall be pardoned for employing them:—"It is probable that many persons deceive others and themselves, by confusing together in their minds differences of *degree* and differences of *amount;* and thence imagining (what a little calm reflection must show to be impossible and indeed unintelligible) that there may be different *degrees* of what is properly and strictly termed inspiration; that is, the *miraculous* influence under which we conceive anything that we call an inspired work to have been written. The existence or non-existence of this inspiration is a question of *fact;* and though there may be different degrees of *evidence for* the existence of a fact, it is plain that one fact cannot be, itself, more or less a fact than another. Inspiration may extend either to the very words uttered, or merely to the subject-matter of them, or merely to a certain portion of the matter;—to all, for instance, that pertains to *religious* truth,—so as to afford a complete exemption from doctrinal errors, though not to matters of geography, natural philosophy, &c. But in every case we understand that to whatever points the inspiration does extend, in these it secures *infallibility;* and infallibility manifestly cannot admit of *degrees*."*

When, therefore, Mr. Greg complains of the dogmas of the Christian faith; he forgets that a revelation of God's will *must* consist of *dogmas*—for it must be *infallible;* and that in rejecting these dogmas he must reject all inspiration but such as his own private judgment pronounces undoubtedly true. It is not therefore inspiration, but his own private judgment that he follows. A remarkable proof of this fact is given by him in a passage† in which, while he cavils at Sir Charles Lyell for declaring the Bible to be a vehicle of religious truth, and not of geology and astronomy—and at Dr. Whewell and Dr. Buckland, for shewing that there is no discrepancy between the facts recorded in Genesis and the discoveries of modern science,—he admits "the grand and sublime truth, that contrary alike to the dreams of Pagan and of Oriental philosophy, heaven and earth were not self-existent and eternal but created." Now, on what ground Mr. Greg—denying the inspiration of Scripture—receives this dogma, we are at a loss to conceive, except that, as we have said, he relies on inspiration for such truths as approve themselves to his own judgment,—in other words, that he *relies on his own inspiration.*

This whole school of writers, however, appear to take for granted that abstract probability is to be the guide of our judgment in pronouncing what is or is not true; and that whatever seems improbable, accordingly, is to be rejected. Now, it may be replied, what can be more *improbable* than that a *revelation* should contain what we should have conjectured as probable,—for, if so, why were we not left to make it out by conjecture?

Again, we have our author falling into the strange mistake of expecting to find in the inspired writings a declaration of their own inspiration. Now, under ordinary circumstances, it is just what we should *not* expect to find, except in an imposture, such as the Koran. It is, indeed, most manifestly silly for any one (in addressing men of intelligence) to put forth, *on his own authority*, a bare assertion of his own infallibility, or, indeed, of his credibility on any point. If his hearers are *already* convinced of this, why should he assert it? If they are *not*, why should they believe it on his word? Our Lord and his Apostles, accordingly, appealed, where necessary, not to assertions of their own, but to *proofs.* "If ye believe not me, believe the works: . . . The works which I do in my Father's name, they bear witness of me." And so also Paul's "signs of an apostle" were not "enticing words," but "*demonstration* of the Spirit and of power."

Dismissing, then, the subject of inspiration, and with it all the real difficulties which seem to have presented themselves to Mr. Greg's mind, we proceed,—not to reply in detail to the objections which he brings forward against the Old Testament writings, because this part of the subject has been sufficiently illustrated in our remarks on the "Hebrew Monarchy,"—nor to discuss the critical proofs of their genuineness and antiquity, but to reply to his incredulity by certain plain questions, often indeed asked, though never answered.

Can the investigator into the records of the human race, we ask, discover in all the annals

* Infant Baptism (Appendix to) by Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin.

† See pp. 49, 50.

of history, ancient or modern, a second instance of a nation, existing in the most barbarous ages of the world, and far from being among the most civilized even of those times, arriving, alone and unaided, at the sublime doctrine of one Creator and ruler of the universe,*—a doctrine which had never been really discovered or fully comprehended by the wisest philosophers and most renowned teachers of antiquity,—preserving this religion in the midst of the grossest idolatries in surrounding nations, and in spite of occasional lapses of its own people into those idolatries—governed by a code of laws which *professed* to rule them by a system of *temporal* rewards and punishments alone, and which, therefore, in case of failure, must have been speedily discovered and branded as an imposture—keeping up a system of most burdensome ceremonies, and never, even in long years of captivity amongst foreign nations, losing sight of the pure Theism which was the basis of their belief, and bearing testimony to the real existence, and to the miracles, of Him whom they nevertheless rejected?

And can such an investigator, we further ask, find an instance in modern times of a nation, conquered and reconquered, scattered among all the nations of the old world, losing, in great measure, the use of its very language as a living tongue, and yet kept strictly separate from all those nations among whom it lives; and kept separate, not by habits, not by language, not by way of life, but by *religion*,—and *by religion the most important and essential part of which* (*sacrifices in the Temple*) *they cannot practise?* So that, while it is the only nation in the world kept apart from others *by* religion, it is the only nation which *could* be prevented from exercising that religion while they were still its known and permitted votaries! And, it may be added, can a nation be found (whose history is only a tenth-part as remarkable) who possess books in which that history was clearly and minutely predicted centuries before,—books foretelling their rejection of the promised benefactor and Redeemer of their race, and which they nevertheless preserve with scrupulous veneration?†

Now, if Mr. Greg can ascribe all this to *a series of lucky coincidences*, a series extending, even on the lowest computation, over four or five thousand years, what right has he to complain of the *credulity* of those who believe in the Bible narratives? But, with respect to the prophetic writings, Mr. Greg does not admit that the Old Testament prophecies were really applicable to Christ, or that they were meant by the prophets to apply to Him. How was it, then, we may ask, that the apostles convinced so many thousands by an appeal to those prophecies?—thousands even of men accustomed to attribute superhuman works to demoniacal agency, but who yielded to the evidence of *prophecy*, in opposition to all their ancient prejudices, to their hopes, and to their worldly interests?

But we must offer a few illustrations of the more special objections contained in this work.

Mr. Greg is offended at the *mode* in which our sacred records represent God as revealing Himself to mankind. He rejects the idea that the Almighty should hold intercourse with His creatures, or manifest His presence under some appearance which their senses are able to appreciate; as by some form of light or fire, or by angelic natures clothed in human shape, as those of the angels who visited Abraham. And, in the same spirit, he rejects the notion that God, who is everywhere, should appoint a place where His servants might from time to time have access to Him—"a place to set His name there"—where His presence might be felt and acknowledged, even by a half-civilized and gross-minded people, unable to fix their minds on moral or intellectual attributes but through the medium of sensible objects. These circumstances, together with the manner in which the Divine Being is spoken of,—the way in which human passions are figuratively attributed to Him,—and a local residence assigned Him, are introduced by Mr. Greg into his table of incongruities, as not to be reconciled with the high and noble attributes elsewhere ascribed to Him, and as a proof that it was not the true God who was so revealed, "not the God of the prophets, but of the priests." He cannot conceive, for instance, that a worshipper of the true God, as David or Solomon, should seek "to build Him an House," and yet be fully persuaded that "the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him." There is, however, no real inconsistency between the two statements: David and Solomon desired to build an house for *that manifestation* of God's presence among them, which had been at various periods of their history granted to their nation, while they were well aware that He who created the heavens and the earth could not literally

* To those who are aware of the generally admitted fact, that the Hebrews used the plural number to denote magnitude, Mr. Greg's criticism on the word Elohim, used for God in the Book of Genesis, will present no difficulty. Mr. Greg thinks it an acknowledgement by the narrator, that he who made the heavens and the earth was only one out of many Gods! Supposing Elohim is always to be rendered "gods," the declaration of Moses, [Deut. vi. 4,] "The Lord *our gods* is one Lord," is to mean, "one out of many!" The form used by kings and governors among ourselves, might have suggested some other explanation.

† See "Evidences of Christianity"—Jews; published by Parker. Also, Grave's Lectures.

dwell in a temple made with hands. And Mr. Greg would have been justly indignant had Solomon left it to be supposed otherwise. He is, however, revolted by the idea of a local, a family, and a national deity, as attributed to the Most High. He cannot conceive that God should have revealed himself to one tribe of people on the earth, among whom his worship, though corrupted and impure, has been preserved,—to Abraham as his family God, "the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob;" and afterwards to his descendants, as the God of their nation. Our author, in short, is offended that the Almighty should be represented throughout the Jewish history as *descending* to man, instead of *raising* man at once to Himself. Must all the ways of God approve themselves to *human* judgment?

Mr. Greg and Mr. Newman have both, in common with many German writers, their "Elohistic" and their "Jehovistic" theory. They suppose that, because different terms were used on different occasions by the Old Testament writers to express the name of God, these writers held views of the Supreme Being inconsistent with each other; that the one view embodied, as we have said, the idea of the prophets, the other that of the priests—the latter being a false representation of Him. Now the fact seems to be, that the word Elohim expressed the more abstract and general idea of God, and the word Jehovah represented Him in his connexion with the Jews as a *nation*, since it was by this name that the Almighty had revealed Himself to them by Moses, and *chosen* them. "I appeared unto Abraham, and Isaac and Jacob by the name of God Almighty, but by my name Jehovah was I not known unto them." And when Moses was commanded to go with a message to the children of Israel, he was to say, that "*I am*," (Jehovah, He that is,) had sent him.

Mr. Greg alludes to the fact of the Jews having been Polytheists, as a contradiction to the supposed purity of their worship. If by Polytheism Mr. Greg means a belief in Beings superior to Man, then were they certainly Polytheists, even those of them who fully believed that "the Lord was *the God*;" and so are those of us who believe in the existence of evil spirits, as well as the ignorant among us, who put faith in fairies, &c. But by Polytheism is generally understood paying *allegiance* to such beings, or worshipping them in connexion with, or to the neglect of, the one true God. And it is in this sense, of course, that Paley denies the name of Polytheists to the Israelites in the passage quoted by Mr. Greg, and speaks of them as "adhering to the unity when all other nations slid into Polytheism;" and that Dean Milner uses the expression *Monotheism* in regard to them, viz., as worshippers of the true God—the Maker of the universe. It *was*, then, in perfect consistency with the command, "Thou shalt have none other Gods but me," (though this involves a difficulty to Mr. Greg,) that Jacob and others are represented in the sacred narratives as being allowed to "*choose* whom they would serve."

Man's worship, indeed, where the *knowledge of the one true God has been brought before his mind at all*, seems always to have been left as a matter of choice. His religion is not forced upon him by demonstration. His will is left free to reject or receive the revelation offered to him. The responsibility might suggest an awful subject of thought to those who stand in the former position.

We confine our comments on Mr. Greg's treatise meanwhile to that comparatively small part of it which properly relates to the subject of this Article. The criticisms contained in the book itself extend over a much wider field, including the New Testament as well as the Old, the doctrine of Miracles, and the Future Life. Respecting the author's treatment of the last of these subjects, we may however remark, that, if "faith" consist in a confident trust, without any ground, he surely is not wanting in such faith. He rejects the proof, and yet keeps by the doctrine. Nay, he believes it not only "without the countenance," but "in spite of the hostility of logic," (p. 303.) He is full of cheering confidence that all existing evils will work out ultimate good. Yet this hope is built on—confessedly *nothing rational*. The Christian's hope *we*, at least, consider to be built on *some definite reasons*. Our author, moreover, is animated by the prospect that all our sufferings may "work together for good," not to *ourselves* indeed, but to some future generation, or to some other order of Beings; though Ulysses and his companions did not, it seems, feel much satisfaction in the thought that their flesh would furnish a dainty meal to the giant.

Enough, we think, has been said in this Article, by way of specimen, to illustrate, to fair and reasonable minds, the sort of objections to the Old Testament, which are now passing current in some quarters of our literature, together with certain of the *principles* by which they may be judged. We have seen in how great a degree these objections consist of bold and unsupported *assertions*, or of arguments which the thoughtful and intelligent writers, whose works we have selected for criticism, would deride *on any other subject*. These writers have indirectly added to the evidence, that the objections of religious scepti-

cism to the records of the Sacred history, like shadowy forms of twilight, acquire a mysterious power chiefly when viewed from a distance, and lose their terrors when closely examined and proved to be futile.

And as for those who, according to the proverb, are "deaf on one ear,"—who attend to all the objections against the *receiving* of a certain system, and utterly disregard all the objections against *rejecting* it—whose mode, in short, of weighing evidences is to calculate carefully the amount of the weights in one scale, and to think not at all of those in the opposite—persons of that habit of mind are not likely to be enlightened by any prolonged discussion. They would look at our arguments, like Lord Nelson at the battle of Copenhagen, with the *blind* eye.

Art. V.—1. *Elliott's Poems.* London, 1833.
2. *Poems of Robert Nicoll.* Third Edition. Edinburgh, 1843.
3. *Life and Poems of John Bethune.* London, 1841.
4. *Memoirs of Alexander Bethune.* By W. M'Combie. Aberdeen, 1845.
5. *Rhymes and Recollections of a Handloom Weaver.* By William Thom of Inverury. Second Edition. London, 1845.
6. *The Purgatory of Suicides.* By Thomas Cooper. London, 1845.
7. *The Book of Scottish Song.* By Alexander Whitelaw. Edinburgh, 1848.

Four faces among the portraits of modern men, great or small, strike us as supremely beautiful; not merely in expression, but in the form and proportion and harmony of features: Shakspeare, Raffaelle, Goethe, Burns. One would expect it to be so; for the mind makes the body, not the body the mind; and the inward beauty seldom fails to express itself in the outward, as a visible sign of the invisible grace or disgrace of the wearer. Not that it is so always. A Paul, Apostle of the Gentiles, may be ordained to be "in presence weak, in speech contemptible," hampered by some thorn in the flesh—to interfere apparently with the success of his mission, perhaps for the same wise purpose of Providence which sent Socrates to the Athenians, the worshippers of physical beauty, in the ugliest of human bodies, that they, or rather those of them to whom eyes to see had been given, might learn that soul is after all independent of matter, and not its creature and its slave. But, in the generality of cases, physiognomy is a sound and faithful science, and tells us, if not, alas! what the man might have been, still what he has become. Yet even this former problem, what he might have been, may often be solved for us by youthful portraits, before sin and sorrow and weakness have had their will upon the features; and, therefore, when we spoke of these four beautiful faces, we alluded, in each case, to the earliest portraits of each genius which we could recollect. Placing them side by side, we must be allowed to demand for that of Robert Burns an honourable station among them. Of Shakspeare's we do not speak, for it seems to us to combine in itself the elements of all the other three; but of the rest, we question whether Burns's be not, after all, if not the noblest, still the most loveable—the most like what we should wish that of a teacher of men to be. Raffaelle—the most striking portrait of him, perhaps, is the full-face pencil sketch by his own hand in the Taylor Gallery at Oxford—though without a taint of littleness or effeminacy, is soft, melancholy, formed entirely to receive and to elaborate in silence. His is a face to be kissed, not worshipped. Goethe, even in his earliest portraits, looks as if his expression depended too much on his own will. There is a self-conscious power, and purpose, and self-restraint, and all but scorn, upon those glorious lineaments, which might win worship, and did, but not love, except as the child of enthusiasm or of relationship. But Burns's face, to judge of it by the early portrait of him by Nasmyth, must have been a face like that of Joseph of old, of whom the Rabbis relate, that he was literally mobbed by the Egyptian ladies whenever he walked the streets. The magic of that countenance, making Burns at once tempter and tempted, may explain many a sad story. The features certainly are not as regular or well-proportioned as they might be; there is no superabundance of the charm of mere animal health in the outline or colour; but the marks of intellectual beauty in the face are of the highest order, capable of being but too triumphant among a people of deep thought and feeling. The lips, ripe, yet not coarse or loose, full of passion and the faculty of enjoyment, are parted, as if forced to speak by the inner fulness of the heart; the features are rounded, rich, and tender, and yet the bones shew thought massively and manfully everywhere; the eyes laugh out upon you with boundless good humour and sweetness, with simple, eager, gentle surprise—a gleam as of the morning star, looking forth upon the wonder of a new-born world—altogether

> "A station like the herald Mercury,
> New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill."

Bestow on such a man the wittiest and most

winning eloquence—a rich flow of spirits and fulness of health and life—a deep sense of wonder and beauty in the earth and man—an instinct of the dynamic and supernatural laws which underlie and vivify this material universe and its appearances, healthy, yet irregular and unscientific, only not superstitious—turn him loose in any country in Europe, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, and it will not be difficult, alas! to cast his horoscope.

And what an age in which to be turned loose!—for loose he must go, to solve the problem of existence for himself. The grand simple old Scottish education which he got from his parents must prove narrow and unsatisfying for so rich and manifold a character; not because it was in itself imperfect; not because it did not contain implicitly all things necessary for his "salvation"—in every sense, all laws which he might require for his after-life guidance; but because it contained so much of them as yet *only* implicitly; because it was not yet conscious of its own breadth and depth, and power of satisfying the new doubts and cravings of such minds and such times as Burns's. It may be that Burns was the devoted victim by whose fall it was to be taught that it must awaken and expand and renew its youth in shapes equally sound, but more complex and scientific. But it had not done so then. And when Burns found himself gradually growing beyond his father's teaching in one direction, and tempted beyond it in another and a lower one, what was there in those times to take up his education at the point where it had been left unfinished? He saw around him in plenty animal good-nature and courage, barbaric honesty and hospitality—more, perhaps, than he would see now; for the upward progress into civilized excellencies is sure to be balanced by some loss of savage ones—but all reckless, shallow, above all, drunken. It was a hard-drinking, coarse, materialist age. The higher culture, of Scotland especially, was all but exclusively French—not a good kind, while Voltaire and Volney still remained unanswered, and "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" were accepted by all young gentlemen, and a great many young ladies, who could read French, as the best account of the relation of the sexes.

Besides, the philosophy of that day, like its criticism, was altogether mechanical, nay, as it now seems, materialist in its ultimate and logical results. Criticism was outward, and of the form merely. The world was not believed to be already, and in itself, mysterious and supernatural, and the poet was not defined as the man who could see and proclaim that supernatural element. Before it was admired, it was to be raised above nature into the region of "the picturesque," or what not; and the poet was the man who gave it this factitious and superinduced beauty, by a certain "kompsologia" and "meteoroepeia," called "poetic diction," now happily becoming extinct, mainly, we believe, under the influence of Burns, although he himself thought it his duty to bedizen his verses therewith, and though it was destined to flourish for many a year more in the temple of the father of lies, like a jar of paper flowers on a Popish altar.

No wonder that in such a time, a genius like Burns should receive not only no guidance, but no finer appreciation. True, he was admired, petted, flattered; for that the man was wonderful, no one could doubt. But we question whether he was understood; whether, if that very flowery and magniloquent style which we now consider his great failing had been away, he would not have been passed over by the many as a writer of vulgar doggrel. True, the old simple ballad muse of Scotland still dropped a gem from her treasures, here and there, even in the eighteenth century itself—witness Auld Robin Gray. But who suspected that they were gems, of which Scotland, fifty years afterwards, would be prouder and more greedy than of all the second-hand French culture which seemed to her then the highest earthly attainment? The review of Burns in an early number of the *Edinburgh Review*, said to be from the pen of the late Lord Jeffrey, shews, as clearly as anything can, the utterly inconsistent and bewildered feeling with which the world must have regarded such a phenomenon. Alas! there was inconsistency and bewilderment enough in the phenomenon itself, but that only made confusion worse confounded; the confusion was already there, even in the mind of the more practical literary men, who ought, one would have thought, also to have been the most deep-sighted. But no. The reviewer turns the strange thing over and over, and inside out—and some fifteen years after it has vanished out of the world, having said out its say and done all that it had to do, he still finds it too utterly abnormal to make up his mind about in any clear or consistent way, and gets thoroughly cross with it, and calls it hard names, because it will not fit into any established pigeonhole or drawer of the then existing anthropological museum. Burns is "a literary prodigy," and yet it is "a derogation" to him to consider him as one. And that we find, not as we should have expected, because he possessed genius which would have made success a matter of course in any rank, but because he was so well educated—"having acquired a competent knowledge of French, together with the elements of Latin and Geometry," and before he had composed a

single stanza, was "far more intimately acquainted with Pope, Shakspeare, and Thomson, than nine-tenths of the youths who leave school for the University," &c., &c.;—in short, because he was so well educated, that his becoming Robert Burns, the immortal poet, was a matter of course and necessity. And yet, a page or two on, the great reason why it was more easy for Robert Burns the cottar to become an original and vigorous poet, rather than for any one of "the herd of scholars and academical literati," who are depressed and discouraged by "perusing the most celebrated writers, and conversing with the most intelligent judges," is found to be, that "the literature and refinement of the age does not exist for a rustic and illiterate individual; and consequently the present time is to him what the rude times of old were to the vigorous writers who adorned them."—In short, the great reason of Robert Burns's success was that he did not possess that education, the possession of which proves him to be no prodigy, though the review begins by calling him one, and coupling him with Stephen Duck and Thomas Dermody.

Now if the best critic of the age, writing fifteen years after Burns's death, found himself between the horns of such a dilemma—which indeed, like those of an old Arnee bull, meet at the points, and form a complete circle of contradictions—what must have been the bewilderment of lesser folk during the prodigy's very lifetime? what must, indeed, have been his own bewilderment at himself, however manfully he may have kept it down? No wonder that he was unguided, either by himself or by others. We do not blame them; him we must deeply blame; yet not as we ought to blame ourselves, did we yield in the least to those temptations under which Burns fell.

Biographies of Burns, and those good ones, according to the standard of biographies in these days, are said to exist; we cannot say that we have as yet cared to read them. There are several other biographies, even more important, to be read first, when they are written. Shakspeare has found as yet no biographer; has not even left behind him materials for a biography, such at least as are considered worth using. Indeed, we question whether such a biography would be of any use whatever to the world; for the man who cannot, by studying his dramas in some tolerably accurate chronological order, and using as a running accompaniment and closet commentary those awe-inspiring sonnets of his, attain to some clear notion of what sort of life William Shakspeare must have led, would not see him much the clearer for many folios of anecdote. For after all, the best biography of every sincere man is sure to be his own works; here he has set down, "transferred as in a figure," all that has happened to him, inward or outward, or rather, all which has formed him, produced a permanent effect upon his mind and heart; and knowing that, you know all you need know, and are content, being glad to escape the personality and gossip of names and places, and of dates even, except in as far as they enable you to place one step of his mental growth before or after another. Of the honest man this holds true always; and almost always of the dishonest man, the man of cant, affectation, hypocrisy; for even if he pretend in his novel or his poem to be what he is not, he still shews you thereby what he thinks he ought to have been, or at least what he thinks that the world thinks he ought to have been, and confesses to you, in the most *naïve* and confidential way, like one who talks in his sleep, what learning he has or has not had; what society he has or has not seen, and that in the very act of trying to prove the contrary. Nay, the smaller the man or woman, and the less worth deciphering his biography, the more surely will he shew you, if you have eyes to see and time to look, what sort of people offended him twenty years ago; what meanness he would have liked "to indulge in," if he had dared, when young, and for what other meanness he relinquished it, as he grew up; of what periodical he stood in awe when he took pen in hand, and so forth. Whether his books treat of love or political economy, theology or geology, it is there, the history of the man legibly printed, for those who care to read it. In these poems and letters of Burns, we apprehend is to be found a truer history than any anecdote can supply, of the things which happened to himself, and moreover of the most notable things which went on in Scotland between 1759 and 1796.

This latter assertion may seem startling, when we consider that we find in these poems no mention whatsoever of the discoveries of steam-boats and spinning-jennies, the rise of the great manufacturing cities, the revolution in Scottish agriculture, or even in Scottish metaphysics. But after all, the history of a nation is the history of the men, and not of the things thereof; and the history of those men is the history of their hearts, and not of their purses, or even of their heads; and the history of one man who has felt in himself the heart experiences of his generation, and anticipated many belonging to the next generation, is so far the collective history of that generation, and of much—no man can say how much—of the next generation; and such a man, bearing within his single soul a generation and a half of working-men, we

take Robert Burns to have been; and his poems, as such, a contemporaneous history of Scotland, the equal to which we are not likely to see written for this generation, or several to come.

Such a man sent out into such an age, would naturally have a hard and a confused battle to fight, would probably, unless he fell under the guidance of some master mind, end *se ipso minor*, stunted and sadly deformed, as Burns did. His works are after all only the *disjecta membra poetæ;* hints of a great might-have-been. Hints of the keenest and most dramatic appreciation of human action and thought. Hints of an unbounded fancy, playing gracefully in the excess of its strength, with the vastest images, as in that robe of the Scottish muse, in which

> 'Deep lights and shades, bold mingling, threw
> A lustre grand,
> And seem'd to my astonished view
> A well-known land."

The image, and the next few stanzas which dilate it, might be a translation from Dante's Paradiso, so broad, terse, vivid, the painter's touch.—Hints, too, of a humour, which, like that of Shakspeare, rises at times by sheer depth of insight into the sublime; as when

> "Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch
> Just like a winking baudrons."—

Hints of a power of verbal wit, which, had it been sharpened in such a perpetual word-battle as that amid which Shakspeare lived from the age of twenty, might have rivalled Shakspeare's own; which even now asserts its force by a hundred little never-to-be-forgotten phrases scattered through his poems, which stick, like barbed arrows, in the memory of every reader.—And as for his tenderness—the quality without which all other poetic excellence is barren—it gushes forth toward every creature, animate and inanimate, with one exception, namely, the hypocrite, ever alike "*spiacente a Dio e ai nemici sui;*" and therefore intolerable to Robert Burns's honesty, whether he be fighting for or against the cause of right. Again we say, there are evidences of a versatile and manifold faculty in this man, which, with a stronger will and a larger education, might have placed him as an equal by the side of those great names which we mentioned together with his at the commencement of this Article.

But one thing Burns wanted; and of that one thing his age helped to deprive him,—the education which comes by reverence. Looking round in such a time, with his keen power of insight, his keen sense of humour, what was there to worship? Lord Jeffrey, or whosoever was the author of the review in the *Edinburgh*, says disparagingly, that Burns had as much education as Shakspeare. So he very probably had, if education mean book-learning. Nay, more, of the practical education of the fireside, the sober, industrious, God-fearing education, and "drawing out" of the manhood, by act and example, Burns may have had more under his good father than Shakspeare under his; though the family life of the small English burgher in Elizabeth's time would have generally presented, as we suspect, the very same aspect of staid manfulness and godliness which a Scotch farmer's did fifty years ago. But let that be as it may, Burns was not born into an Elizabethan age. He did not see around him Raleighs and Sidneys, Cecils and Hookers, Drakes and Frobishers, Spensers and Johnsons, Southamptons and Willoughbys, with an Elizabeth, guiding and moulding the great whole, a crowned Titaness, terrible, and strong, and wise—a woman who, whether right or wrong, bowed the proudest, if not to love, yet still to obey.

That was the secret of Shakspeare's power. Heroic himself, he was born into an age of heroes. You see it in his works. Not a play but gives patent evidence that to him all forms of human magnanimity were common and way-side flowers—among the humours of men which he and Ben Jonson used to wander forth together to observe. And thus he could give living action and speech to the ancient noblenesses of Rome and the middle age; for he had walked and conversed with them, unchanged in everything but in the dress. Had he known Greek literature he could have recalled to imperishable life such men as Cimon and Miltiades, Leonidas and Themistocles, such deeds as Marathon and Salamis. For had we not had our own Miltiades, our own Salamis, written within a few years of his birth; and were not the heroes of it still walking among men? It was surely this continual presence of "men of worship," this atmosphere of admiration and respect and trust, in which Shakspeare must have lived, which tamed down the wild self-will of the deer-stealing fugitive from Stratford, into the calm large-eyed philosopher, tolerant and loving, and full of faith in a species made in the likeness of God. Not so with Burns. One feels painfully in his poems the want of great characters; and still more painfully that he has not drawn them, simply because they were not there to draw. That he has a true eye for what is noble, when he sees it, let his "Lament for Glencairn" testify, and the stanzas in his "Vision," in which, with a high-bred grace which many a courtly poet of his day might have envied, he alludes to one and another Scottish worthy of his time. There

is no vein of saucy and envious "banausia" in the man; even in his most graceless sneer, his fault—if fault it be—is, that he cannot and will not pretend to respect that which he knows to be unworthy of respect. He sees around him and above him, as well as below him, an average of men and things dishonest, sensual, ungodly, shallow, ridiculous by reason of their own lusts and passions, and he will not apply to the shams of dignity and worth, the words which were meant for their realities. After all, he does but say what every one round him was feeling and thinking: but he said it; and hypocritical respectability shrank shrieking from the mirror of her own inner heart. But it was all the worse for him. In the sins of others he saw an excuse for his own. Losing respect for and faith in his brother men, he lost, as a matter of course, respect for himself, faith in himself. The hypocrisy which persecutes in the name of law, whether political or moral, while in private it transgresses the very law which is for ever on its tongue, is turned by his passionate and sorely-tempted character into a too easy excuse for disbelieving in the obligation of any law whatsoever. He ceases to worship, and therefore to be himself worshipful,—and we know the rest.

"He might have still worshipped God?" He might, and surely amid all his sins, doubts, and confusions, the remembrance of the old faith learned at his parent's knee, *does* haunt him still as a beautiful regret—and sometimes, in his bitterest hours, shine out before his poor broken heart as an everlasting Pharos, lighting him homewards after all. Whether he reached that home or not, none on earth can tell. But his writings shew, if anything can, that the vestal-fire of conscience still burned within, though choked again and again with bitter ashes and foul smoke. Consider the time in which he lived, when it was "as with the people, so with the priest," and the grand old life-tree of the Scottish Church, now green and vigorous with fresh leaves and flowers, was all crusted with foul scurf and moss, and seemed to have ceased growing, and to be crumbling down into decay; consider the terrible contradiction between faith and practice which must have met the eyes of the man, before he could write with the same pen—and one as honestly as the other—"The Cottar's Saturday Night," and "Holy Willie's Prayer." But those times are past, and the men who acted in them gone to another tribunal. Let the dead bury their dead; and, in the meantime, instead of cursing the misguided genius, let us consider whether we have not also something for which to thank him; whether, as competent judges of him aver from their own experience, those very seeming blasphemies of his have not produced more good than evil; whether, though "a savour of death unto death," to conceited and rebellious spirits, they may not have helped to open the eyes of the wise to the extent to which the general eighteenth century rottenness had infected Scotland, and to make intolerable a state of things which ought to have been intolerable, even if Burns had never written.

We are not attacking the reviewer, far less the *Edinburgh Review*, which some years after this not only made the *amende honorable* to Burns, but shewed a frank impartiality only too rare in the reviews of these days, by publishing in its pages the noble article on Burns which has since appeared separately in Mr. Carlyle's Miscellanies; what we want to show from the reviewer's own words, is the element in which Burns had to work, the judges before whom he had to plead, and the change which, as we think, very much by the influence of his own poems, has passed upon the minds of men. How few are there who would pen now about him such a sentence as this—"He is," (that is, was, having gone to his account fifteen years before,) "perpetually making a parade of his own inflammability and imprudence, and talking with much self-complacency and exultation of the offence he has occasioned to the sober and correct part of mankind,"—a very small part of mankind, one would have thought, in the British isles at least, about the end of the last century. But, it was the fashion then, as usual, to substitute the praise of virtues for the practice of them, and three-bottle and ten-tumbler men had a very good right, of course, to admire sobriety and correctness, and denounce any two-bottle and six-tumbler man who was not ashamed to confess in print the weaknesses which they confessed only by word of mouth. Just, and yet not just. True, Burns does make a parade of his thoughtlessness, and worse—but, why? because he gloried in it? He must be a very skin-deep critic who cannot see, even in the most insolent of those blameworthy utterances, an inward shame and self-reproach, which if any man had ever felt in himself, he would be in no wise inclined to laugh at it in others. Why, it is the very shame which wrings those poems out of him. They are the attempt of the strong man fettered to laugh at his own consciousness of slavery—to deny the existence of his chains—to pretend to himself that he likes them. To us, some of those wildest, "Rob the Ranter" bursts of blackguardism are most deeply mournful, hardly needing that the sympathies which they stir up should be heightened by the little scraps of prayer and bitter repentance, which lie up and down among their uglier brethren, the *disjecta*

membra of a great "De Profundis," perhaps not all unheard. These latter pieces are most significant. The very doggrel of them, the total absence of any attempt at ornament in diction or polish in metre, is proof complete of their deep heart-wrung sincerity. They are like the wail of a lost child, rather than the remorse of a Titan. The heart of the man was so young to the last; the boy-vein in him as perhaps in all great poets, beating on through manhood for good and for evil. No! there was parade there, as of the lost woman, who tries to hide her self-disgust by staring you out of countenance, but of complacency and exultation, none.

On one point, namely politics, Burns's higher sympathies seem to have been awakened. It had been better for him, in a worldly point of view, that they had not. In an intellectual, and even in a moral point of view, far worse. A fellow-feeling with the French Revolution, in the mind of a young man of that day, was a sign of moral health, which we should have been sorry to miss in him. Unable to foresee the outcome of the great struggle, having lost faith in those everlasting truths, religious and political, which it was madly setting at nought, what could it appear to him but an awakening from the dead, a return to young and genial health, a purifying thunder-storm. Such was his dream, the dream of thousands more, and not so wrong a one after all. For that, since that fearful outburst of the nether pit, all Europe has arisen and awakened into manifold and beautiful new life, who can deny? We are not what we were, but better; or rather, with boundless means of being better if we will. We have entered a fresh era of time for good and evil; the fact is patent in every sermon we hear, in every book we read, in every invention, even the most paltry, which we see registered. Shall we think hardly of the man who saw the dawn of our own day, and welcomed it cheerfully and hopefully, even though he fancied the mist-spectres to be elements of the true sunrise, and knew not—and who knows?—the purposes of Him whose paths are in the great deep, and His ways past finding out? At least, the greater part of his influence on the times which have followed him, is to be ascribed to that very "Radicalism" which in the eyes of the respectable around him, had sealed his doom, and consigned him to ignoble oblivion. It has been, with the working men who read him, a passport for the rest of his writings; it has allured them to listen to him, when he spoke of high and holy things, which but for him, they might have long ago tossed away as worthless, in the recklessness of ignorance and discontent. They could trust *his* "Cottar's Saturday Night;" they could believe that he spoke from his heart, when in deep anguish he cries to the God whom he had forgotten, while they would have turned with a distrustful sneer from the sermon of the sleek and comfortable minister, who in their eyes, however humbly born, had deserted his class, and gone over to the camp of the enemy, and the flesh-pots of Egypt.

After the time of Burns, as was to be expected, Scottish song multiplies itself tenfold. The nation becomes awakened to the treasures of its own old literature, and attempts, what after all, alas! is but a revival; and like most revivals, not altogether a successful one. Of the twelve hundred songs contained in Mr. Whitelaw's excellent collection, whereof more than a hundred and fifty are either wholly or partly Burns's, the small proportion written before him are decidedly far superior in value to those written after him; a discouraging fact, though not difficult to explain, if we consider the great social changes which have been proceeding, the sterner subjects of thought which have been arising, during the last half century. True song requires for its atmosphere a state rather of careless arcadian prosperity, than of struggle and doubt, of earnest looking forward to an unknown future, and pardonable regret for a dying past; and in that state the mind of the masses, throughout North-Britain, has been weltering confusedly for the last few years. The new and more complex era into which we are passing has not yet sufficiently opened itself to be sung about; men hardly know what it is, much less what it will be; and while they are hard at work creating it, they have no breath to spare in talking of it: one thing they do see and feel, painfully enough at times, namely, that the old Scottish pastoral life is passing away, before the combined influence of manufactures and the large-farm system, to be replaced, doubtless, hereafter by something better, but in the meanwhile dragging down with it in its decay but too much that can ill be spared of that old society which inspired Ramsay and Burns. Hence the later Scottish song writers seldom really sing; their proses want the unconscious lilt and flash of their old models; they will hardly go (the true test of a song) without music—the true test, we say, of a song. Who needs music, however fitting and beautiful the accustomed air may happen to be, to "Roy's Wife of Aldivallach," or "The bride cam' out o' the byre," or either of the casts of "The Flowers of the Forest," or to "Auld Lang Syne" itself? They bubble right up out of the heart, and by virtue of their inner and unconscious melody, which all that is true to the heart has in it, shape themselves into a song, and are not shaped by any notes whatsoever. So with many, most indeed, of Burns's and a few of

Allan Cunningham's; the "Wet sheet and a flowing sail," for instance. But the great majority of these later songs seem, if the truth is to be spoken, inspirations at second hand, of people writing about things which they would like to feel, and which they ought to feel, because others used to feel them in old times, but which they do not feel as their forefathers felt—a sort of poetical Tractarianism, in short. Their metre betrays them, as well as their words; in both they are continually wandering, unconsciously to themselves, into the elegiac—except when on one subject, whereon the muse of Scotia still warbles at first hand, and from the depths of her heart—namely, alas! the barley bree! and yet never, even on this beloved theme, has she risen again to the height of Burns's bacchanalian songs.

But when sober, there is a sadness about the Scottish muse now-a-days—as perhaps there ought to be—and the utterances of hers which ring the truest are laments. We question whether in all Mr. Whitelaw's collection there is a single modern poem, (placing Burns as the transition point between the old and new,) which rises so high, or pierces so deep, with all its pastoral simplicity, as Smibert's "Widow's Lament."

"Afore the Lammas tide
Had dun'd the birken tree,
In a' our water side,
Nae wife was blest like me:
A kind gudeman, and twa
Sweet bairns were round me here;
But they're a' ta'en awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

"Sair trouble cam' our gate,
And made me, when it cam',
A bird without a mate,
A ewe without a lamb.
Our hay was yet to maw,
And our corn was yet to shear;
When they a' dwined awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

"I daurna look a-field,
For aye I trow to see,
The form that was a bield
To my wee bairns and me;
But wind, and weet, and snaw,
They never mair can fear,
Sin' they a' got they ca',
In the fa' o' the year.

"Aft on the hill at e'ens
I see him 'mang the ferns,
The lover o' my teens,
The father o' my bairns:
For there his plaid I saw,
As gloamin' aye drew near—
But my a's now awa',
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

"Our bonnie rigs theirsel',
Reca' my ways to mind,
Our puir dumb beasties tell
O' a' that I ha'e tyned;
For whae our wheat will saw,
And whae our sheep will shear,
Sin' my a' gaed awa',
In the fa' o' the year?

"My heart is growing cauld,
And will be caulder still,
And sair, sair in the fauld,
Will be the winter's chill;
For peats were yet to ca',
Our sheep they were to smear,
When my a' dwined awa',
In the fa' o' the year.

"I ettle whiles to spin,
But wee wee patterin' feet
Come rinnin' out and in,
And then I first maun greet:
I ken its fancy a',
And faster rows the tear,
That my a' dwined awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

"Be kind, O heav'n abune!
To ane sae wae and lane
An' tak' her hamewards sune,
In pity o' her mane:
Lang ere the March winds blaw
May she, far, far frae here,
Meet them a' that's awa',
Sin' the fa' o' the year."

It seems strange why the man who could write this, who shews, in the minor key of metre, which he has so skilfully chosen, such an instinct for the true music of words, could not have written much more. And yet, perhaps, we have ourselves given the reason already. There was not much more to sing about. The fashion of imitating old Jacobite songs is past, the mine now being exhausted, to the great comfort of sincerity and common sense. The peasantry, whose courtships, rich in animal health, yet not over pure or refined, Allan Ramsay sung a hundred years ago, are learning to think, and act, and emigrate, as well as to make love. The age of Theocritus and Bion has given place to—shall we say the age of the Cæsars, or the irruption of the barbarians?—and the love-singers of the North are beginning to feel, that if that passion is to retain any longer its rightful place in their popular poetry, it must be spoken of henceforth in words as lofty and refined as those in which the most educated and the most gifted speak of it. Hence, in the transition between the old animalism and the new spiritualism, a jumble of the two elements, not always felicitous; attempts at ambitious description, after Burns's worst manner; at subjective sentiment, after the worst manner of the world in general; and yet, all the while, a consciousness that there was something worth keeping in the simple objective style of the old school, with-

out which the new thoughtfulness would be hollow, and barren, and windy; and so the two are patched together, "new cloth into an old garment, making the rent worse." Accordingly, they are universally troubled with the disease of epithets, these new songs. Ryan's exquisite "Lass wi' the Bonny Blue Een," is utterly spoiled by two offences of this kind.

"She'll steal out to meet her *loved* Donald again,"

and—

"The world's *false and vanishing* scene;

as Allan Cunningham's still more exquisite "Lass of Preston Mill" is by one subjective figure,—

"Six hills are woolly with my sheep,
Six vales are lowing with my kye."

Burns doubtless committed the same fault again and again; but in his time it was the fashion; and the older models (for models they are and will remain for ever) had not been studied and analyzed as they have been since. Burns, indeed, actually spoiled one or two of his own songs by altering them from their first cast to suit the sentimental taste of his time. The first version, for instance, of the "Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," is far superior to the second and more popular one, because it dares to go without epithets. Compare the second stanza of each:—

"Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough?
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause love was true."

* * * * * *

"Thou'lt break my heart, thou *warbling* bird,
That *wantons* through the *flowery* thorn;
Thou minds me o' *departed* joys,
Departed *never to return.*"

What is said in the latter stanza which has not been said in the former, and said more dramatically, more as the images would really present themselves to the speaker's mind? It would be enough for him that the bird was bonnie, and singing; and his very sorrow would lead him to analyze and describe as little as possible a thing which so painfully contrasted with his own feelings; whether the thorn was flowery or not, would not have mattered to him, unless he had some distinct association with the thorn-flowers, in which case he would have brought out the image full and separate, and not merely thrown it in as a make-weight to "thorn;"—and this is the great reason why epithets are, nine times out of ten, mistakes in song and ballad poetry, he never would have thought of "departed" before he thought of "joys." A very little consideration of the actual processes of thought in such a case, will shew the truth of our observation, and the instinctive wisdom of the older song-writers, in putting the epithet as often as possible after the noun, instead of before it, even at the expense of grammar. They are bad things at all times in song-poetry, these epithets; and, accordingly, we find that the best German writers, like Uhland and Heine, get rid of them as much as possible, and succeed thereby, every word striking and ringing down with full force, no cushion of an epithet intruding between the reader's brain-anvil and the poet's hammer to break the blow. In Uhland's "Three Burschen," if we recollect right, there are but two epithets, and those of the simplest descriptive kind—"Thy fair daughter" and a "black pall." Were there more, we question whether the poet would have succeeded, as he has done, in making our flesh creep as he leads us on from line to line and verse to verse. So Tennyson, the greatest of our living poets, eschews as much as possible, in his later writings, these same epithets, except in cases where they are themselves objective and pictorial—in short, the very things which he wants you to look at, as, for instance,—

"And into *silver* arrows break,
The *sailing* moon in creek and cove."

This is fair enough; but, indeed, after laying down our rule, we must confess that it is very difficult to keep always true to it, in a language which does not, like the Latin and German, allow us to put our adjectives very much where we choose. Nevertheless, whether we can avoid it or not, every time we place before the noun an epithet, which, like "*departed* joys," relates to our consciousness concerning the object, not merely to the object itself; or an epithet which, like "*flowery* thorn," gives us, before we get to the object itself, those accidents of the object which we only discern by a second look, by analysis and reflection; (for the thorn, if in the flower, would *look* to us, at the first glance, not "flowery," but "white," "snowy," or what you will which expresses colour, and not scientific fact) —every time, we repeat, this is done, the poet descends from the objective and dramatic domain of song, into the subjective and reflective one of elegy.

But the field in which Burns's influence has been, as was to be expected, most important and most widely felt, is in the poems of working men. He first proved that it was possible to become a poet and a cultivated man, without deserting his class, either in station or in sympathies; nay, that the healthiest and no-

blest elements of a lowly born poet's mind might be, perhaps certainly must be, the very feelings and thoughts which he brought up from below, not those which he received from above, in the course of his artificial culture. From the example of Burns, therefore, many a working man, who would otherwise have "died and given no sign," has taken courage, and spoken out the thought within him, in verse or prose, not always wisely and well, but in all cases, as it appears to us, in the belief that he had a sort of divine right to speak and be heard, since Burns had broken down the artificial ice-wall of centuries, and asserted, by act as well as song, that "a man's a man for a' that." Almost every volume of working men's poetry which we have read, seems to re-echo poor Nicoll's spirited, though somewhat over-strained address to the Scottish genius:—

"This is the natal day of him,
Who, born in want and poverty,
Burst from his fetters, and arose,
The freest of the free.

"Arose to tell the watching earth
What lowly men could feel and do,
To shew that mighty, heaven-like souls
In cottage hamlets grew.

"Burns! thou hast given us a name
To shield us from the taunts of scorn;
The plant that creeps amid the soil
A glorious flower has borne.

"Before the proudest of the earth
We stand with an uplifted brow;
Like us, thou wast a toil-worn man,
And we are noble now!"

The critic, looking calmly on, may indeed question whether this new fashion of verse-writing among working men has been always conducive to their own happiness. As for absolute success as poets, that was not to be expected of one in a hundred, so that we must not be disappointed if among the volumes of working men's poetry, of which we give a list at the head of our Article, only two should be found, on perusal, to contain any writing of a very high order, although these volumes form a very small portion of the verses which have been written, during the last forty years, by men engaged in the rudest and most monotonous toil. To every man so writing, the art, doubtless, is an ennobling one. The habit of expressing thought in verse not only indicates culture, but is a culture in itself of a very high order. It teaches the writer to think tersely and definitely; it evokes in him the humanizing sense of grace and melody, not merely by enticing him to study good models, but by the very act of composition. It gives him a vent for sorrows, doubts, and aspirations, which might otherwise fret and canker within, breeding, as they too often do in the utterly dumb English peasant, self-devouring meditation, dogged melancholy, and fierce fanaticism. And if the effect of verse writing had stopped there, all had been well; but bad models have had their effect, as well as good ones, on the half-tutored taste of the working men, and engendered in them but too often a fondness for frothy magniloquence and ferocious raving, neither morally nor æsthetically profitable to themselves or their readers. There are excuses for the fault; the young of all ranks naturally enough mistake noise for awfulness, and violence for strength; and there is generally but too much, in the biographies of these working poets, to explain, if not to excuse, a vein of bitterness, which they certainly did not learn from their master, Burns. The two poets who have done them most harm, in teaching the evil trick of cursing and swearing, are Shelley and the Corn-Law Rhymer; and one can well imagine how seducing two such models must be, to men struggling to utter their own complaints. Of Shelley this is not the place to speak. But of the Corn-Law Rhymer we may say here, that howsoever he may have been indebted to Burns's example for the notion of writing at all, he has profited very little by Burns's own poems. Instead of the genial loving tone of the great Scotchman, we find in Elliott a tone of deliberate savageness, all the more ugly, because evidently intentional. He tries to curse; "he delights"—may we be forgiven if we misjudge the man—"in cursing;" he makes a science of it; he defiles, of malice prepense, the loveliest and sweetest thoughts and scenes (and he can be most sweet) by giving some sudden, sickening revulsion to his reader's feelings; and he does it generally with a power which makes it at once as painful to the calmer reader as alluring to those who are struggling with the same temptations as the poet. Now and then, his trick drags him down into sheer fustian and bombast; but not always. There is a terrible Dantean vividness of imagination about him, perhaps unequalled in England, in his generation. His poems are like his countenance, coarse and ungoverned, yet with an intensity of eye, a rugged massiveness of feature, which would be grand but for the absence of love and of humour—love's twin and inseparable brother. Therefore it is, that although single passages may be found in his writings, of which Milton himself need not have been ashamed, his efforts of dramatic poetry are utter failures, dark, monstrous, unrelieved by any really human vein of feeling or character. As in feature, so in mind, he has not even the delicate and graceful organization which made

up in Milton for the want of tenderness, and so enabled him to write, if not a drama, yet still the sweetness of masques and idyls.

Rather belonging to the same school than to that of Burns, though never degrading itself by Elliott's ferocity, is that extraordinary poem, "The Purgatory of Suicides," by Thomas Cooper. As he is still in the prime of life, and capable of doing more and better than he yet has done, we will not comment on it as freely as we have on Elliott, except to regret a similar want of softness and sweetness, and also of a clearness and logical connexion of thought, in which Elliott seldom fails, except when cursing. The imagination is hardly as vivid as Elliott's, though the fancy and invention, the polish of the style, and the indications of profound thought on all subjects within the poet's reach, are superior in every way to those of the Corn-Law Rhymer; and when we consider that the man who wrote it had to gather his huge store of classic and historic anecdote while earning his living, first as a shoemaker, and then as a Wesleyan country preacher, we can only praise and excuse, and hope that the day may come when talents of so high an order will find some healthier channel for their energies than that in which they are now flowing.

Our readers may wonder at not seeing the Ettrick Shepherd's poems among the list at the head of the Article. It seems to us, however, that we have done right in omitting them. Doubtless, he too was awakened into song by the example of Burns; but he seems to us to owe little to his great predecessor, beyond the general consciousness that there was a virgin field of poetry in Scotch scenery, manners, and legends—a debt which Walter Scott himself probably owed to the Ayrshire peasant just as much as Hogg did. Indeed, we perhaps are right in saying, that had Burns not lived, neither Wilson, Galt, Allan Cunningham, nor the crowd of lesser writers who have found material for their fancy in Scotch peculiarities, would have written as they have. The first three names, Wilson's above all, must have been in any case distinguished; yet it is surely no derogation to some of the most exquisite rural sketches in "Christopher North's Recreations," to claim them as the intellectual foster-children of "The Cottar's Saturday Night." In this respect, certainly, the Ettrick Shepherd has a place in Burns's school, and, in our own opinion, one which has been very much overrated. But the deeper elements of Burns's mind, those which have especially endeared him to the working man, reappear very little, or not at all, in Hogg. He left his class too much below him; became too much of the mere æsthetic prodigy, and member of a literary clique; frittered away his great talents in brilliant talk and insincere Jacobite songs, and, in fine, worked no deliverance on the earth. It is sad to have to say this, but we had it forced upon us painfully enough a few days ago, when re-reading "Kilmeny." There may be beautiful passages in it; but it is not coherent, not natural, not honest. It is throughout an affectation of the Manichæan sentimental-sublime, which God never yet put into the heart of any brawny, long-headed, practical Borderer, and which he therefore probably put into his own head, or, as we call it, affected, for the time being; a method of poetry writing which comes forth out of nothing, and into nothing must return.

This is unfortunate, perhaps, for the world; for we question whether a man of talents in anywise to be compared with those of the Ettrick Shepherd has followed in the footsteps of Burns. Poor Tannahill, whose sad story is but too well known, perished early, at the age of thirty-six, leaving behind him a good many pretty love-songs of no intrinsic value, if the specimens of them given in Mr. Whitelaw's collection are to be accepted as the best. Like all Burns's successors, including even Walter Scott and Hogg, we have but to compare him with his original to see how altogether unrivalled on his own ground the Ayrshire farmer was. In one feature only Tannahill's poems, and those later than him, except where pedantically archaist, like many of Motherwell's, are an improvement on Burns; namely, in the more easy and complete interfusion of the two dialects, the Norse Scotch and the Romanesque English, which Allan Ramsay attempted in vain to unite; while Burns, though not succeeding by any means perfectly, welded them together into something of continuity and harmony—thus doing for the language of his own country very much what Chaucer did for that of England.—A happy union, in the opinion of those who, as we do, look on the vernacular Norse Scotch as no barbaric dialect, but as an independent tongue, possessing a copiousness, melody, terseness, and picturesqueness which makes it, both in prose and verse, a far better vehicle than the popular English for many forms of thought.

Perhaps the young peasant who most expressly stands out as the pupil and successor of Burns, is Robert Nicoll. He is a lesser poet, doubtless, than his master, and a lesser man, if the size and number of his capabilities be looked at; but he is a greater man, in that, from the beginning to the end of his career, he seems to have kept that very wholeness of heart and head which poor Burns lost. Nicoll's story is, *mutatis mutandis*, that of the Bethunes, and many a noble young Scotsman more. Parents holding a farm between Perth

and Dunkeld, they and theirs before them for generations inhabitants of the neighbourhood, "decent, honest, God-fearing people." The farm is lost by reverses, and manfully Robert Nicoll's father becomes a day-labourer on the fields which he lately rented: and there begins, for the boy, from his earliest recollections, a life of steady sturdy drudgery. But they must have been grand old folk these parents, and in nowise addicted to wringing their hands over "the great might-have-been." Like true Scots Bible-lovers, they do believe in a God, and in a will of God, underlying, absolute, loving, and believe that the might-have-been ought not to have been, simply because it has not been; and so they put their shoulders to the new collar patiently, cheerfully, hopefully, and teach the boys to do the same. The mother especially, as so many great men's mothers do, stands out large and heroic, from the time when, the farm being gone, she, "the ardent book-woman," finds her time too precious to be spent in reading, and sets little Robert to read to her as she works—what a picture!—to the last sad day, when, wanting money to come up to Leeds to see her dying darling, she "shore for the siller," rather than borrow it. And her son's life is like her own—the most pure, joyous, valiant little epic. Robert does not even take to work as something beyond himself, uninteresting and painful, which, however, must be done courageously: he lives in it, enjoys it as his proper element, one which is no more a burden and an exertion to him than the rush of the strid is to the trout who plays and feeds in it day and night, unconscious of the amount of muscular strength which he puts forth in merely keeping his place in the stream. Whether carrying Kenilworth in his plaid to the woods, to read while herding, or selling currants and whisky as the Perth storekeeper's apprentice, or keeping his little circulating library in Dundee, tormenting his pure heart with the thought of the twenty pounds which his mother has borrowed wherewith to start him, or editing the *Leeds Times*, or lying on his early deathbed, just as life seems to be opening clear and broad before him, he

"Bates not a jot of heart or hope,"

but steers right onward, singing over his work, without bluster or self-gratulation, but for very joy at having work to do. There is a keen practical insight about him, rarely combined, in these days, with the single-minded determination to do good in his generation. His eye is single, and his whole body full of light.

"It would indeed," writes the grocer's boy, encouraging his despondent and somewhat Werterean friend, "be hangman's work to write articles one day to be forgotten to-morrow, if that were all; but you forget the comfort—the repayment. If one prejudice is overthrown, one error rendered untenable; if but one step in advance be the consequence of your articles and mine—the consequences of the labour of all true men—are we not deeply repaid?"

Or again, in a right noble letter to his noble mother:—

"That money of R.'s hangs like a mill-stone about my neck. If I had paid it, I would never borrow again from mortal man. But do not mistake me, mother; I am not one of those men who faint and falter in the great battle of life. God has given me too strong a heart for that. I look upon earth as a place where every man is set to struggle and to work, that he may be made humble and pure-hearted, and fit for that better land for which earth is a preparation—to which earth is the gate. . . . . If men would but consider how little of *real* evil there is in all the ills of which they are so much afraid—poverty included—there would be more virtue and happiness, and less world and Mammon-worship on earth than is. I think, mother, that to me has been given talent; and if so, that talent was given to make it useful to man."

And yet, there is a quiet self-respect about him withal:—

"In my short course through life," says he in confidence to a friend at one-and-twenty, "I never feared an enemy, or failed a friend; and I live in the hope I never shall. For the rest, I have written my heart in my poems; and rude and unfinished, and hasty as they are, it can be read there."

"From seven years of age to this very hour, I have been dependent only on my own head and hands for everything—for very bread. Long years ago—aye, even in childhood—adversity made me think, and feel, and suffer; and would pride allow me, I could tell the world many a deep tragedy enacted in the heart of a poor, forgotten, uncared-for boy. . . . But I thank God, that though I felt and suffered, the scathing blast neither blunted my perceptions of natural and moral beauty, nor, by withering the affections of my heart, made me a selfish man. Often when I look back I wonder how I bore the burden—how I did not end the evil day at once and for ever."

Such is the man, in his normal state; and as was to be expected, God's blessing rests on him. Whatever he sets his hand to, succeeds. Within a few weeks of his taking the editorship of the *Leeds Times*, its circulation begins to rise rapidly, as was to be expected with an honest man to guide it. For Nicoll's political creed, though perhaps neither very deep nor wide, lies clear and single before him, as everything else which he does. He believes naturally enough in ultra-Radicalism accord-

ing to the fashions of the Reform Bill era. That is the right thing; and for that he will work day and night, body and soul, and if needs be, die. There, in the editor's den at Leeds, he "begins to see the truth of what you told me about the world's unworthiness; but stop a little. I am not sad as yet. . . . If I am hindered from feeling the soul of poetry among woods and fields, I yet trust I am struggling for something worth prizing—something of which I am not ashamed, and need not be. If there be aught on earth worth aspiring to, it is the lot of him who is enabled to do something for his miserable and suffering fellow-men; and this you and I will try to do at least."

His friend is put to work a ministerial paper, with orders "not to be rash, but to elevate the population *gradually*;" and finding those orders to imply a considerable leaning towards the By-ends, Lukewarm, and Facing-both-ways school, kicks over the traces, wisely, in Nicoll's eyes, and breaks loose.

"Keep up your spirits," says honest Nicoll. "You are higher at this moment in my estimation, in your own, and that of every honest man, than you ever were before. Tait's advice was just such as I should have expected of him; honest as honesty itself. You must never again accept a paper but where you can tell the whole truth without fear or favour. . . . Tell E. (the broken-loose editor's lady-love) from me to estimate as she ought, the nobility and determination of the man who has dared to act as you have done. Prudent men will say that you are hasty: but you have done right, whatever may be the consequences."

This is the spirit of Robert Nicoll; the spirit which is the fruit of early purity and self-restraint, of living "on bread and cheese and water," that he may buy books; of walking out to the Inch of Perth at four o'clock on summer mornings, to write and read in peace before he returns to the currants and the whisky. The nervous simplicity of the man comes out in the very nervous simplicity of the prose he writes; and though there be nothing very new or elevated in it, or indeed in his poems themselves, we call on our readers to admire a phenomenon so rare, in the "upper classes" at least, in these days, and taking a lesson from the peasant's son, rejoice with us that "a man is born into the world."

For Nicoll, as few do, practises what he preaches. It seems to him, once on a time, right and necessary that Sir William Molesworth should be returned for Leeds; and Nicoll having so determined, "throws himself, body and soul, into the contest, with such ardour, that his wife afterwards said, and we can well believe it, that if Sir William had failed, Robert would have died on the instant!"—why not? Having once made up his mind that that was the just and right thing, the thing which was absolutely good for Leeds, and the human beings who lived in it, was it not a thing to die for, even if it had been but the election of a new beadle? The advanced sentry is set to guard some obscure worthless dike-end—obscure and worthless in itself, but to him a centre of infinite duty. True, the fate of the camp does not depend on its being taken; if the enemy round it, there are plenty behind to blow them out again. But that is no reason whatsoever why he, before any odds, should throw his musket over his shoulder, and retreat gracefully to the lines. He was set there to stand by that, whether dike-end or representation of Leeds; that is the right thing for him; and for that right he will fight, and if he be killed, die. So have all brave men felt, and so have all brave deeds been done, since man walked the earth. It is because that spirit, the spirit of faith, has died out among us, that so few brave deeds are done now, except on battle-fields, and in hovels whereof none but God and the angels know.

So the man prospers. Several years of honourable and self-restraining love bring him a wife, beautiful, loving, worshipping his talents; a help meet for him, such as God will send at times to those whom he loves. Kind men meet and love and help him—"The Johnstones, Mr. Tait, William and Mary Howitt; Sir William Molesworth, hearing of his last illness, sends him unsolicited fifty pounds, which as we understand it, Nicoll accepts without foolish bluster about independence. Why not?—man should help man, and be helped by him. Would he not have done as much for Sir William? Nothing to us proves Nicoll's heart-wholeness more than the way in which he talks of his benefactors, in a tone of simple gratitude and affection, without fawning, and without vapouring. The man has too much self-respect to consider himself lowered by accepting a favour.

But he must go after all. The editor's den at Leeds is not the place for lungs bred on Perthshire breezes; and work rises before him, huger and heavier as he goes on, till he drops under the ever-increasing load. He will not believe it at first. In sweet childlike playful letters, he tells his mother that it is nothing. It has done him good—"opened the grave before his eyes, and taught him to think of death." "He trusts that he has not borne this, and suffered, and thought in vain." This, too, he hopes, is to be a fresh lesson-page of experience for his work. Alas! a few months more of bitter suffering and of generous kindness, and love from all around him,—and it is over with him, at the age of twenty-three. Shall we regret him?—shall we not rather

believe that God knew best, and considering the unhealthy moral atmosphere of the press, and the strange confused ways into which old ultra-Radicalism, finding itself too narrow for the new problems of the day, has stumbled and floundered in the last fifteen years, believe that he might have been a worse man had he been a longer-lived one, and thank heaven that "the righteous is taken away from the evil to come?"

As it is, he ends as he began. The first poem in his book is "The Ha' Bible;" and the last, written a few days before his death, is still the death-song of a man—without fear, without repining, without boasting, blessing and loving the earth which he leaves, yet with a clear joyful eye upwards and outwards and homewards. And so ends his little epic, as we called it. May Scotland see many such another!

The actual poetic value of his verses is not first-rate by any means. He is far inferior to Burns in range of subject, as he is in humour and pathos. Indeed, there is very little of these latter qualities in him anywhere—rather playfulness, flashes of childlike fun, as in "The Provost," and "Bonnie Bessie Lee." But he has attained a mastery over English, a simplicity and quiet which Burns never did; and also, we need not say, a moral purity. His "poems, illustrative of the Scotch peasantry," are charming throughout—alive and bright with touches of real humanity, and sympathy with characters apparently antipodal to his own.

His more earnest poems are somewhat tainted with the cardinal fault of his school, of which he steered so clear in prose—fine words; yet he never, like the Corn-Law Rhymer, falls a cursing. He is evidently not a good hater even of "priests and kings, and aristocrats, and superstition;" or perhaps he worked all that froth safely over and off in debating club-speeches and leading articles, and left us, in these poems, the genuine Metheglin of his inner heart, sweet, clear, and strong; for there is no form of loveable or right thing which this man has come across, which he does not seem to have appreciated. Besides pure love and the beauties of nature, those on which every man of poetic power—and a great many of none, as a matter of course, have a word to say, he can feel for and with the drunken beggar, and the warriors of the ruined manor-house, and the monks of the abbey, and the old-mailed Normans with their "priest with cross and counted beads in the little Saxon chapel"—things which a radical editor might have been excused for passing by with a sneer.

His verses to his wife are a delicious little glimpse of Eden; and his "People's Anthem" rises into somewhat of true grandeur by virtue of simplicity:—

"Lord, from Thy blessed throne,
Sorrow look down upon!
God save the Poor!
Teach them true liberty—
Make them from tyrants free—
Let their homes happy be!
God save the Poor!

"The arms of wicked men
Do Thou with might restrain—
God save the Poor!
Raise Thou their lowliness—
Succour Thou their distress—
Thou whom the meanest bless!
God save the Poor!

"Give them stanch honesty—
Let their pride manly be—
God save the Poor!
Help them to hold the right;
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all LIFE and LIGHT!
God save the Poor!

And so we leave Robert Nicoll, with the parting remark, that if the "poems illustrative of the feelings of the intelligent and religious among the working-classes of Scotland" be fair samples of that which they profess to be, Scotland may thank God, that in spite of glen-clearings and temporary manufacturing rot-heaps, she is still whole at heart, and that the influence of her great peasant poet, though it may seem at first likely to be adverse to Christianity, has helped, as we have already hinted, to purify and not to taint; to destroy the fungus, but not to touch the heart of the grand old Covenant kirk life-tree.

Still sweeter, and, alas! still sadder, is the story of the two Bethunes. If Nicoll's life, as we have said, be a solitary melody, and short though triumphant strain of work-music, theirs is a harmony and true concert of fellow-joys, fellow-sorrows, fellow-drudgery, fellow-authorship, mutual throughout, lovely in their joint-life, and in their deaths not far divided. Alexander survives his brother John only long enough to write his Memoirs, and then follows; and we have his story given us by Mr. M'Combie, in a simple unassuming little volume—not to be read without many thoughts, perhaps not rightly without tears. Mr. M'Combie has been wise enough not to attempt panegyric. He is all but prolix in details, filling up some half of his volume with letters of preternatural length, from Alexander to his publishers and critics, and from the said publishers and critics to Alexander, altogether of an unromantic and business-like cast, but entirely successful in doing that which a book should do—namely, in showing the world that here was a man of

like passions with ourselves, who bore from boyhood to the grave hunger, cold, wet, rags, brutalizing and health-destroying toil, and all the storms of the world, the flesh and the devil, and conquered them every one.

Alexander is set at fourteen to throw earth out of a ditch so deep, that it requires the full strength of a grown man, and loses flesh and health under the exertion; he is twice blown up in quarrying with his own blast, and left for dead, recovers slowly, maimed and scarred, with the loss of an eye. John, when not thirteen, is set to stone-breaking on the roads during intense cold, and has to keep himself from being frost-bitten and heart-broken by monkey gambols; takes to the weaving trade, and having helped his family by the most desperate economy to save £10 wherewith to buy looms, begins to work them, with his brother as an apprentice, and finds the whole outlay rendered useless the very same year by the failures of 1825-26. So the two return to day-labour at fourteenpence a day. John in a struggle to do task-work honestly over-exerts himself, and ruins his digestion for life. Next year he is set in November to clean out a water-course knee-deep in water, and then to take marl from a pit, and then to drain standing water off a swamp during an intense December frost, and finds himself laid down with a three months' cough, and all but sleepless illness, laying the foundation of the consumption which destroyed him. But they will not give in. Poetry they will write, and they write it to the best of their powers on scraps of paper, after the drudgery of the day, in a cabin pervious to every shower, teaching themselves the right spelling of the words from some "Christian Remembrancer" or other—apparently not our meek and unbiassed contemporary of that name; and all this without neglecting their work a day or even an hour, when the weather permitted—the "only thing which tempted them to fret," being—hear it readers and perpend!—"the being kept at home by rain and snow." Then an additional malady (apparently some calculous one) comes on John, stops by him for the six remaining years of his life. Yet between 1826 and 1832, John has saved £14 out of his miserable earnings, to be expended to the last farthing on his brother's recovery from the second quarry accident. Surely the devil is trying hard to spoil these men! But no. They are made perfect by sufferings. In the house with one long narrow room, and a small vacant space at the end of it, lighted by a single pane of glass, they write and write untiring, during the long summer evenings, poetry, "Tales of the Scottish Peasant Life," which at last bring them in somewhat; and a work on practical economy, which is bepraised and corrected by kind critics in Edinburgh, and at last published—without a sale. Perhaps one cause of its failure might be found in those very corrections. There were too many violent political allusions in it, complains their good Mentor of Edinburgh, and persuades them, seemingly the most meek and teachable of heroes, to omit them; though Alexander, while submitting pleads fairly enough for retaining them, in a passage which we will give, as a specimen of the sort of English possible to be acquired by a Scotch day-labourer, self-educated, all but the rudiments of reading and writing, and a few lectures on popular poetry from "a young student of Aberdeen," now the Rev. Mr. Adamson, who must look back on the friendship which he bore these two young men, as one of the noblest pages in his life.

"Talk to the many of religion, and they will put on a long face, confess that it is a thing of the greatest importance to all—and go away and forget the whole. Talk to them of education: they will readily acknowledge that it is 'a braw thing to be weel learned,' and begin a lamentation, which is only shorter than the lamentations of Jeremiah, because they cannot make it as long, on the ignorance of the age in which they live; but they neither stir hand nor foot in the matter. But speak to them of politics, and their excited countenances and kindling eye shew in a moment how deeply they are interested. Politics are therefore an important feature, and an almost indispensable element in such a work as mine. Had it consisted solely of exhortations to industry and rules of economy, it would have been dismissed with a 'Ou ay, its braw for him to crack that way: but if he were whaur we are, deed he wad just hae to do as we do.' But by mixing up the science with politics, and giving it an occasional political impetus, a different result may be reasonably expected. In these days no man can be considered a patriot or friend of the poor, who is not also a politician."

It is amusing, by the bye, to see how the world changes its codes of respectability, and how, what is anathema one year, becomes trite in twenty more. The political sins in the work were, that "my brother had attacked the corn-laws with some severity; and I have attempted to level a battery against that sort of servile homage which the poor pay to the rich!"

There is no use pursuing the story much further. They again save a little money, and need it; for the estate on which they have lived from childhood changing hands, they are, with their aged father, expelled from the dear old dog-kennel, to find house-room where they can. Why not?—"it was not in the bond." The house did not belong to them; nothing of it, at least, which could be specified in any known lease. True, there may have been associations, but what associations can

men be expected to cultivate on fourteenpence a day? So they must forth, with their two aged parents, and build with their own hands a new house elsewhere, having saved some £30 from the sale of their writings. The house, as we understand, stands to this day—hereafter to become a sort of artisan's caaba and pilgrim's station, only second to Burns's grave. That, at least, it will become, whenever the meaning of the words "worth" and "worship" shall become rightly understood among us.

For what are these men, if they are not heroes and saints? not of the Popish sort, abject and effeminate, but of the true, human, evangelic sort, masculine and grand—like the figures in Raffaelle's Cartoons, compared with those of Fra Bartolomeo. Not from superstition, not from selfish prudence, but from devotion to their aged parents, and the righteous dread of dependence, they die voluntary celibates, although their writings shew that they, too, could have loved as nobly as they did all other things. The extreme of endurance, self-restraint, of "conquest of the flesh," outward as well as inward, is the life-long lot of these men; and they go through it. They have their share of injustice, tyranny, disappointment; one by one each bright boy's dream of success and renown is scourged out of their minds, and sternly and lovingly their Father in heaven teaches them the lesson of all lessons. By what hours of misery and blank despair that faith was purchased, we can only guess; the simple strong men give us the result, but never dream of sitting down and analyzing the process for the world's amusement, or their own glorification. We question, indeed, whether they could have told us; whether the mere fact of a man's being able to dissect himself, in public or in private, is not proof-patent that he is no man, but only a shell of a man, with works inside, which can of course be exhibited and taken to pieces—a rather more difficult matter with flesh and blood. If we believe that God is educating, the when, the where, and the how, are not only unimportant, but, considering who is the teacher, unfathomable to us, and it is enough to be able to believe with John Bethune, that the Lord of all things is influencing us through all things; whether sacraments, or sabbaths, or sun-gleams, or showers—all things are ours, for all are His, and we are His, and He is ours; —and for the rest, to say with the same John Bethune:—

"Oh, God of glory! thou hast treasured up
For me my little portion of distress;
But with each draught—in every bitter cup
Thy hand hath mixed, to make its soreness less,
Some cordial drop, for which thy name I bless,
And offer up my mite of thankfulness.
Thou hast chastised my frame with dire disease,
Long, obdurate, and painful; and thy hand
Hath wrung cold sweat-drops from my brow; for these
I thank thee too. Though pangs at thy command
Have compassed me about, still, with the blow,
Patience sustained my soul amid its wo."

Of the actual literary merit of these men's writings there is less to be said. However extraordinary, considering the circumstances under which they were written, may be the polish and melody of John's verse, or the genuine spiritual health, deep death-and-devil-defying earnestness, and shrewd practical wisdom, which shines through all that either brother writes, they do not possess any of that fertile originality, which alone would have enabled them, as it did Burns, to compete with the literary savans, who, though for the most part of inferior genius, have the help of information and appliances, from which they were shut out. Judging them, as the true critic, like the true moralist, is bound to do, "according to what they had, not according to what they had not," they are men who, with average advantages, might have been famous in their day. God thought it better for them to "hide them in his tabernacle from the strife of tongues,"—and, seldom believed truism, He knows best. Alexander shall not, according to his early dreams, "earn nine hundred pounds by writing a book, like Burns," even though his ideal method of spending be to buy all the boys in the parish "new shoes with iron tackets and heels," and send them home with shillings for their mothers, and feed their fathers on wheat bread and milk, with tea and bannocks for Sabbath-days, and build a house for the poor old toil-stiffened man whom he once saw draining the hill-field, "with a yard full of gooseberries, and an apple-tree!"—not that, nor even as the world judges, better than that, shall he be allowed to do. The poor, for whom he writes his "Practical Economy," shall not even care to read it; and he shall go down to the grave a failure and a lost thing in the eyes of men;—but not in the eyes of grand God-fearing old Alison Christie, his mother, as he brings her, scrap by scrap, the proofs of their dead idol's poems, which she has prayed to be spared just to see once in print, and when the last half-sheet is read, loses her sight for ever;—not in her eyes, nor in those of the God who saw him, in the cold winter mornings, wearing John's clothes, to warm them for the dying man before he got up.

His grief at his brother's death is inconsolable. He feels for the first time in his life,

what a lot his is—for he feels for the first time that—

> "Parent and friend and brother gone,
> I stand upon the earth alone."

Four years he lingers; friends begin to arise from one quarter and another, but he, not altogether wisely or well, refuses all pecuniary help. At last Mr. Hugh Miller recommends him to be editor of a projected "Non-Intrusion" paper in Dumfries, with a salary, to him boundless, of £100 a year. Too late! The iron has entered too deeply into his soul; in a few weeks more he is lying in his brother's grave —"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths not divided."

"William Thom of Inverury" is a poet altogether of the same school. His "Rhymes and Recollections of a Handloom Weaver" are superior to either those of Nicoll or the Bethunes, the little love-songs in the volume reminding us of Burns's best manner, and the two languages in which he writes being better amalgamated, as it seems to us, than in any Scotch song writer. Moreover, there is a terseness, strength, and grace about some of these little songs, which would put to shame many a volume of vague and windy verse, which the press sees yearly sent forth by men, who, instead of working at the loom, have been pampered from their childhood with all the means and appliances of good taste and classic cultivation. We have room only for one specimen of his verse, not the most highly finished, but of a beauty which can speak for itself.

"Dreamings of the Bereaved.

"The morning breaks bonny o'er mountain and stream,
An' troubles the hallowed breath of my dream.
The gowd light of morning is sweet to the e'e,
But ghost-gathering midnight, thou'rt dearer to me.
The dull common world then sinks from my sight,
And fairer creations arise to the night;
When drowsy oppression has sleep-sealed my e'e,
Then bright are the visions awakened to me!"

"Oh, come, spirit-mother! discourse of the hours
My young bosom beat all its beating to yours,
When heart-woven wishes in soft counsel fell
On ears—how unheedful, proved sorrow might tell!
That deathless affection nae sorrow could break;
When all else forsook me, ye would na forsake;
Then, come, oh my mother! come often to me,
An' soon an' for ever I'll come unto thee!

"An' then, shrouded loveliness! soul-winning Jean,
How cold was thy hand on my bosom yestreen!
'Twas kind—for the love that your e'e kindled there
Will burn, aye an' burn, till that breast beat nae mair—
Our bairnies sleep around me, oh bless ye their sleep!
Your ain dark eyed Willie will wauken an' weep!
But blythe through his weepin', he'll tell me how you,
His heaven-hamed mammie, was dauting his brow.

"Though dark be our dwellin', our happin' tho' bare,
An' night closes round us in cauldness and care,
Affection will warm us—and bright are the beams
That halo our hame in yon dear land o' dreams:
Then weel may I welcome the night's deathly reign,
Wi' souls of the dearest I mingle me then;
The gowd light of morning is lightless to me,
But, oh! for the night with its ghost revelrie!"

But, even more interesting than the poems themselves, is the autobiographical account prefixed, with its vivid sketches of factory life in Aberdeen, of the old regime of 1770, when "four days did the weaver's work—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, were of course jubilee. Lawn frills gorged (?) freely from under the wrists of his fine blue, gilt-buttoned coat. He dusted his head with white flour on Sunday, smirked and wore a cane; walked in clean slippers on Monday; Tuesday heard him talk war bravado, quote Volney, and get drunk: weaving commenced gradually on Wednesday. Then were little children pirn-fillers, and such were taught to steal warily past the gatekeeper, concealing the bottle. These wee smugglers had a drop for their services, over and above their chances of profiting by the elegant and edifying discussions uttered in their hearing. Infidelity was then getting fashionable." But by the time Thom enters on his seventeen years' weaving, in 1814, the nemesis has come. "Wages are six shillings a week where they had been forty; but the weaver of forty shillings, with money instead of wit, had bequeathed his vices to the weaver of six shillings, with wit instead of money." The introduction of machinery works evil rather than good, on account of the reckless way in which it is used, and the reckless material which it uses. "Vacancies in the factory, daily made, were daily filled by male and female workers; often queer enough people, and from all parts—*none too coarse for using.* The pick-pocket, trained to the loom six months in Bridewell, came forth a journeyman

weaver, and his precious experiences were infused into the common moral puddle, and in due time did their work." No wonder that "the distinctive character of all sunk away. Man became less manly—woman unlovely and rude." No wonder that the factory, like too many more, though a thriving concern to its owners, becomes "a prime nursery of vice and sorrow." "Virtue perished utterly within its walls, and was dreamed of no more; or, if remembered at all, only in a deep and woful sense of self-debasement—*a struggling to forget, where it was hopeless to obtain.* But to us, almost the most interesting passage in his book, and certainly the one which bears most directly on the general purpose of this article, is one in which he speaks of the effects of song on himself and his fellow factory-workers.

"Moore was doing all he could for love-sick boys and girls, yet they had never enough! Nearer and dearer to hearts like ours was the Ettrick Shepherd, then in his full tide of song and story; but nearer and dearer still than he, or any living songster, was our ill-fated fellow-craftsman, Tannahill. Poor weaver chiel! what we owe to you!—your 'Braes of Balquidder,' and 'Yon Burnside,' and 'Gloomy Winter,' and the 'Minstrel's' wailing ditty, and the noble 'Gleneiffer.' Oh! how they did ring above the rattle of a thousand shuttles! Let me again proclaim the debt which we owe to these song spirits, as they walked in melody from loom to loom, ministering to the low-hearted; and when the breast was filled with everything but hope and happiness, let only break out the healthy and vigorous chorus, 'A man's a man for a' that,' and the fagged weaver brightens up. . . . Who dare measure the restraining influences of these very songs? To us they were all instead of Sermons. Had one of us been bold enough to enter a church, he must have been ejected for the sake of decency. His forlorn and curiously patched habiliments would have contested the point of attraction with the ordinary eloquence of that period. Church bells rang not for us. Poets were indeed our priests: *but for those, the last relic of moral existence would have passed away.* Song was the dew-drop which gathered during the long dark night of despondency, and was sure to glitter in the very first blink of the sun. You might have seen 'Auld Robin Gray' wet the eyes that could be tearless amid cold and hunger, and weariness and pain. Surely, surely, *then there was to that heart one passage left.*"

Making all allowance for natural and pardonable high-colouring, we recommend this most weighty and significant passage to the attention of all readers, and draw an *argumentum a fortiori*, from the high estimation in which Thom holds those very songs of Tannahill's, of which we just now spoke somewhat depreciatingly, for the extreme importance which we attach to popular poetry, as an agent of incalculable power in moulding the minds of nations.

The popular poetry of Germany has held that great nation together, united and heart-whole for centuries, in spite of every disadvantage of internal division, and the bad influence of foreign taste; and the greatest of their poets have not thought it beneath them to add their contributions, and their very best, to the common treasure, meant not only for the luxurious and learned, but for the workman and the child at school. In Great Britain, on the contrary, the people have been left to form their own tastes, and choose their own modes of utterance, with great results, both for good and evil; and there has sprung up before the new impulse which Burns gave to popular poetry, a considerable literature—considerable not only from its truth and real artistic merit, but far more so from its being addressed principally to the working-classes. Even more important is this people's literature question, in our eyes, than the more palpable factors of the education question, about which we now hear such ado. It does seem to us, that to take every possible precaution about the spiritual truth which children are taught in school, and then leave to chance the more impressive and abiding teaching which popular literature, songs especially, give them out of doors, is as great a *niaiserie* as that of the Tractarians who insisted on getting into the pulpit in their surplices, as a sign that the clergy only had the right of preaching to the people, while they forgot that, by means of a free press, (of the license of which they too were not slack to avail themselves,) every penny-a-liner was preaching to the people daily, and would do so, maugre their surplices, to the end of time. The man who makes the people's songs is a true popular preacher. Whatsoever, true or false, he sends forth, will not be carried home, as a sermon often is, merely in heads, to be forgotten before the week is out: it will ring in the ears, and cling round the imagination, and follow the pupil to the workshop, and the tavern, and the fireside, even to the deathbed, such power is in the magic of rhyme. The emigrant, deep in Australian forest, may take down Chalmers's sermons on Sabbath evenings from the scanty shelf; but the songs of Burns have been haunting his lips, and cheering his heart, and moulding him unconsciously to himself, in clearing and in pasture all the weary week. True, if he be what a Scotchman should be, more than one old Hebrew psalm has brought its message to him during these week-days; but there are feelings of his nature on which those psalms, not from defect, but from their very purpose, do not touch; how is he to express them, but in the songs which echo them? These will keep alive, and intensify in him, and in the children who learned them from his lips, all which is like themselves. Is

it, we ask again, to be left to chance what sort of songs these shall be?

As for poetry written for the working-classes by the upper, such attempts at it as we yet have seen, may be considered *nil*. The upper must learn to know more of the lower, and to make the lower know more of them—a frankness of which we honestly believe, they will never have to repent. Moreover, they must read Burns a little more, and cavaliers and Jacobites a little less. As it is, their efforts have been as yet exactly in that direction which would most safely secure the blessings of undisturbed obscurity. Whether "secular" or "spiritual," they have thought proper to adopt a certain Tommy-good-child tone, which, whether to Glasgow artisans or Dorsetshire labourers, or indeed for any human being who is "grinding among the iron facts of life," is, to say the least, nauseous; and the only use of their poematicula has been to demonstrate practically, the existence of a great and fearful gulf between those who have, and those who have not, in thought as well as in purse, which must be, in the former article at least, bridged over as soon as possible, if we are to remain one people much longer. The attempts at verse for children are somewhat more successful—a certain little "Moral Songs" especially, said to emanate from the Tractarian School, yet full of a health, spirit, and wild sweetness, which makes its authoress, in our eyes, "wiser than her teachers." But this is our way. We are too apt to be afraid of the men, and take to the children as our *pis aller*, covering our despair of dealing with the majority, the adult population, in a pompous display of machinery for influencing that very small fraction, the children. "Oh, but the destinies of the empire depend on the rising generation!" Who has told us so!—how do we know that they do not depend on the risen generation? Who are likely to do more work during our lifetime, for good and evil,—those who are now between fifteen and five-and-forty, or those who are between five and fifteen? Yet for those former, the many, and the working, and the powerful, all we seem to be inclined to do is to parody Scripture, and say, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still."

Not that we ask any one to sit down, and, out of mere benevolence, to write songs for the people. Wooden, out of a wooden birthplace, would such go forth, to feed fires, not spirits. But if any man shall read these pages, to whom God has given a truly poetic temperament, a gallant heart, a melodious ear, a quick and sympathetic eye for all forms of human joy and sorrow, and humour, and grandeur—an insight which can discern the outlines of the butterfly, when clothed in the roughest and most rugged chrysalis hide; if the teachers of his heart and purposes, and not merely of his taste and sentiments, have been the great songs of his own and of every land and age; if he can see in the divine poetry of David and Solomon, of Isaiah and Jeremiah, and, above all, in the parables of Him who spake as never man spake, the models and elemental laws of a people's poetry, alike according to the will of God and the heart of man; if he can welcome gallantly and hopefully the future, and yet know that it must be, unless it would be a monster and a machine, the loving and obedient child of the past; if he can speak of the subjects which will alone interest the many, on love, marriage, the sorrows of the poor, their hopes, political and social, their wrongs, as well as their sins and duties; and that with a fervour and passion akin to the spirit of Burns and Elliott, yet with more calm, more purity, more wisdom, and therefore with more hope, as one who stands upon a vantage ground of education and culture, sympathizing none the less with those who struggle behind him in the valley of the shadow of death, yet seeing from the mountain peaks the coming dawn, invisible as yet to them. Then let that man think it no fall, but rather a noble rise, to shun the barren glacier ranges of pure art, for the fertile gardens of practical and popular song, and write for the many, and with the many, in words such as they can understand, remembering that that which is simplest is always deepest, that the many contain in themselves the few, and that when he speaks to the wanderer and the drudge, he speaks to the elemental and primeval man, and in him speaks to all who have risen out of him. Let him try, undiscouraged by inevitable failures; and if at last he succeeds in giving vent to one song which will cheer hardworn hearts at the loom and the forge, or wake one pauper's heart with the hope that his children are destined not to die as he died, or recall, amid Canadian forests or Australian sheep-walks, one thrill of love for the old country, and her liberties, and her laws, and her religion, to the settler's heart;—let that man know that he has earned a higher place among the spirits of the wise and good, by doing, in spite of the unpleasantness of self-denial, the duty which lay nearest him, than if he had outrivalled Goethe on his own classic ground, and made all the cultivated and the comfortable of the earth desert, for the exquisite creations of his fancy, Faust, and Tasso, and Iphigenie.

ART. VI.—*The Works of John Owen, D.D.* Edited by the Rev. WILLIAM H. GOOLD, Edinburgh. Vols. 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 9, 14, (to be completed in Fifteen Volumes.) London and Edinburgh. 1850-51.

Two hundred years ago the Puritan dwelt in Oxford; but, before his arrival, both Cavalier and Roundhead soldiers had encamped in its Colleges. Sad was the trace of their sojourn. From the dining-halls the silver tankards had vanished, and the golden candlesticks of the cathedral lay buried in a neighbouring field. Stained windows were smashed, and the shrines of Bernard and Frideswide lay open to the storm. And whilst the heads of marble apostles, mingling with cannon-balls and founders' coffins, formed a melancholy rubbish in many a corner, straw heaps on the pavement and staples in the wall, reminded the spectator that it was not long since dragoons had quartered in All-Souls, and horses crunched their oats beneath the tower of St. Mary Magdalene.

However, matters again are mending. Broken windows are repaired; lost revenues are recovered; and the sons of Crispin have evacuated chambers once more consecrated to syntax and the syllogism. Through these spacious courts we recognise the progress of the man who has accomplished the arduous restoration. Tall, and in the prime of life, with cocked-hat and powdered hair, with lawn tops to his morocco boots, and with ribbons luxuriant at his knee, there is nothing to mark the Puritan,—whilst in his easy unembarrassed movements and kindly-assuring air, there is all which bespeaks the gentleman; but, were it not for the reverences of obsequious beadles and the recognitions of respectful students, you would scarce surmise the academic dignitary. That old-fashioned divine,—his square cap and ruff surmounting the doctor's gown,—with whom he shakes hands so cordially, is a Royalist and Prelatist, but withal the Hebrew Professor, and the most famous Orientalist in England, Dr. Edward Pocock. From his little parish of Childry, where he passes for "no Latiner," and is little prized, he has come up to deliver his Arabic lecture, and collate some Syriac manuscript, and observe the progress of the fig-tree which he fetched from the Levant; and he feels not a little beholden to the Vice-Chancellor, who, when the Parliamentary triers had pronounced him incompetent, interfered and retained him in his living. Passing the gate of Wadham he meets the upbreaking of a little conventicle. That no treason has been transacting, nor any dangerous doctrine propounded, the guardian of the University has ample assurance in the presence of his very good friends, Dr. Wallis the Savilian Professor, and Dr. Wilkins the Protector's brother-in-law. The latter has published a dissertation on the Moon and its Inhabitants, "with a discourse concerning the possibility of a passage thither;" and the former, a mighty mathematician, during the recent war had displayed a terrible ingenuity in deciphering the intercepted letters of the Royalists. Their companion is the famous physician Dr. Willis, in whose house, opposite the Vice-Chancellor's own door, the Oxford Prelatists daily assemble to enjoy the forbidden Prayer-Book; and the youth who follows, building castles in the air, is Christopher Wren. This evening they had met to witness some experiments which the tall, sickly gentleman in the velvet cloak had promised to shew them. The tall sickly gentleman is the Honourable Robert Boyle, and the instrument with which he has been amusing his brother sages, in their embryo Royal Society, is the newly invented air-pump. Little versant in their pursuits, though respectful to their genius, after mutual salutations, the divine passes on and pays an evening visit to his illustrious neighbour, Dr. Thomas Goodwin. In his embroidered night-cap, and deep in the recesses of his dusky study, he finds the recluse old President of Magdalene; and they sit and talk together, and they pray together, till it strikes the hour of nine; and from the great Tom Tower a summons begins to sound calling to Christ Church cloisters the hundred and one students of the old foundation. And returning to the Deanery, which Mary's cheerful management has brightened into a pleasant home, albeit her own and her little daughter's weeds are suggestive of recent sorrows, the doctor dives into his library.

For the old misers it was pleasant to go down into their bullion vaults, and feel that they were rich enough to buy up all the town, with the proud Earl in his mortgaged castle. And to many people there is a peculiar satisfaction in the society of the great and learned; nor can they forget the time when they talked to the great poet, or had a moment's monopoly of Royalty. But—

> "That place that doth contain
> My books, the best companions, is to me
> A glorious court, where hourly I converse
> With the old sages and philosophers;
> And sometimes for variety I confer
> With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels."

Not only is there the pleasant sense of property,—the rare editions, and the wonderful bargains, and the acquisitions of some memorable self-denial,—but there are grateful memories, and the feeling of a high companionship. When it first arrived, you volume kept its owner up all night, and its

neighbour introduced him to realms more delightful and more strange than if he had taken Dr. Wilkins' lunarian journey. In this biography, as in a magician's mirror, he was awed and startled by foreshadowings of his own career; and, ever since he sat at the feet of yonder sacred sage, he walks through the world with a consciousness, blessed and not vain-glorious, that his being contains an element shared by few besides. And even those heretics inside the wires—like caged wolves or bottled vipers—their keeper has come to entertain a certain fondness for them, and whilst he detests the species, he would feel a pang in parting with his own exemplars.

Now that the evening lamp is lit, let us survey the Doctor's library. Like most of its coeval collections, its foundations are laid with massive folios. These stately tomes are the Polyglotts of Antwerp and Paris, the Critici Sacri and Poli Synopsis. The colossal theologians who flank them, are Augustine and Jerome, Anselm and Aquinas, Calvin and Episcopius, Bellarmine and Jansenius, Baronius and the Magdeburg Centuriators,—natural enemies, here bound over to their good behaviour. These dark veterans are Jewish Rabbis,—Kimchi, Abarbanel, and, like a row of rag-collectors, a whole Monmouth Street of rubbish,—behold the entire Babylonian Talmud. These tall Socinians are the Polish brethren, and the dumpy vellums overhead are Dutch divines. The cupboard contains Greek and Latin manuscripts, and those spruce fashionables are Spencer, and Cowley, and Sir William Davenant. And the new books which crown the upper shelves, still uncut and fresh from the publisher, are the last *brochures* of Mr. Jeremy Taylor and Mr. Richard Baxter.*

This night, however, the Doctor is intent on a new book nowise to his mind. It is the "Redemption Redeemed" of John Goodwin. Its hydra-headed errors have already drawn from the scabbard the sword of many an orthodox Hercules on either side of the Tweed; and now, after a conference with the other Goodwin, the Dean takes up a ream of manuscript, and adds a finishing touch to his refutation.

At this period Dr. Owen would be forty years of age, for he was born in 1616. His father was minister of a little parish in Oxfordshire, and his ancestors were princes in Wales; indeed, the genealogists claimed for him a descent from King Caractacus. He himself was educated at Queen's College, and, under the impulse of an ardent ambition, the young student had fully availed himself of his academic privileges. For several years he took no more sleep than four hours a-night, and in his eagerness for future distinction he mastered all attainable knowledge, from mathematics to music. But about the time of his reaching majority, all his ambitious projects were suspended by a visitation of religious earnestness. In much ignorance of the divine specific, his concience grew tender, and sin appeared exceeding sinful. It was at this conjuncture that Archbishop Laud imposed on Oxford a new code of statutes, which scared away from the University the now scrupulous scholar. Years of anxious thoughtfulness followed, partly filled up by his duties as chaplain successively to Sir Robert Dormer and Lord Lovelace, when about the year 1641 he had occasion to reside in London. Whilst there he went one day to hear Edmund Calamy; but instead of the famous preacher there entered the pulpit a country minister, who, after a fervent prayer, gave out for his text—"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" The sermon was a very plain one, and Owen never ascertained the preacher's name; but the perplexities with

* In his elaborate "Memoirs of Dr. Owen," (p. 345,) Mr. Orme mentions that "his library was sold in May 1684, by Millington, one of the earliest of our book auctioneers;" and adds, "considering the Doctor's taste as a reader, his age as a minister, and his circumstances as a man, his library, in all probability, would be both extensive and valuable." Then, in a footnote, he gives some interesting particulars as to the extent of the early Non-conformist libraries, viz., Dr. Lazarus Seaman's, which sold for £700; Dr. Jacomb's, which sold for £1300; Dr. Bates's, which was bought for five or six hundred pounds by Dr. Williams, in order to lay the foundation of Red Cross Street library; and Dr. Evans's, which contained 10,000 volumes; again subjoining, "it is probable Dr. Owen's was not inferior to some of these." It would have gratified the biographer had he known that a catalogue of Owen's library is still in existence. Bound up with other sale-catalogues in the Bodleian, is the "Bibliotheca Owenii na; sive catalogus librorum plurimis facultatibus insignium, instructissimæ Bibliothecæ Rev. Doct. Viri D. Joan. Oweni (quondam Vice-Cancellarii et Decani Ædis Christi in Academia Oxoniensi) nuperrime defuncti; cum variis manuscriptis Græcis, Latinis, &c., propria manu Doct. Patricii Junii aliorumq. conscriptis: quorum auctio habebitur Londini apud domum auctionariam, adverso Nigri Cygni in vico vulgo dicto Ave Mary Lane, prope Ludgate Street, vicesimo sexto die Maii, 1684. Per Eduardum Millington, Bibliopolam." In the Preface, the auctioneer speaks of Dr. Owen as "a person so generally known as a generous buyer and great collector of the best books;" and after adverting to his copies of Fathers, Councils, Church Histories, and Rabbinical Authors, he adds, "all which considered together, perhaps for their number are not to be paralleled, or upon any terms to be procured, when gentlemen are desirous of, or have a real occasion for the perusal of them." The number of volumes is 2889. For the knowledge of the existence of this catalogue, and for a variety of curious particulars regarding it, the Reviewer is indebted to one of the dignitaries of Oxford, whose bibliographical information is only exceeded by the obligingness with which he puts it at the command of others, the Rev. Dr. Macbride, Principal of Magdalene Hall.

which he had long been harassed disappeared, and in the joy of a discovered gospel and an ascertained salvation, the natural energy of his character and the vigour of his constitution found again their wonted play.

Soon after this happy change, his first publication appeared. It was a "Display of Arminianism," and, attracting the attention of the Parliamentary "Committee for purging the Church of Scandalous Ministers," it procured for its author a presentation to the living of Fordham, in Essex. This was followed by his translation to the more important charge of Coggeshall, in the same county; and so rapidly did his reputation rise, that besides being frequently called to preach before the Parliament, he was, in 1649, selected by Cromwell as the associate of his expedition to Ireland, and was employed in re-modelling and resuscitating Trinity College, Dublin. Most likely it was owing to the ability with which he discharged this service that he was appointed Dean of Christ Church in 1651, and in the following year Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. It was a striking incident to find himself thus brought back to scenes which, fourteen years before, he had quitted amidst contempt and poverty, and a little mind would have been apt to signalize the event by a vainglorious ovation, or a vindictive retribution. But Owen returned to Oxford in all the grandeur of a God-fearing magnanimity, and his only solicitude was to fulfil the duties of his office. Although himself an Independent, he promoted well qualified men to responsible posts, notwithstanding their Presbyterianism or their Prelacy; and although the law gave him ample powers to disperse them, he never molested the liturgical meetings of his Episcopalian neighbours. From anxiety to promote the spiritual welfare of the students, in addition to his engagements as a Divinity lecturer and the resident head of the University, along with Dr. Goodwin he undertook to preach, on alternate Sabbaths, to the great congregation in St. Mary's. And such was the zeal which he brought to bear on the studies and the secular interests of the place, that the deserted courts were once more populous with ardent and accomplished students, and in alumni like Sprat, and South, and Ken, and Richard Cumberland, the Church of England received from Owen's Oxford some of its most distinguished ornaments; whilst men like Philip Henry and Joseph Alleine, went forth to perpetuate Owen's principles; and in founding the English schools of metaphysics, architecture, and medicine, Locke, and Wren, and Sydenham taught the world that it was no misfortune to have been the pupils of the Puritan. It would be pleasant to record that Owen's generosity was reciprocated, and that if Oxford could not recognise the Non-conformist, neither did she forget the Republican who patronized the Royalists, and the Independent who befriended the Prelatists. According to the unsuspected testimony of Grainger, and Burnet, and Clarendon, the University was in a most flourishing condition when it passed from under his control; but on the principle which excludes Cromwell's statue from Westminster Palace, the picture-gallery at Christ Church finds no place for the greatest of its Deans.

The retirement into which he was forced by the Restoration was attended with most of the hardships incident to an ejected minister, to which were added sufferings and sorrows of his own. He never was in prison, but he knew what it was to lead the life of a fugitive; and after making a narrow escape from dragoons sent to arrest him, he was compelled to quit his rural retreat, and seek a precarious refuge in the capital. In 1676 he lost his wife, but before this they had mingled their tears over the coffins of ten out of their eleven children; and the only survivor, a pious daughter, returned from the house of an unkind husband, to seek beside her father all that was left of the home of her childhood. Soon after he married again; but though the lady was good, and affectionate, and rich withal, no comforts and no kind tending could countervail the effects of bygone toils and privations, and from the brief remainder of his days, weakness and anguish made many a mournful deduction. Still the busy mind worked on. To the congregation, which had already shown at once its patience and its piety, by listening to Caryl's ten quartos on Job, and which was afterwards to have its patience farther tried and rewarded, in the long but invalid incumbency of Isaac Watts, Dr. Owen ministered as long as he was able; and, being a preacher who had "something to say," it was cheering to him to recognise among his constant attendants persons so intelligent and influential as the late Protector's brother-in-law and son-in-law, Colonel Desborough and Lord Charles Fleetwood, Sir John Hartopp, the Hon. Roger Boyle, Lady Abney, and the Countess of Anglesea, and many other hearers who adorned the doctrine which their pastor expounded, and whose expectant eagerness gave zest to his studies, and animation to his public addresses. Besides during all this interval, and to the number of more than thirty volumes, he was giving to the world those masterly works which have invigorated the theology and sustained the devotion of unnumbered readers in either hemisphere. Amongst others, folio by folio, came forth that Exposition of the Hebrews, which, amidst all its digressive prolixity, and with its frequent ex-

cess of erudition, is an enduring monument of its author's robust understanding and spiritual insight, as well as his astonishing industry. At last the pen dropped from his hand, and on the 23d of August 1683, he dedicated a note to his likeminded friend, Charles Fleetwood:—"I am going to him whom my soul has loved, or rather who has loved me, with an everlasting love, which is the whole ground of all my consolation. I am leaving the ship of the Church in a storm; but while the great pilot is in it, the loss of a poor under-rower will be inconsiderable. Live, and pray, and hope, and wait patiently, and do not despond; the promise stands invincible—that he will never leave us nor forsake us. My affectionate respects to your lady, and to the rest of your relations, who are so dear to me in the Lord. Remember your dying friend with all fervency." The morrow after he had sent this touching message to the representative of a beloved family was Bartholomew day, the anniversary of the ejection of his two thousand brethern. That morning a friend called to tell him that he had put to the press his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ." There was a moment's gleam in his languid eye, as he answered, "I am glad to hear it: but, O brother Payne! the long wished for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done, or was capable of doing in this world." A few hours of silence followed, and then that glory was revealed. On the fourth of September, a vast funeral procession, including the carriages of sixty-seven noblemen and gentlemen, with long trains of mourning coaches and horsemen, took the road to Finsbury; and there, in a new burying-ground, within a few paces of Goodwin's grave, and near the spot where, five years later, John Bunyan was interred, they laid the dust of Dr. Owen. His grave is with us to this day; but in the crowded Golgotha, surrounded with undertakers' sheds, and blind brick walls, with London cabs and omnibuses whirling past the gate, few pilgrims can distinguish the obliterated stone which marks the resting-place of the mighty Non-conformist.*

Many of our readers will remember Robert Baillie's description of Dr. Twiss, the Prolocutor of the Westminster Assembly: "The man, as the world knows, is very learned in the questions he has studied, and very good—beloved of all, and highly esteemed—but merely bookish . . . and among the unfittest of all the company for any action." In this respect Dr. Owen was a great contrast to his studious cotemporary; for he was as eminent for business talent as most ministers are conspicuous for the want of it. It was on this account that he was selected for the task of reorganizing the universities of Dublin and Oxford; and the success with which he fulfilled his commission, whilst it justified his patron's sagacity, shewed that he was sufficiently master of himself to become the master of other minds. Of all his brethren few were so "fit for action." To the same cause to which he owed this practical ascendency, we are disposed to ascribe his popularity as a preacher; for we agree with Dr. Thompson, (Life of Owen, p. cvi.,) in thinking that Owen's power in the pulpit must have been greater than is usually surmised by his modern readers. Those who knew him describe him as a singularly fluent and persuasive speaker; and they also represent his social intercourse as peculiarly vivacious and cheerful. From all which our inference is, that Owen was one of those happy people who, whether for business or study, whether for conversation or public speaking, can concentrate all their faculties on the immediate occasion, and who do justice to themselves and the world, by doing justice to each matter as it successively comes to their hand.

A well-informed and earnest speaker will always be popular, if he be tolerably fluent, and if he "shew himself friendly;" but no reputation and no talent will secure an audience to the automaton who is unconscious of his hearers, or to the misanthrope, who despises or dislikes them. And if, as Anthony à Wood informs us, "the persuasion of his oratory could move and wind the affections of his admiring auditory almost as he pleased," we can well believe that he possessed the "proper and comely personage, the graceful behaviour in the pulpit, the eloquent elocution, and the winning and insinuating deportment," which this reluctant witness ascribes to him. With such advantages, we can understand how, dissolved into a stream of continuous discourse, the doctrines which we only know in their crystallized form of heads and particulars, became a gladsome river; and how the man who spoke them with sparkling eye and shining face was not shunned as a buckram pedant, but run after as a popular preacher.

And yet, to his written style Owen is less indebted for his fame than almost any of the Puritans. Not to mention that his works have never been condensed into fresh pith and modern portableness by any congenial Fawcett, they never did exhibit the pathetic importunity and Demosthenic fervour of Bax-

* A copious Latin epitaph was inscribed on his tomb-stone, of which Mr. Orme speaks, in 1826, as "still in fine preservation." (Memoirs, p. 346.) We are sorry to say that three letters, faintly traceable, are all that can now be deciphered. The tomb of his illustrious colleague, Goodwin, is in a still more deplorable condition: not only is the inscription effaced, but the marble slab, having been split with lightning, has never been repaired.

ter. In his Platonic loftiness Howe always dwelt apart; and there have been no glorious dreams since Bunyan woke amidst the beatific vision. Like a soft valley, where every turn reveals a cascade or a castle, or at least a picturesque cottage, Flavel lures us along by the vivid succession of his curious analogies and interesting stories; whilst all the way the path is green with kind humanity, and bright with Gospel blessedness. And like some sheltered cove, where the shells are all so brilliant, and the sea-plants all so curious, that the young naturalist can never leave off collecting, so profuse are the quaint sayings and the nice little anecdotes which Thomas Brooks showers from his "Golden Treasury," from his "Box," and his "Cabinet," that the reader needs must follow where all the road is so radiant. But Owen has no adventitious attractions. His books lack the extempore felicities and the reflected fellow-feeling which lent a charm to his spoken sermons; and on the table-land of his controversial treatises, sentence follows sentence like a file of ironsides, in buff and rusty steel, a sturdy procession, but a dingy uniform; and it is only here and there where a son of Anak has burst his rags, that you glimpse a thought of uncommon stature or wonderful proportions. Like candidates for the modern ministry, in his youth Owen had learned to write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; but then, as now, English had no place in the academic curriculum. And had he been urged in maturer life to study the art of composition, most likely he would have frowned on his adviser. He would have urged the "haste" which "the King's business" requires, and might have reminded us that viands are as wholesome on a wooden trencher as on a plate of gold. He would have told us that truth needs no tinsel, and that the road over a bare heath may be more direct than the pretty windings of the valley. Or, rather, he would have said, as he has written—"Know that you have to do with a person who, provided his words but clearly express the sentiments of his mind, entertains a fixed and absolute disregard of all elegance and ornaments of speech."

True: gold is welcome even in a purse of the coarsest canvass; and, although it is not in such caskets that people look for gems, no man would despise a diamond because he found it in an earthen porringer. In the treatises of Owen there is many a sentence which, set in a sermon, would shine like a brilliant; and there are ingots enough to make the fortune of a Theological faculty. For instance, we open the first treatise in this new collection of his works, and we read:—"It carrieth in it a great condecency unto Divine wisdom, that man should be restored unto the image of God, by Him who was the essential image of the Father; and that He was made like unto us, that we might be made like unto Him, and unto God through him;" and we are immediately reminded of a recent treatise on the Incarnation, and all its beautiful speculation regarding the "Pattern-Man." We read again till we come to the following remark:—"It is the nature of sincere goodness to give a delight and complacency unto the mind in the exercise of itself, and communication of its effects. A good man doth both delight in doing good, and hath an abundant reward *for* the doing it, *in* the doing of it;" and how can we help recalling a memorable sermon "On the Immediate Reward of Obedience," and a no less memorable chapter in a Bridgewater Treatise, "On the Inherent Pleasure of the Virtuous Affections?" And we read the chapter on "The Person of Christ the great Representative of God," and are startled by its foreshadowings of the sermons and the spiritual history of a remarkably honest and vigorous thinker, who, from doubting the doctrine of the Trinity, was led to recognise in the person of Jesus Christ the Alpha and Omega of his theology. It is possible that Archdeacon Wilberforce, and Chalmers, and Arnold, may never have perused the treatise in question; and it is equally possible that under the soporific influence of a heavy style, they may never have noticed passages for which their own minds possessed such a powerful affinity. But by the legitimate expedient of appropriate language—perhaps by means of some "ornament or elegance"—Jeremy Taylor or Barrow would have arrested attention to such important thoughts; and the cause of truth would have gained, had the better divine been at least an equal orator.

However, there are "masters in Israel," whose style has been remarkably meagre; and perhaps "Edwards on the Will" and "Butler's Analogy," would not have numbered many more readers, although they had been composed in the language of Addison. We must, therefore, notice another obstacle which has hindered our author's popularity, and it is a fault of which the world is daily becoming more and more intolerant. That fault is prolixity. Dr. Owen did not take time to be brief; and in his polemical writings, he was so anxious to leave no cavil unanswered, that he spent, in closing loop-holes, the strength which would have crushed the foe in open battle. No misgiving as to the champion's powers will ever cross the mind of the spectators; but movements more rapid would render the conflict more interesting, and the victory not less conclusive.* In the same way, that

* In his delightful reminiscences of Dr. Chalmers, Mr. J. J. Gurney says, "I often think that particular men bear about with them an analogy to particular

the effectiveness of his controversial works is injured by this excursive tendency, so the practical impression of his other works is too often suspended by inopportune digressions; whilst every treatise would have commanded a wider circulation if divested of its irrelevant encumbrances. Within the entire range of British authorship there exist no grander contributions toward a systematic Christology than the Exposition of the Hebrews, with its dissertations on the Saviour's priesthood; but whilst there are few theologians who have not occasionally consulted it, those are still fewer who have mastered its ponderous contents; and we have frequently known valiant students who addressed themselves to the "Perseverance of the Saints," or the "Justification," but like settlers put ashore in a cane-brake, or in a jungle of prickly pears, after struggling for hours through the Preface or the General Considerations, they were glad to regain the water's edge, and take to their boat once more.

It was their own loss, however, that they did not reach the interior; for there they would have found themselves in the presence of one of the greatest of Theological intellects. Black and Cavendish were born ready-made chemists, and Linnæus and Cuvier were naturalists in spite of themselves; and so, there is a mental conformation which almost necessitated Augustine and Athanasius, Calvin and Arminius, to be dogmatists and systematic divines. With the opposite aptitudes for large generalization and subtile distinction, as soon as some master-principle had gained possession of their devout understandings, they had no greater joy than to develop its all-embracing applications, and they sought to subjugate Christendom to its imperial ascendancy. By itself, the habit of lofty contemplation would have made them pietists or Christian psalmists, and a mere turn for definition would have made them quibblers or schoolmen; but the two united, and together animated by a strenuous faith, made them theologians. In such intellects the seventeenth century abounded; but we question if in dialectic skill, guided by sober judgment, and in extensive acquirements, mellowed by a deep spirituality, it yielded an equivalent to Dr. Owen.

Although there is only one door to the kingdom of heaven, there is many an entrance to scientific divinity. There is the gate of Free Inquiry as well as the gate of Spiritual Wistfulness. And although there are exceptional instances, on the whole we can predict what school the new-comer will join, by knowing the door through which he entered. If from the wide fields of speculation he has sauntered inside the sacred enclosure; if he is a historian who has been carried captive by the documentary demonstration—or a poet who has been arrested by the spiritual sentiment—or a philosopher who has been won over by the Christian theory, and who has thus made a hale-hearted entrance within the precincts of the faith,—he is apt to patronize that gospel to which he has given his accession, and like Clemens Alexandrinus, or Hugo Grotius, or Alphonse de Lamartine, he will join that school where Taste and Reason alternate with Revelation, and where ancient classics and modern sages are scarcely subordinate to the "men who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." On the other hand, if "fleeing from the wrath to come," through the crevice of some "faithful saying," he has struggled into enough of knowledge to calm his conscience and give him peace with Heaven, the oracle which assured his spirit will be to him unique in its nature and supreme in its authority, and, a debtor to that scheme to which he owes his very self, like Augustine, and Cowper, and Chalmers, he will join that school where Revelation is absolute, and where "Thus saith the Lord" makes an end of every matter. And without alleging that a long process of personal solicitude is the only right commencement of the Christian life, it is worthy of remark that the converts whose Christianity has thus commenced have usually joined that theological school which, in "salvation-work," makes least account of man and most account of God. Jeremy Taylor, and Hammond, and Barrow, were men who made religion their business; but still they were men who regarded religion as a life *for* God rather than a life *from* God, and in whose writings recognitions of Divine mercy and atonement and strengthening grace are comparatively faint and rare. But Bolton, and Bunyan, and Thomas Goodwin, were men who from a region of carelessness or ignorance were conducted through a long and darkling labyrinth of self-reproach and inward misery, and by a way which they knew not were brought out at

animals; Chalmers is like a good-tempered lion; Wilberforce is like a bee." Dr. Owen often reminds us of an elephant: the same ponderous movements—the same gentle sagacity—the same vast but unobtrusive powers. With a logical proboscis able to handle the heavy guns of Hugo Grotius, and to untwist withal the tangled threads of Richard Baxter, in his encounters with John Goodwin he resembles his prototype in a leopard-hunt, where sheer strength is on the one side, and brisk agility on the other. And, to push our conceit no further, they say that this wary animal will never venture over a bridge till he has tried its strength, and is assured that it can bear him; and, if we except the solitary break-down in the Waltonian controversy, our disputant was as cautious in choosing his ground as he was formidable when once he took up his position.

last on a bright landing-place of assurance and praise; and, like Luther in the previous century, and like Halyburton, and Whitefield, and Jonathan Edwards, in the age succeeding, the strong sense of their own demerit led them to ascribe the happy change from first to last to the sovereign grace and good Spirit of God. It was in deep contrition and much anguish of soul that Owen's career began; and that creed, which is pre-eminently the religion of "broken hearts," became his system of theology.

"Children, live like Christians; I leave you the covenant to feed upon." Such was the dying exhortation of him who protected so well England and the Albigenses; and "the covenant" was the food with which the devout heroic lives of that godly time were nourished. This covenant was the sublime staple of Owen's theology. It suggested topics for his parliamentary sermons;—"A Vision of Unchangeable Mercy," and "The Steadfastness of Promises." It attracted him to that book of the Bible in which the federal economy is especially unfolded. And, whether discoursing on the eternal purposes, or the extent of redemption—whether expounding the Mediatorial office, or the work of the sanctifying Spirit—branches of this tree of life re-appear in every treatise. In such discussions some may imagine that there can be nothing but barren speculation, or, at the best, an arduous and transcendental theosophy. However, when they come to examine for themselves they will be astonished at the mass of Scriptural authority on which they are based; and, unless we greatly err, they will find them peculiarly subservient to correction and instruction in righteousness. Many writers have done more for the details of Christian conduct; but for purposes of heart-discipline and for the nurture of devout affections, there is little uninspired authorship equal to the more practical publications of Owen. In the Life of that noble-hearted Christian philosopher, the late Dr. Welsh, it is mentioned that in his latter days, besides the Bible, he read nothing but "Owen on Spiritual-Mindedness," and the "Olney Hymns;" and we shall never despair of the Christianity of a country which finds numerous readers for his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ," and his "Exposition of the hundred and thirtieth Psalm."

And here we may notice a peculiarity of Owen's treatises, which is at once an excellence and a main cause of their redundancies. So systematic was his mind that he could only discuss a special topic with reference to the entire scheme of truth; and so constructive was his mind, that, not content with the confutation of his adversary, he loved to state and establish positively the truth impugned: to which we may add, so devout was his disposition, that, instead of leaving his thesis a dry demonstration, he was anxious to suffuse its doctrine with those spiritual charms which it wore to his own contemplation. All this adds to the bulk of his polemical writings. At the same time it adds to their value. Dr. Owen makes his reader feel that the point in debate is not an isolated dogma, but a part of the "whole counsel of God;" and by the positive as well as practical form in which he presents it, he does all which a disputant can to counteract the sceptical and pragmatical tendencies of religious controversy. Hence, too, it comes to pass that, with one of the commonplaces of Protestantism or Calvinism for a nucleus, his works are most of them virtual systems of doctrino-practical divinity.

The alluvial surface of a country takes its complexion from the prevailing rock-formation. The Essays of Foster, and the Sermons of Chalmers excepted, the evangelical theology of the last hundred years has been chiefly alluvial; and in its miscellaneous composition the element which we chiefly recognise is a detritus from Mount Owen. To be sure, a good deal of it is the decomposition of a more recent conglomerate, but a conglomerate in which larger boulders of the original formation are still discernible. The sermon-makers of the present day may read Cecil and Romaine and Andrew Fuller; and in doing this they are studying the men who studied Owen. But why not study the original? It does good to an ordinary understanding to hold fellowship with a master mind; and it would greatly freshen the ministrations of our pulpits, if, with the electric eye of modern culture, and with minds alive to our modern exigency, preachers held converse direct with the prime sources of British theology. We could imagine the reader of Boston producing a sermon as good as Robert Walker's, and the reader of Henry producing a commentary as good as Thomas Scott's, and the reader of Bishop Hall producing sketches as good as the "Horæ Homileticæ;" but we grow sleepy when we try to imagine Scott or diluted Walker desiccated, and from a congregation top-dressed with bone-dust from the "Skeletons," the crop we should expect would be neither fervent Christians nor enlightened Churchmen. And, even so, a reproduction of the men who have repeated or translated Owen, is sure to be commonplace and feeble; but from warm hearts and active intellects employed on Owen himself, we could expect a multitude of new Cecils and Romaines and Fullers.

As North British Reviewers, we congratulate our country on having produced this beautiful reprint of the illustrious Puritan; and from the fact that they have offered it at

a price which has introduced it to four thousand libraries, we must regard the publishers as benefactors to modern theology. The editor has consecrated all his learning and all his industry to his labour of love; and, by all accounts, the previous copies needed a reviser as careful and as competent as Mr. Goold. Dr. Thomson's memoir of the author we have read with singular pleasure. It exhibits much research, and a fine appreciation of Dr. Owen's characteristic excellencies, and its tone is kind and catholic. Such reprints, rightly used, will be a new era in our Christian literature. They can scarcely fail to intensify the devotion and invigorate the faculties of such as read them. And if these readers be chiefly professed divines, the people will in the long-run reap the benefit. Let taste and scholarship and eloquence by all means do their utmost; but it is little which these can do without materials. The works of Owen are an exhaustless magazine; and, without forgetting the source whence they were themselves supplied, there is many an empty mill which their garner could put into productive motion. Like the gardens of Malta, many a region, now bald and barren, might be rendered fair and profitable with loam imported from their Holy Land; and many is the fair structure which might be reared from a single block of their cyclopean masonry.

ART. VII.—*On the Kawi Language in the Island of Java, with an Introduction on the Difference of Structure observable in the Languages of Mankind, and its Influence on the Intellectual Development of the Human Race.* By WILLIAM VON HUMBOLDT. 3 vols. Berlin, 1836. (*The* INTRODUCTION *is re-printed in the Collected Works of* WILLIAM VON HUMBOLDT. Vol. 6. Berlin, 1848.)

THE comparative study of language is of quite modern date. It was hardly known in Europe thirty years ago; for that unscientific comparison of single words, without principle or analogy, which made itself so often ridiculous in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, does not deserve the name. We will just mention two reasons for its tardy appearance amongst the number of the sciences. In the *first* place, it requires the possession of a considerable amount of materials drawn from the most various sources, and these, either from want of opportunity of collecting them, or want of interest in the pursuit, have not been very long within our reach. It implies, *secondly*, a particular temper of mind.

The Roman Empire included under its vast dominion people speaking an immense number of different languages, but their scientific men felt very little interest in these languages, just because they felt very little interest in the men by whom they were spoken. The great difficulty of intercommunication partly produced this result, but not altogether. The Romans had a clear idea of what is high and noble in the individual character, and a full appreciation of it; but the idea of looking with interest upon men, and what concerned them, *on the grounds of a common humanity*, had not risen before them with any distinctness, still less had it convinced them of the duty of endeavouring to raise their fellow-men with themselves. In their colonies, the Romans rather drove back the original inhabitants than mixed themselves up with them. We may see, however, from the well-known anecdote, of the effect produced in the theatre by Terence's glorious sentiment, that the idea of which we speak was not wholly wanting amongst the Romans. It was absorbed, however, in the strong feeling of their own nationality. The nearest approach to the wider contemplation of man, in the writers of the ancient world with which we are acquainted, is to be found in the introduction to the history of Polybius. That author there speaks of nations as being constituted like the members of a body, and declares his opinion, that the history of one nation cannot be understood without taking that of others into account.

Christianity first gave the conviction of the real value of man as an individual, and implanted the idea of humanity as distinct from nationality. It therefore most pointedly recognised the value and existence of individual character and national character, whilst it provides means for the true development of each, so that both persons and nations may form members of one great whole. The endeavour after a false uniformity, the cowardly fear of following out their individual vocation, this seems to have been the sin of the builders of Babel, who would not go out and replenish the earth; but their self-devised material unity fell to pieces under God's own hand, as a witness that such unity never could continue, and the nations were forced to pursue their proper course of development, in order that they might eventually be gathered into a higher and spiritual unity in the Kingdom of Christ.

But though this is the true spirit of Christianity, we cannot say that it has hitherto pervaded either our plans of colonization, or

those departments of science in which man and his works are the objects of research. The Church of the middle ages regarded the individual too little. The Reformation restored his rights to the individual, stimulated the mind to search into man and nature, and awakened the feeling of the sacredness of the national tongues, but its effects on science were long one-sided. It required the *true* Catholic spirit, the perception of unity amidst difference, to induce a large survey and a bold and hopeful comparison of things which seem at first sight to have nothing in common. There are, however, many indications in the expressions and writings of the present age of a more correct feeling in this respect. The experience of the last few years has taught us, that as the world grows old, the feeling of race and the distinctions of race are not extinguished, but are perhaps more strongly felt than ever, and that as races rise in the scale of humanity, their peculiar characteristics are magnified also: at the same time, we trust (and we would take the Exhibition of the works of industry and art of all nations this year as a proof of it) that the nations, though they feel their distinctness most as they exercise their peculiar gifts most successfully, are not on that account more separate, but more deeply assured that they are complementary to each other, that they are designed to work together as an organic whole.

That the universal is manifested in the particular, and cannot be realized apart from it, is perhaps the leading principle of the higher philosophy of our day. By encouraging the exercise of critical analysis in a hopeful and reconciling spirit, it has been most useful in its application to the study of the Languages of mankind. The concurrence indeed of this critical philosophy, with the increased stock of materials which the spread of the Saxon race (in the English nation especially) has brought within our reach, is the proximate cause of the rise of that linguistic school which reckons the illustrious William von Humboldt as one of its chief leaders, if not its head.

No nation has done so much as the English in the way of amassing materials for the comparative study of language. Our widely extended colonies and commerce have afforded us great opportunities, and the spirit of intelligent and faithful observation which characterizes our nation, has led us to make the most of them. Merchants and missionaries, soldiers and civilians, as well as men of science, have all rendered good service in this work; and our literary and philological societies established at home, have sifted the materials collected, and stored them up for use. But if we want to see what scientific use may be made of these materials, what methods of scientific comparison must be followed, what general results may be deduced from them for the understanding of language as a *whole*, we hardly know where to look at home either for a manual or an orderly collection. For these we must turn especially to our German neighbours, and the names of Bopp and Grimm, of Pott and—last, but not least—Humboldt, rise before our minds.

The work whose title stands at the head of our present Article is no doubt known to most of our professed linguists; for in spite of its want of method, and the occasional obscurity of the diction, which render it exceedingly difficult to understand, there is in it a depth of research, a range of information, a felicity of illustration, a subtlety of analysis, a boldness of connexion, and a poetic glow of language and thought, which render it as instructive and suggestive as it is stirring and delightful. But it is because its results are capable of a practical application, and afford hints for guidance in many branches of human endeavour and scientific research, that we wish to bring it before a larger class of readers, and to give an account of it which we hope will convince them, that the comparative study of language is not only useful but interesting. We will briefly mention one or two points of view in which we regard that study as of deep practical importance.

Such a study, or at all events an acquaintance with the results which it brings out, can alone convince us practically of the intimate connexion that exists between the character of a nation and its language, and help us to understand the former from the latter. For the language of a people reveals depths of individual charncter to an exercised and reflective mind, which even their practical works, their institutions and customs, cannot unfold. If, therefore, the Christian missionary desires to follow the example of the great apostle, St. Paul, and to meet the heathen nations whom he wishes to convert to the faith of Christ, as St. Paul met the Athenians, upon their own standing ground, in order to destroy the falsehoods they have built up thereon without cutting *all* grounds of belief from under their feet,—so that he may apply wisely that one remedy for human sin and woe with which he is entrusted,—surely it is desirable that he should have, not a mere empirical acquaintance with their language, but such an acquaintance with it as will enable him to understand those hereditary modes of thought and feeling and contemplation, which discover themselves by the peculiar modes of their expression in language. If the warm-hearted and benevolent man who goes out into foreign lands not merely to secure room for himself to work and thrive, but also

to benefit his fellow-men by raising them in the scale of humanity and civilisation, desires to produce something more than a tame uniformity, and seeks to preserve the institutions of the country in which he finds himself by giving them as much efficiency as possible, (as it is evident the excellent Sir J. Brooke wishes to do,) as well as to cultivate and develop in a right direction the individuality which he values, because he regards it as the stamp of God, ought he not to appreciate a study which may lead to results enabling him more fully to penetrate into the spirit of the nation which he wishes to improve? Again, if that philosophical method which belongs especially to Englishmen, which is founded upon a reverence for facts and a reference of them to a higher law in which they find their meaning, their reason, and their unity, is to find its consistent application to man's mind and spirit; if the philosophy of Bacon and Butler is to be developed amongst us, surely it is important that we should pay the utmost attention to a branch of study which presents us with a collection of facts belonging to that region of man where mind and body especially manifest themselves as one, with the products of the inmost laboratory of man's being. For it is only by the *comparison* of these *facts* that we can understand and weigh any one of them accurately. We cannot help thinking too, that human language is a main witness to the truth, that there is an order for man which he does not make for himself, but in which he finds himself, that he cannot *live* out of this order, that in conformity to it lies the secret of his strength and of his freedom. For it is by using the language of the nation in which God has placed him, that man learns to know his brethren and himself, as well as to understand the world around him. But to this we must return, as it may perhaps throw light upon some of the great social questions of the day.

Now in this scientific study of language the work of Humboldt presents us with most valuable rules and land-marks. To use the words of Chevalier Bunsen, his successor in the Prussian legation at Rome, "it claims an eminent rank as the concentration of the thoughts and researches of a man of excellent judgment, and profound learning, who had dedicated a great part of his active life, partly to speculations on languages in general, partly to a critical and detailed analysis of a variety of tongues. Its researches belong to the *calculus sublimis* of linguistic theory, and it places Wilhelm von Humboldt's name in universal comparative ethnologic philology, by the side of that of Leibnitz,"—who, we may add, possessed the philosophic spirit, but not the supply of materials for such a work.

Humboldt's mind, like that of his illustrious brother, is marked by a great reverence for *facts*. His method in this is like that of the Father of our English philosophy. Bacon teaches us to wrest from nature her secret by observing her operations in general, and then to use her secret as the standard or the rule by which to measure her particular effects. Man is not merely to be the observer, but the judge of facts, and is to deduce from them a method by which to try them again. And it is only in so doing that he fulfils his vocation, which is to look not merely *at*, but *through* the phenomena of the universe, by the power of his mind, and this reverently, because he believes that God has ordained them as means for his education. We find Humboldt constantly applying this principle, and sometimes enunciating it.*

The course of Humboldt's investigations we will now endeavour to trace, in as much detail as our limits will permit, sometimes presenting his meaning, sometimes giving his words in a translation, and sometimes adding our own observations and illustrations from other sources. Our readers must pardon us if the train of thought and research along which we desire to conduct them is necessarily sometimes intricate, or not very clearly marked, for in this article we are pursuing *principles* rather than details.

Nations considered as members of the human race differ just as members of the same family differ, that is, within certain limits; and these limits expand as we rise from the tribe to the nation, and from the nation to the stock. We have thus a succession of individualities, each bearing a certain character, which becomes more definite as we descend in the scale. It is not, however, Humboldt's purpose to inquire into the origin of nations, and of national character, but into the causes and effects of the actual differences which may be observed in their languages. He finds men gathered into communities, bound together by other ties than mere juxtaposition, and, above all, united by using the same language as a means of understanding themselves and communicating with one another. He justly regards this

* In his essay, entitled, "Die Aufgabe des Geschichtschreibers," he says, "All that the historian can do in order to bring *with him* the form under which the complicated incidents of history can appear in their only true connexion, (Hegel's creative pure thought,) is to *extract* that form *from* them." Again, "He must take especial care not to attach his own independently formed ideas to the facts, or even in seeking the connexion of the whole to sacrifice anything of the living riches of the particular; for nothing is entirely separate from the general connexion." This tendency makes one of his Hegelian commentators observe,—"It is a great pity that such a man as Humboldt should shudder and shrink when he approaches the *snow-line* of pure thought."

common language as the most telling mark of a nation, as a proof that a peculiar cast of mind belongs to it, of which the language itself is the clearest exponent.

But the questions naturally arise, what is *a* language?—how is it distinguished from the dialect on the one side, and the family or stock of languages on the other?—what constitutes its identity amidst the changes which time introduces? Now, to describe the character of a language, so as to present it as an individual, is just as difficult as to describe an individual man. No mere measuring of parts nor description of outlines can convey an impression of him to another. It depends principally upon the expression of the countenance, upon the mind which is revealed more or less distinctly in those outward forms. It is this that gives unity to the whole. So, in the delineation of a language, we cannot indeed be too particular in noting individual peculiarities; we must mark the different forms of words, and the rules which determine their application; but we must, above all, get at the law of the formation of the language itself, at that constitutive idea which moulds it from within. To perceive the *form* of each language (as Humboldt terms this, as distinguished from its *grammatical forms*) will alone enable the linguist to appreciate the varieties of human language, and save him from bewilderment amidst the endless stock of materials which demands his attention.

Now, all *form* implies *materials*, and the materials of a language, corresponding to the above comprehensive sense of the word form, lie beyond the limits of language itself, consisting on the one side of *sound* in general; on the other, of all that is or can be presented to the mind as the object of thought. The formative power of speech peculiar to the nation knits these two elements together, according to its own laws, into a unity, and it is this organic unity which renders a language capable of being transmitted from generation to generation, and of preserving its identity at different periods. The form, too, of a language, decides to what stock or family it belongs; since the forms of several languages may be collected under some more general form, and this again under one still more comprehensive. For "nowhere," observes Humboldt, "is individual character of different degrees, within the bounds of universal correspondence, so remarkable as in the languages of the earth, so that one may say with equal justice, that mankind speak but one language, and that every man has a language of his own."

In order that we may trace the sources as well as the degrees of these differences, and the ground of this correspondence, it is necessary that we should understand the relation of the two materials of language, already mentioned, to each other, as well as their separate effects. The vocation of man is to be the mediator between mind and matter, and his nature is constituted to answer this end. As by his body he is brought into contact with the material world, so by his mind and spirit he can subdue this to himself, hold converse with minds and spirits akin to his own, and even maintain communion with the Creator of the universe. As an embodied spirit man cannot but *embody* whatever his mind receives or produces. Thoughts must find an *utterance*, an outward expression, and find it in several ways. But there is no mode of utterance so universal, so immediate, so directly proceeding from the man, and appealing to the man, as language. None finds him at greater depths, because none proceeds from greater depths of his own being. The outward mode of conveying his thoughts is symbolical of the inwardness of the source of language, and the comprehensiveness of its possible effects in the world. Man moulds the breath of life into the expression of his thoughts, and makes the all-embracing atmosphere to vibrate with his mind. We cannot view the connexion between mind and speech as too close and necessary. Speech is as much a function of thinking man as breathing. It is necessary to him not merely for communication with others, but as a means of understanding himself. Man is set amidst a world of sights and sounds and objects pressing upon the senses in various ways. But these objects do not pass before the mind as images before a mirror. The mind is not a mere passive recipient. The man compares what he sees and passes judgment upon it. He observes that the objects before him have some marks that belong only to themselves, and learns to *distinguish*. He perceives that they have marks in common, and learns to *combine*. The mere outward object is converted in the living mirror of man's mind into an inward picture. But the instinct of utterance, inseparable from thought in man, impels him to give a body to this inward representation. It is already to him a *new* object, because it bears the stamp of mind —"hues of its own, fresh borrowed from the heart;" but he desires to increase its objectivity, to connect it once more with matter, without suffering it to lose the stamp of mind. The means are at hand. The voice admits of an indefinite number of modifications, susceptible of combination without confusion, of difference without discord. The mental effort finds a way for itself through the lips, and the inward picture assumes an outward form in sound. The outward object is translated in language into a new object, bearing the stamp

of the subject, in the shape of words. How important this act of utterance is to our minds we may judge from the fact, that we never really think without unspoken words, and that we sometimes speak to ourselves in order to give increased objectivity to our thoughts and to enable us to analyze them better. Thus man surrounds himself with a world of *sounds* corresponding to the world of things and persons, but bearing the impress of mind, and therefore forming a link between mind and matter.

But by the faculty of speech man is declared not only to be a thinking being, but a social being. Speaking implies hearing, as well as understanding, on the part of others. It follows, of course, that the individual is limited in the choice of his words, for, unless persons represent to themselves the same things by the *same* words, mutual understanding is impossible. Moreover it is necessary to dwell upon what we may call the objective character of language for other reasons. The formed and uttered word is a *new object*, bearing the stamp of man's mind, yet not of man merely as an individual, but of man as *the member of a certain nation.* The word which the individual utters belongs to him, inasmuch as it has proceeded from him, (and then it may be far more full of meaning to him than to his immediate hearer,) but it belongs likewise to the nation, because it has proceeded from the heart of the nation. It is this which renders language not merely a means of communication with others, but a spiritual bond of union, and in itself a means of education, connecting the individual with the past and the future, laying upon him a restraint, but a restraint which, like all true law, limits only his license, and secures his freedom. "All speech," says Humboldt, "from the very simplest, is a connexion of that which is felt individually with the common nature of humanity." We can imagine times of less developed individuality, when the brighter consciousness of some great man might flash into word whilst his fellow-men were silent, and this vocal act be so distinctly felt as the utterance of the intellectual wants of the community, as to be at once quietly but unanimously adopted into the language of the people. In the ante-historical times, in which the original languages had their formation, we can imagine this to have been the usual course. But this *seer* and *poet* (for such he would be) could only be borne on by the conviction that he was understood by those to whom he spoke, that he was bringing to the birth that which was struggling in their minds. The feeling that he was a member of a body would prompt his utterance. We would go further, and say, that in every fresh word brought into the language there would be a proof that that God who brought the animals to Adam, to see what he would call them, was awakening the consciousness of men to understand the world and themselves. The work of the formation of language would be, therefore, a continually repeated act of *introduction* of words on the part of individuals, who, from understanding the unspoken thoughts of their brethren, were best fitted to be their spokesmen, and of *adoption* on the part of those whose hearts and minds responded to them. The same thing takes place now, though new words are introduced but seldom, and only gradually find their way into use; for still it is true that that word only *lives* which bears the stamp *of the nation and age*, and *not of the individual.*

In nothing that we have said above, do we wish to imply that there is such a thing as *concert* in the formation of language. Language is a birth, and not a production. Concert implies consciousness, and there is no act of consciousness interposed in language between the distinct mental view and the appropriate word. We do not believe that in our selection of words out of the common stock any conscious act intervenes. Men are eloquent from clearness of insight, and the power of realizing the connexions of things, and not by forethought or memory. No doubt language is a most wonderful example of combined effort; but those engaged in it were unconscious of working on any plan, towards any end to be attained in the far future. If, then, we observe amongst the languages of the earth some more advanced than others, we must not attribute their pre-eminence to any high ideal which the people set before themselves, but to the harmonious development of their powers of thought and utterance. We cannot overlook the fact that there is a plan and also a progress towards an end, but the plan and progress are in higher hands than man's. As Humboldt has well said in another place—"Universal history implies a Governor of the universe."

Since all language is in direct connexion with man's restless mind, it can never stand still, at least in nations which play any part on the stage of history. "There is no time," says Humboldt, "in which it is not undergoing some change, though it may be imperceptible. But the more advanced a language is in its grammatical structure, the less is choice admissible, the more does the word-creating power slumber, the more does the mass of extant matter restrain the individual and the age." In considering the development of a language, therefore, both the subjective stamp of the national mind, by which the original direction was determined, and the mass of materials produced, (the objective independent

power of language,) must be taken into account. The sum of former effects, which may have been one-sided, exerts, so to speak, a *vis inertiæ* in the present, which the vigour of a single generation can seldom overcome. Humboldt lays great stress upon this objective power in many passages of his work, and we think justly. "But since all and each," he says, "work uninterruptedly on the language, every generation produces on it some effect, not always obvious. For the change does not always lie in words or forms, but in the use that is made of them, and where writing and literature are wanting, it is difficult to discover this."

After having treated these general and abstract questions connected with national languages, Humboldt proceeds to his more immediate subject. Since the differences in languages depend on the physical and mental peculiarities of the nations to which they severally belong, he examines these two points separately. He treats first of the *vocal* element or the forms which sound takes. That the peculiar sounds which man utters can be formed by him at all, is a proof of his intellectual nature. Homer justly considered the epithet μέροπες, "dividing the voice into parts," as containing the chief outward characteristic of man. Man would never have had the power of uttering *articulate* sounds, (*i. e.*, sounds capable of forming the members of an organic whole,) if he had not possessed also the inward faculty of distinguishing objects from one another, and combining them—perceiving their points of difference and their relations to one another as portions of the universe.* The power of articulation rests, in fact, on the power of the mind to subdue the organs of speech to its own purposes. The number of sounds which different nations are able to produce varies within very narrow limits. The sounds themselves, although on the whole alike, differ in quality and distinctness; and not, unfrequently, secondary sounds, such as the aspirate, sibilant, and nasal, lose the subordinate character which they possess in languages of a higher class. The objects for which sound is to be employed in language generally determine the relative excellencies of alphabets.† In order, therefore, that a system of articulate sounds may be perfect, the sounds must admit of accurate distinction, and complete combination with others without losing their independence. Not only must there be abundance of sounds, shewing a happy organization of the voice that utters them and the ear that receives them, (which in a nation go together,) but likewise a perception of the relations of sounds, and, consequently, delicately marked gradations, with regularity in the manner of arranging them. It is not, however, only abundance of means that is needed, but a certain sobriety in the use of them, arising, as it were, from an instinctive presentiment of its wants. The mind ought to shew itself master of the outward element. It must not suffer its purposes in language to be thwarted by an over-luxuriant growth of sound. It must rather do some gentle violence to the organs of speech than hide the clue by which meanings are audibly connected. No transformation of sound, for instance, ought to obscure the connexion between the derived word and the root, the inflexion and the word to which it is applied.

But, farther, the comparative advantages which a language possesses, as regards the vocal element, may consist in the nature of the relation of the sound to the sense. "To explain," says Humboldt, "in what manner objects which appeal to all the senses at once, or the inward emotions of the heart, are represented by impressions on the ear alone, is in most cases impossible. That there is a connexion between the sound and the sense appears certain, although the nature of this connexion can seldom be accurately described. It must often be only obscurely felt, and much oftener be altogether undiscoverable. Confining ourselves, however, to simple words, Humboldt thinks we may assign three reasons which have determined the choice of sounds for the expression of particular conceptions. 1*st*, Objects are represented by certain sounds, because the object itself produces those sounds; *i. e.*, so far as inarticulate sounds can be rendered by articulate. Sometimes too much of the inarticulate sound is introduced into the word; sometimes so much of the articulate that the imitation is scarcely apparent. This mode gives a rude character to the language, and words of this class often disappear as it receives higher cultivation. Such words in English, in which there is a great number, are *boom* (of cannon,) *hiss*, *pop*, *twang*. Some belong partly to this class, partly to the next, such as *gush*, *gasp*, in which the *g* is *symbolical*. 2*d*, An object is designated by a sound which produces on the ear (often from the place in which it is formed by the organs of speech) a sensation akin to that which the object produces on the mind. Thus the sound *st* is used in many languages as well as the English, to form words having such meanings as *stand*, *staunch*, *stiff*, *stern*: it is obvious

* The *tendency to articulate* observable in deaf and dumb persons, which has never been awakened by *hearing* the sounds corresponding to the motion of the organs of speech, is a remarkably proof of this.

† Alphabets are the result of analysis; syllables are really the units of sound. The Chinese, and, we believe, the Mandschur, have really only syllabaries, the former significant, and the latter phonetic as well.

that the sound requires for its pronunciation a certain determination in the organs of speech. It is easy to perceive why the liquid *l* should be used in such words as the Sanscrit *lû*, in the Latin *solvo*, and the English *melt*, which have all the same meaning. The sharp dividing *n* is used in many such words as *nip*, *gnaw*, *not*; *strain*, *strenuous*, *strong*, are examples. It is easy to perceive that on this principle objects producing the *same* impressions may be represented by words containing the same sounds. Such, for instance, besides some of the above, are *wind*, *wave*, *wish*. This mode of designation was unquestionably much employed in the earliest structure of language, and may have produced a similarity of structure where there is no historical connexion. If it had been thoroughly carried out, the similarity would have been greater, since the same objects would everywhere produce the same impressions, and these impressions would stand in pretty much the same relations to the various sounds. 3*d*, Conceptions are represented by similar sounds when they stand in certain relations to each other. Words, likewise, whose meanings lie close together receive similar sounds, but without that regard to the quality of the sounds themselves which marked the former method. This mode, which is called the *analogical*, is in the most extensive use; the analogy of conceptions and of sounds proceeds in it *pari passu*, and it is most useful in pointing out the connexion of conceptions.

The extent to which this last and most refined method is carried out, depends, of course, very much upon the facility with which the language admits combinations of sound. Sometimes a change in relation is marked *symbolically*. Thus, in Arabic a very common mode of forming collectives is by the insertion of a lengthened vowel. This could only be done in a language in which the sense of articulation was highly cultivated: for some of the ruder tongues express this modification by pausing between the syllables, or by gesture, both evidently material fashions. Other examples of symbolical expression might be accumulated.

And we may further remark how the vocal and intellectual powers of nations influence each other. If the intellect of the nation is clear, and it realizes to itself distinctly the relations of objects, it will make a happy use of the articulate sounds which it possesses and seek to multiply them. As the power of distinction and combination in the mind is the condition of the articulation of the voice in general, so the desire to distinguish the finest shades of meaning and relation will induce variety and gradation of sound. The Arabic language, as compared with the Hebrew, is a proof that a nation favoured with inward light and outward advantages at a particular period, might not only apply extant forms of sound to the purposes of language, but develop these forms into greater variety. Only, whatever development takes place is always in analogy with what Humboldt calls the *form* of the language, or of the stock to which it belongs.*

On the other hand, some languages, from the very abundance of their vocal varieties, arising from a happy organization, and a delicate sense of relation and gradation in sound, may possess far more beautiful and ingenious forms than they are able to use, for distinguishing those relations which their intellect has enabled them clearly to represent to themselves. This is the case with the Semitic tongues. The Sanscrit, with its subtile analysis, has, from the perfection of its vocal system, several forms for the same relation. But those forms which are chiefly produced in the joyful utterance of an early stage of the language, lie ready for more discriminating use, even by other families of the same stock. Thus the Greek plusquamperfectum is formed from the superfluous form of a Sanscrit aorist.†

A very remarkable instance, as it appears to us, (though Humboldt does not adduce it,) of the way in which a love of euphony may *almost* raise a language of a lower form to a higher, from agglutination to inflexion, is afforded by that of Finland, the Suomi tongue, as the people themselves call it. This language is perhaps the most refined of the Tartar stock: there seems, indeed, to be a constant improvement as we proceed from the east towards the west in these languages.‡ The Finlanders have, from their love of fuller sounding forms, a dislike to monosyllabic roots, and add, even to those words which they adopt from foreign tongues, an unaccented vowel termination, giving the language that trochaic rhythm which distinguishes it. Thus the Magyar words *hal*, a fish; *kèz*, the hand; *èl*, to live, are in Finnish respectively *kala*, *käsi*, and *elä*; the German words *rath*, counsel, and *hut*, a hat, become *raati*, and *hattu*. Now the root itself, as in all

* Thus the Malay languages have increased their prefixes in number, but prefixes they remain.

† "Even in Greek," says Humboldt, "especially in Homer's language, there are considerable marks of the same tendency. But generally a remarkable difference between the Greek and the Sanscrit shews itself in this, that the Greek marks out its forms more exactly according to grammatical conceptions; whilst the Sanscrit glories more in the use of her technical means to produce abundance of forms." Humboldt compares this richness of sound in another place (p. 92) to colour in painting.

‡ Thus in dealing with the annexed substantial words which are used to express relation, the Mandschur and Mongol separate them in writing from the principal word, the Turkish does this less frequently, whilst the Finnish and Magyar languages mould the words more into an inseparable whole.

agglutinating tongues, is unchangeable, internally, (this is their principal mark of distinction from the inflexional,) but the final consonant may be changed, as well as the above mentioned phonetic increment; as, therefore, this vowel increment likewise promotes the addition of consonants to the root itself, (for instance, the Mag. *fel* becomes in Finn. *pelke*, to fear; and the Mag. *hú* or *hul* becomes *kylmä*, cold,) it tends in two ways to multiply and improve forms. The phonetic element may in this way not only produce a certain resemblance to inflexion, but bear along the inward formative power of the language, compelling it to cast away the coarse material supports it has hitherto used, and to content itself with the slight indications of relation which the remains of the original elements present.

But if delight in sound, and a tendency to distinct articulation, may induce an inward change and improvement in language, a lack of these advantages, accompanied by want of energy in the nation (depressed perhaps by outward circumstance) to overcome this lack, and wrest from the outward *all* that it is able to supply, may occasion a degeneration in speech. When means of outward expression are thus rendered difficult, the nation is likely to rest satisfied with imperfect vocal formations. "Then it is unable to behold its whole being in all its depth and distinctness, by giving it objectivity in sound, thus losing itself and even here and there falling back into the deviations of lower languages."* Such was actually the case with the Egyptian language. The inward formative principle of the old Egyptian is high. It belongs to the inflexional languages; it manifests a clear view of the laws of thought and the relations of things, it marks the distinction between meaning and relation, and recognises the importance of the verb in the sentence; but the power of articulation is weak, and there is no appreciation of euphony. This, in combination with other causes, has produced a degradation of the language which is well described by Bunsen in his linguistic dissertation read at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford in 1847, and published in their Report for that year, (pp. 282, 283.)

We have next to consider how the *mental* peculiarities of nations influence the structure of their language. Such peculiarities manifest themselves in many ways, in their social institutions, their domestic habits, their manners, their gestures, their costume, for instance, as well as in their works and their words :—

"It might seem," says Humboldt, "as if all nations must be alike in the intellectual part of the process of language. We can understand that in their *vocal* forms there must be an immense variety corresponding to the individual characteristics of their bodily and physical conformation. But when we come to consider the *intellectual* side of language, which rests on the independent action of the mind, it appears as if the similarity of ends proposed, and of means afforded, must render it the same. No doubt this part of language presents a greater amount of likeness, but there are here, too, from many causes, important differences. These depend partly on the manifold *degrees* in which the general inward power of speech resides in different nations, as well as on the *relation* which exists between the various powers active in its production. On the other hand, we must remember, that there are in this domain faculties engaged whose operations cannot be measured by the formulæ of the understanding. Imagination and feeling produce individual forms in which the character of the nation especially discovers itself." "But even in those parts of language which depend on the connexions of the understanding, differences are discernible, which almost always proceed from faulty or defective combinations." "The nature of human speech encourages indeed these inaccuracies, because it presents so many methods of getting round a difficulty, so that as far as the immediate practical object of language is concerned, they are harmless." "The fault of want of completeness," he says, in another place, "rests either upon the fact that the laws of thought are not distinctly realized in the mind, or upon the insufficient flexibility of the systems of sounds belonging to the language. Failure in one domain, however, reacts upon the other."

There are three points in which languages, from these causes, differ,—1*st*, The formation of their separate words; 2*dly*, The mode of adapting them to form parts of a sentence; 3*dly*, The manner of gathering them into a sentence. *First*, as to the formation of words, we must recur to a principle of general application before mentioned, on which Humboldt lays considerable stress, namely, that words are not the outward signs of things, but of our conceptions of them. One reason why the designations of things differ in different languages is, that the national manner of thinking is different. Nations take different views of things, and therefore they express them differently. Even the same object is designated differently in the same language, according to the characteristics of it, which strike the mind at the time the word is formed. Thus the elephant in Sanscrit is called the "twice drinking," the "two-tusked," the "hand possessing." It is the designation of simple inward and outward objects which exhibits most distinctly the mode of contemplation, the imagination, the fancy, and the feeling, the whole character, indeed, peculiar to nations. "Into the particular designation," says Humboldt, "enter plainly, in one case,

* Steinthal, Classification der Sprachen, p. 77.

imagination and feeling, guided by the loving contemplation of the outward world; in another, the acutely distinguishing understanding; in a third, the boldly connecting reason." In their words we may perceive that some nations have lived more face to face with nature, that others have pried more into the secrets of their own being. Some seem more to wish to keep distinctly before the mind the fact, that there is a connexion between the outward and the inward, and the things that are seen are patterns of the things that are not seen; whilst others obliterate in their words the original marks of the connexion which was perceived between the two. A difference is plainly discernible in the first of these respects between the Greek and the German languages.* The stamp of the national mind is further discovered by the predominance of classes of words belonging to a particular department of thought or life; thus the Sanscrit abounds in religious and philosophical words.

But in order fully to enter into this subject, we must endeavour to look at the vocabulary of a language as a connected whole. There are two things which language has to express, *meaning* and *relation*, corresponding to substance and form. Now, it is plain that some nations may have a much keener sense of the relations of things than others, viewing the universe more as a connected whole, and seeing its analogies more clearly, and that this must shew itself in the structure of their languages. Some of these analogies would be seen to exist between sensible things, some would be felt as existing between things seen and unseen. The Indian grammarians boasted that their vocabulary could be explained out of itself, and though this might not be the fact, it shewed in them a true sense of the nature of language. They did not however imply that this structure was the result of reflection, but only of a happy genial mode of looking at the universe. Language has to make an infinite use of finite means, and the only way in which an approach can be made to this, is by a continual combination of those finite means. It cannot have altogether separate sounds for separate objects; and it is well that it cannot, for it might lose the opportunity of expressing the connexions of things by an analogical mode of treating sounds. The very necessity of the case then suggests an analogical mode of treatment. What we mean will be plainer in an example. The *flight* of a bird brings two views before the mind, that of a motion produced by wings, and that of a quickly passing action. The former particularizes the action, and distinguishes it from others; the second presents a feature by which it may be classed with others. Language takes advantage of this, and uses the radical sound *fl* to represent the more general conception, adding another sound to express the particular. It thus multiplies its forms, and expresses the likeness which exists between the act of flying, for instance, and the conceptions contained in *flow*, *flame*, *fling*, *flash*, &c.* Thus a very few radical sounds, expressing very general conceptions, may, in a highly organized language, form the foundation of an extended vocabulary, formed by means of successive additions and modifications. The conception attached to the radical sound may often be rather felt than expressed, for it is by no means necessary that the *roots* of a language, in this sense, should be actual words. (This is strikingly the case in the Semitic languages, in which the roots cannot even be pronounced without a sound indicating relation, for the roots consist only of consonants.) Now, these roots are of two kinds, which Humboldt calls *objective* and *subjective;* Bopp, *verbal* and *pronominal*. "The former," he says, "are principally descriptive, and denote motions, qualities, and objects, without reference to any person, assumed or perceived; the others, on the contrary, have no meaning at all without such reference, and refer altogether to the person. They are the personal pronouns. As the former are the origin of the *substantial* words in the language, so do the latter give rise to the *formal* words, other pronouns, prepositions, and conjunctions." Indeed, it is a mark of perfection in a language when these parts of speech are not derived from substantial words, but from *subjective* roots. Yet these roots are not only the foundation of many formal words, but also of many of the inflections in language.

But before we begin to speak of these inflections in language, we must mention a class of words nearly connected with them, in the formation of which the same principle of analogy may be perceived. With the act of denoting the conception is associated, according to Humboldt, an act of the mind, by which this conception is referred to a particular category of thought or speech, and the full sense of the word proceeds from that expression of conception, and the accompanying indication which modifies it together. Thus the conception which lies at the foundation of the mean-

* Humboldt directs the attention in another part of his work to the pictorial character of the Delaware language, which endeavours to congregate as many outward marks as possible into their names of objects. Thus they call the acorn "the nut of the leaf hand," in allusion to the shape of its leaves. The number of signs comprehended within a word is of great importance to the impression, of which the unity is impaired when the word is developed into a sentence.

* Without going so far as India, we may see a specimen of this structure of language in the German. Becker, following Grimm, has developed the fact very beautifully.

ing in the words *fly*, *flight*, *flier*, *flies*, is referred by the mind to the logical categories of existence, action, &c. These two elements lie, therefore, in entirely different spheres. In the operation of connecting them the independent action of the mind is exhibited in combination with its more receptive faculty. If in the designation of the conception we may see more of the character of the people, in the indication of the relation, (either to a class of objects, or to the other words in the sentence,) we may learn more of their modes of thought, and of the degree to which the national intellect has been developed; "for all depends here upon the depth of insight, and upon the liveliness with which the categories of thought present themselves to the mind."

We believe that Humboldt has rendered good service to grammatical science by the earnestness with which he insists on the distinction (too often overlooked) between the logical and grammatical categories. It is most necessary to observe this, if we would understand some of the most important differences between the languages of the earth; for just as different national minds may take different views of the same objects and designate them differently, so also may they represent to themselves differently those relations of things and laws of thought which must be the same for all men. There is, in fact, an universal logic, but there can be no universal grammar; for there is no universal system of grammatical categories. The more complete and pure the *grammatical* categories are, the more they will correspond with the *logical*, but they are not convertible terms. The latter are scientific expressions, the former are popular expressions, derived from the national mode of representation. "Every individual grammar," it has been observed, "is a system of popular logic." Thus, the noun and the verb are grammatical categories; they correspond to a certain extent with the logical categories of existence and action, but they are not the same. The latter are determined by the meaning of the words, the former by their form. The infinitive, *e.g.*, belongs logically to the category of existence, grammatically to that of the verb. The grammatical subject of a sentence and the logical are, we know, frequently different. Every passive form inverts the logical relation, the sufferer being represented as the subject and not the object.* So too we are able to express the relations of cause and effect in language with the greatest clearness, and yet there is no necessary grammatical form for them. In logic one member is necessarily subordinate to the other, not so in grammar.

Let us now observe how these general relations are denoted grammatically by different nations. According to the mode in which this is effected, we speak of the *isolation* of words, their *agglutination*, and their *inflexion*. In the first, relation is not expressed by sound at all; in the second, the combination of the parts is mechanical, and the mode of representation often very material; in the third, the combination of the parts is organic.

The Chinese employ no vocal means at all to indicate the relation of words, but mark this almost altogether by position; but as we shall characterize the Chinese language and mind hereafter, we shall not now dwell upon this point. By far the largest class of languages employ either objective roots or else subjective, and some both, to express relation, continuing to use the added words more or less in their independent meaning, and keeping the two parts more or less asunder, or at most connecting them rather by assimilation of sound than by genuine synthesis. Other languages, again, use either subjective or objective roots, but strip the latter of their meaning, and alter both, completely fusing them with the root, and allowing the root itself to undergo a change.

With respect to the agglutinating class, a distinction may frequently be observed in the *meaning* of the substantial words used to express relation. In the designation of inward realities and feelings we saw that the character of the nation manifests itself in the selection of metaphors, and also in the way in which these are either dwelt upon and preserved, or else speedily forgotten; and so it is also with respect to the metaphorical representation of relations. Of these relations some nations may take a more material view than others.* Of course,

* The Sanscrit treats the passive verb after the same manner as the purely subjective verb, p. 265. The Hebrew seems to regard the accusative as the grammatical form of suffering, and puts the grammatical subjects of passive verbs in this case.

* For instance, a nation may view genus not in the light of logical subordination, but merely as a means for helping to name a particular object; in the latter case we find the generic term merely attached to the individual. The Burman language forms a number of names of fishes by putting the word signifying fish before another syllable. Compare with this the higher view taken of natural distinctions (of sex for instance) by several Indo-European languages. The distinction of sex is regarded as the expression of activity in the male, and receptivity in the female, and is indicated symbolically by corresponding vowels, with and without consonants, *e. g.*, dominus, domina. The distinction of subject and object, again, may not be realized in any general point of view, but be represented to the mind as a person standing or lying, working or resting, (as in the Basque language) Relation may only appear as mechanical connexion; thus the languages of South-West Africa give the same prefix to all words that are connected. Thus, too, some languages have no real verbal forms, and though they have many ways of expressing material differences, have nothing but participles; the Bor-

the more material the view taken, the more material are the means used. The inhabitants of higher Asia express the locative and dative (which we express by means of the prepositions *in* and *to*) by a root which means "to stand, to abide."* They, with many other nations, express plurality by means of the words plurality, totality, or the like. Instead of the symbolical way in which past time is expressed by reduplication in Sanscrit and Greek and Maeso-Gothic, it is expressed metaphorically in the Yarura tongue by a word *ri* which denotes distance.†

In languages which express formal relations by means of substantial words, it is plain that there can be no such thing as inflexion; the word which ought to be subordinate is too weighty and inflexible to admit of its being so treated by the tongue as to form a real affix to the word which it is to define. The meanings of both words stand equally independent before the mind, therefore they cannot be fused into that inseparable unity which constitutes the essence of inflexion. The mouth cannot amalgamate what the mind keeps apart. The formation is at best a compound word. But there is an ingenious process to produce unity of word used in the Tartaric stock, especially in its nobler languages, belonging, as far as we know, to them alone, which, though Humboldt does not mention it, may be worthy of our attention. We mean the law of vocal harmony. The vowels of the formal syllables must, according to this law, harmonize with those belonging to the substantial part of the word. In this manner, the formal parts are subordinated to the latter and more important part, which is the more necessary, as in these languages, (for instance in the Turkish verb,) there may be a long string of formal syllables tending to obscure the root.*

But we must discuss more fully the subject of inflexion, and speak of the alteration which the word undergoes in the highest class of languages, in order that it may come under a particular category, or be fitted to take its place in a sentence. It may be altered in two ways: by inward change and external addition. Where internal change is practicable, and is even, as in the case of the Semitic languages, favoured by the structure of the words, the distinction between the indication of the category and the designation of the object is easily secured. The substantive identity of the word is preserved whilst its form is changed; just as in the conception the substance is unchanged, whilst the formal relation is added. On the other hand, addition from without is a kind of composition, but with this difference the *simplicity* of the word is not to be impaired, two conceptions are not to be combined into a third—one is to be viewed in a specific relation. Therefore, that part of the word which indicates the relation is to be put on a different line, so to speak, from that which designates the conception; its clearness of sound is not to be impaired, but we are to be made to understand that its significance has departed and its independence is lost. Composition tends to preserve the integrity of the syllables, that their significance may not be lost; inflexion tends to destroy the significance of the part added. We are not, then, to regard inflexion as mechanical, as a conjunction of what was in itself separate, and a subsequent obliteration of the marks of union. The inflexion grows out of the word, and is as much one with it as the various parts of an opening bud. However plainly the pronouns may be recognised as forming the inflexional parts of the persons of the verb, they are not merely attached to it. The verb was presented to the mind in its individual forms, and each of these forms burst through the lips one and indivisible.

"There is this difference," says Humboldt, "between inflexion by inward change and by the suffix, that the former is always, whether or not we can enter into the feeling, *symbolical;* the latter has, in most cases, at some time, had an independent meaning."† The suffixes, we would add, may be *symbolical* too, and indeed contain a symbolism deeper

man, for instance, (p. 351,) which has not even a substantive verb, as the American languages have, (p. 270, &c.) They cannot say amo, amas; but only ego amans, tu amans. The Mandschur and Mongol languages rise somewhat above this. They cannot say amo, amas, as the Latin, only amans, amatus, but they distinguish these participles from such nominal forms as amator, amatorius. But here we have nothing corresponding to the grammatical categories of noun and verb, because the mind of this people does not perceive the distinction between existence and action, but only between that which is inherent and that which is transitory. Steinthal, Classification, p. 81. Again, in the Kawi language the plurality of the active subject is marked in the verb by the use of the frequentative form of the verbal root, an ingenious but very material mode of representation; an action done by several persons is regarded as done several times over; dicit, dicunt, are represented by words corresponding to dicens, dictitans.

* Schott's Versuch über die Tatarische Sprachen, p. 56.

† It is scarcely necessary to mention that the representation of time under the form of space is very general.

* Thus in Turkish aghâ = lord, has aghâlar in the plural; er = man, er-ler; in Magyarish, kert = garden, kert-esz-nek, to the gardener. In Finish, teräs or teräkse = steel, teräksetä, from the steel.

† On the original meanings of the Sanscrit, &c., suffixes, see some excellent observations in Dr. M. Müller's Paper in the Report of the British Association for 1847.

than that which lies in the analogy of sounds. If the researches of Bopp and others have left it unquestionable that not only in Sanscrit, but also in other languages, the suffixed syllables are more or less derived from those roots which refer immediately to the speaker —the so-called subjective roots—then their symbolical meaning rests upon this very fact. The categories of thought and speech cannot be more fitly pointed out than by sounds which refer exclusively to the thinking speaker. The *sounds*, however, in some of these suffixes may be symbolical. Bopp has well remarked, that in the pronoun of the third person the clear sound of *s* is assigned to the living person—the dull sound of *m* to the neuter; the same sounds being likewise used to distinguish severally the active subject, (the nominative case,) and the passive object of the action, (the accusative.)

Humboldt points out well how a highly-organized language, such as the Sanscrit, from which he draws his examples, secures two things of great importance in speech—the unity of words in themselves, and their suitable distinction as definite members of a sentence. These two different, though nearly connected objects, the Sanscrit accomplishes by using different means, and by so doing distinguishes the objects themselves. Letters at the ends of words, and those in the interior of words, are, in fact, treated on different principles. By the first mode the word is kept separate from the other words, and made an individual *member* of the sentence; by the second it is knit together in itself—*i.e.*, the inward unity of the signs of conception and relation is secured. Hence, though the Sanscrit marks the conjunction of the words more closely than any other language, there is no risk of the unity of the separate words being sacrificed—the analysis is as complete as the synthesis. But, further, it points out the different *degrees* of unity *in* words by a different treatment of their component parts. No less than five degrees are marked. Compound words belong to the lowest class; the grammatical forms of declension and conjugation form the highest. The compound words are treated more according to the rules just alluded to, which hold in the case of separate words—the three highest classes by the rules which determine combinations of letters in a word. Besides the changes which take place in consonants when they come together, changes still more important for the unity of the word take place in the vowels. All the cases in which such changes occur are treated with the greatest attention to logical consistency and euphony. Thus, in order to maintain the root in its integrity, its vowel is not assimilated to the suffix—it is expanded or altered in a way not qualitative but quantitative; so that the radical vowel is easily traced, because it is amplified according to rule.* The difference between rude natural sounds and graduated tones is more apparent still in what is called reduplication, a process which tends greatly to ensure unity of word. The repetition of the first syllable of a word to denote its increased importance is variously used amongst uncivilized nations, to mark plurality, frequency, &c.; but in Sanscrit this is managed with such delicacy and variety that five or six forms of it might be mentioned.

We must now turn to the consideration of the various means which are in use in different nations, to secure the unity of the sentence. "This is a higher unity," Humboldt remarks, "not only because it embraces more, but because it is more intellectual, more independent of the element of sound." The origin of the sentence itself gives the reason for this unity. We may be sure that man from the first associated a proposition with every word he uttered. Every name implies a judgment on the object designated; and in the early stages of languages, the reason why a particular name was given was probably manifest in the term itself. It expressed qualitative existence, though not in a developed form. The next step would be the division of this whole into its parts by an act of analysis. But the perception of this, as a whole, would not be lost; the object produces a total impression upon the mind, and the sentence must have *unity*.† Now this unity may be either that of singleness, as that of the word in its undeveloped state, or that of an aggregate, (*i.e*, a mechanical unity, implying an imperfect distinction of parts,) or that higher unity which presupposes the recognition of difference, the unity of the body and its members, all distinct, but all designed for each other, all co-operating. Such an unity as the last is the sentence of the inflecting languages, which is formed out of words, bearing mostly *in* themselves the marks of their relation to the sentence. In the Chinese language the parts are distinct enough, (monosyllables, without the slightest tendency to coalesce,) but there are no signs of their being intended for each other beyond their position, and the unity of the sentence is

* Thus, though the vowel is amplified not in one degree, but in two (in what are called Guna and Wriddhi,) the original vowel is readily detected, and to the ear the effect seems to proceed from the depth of the original syllable, and conveys all the feeling of a development. This raising the vowel to a higher power, (to use a mathematical expression,) is only in one case symbolical in Guna, viz., in that of *intensive* verbs. Wriddhi, which is related to Guna as superlative to comparative, is more frequently so.

† That the same word may either be substantive, adjective, or verb, is plain from the Chinese.

feebly marked, just as the unity of magnetized iron-filings is not so high as that of a body.* The unity of the Mexican sentence is the inorganic unity of an aggregate; in order to mark the unity of the whole, which cannot be perceived from the adaptation of the parts, it heaps it up into a single word. The Mexican language, however, rightly considers the verb to be the centre of the sentence, and annexes to it the governed and governing parts, giving to this combination by vocal contrivances the stamp of a connected whole. Thus, *ni-naca-qua* means, I flesh eat. But how does this differ from such a word as κρεωφαγέω? In this, that the Mexican is bent upon giving the scheme of a whole sentence in his word; and therefore, if the governed substantive is not incorporated, he inserts the pronoun of the third person. The substantive is placed afterwards, as we should say, in opposition—thus, *ni-c-qua in nacatl*, I it eat, the flesh. Even if no definite object is added, an indefinite is inserted, having a double form for persons and things, *ni-te-tla-maca*, I somebody something give. This language is interesting, because in its construction of the sentence it bears the type of an early stage of development. It is like a recollection of the time when men represented their meanings in a single word, but were beginning to feel that more definite expressions were necessary, and therefore added these, whilst they still clung to the original unit of expression, and put it first. Some languages, much like these in character, do not, however, go so far as to let the verb absorb the noun, but allow it to take this liberty with the pronouns both governing and governed. As the appetite may grow with what it feeds on, so here; for when this method has acquired full sway in a language, several pronominal objects are admitted into the conjugation of the verb. This is the case in some of the North American languages, and remarkably so in the singular language of that mysterious tribe which occupies its stronghold at the very western extremity of Europe.† In all these so-called incorporating languages, the connexion has suffered from want of distinction of the parts. But though they are content to embrace their impressions as a whole, "because the different points of contact between the object and the feelings are not clearly represented to the mind, they show not only ingenuity and freshness, but also a right view of relation." The personal pronouns are very prominent, and they make use of them symbolically to express the most general relations. This speaks plainly of an early but genuine mode of representation, of a stage in man's education when he was learning to understand things, by seeing how they were related to his own being. It is only at a more advanced period of culture that men learn to restrict this reference to cases in which it is necessary.*

But, after all, that which constitutes the chief characteristic of the noblest class of languages, and gives to the Sanscritic stock that permanence and fruitfulness which has distinguished it, is what Humboldt calls their synthetic power. It is this, employed on other materials, which enables the artist to wed together mind and matter in the painting or the statue, the lack of this attribute of genius being marked rather by the feebleness of the total impression than by defect in details. In language this power is manifested, in the formation of the word, in giving the impress of mind to the outward sound; but its importance is still more apparent, though its action is better felt than described, in the higher act of forming the sentence. It is well to have the parts clearly distinguished; it is well to have them shaped so that their correspondence may be at once perceived; but the principal thing is to knit them together into a whole. The presentiment of this organic whole is indeed the condition of the right construction of the parts.

The synthetic power of a language discovers itself in three points—in the verb, the conjunction, and the relative pronouns. We can only refer to the first, as an illustration of what has just been said. The verb is unquestionably the most important part of the sentence, because to it alone belongs that power of synthesis by which the sentence is established, we might say created. This part of speech has itself started into life, just as the noun, by an act of synthesis, involving a fusion of the sound indicating relation with that designating the general conception, but only in order that it may exercise the same function towards the whole sentence. In this point of view the other parts are as inorganic matter. The verb is the centre of life and order. The great question, then, in determining the character of a language is,—how is this peculiar function expressed by sound? The number of moods, tenses, voices, &c., which the verb possesses, is comparatively unimportant; these are more the externals of language, and languages which possess these in abundance, as the Malay, may have little synthetic vigour.

* We select this illustration from a recollection of an expression of Bunsen's in his linguistic dissertation before quoted.

† There are in the Basque no less than 206 conjugations arising from the cause above mentioned.

* The Malay tongues scarcely belong to the incorporating languages, but bear a certain resemblance to them, as they heap a number of significant prefixes upon the verb, in order to supply the lack of inflexions and mark the course of the sentence.

Now, in Sanscrit this organizing power of the verb is distinctly expressed by its grammatical treatment. For, 1st, The verb has nothing in *common* with the noun; *e.g.*, though verbs may be derived from nouns, the noun in this case is treated like a root, and undergoes considerable alteration. 2d, Since the verb, from its nature, never rests, the language represents it in continual change. The noun represents an object; as such it may enter into relations, but may itself be viewed apart. The verb, on the other hand, represents a momentary passing act; we cannot fix it, or regard it apart from its relations; whilst, therefore, the noun may have a fundamental form first, to which the marks of relation are annexed, the verb cannot exist apart from these, for the infinitive does not partake of the nature of a verb, but is an abstract noun derived from the root. 3d. The vocal unity of the Sanscrit verbal forms is much closer than that of the nominal, and this is expressed symbolically, which is the only adequate mode. When this function of the verb is not properly recognised, it very commonly happens that the lines of demarcation between the noun and the verb are weakened. Then the same word may be used for both parts of speech; any word may, by very slight changes, be turned into a verb; the marks attached to the verb rather point out its own meaning than its function in the sentence; the signs of the moods and tenses wear an independent look; the connexion of the pronoun with the verb is so loose, that the substantive verb must be understood; and, lastly, the forms of the noun and verb are often interchanged. Of all these defects the Malay languages present the most striking examples.

With all their excellencies Humboldt considers that in some points the Semitic languages have diverged from the true course. "This stock of language," he observes, "manifestly belongs to the inflexional class, indeed, inflexion in its most proper sense, as opposed to significant addition, is here especially indigenous. Looking at them, in respect of the *means* they employ, we may say, that their organization in strict consistency, artistic simplicity, and ingenious adaptation of the sound to the meaning, is not only second to none, but perhaps superior to all. Yet these tongues have peculiarities which language scarcely allows, and certainly does not demand. They require, at least in their present form, that every root should contain three consonants; and, secondly, the consonants and vowels do not together express the meaning of the word, but the designation of the meaning is assigned to the consonants, the indication of the relation is left to the word. The first of these peculiarities lays a constraint upon the construction of words, the second makes it difficult to form inflexions with due regard to the subordination of sounds." Notwithstanding their excellencies, it appears to Humboldt that these languages betray a want of necessary clearness in distinguishing between substantial meaning and formal relation in the minds of the people who speak them.* It is plain, from the second peculiarity above mentioned, that there can be no pronounceable roots in these tongues. Therefore, though the connexion between the two parts of the word is more intimate, and the suitableness of the sounds for the purpose more striking than in any other language, they fail in the highest point.† The unity of the word is not obvious enough. For the necessary unity of the word is most plainly felt when the two elements can be recognised separately; this mode is most in harmony with the objects of language and the nature of thought, which demand perpetual distinction and combination.

The effect which a highly organized language may have on the minds of the people who use it can scarcely be over-rated; much as language receives from the mind, let us not forget what it restores to it. The national mind has been acting upon it for ages, and it has thereby assumed a distinct objective existence in constant contact with the mind of every particular generation. The most powerful and the most sensitive, the most penetrating and the most contemplative minds have poured into it their strength and their tenderness, their depth and their inward being; the language has stored up all this, and by its tones awakens the like qualities in the minds of the people of after times. The insight and the feeling of the few have become, in a measure, the inheritance of the many. For, by its very nature, language acts as an absolute barrier to none, is a stay and a guide to most, and is the instrument of thought to all. An evident connexion exists, therefore, between success in the formation of language, and in all other branches of intellectual endeavour. "A happily constructed language," observes Humboldt, "not only adds power to the understanding, but awakens a feeling of the existence of something deeper than what mere dialectics can exhaust, with a desire to fathom it, and a presentiment

* They stand, for instance, in striking contrast with the Sanscrit, in that the nominal and verbal forms which imply so intimate an union of meaning and relation, are constructed in a way which reminds one of agglutination, whilst those derived words which imply a material change of meaning, receive a formal expression.

† Ewald has remarked that the more intellectual function is assigned to the lighter, more inward, more flexible vowels, the more material function to the sturdier consonants; and Grimm has well said of the difference between these two classes of letters, "the consonant shapes the word, the vowel lights it up and defines it."

of a correspondence between the seen and the unseen, the world of sense and the world of spirit." The effect it must have upon the intellect is easily understood. For, consider how much depends here upon the logical arrangement of conceptions, the clearness of their separation, and the definite indication of their relations to one another; these form, indeed, the indispensable foundation of all, even the highest exercises of mind. But how much of this depends upon our language. With a rightly ordered language accurate thought can proceed easily and naturally; the very instrument which it uses almost forces just distinctions and natural connexions upon the mind; whilst inferior languages present actual difficulties for the mind to overcome, or at all events afford it no assistance.

In order, however, that a language may be really helpful, it must occupy, so to speak, a central position. Particular excellencies may no doubt tend to cultivate particular sides of the intellect, but the real merits of a language must be estimated by the harmonious and comprehensive nature of its influence. Those only are truly elevating which accompany the mind helpfully and encouragingly in every direction. The birth of such a language as this forms an epoch in the history of humanity; the possession of such a language as this marks out a nation for the accomplishment of great things, is a kind of prophecy of future eminence, both because it is an evidence of the vigour of the national mind, and a powerful instrument of progress. Such a nation may be long depressed, but in its language it inherits a vehicle for high thoughts, a lever, so to speak, by which it may remove obstacles on its onward march, when the impulse is once given. Moreover, because such a language has a living principle in it, it may undergo manifold changes, and yet retain its original form and vigorous character. The Romanic tongues afford an excellent example of the way in which the formative principle cleaves to the nobler languages in their disorganization and reconstitution. The grammatical characters of the Latin were shattered, but the *form* of the language remained, and the characters were therefore re-constructed out of materials which the old language afforded.*

But how are we to reconcile what has been said about the permanence and fruitfulness of the inflexional character, with the fact, that inflexions are always more abundant in the earliest ages of a language, and gradually decrease as time advances? Let us hear Humboldt:—

"Is it not strange, that the conservative principle should be that which is sacrificed? The wearing down of inflexions is an undeniable fact. That inward sense which determines the language of a nation, at one time allows them to drop off unnoticed, at another time intentionally gets rid of them; and it is more correct to view the phenomenon in this light, than to attribute the effect to time alone. It makes, *e.g.*, more liberal concession to euphony, and avoids an accumulation of significant parts, where one is sufficient to preserve the form from being confounded with others." "If my observation does not deceive me, these vocal changes attributed to time take place much less in the ruder than in the more civilized languages, and this is very easily explained. Of all the influences that act upon language the most active is the human mind itself, and it is from its most lively action that language experiences the greatest alterations. It is just what we should expect from the progress of the national mind, and its increasing confidence in the stability of its inward views, that it should exercise less watchful care over the modification of outward sounds. As the mind becomes more conscious of its maturity it handles with more boldness its own combinations, and casts away the bridges which language has constructed for the understanding. With this temper, an imperfect appreciation of that poetic charm which resides in sound may often be associated. Poetry itself, in this case, adopts more inward ways, in which it may lay aside the outward advantage with less risk. It is therefore by the transition from a more sensuous to a more intellectual tone of mind that language is here transformed. But the originating influences may not have been of so noble a character. Coarse organs of speech, and an ear little susceptible by nature, and unimproved by exercise in music, may lay the foundation for indifference to the euphonic elements in language. In the same way a predominant practical tendency may introduce abbreviations, omissions of relational words, and ellipses of all kinds, because, when to be understood is the only object, everything which does not directly tend to this end is despised." "But, in general, we may observe that the relation of the national mind to the language is altogether different when the latter is in the fermentation of its first formation, and when already constructed it is serving the purposes of daily life. In that early stage the elements of the language are recognised in their very root, and stand out distinctly before the mind, which is engaged in their combination; and she then takes pleasure in the construction of this instrument of her future triumphs, and lets nothing fall to the ground which is associated with any shade of feeling. In after times, comprehensibility becomes a more prominent object, the significance of the elements of words is obscured, and the very customariness of usage makes the mind less careful about the details of construction and the exact preservation of sound. The imagination, which delighted in the felicitous connexion of the marks of meaning with a resounding peal of syllables, gives way to the understanding, which consults its convenience, and resolves the inflexions into auxiliary verbs and prepositions. No doubt this analytical method diminishes the exertion required of the understanding, and even

* A short but comprehensive account of the rise of the Romanic languages will be found in Bunsen's linguistic treatise before referred to, pages 274, 275.

in some cases increases the determinateness of the meaning; but from the use of these auxiliary grammatical words the inflexions are more easily dispensed with, and lose their importance as regards the formation of language, so that in particular parts genuine inflexional languages come to resemble those which belong to an entirely different stock and adopt a different principle of formation."

Of this process our own language affords a striking example; at the same time, it shews that though a language may be scanty in its technical arrangements, it may be a mighty instrument of human thought, and be perfectly adapted to all the purposes of social and political life.

We have now traced the formation of language by mankind in various phases; we have noted the excellencies and defects of different languages, and have endeavoured to trace them to their cause in the *physical* and *mental* constitution of the various nations; we have likewise mentioned some of the alterations which the inflexional languages undergo, as the fortunes of nations change, and their practical life becomes more engrossing. We have reserved to the end the mention of a language, perhaps the most remarkable of all, belonging to a nation of historic importance, civilized for ages, and possessing a literature which stretches back for thousands of years—the Chinese. We have done so, because it stands at the opposite pole of language to that at which the inflexional languages are found, and forms a most striking contrast in its means, objects, and requirements, to those of the modern languages already mentioned. For instead of assisting the understanding as much as possible, it keeps it upon the constant stretch; instead of multiplying the means of formal distinction, it almost entirely neglects them.

First, as regards the means used to express conceptions, its words are narrow in compass and scanty in number. The distinct sounds in the language are but 450 in number, which by the addition of tones and accents are multiplied to 1203. But these do not admit of combination so as to form a larger number of words, for the compound words in Chinese are not really united in sound; so that the number of words in the spoken language is but little more than 1200. For practical purposes this number would of course be very insufficient, if the meaning were not helped out by gestures, repetitions, &c. As in the written language such an explanation would be impossible, all obscurity is obviated by adding to the signs of sound certain conventional signs, (of which there are about 50,000,) not intended to express sound, but suggest the particular meaning. *Secondly*, as regards the means used to mark relation, the Chinese scarcely express it at all by sound, but by the *position* of the words in the sentence, and thus draw a distinction between the meaning and the relation, which some languages overlook. This is, however, but a negative virtue. The modern Chinese uses a few particles like our conjunctions, but these are all, to use the very happy terminology of their grammarians, *full* roots, *i.e.*, have, or have had, a substantial meaning. They are, in fact, conventional expressions for that which the old language did not express at all. No affixes or suffixes, much less inflexions, exist. There is, therefore, no etymological part of grammar in Chinese: it is all syntax; and this of the simplest description. Thus, the word which determines another precedes it if the latter is inactive; follows it if it is *active*. (Hence the attributive precedes the substantive, the adverb the verb, the subject the predicate, but the object of the verb comes after it.) The words themselves admit of manifold interpretation, according to their place in the sentence. Bunsen well compares each word to a magnetized mineral, capable of presenting a nominal or verbal pole according to its position relatively to other words. Position elicits its polarity. The words, in fact, bear marks of a time when every word contained within itself an undeveloped proposition. Now position determines what part of this latent proposition is to become prominent. In consequence of this structure of the language, many relations are expressed by most ingenious periphrases, which shew plainly that the true relation was present to the mind of the people.*

"All this would lead us," says Humboldt, "at first sight to pronounce the Chinese tongue, that which departed most widely from the natural demands of language—the most imperfect of all. But this view will vanish on close inspection. The Chinese possesses, on the contrary, a high degree of excellence, and exerts a mighty, though partial influence on the mental faculties. In the first place, the consistency of its structure cannot be denied. All other inflexionless languages, even though they may put forth strenuous efforts in the direction of inflection, stop short of the mark.

* Thus, to express the instrument in such a phrase, as with the people's strength, they employ the term *ñ*, to use: *ñ* minli = to use the people's strength. The superlative is formed in a similar manner, thus pe, fu tschi-te = hundred man good, *i. e.*, the best of all men. They are even ready to adopt formal expressions from other nations; and having made them concrete, to employ them for the indication of relations, &c. Thus, in the sea-port towns of China, where the natives have become acquainted with many English expressions, we are informed that they have adopted the sign "A 1," which denotes our ships of the first class, and apply it for marking a high degree of excellence. An A 1 bird's nest would mean a very prime one.

The Chinese, entirely abandoning this method, carries out its own principle to the end. The very nature of the means which the Chinese employ for the designation of all that is formal, without the support of significant sounds, drove them to a more exact observation of the different formal relations, and a systematic arrangement for them." The distinction between substantial meaning and formal relation becomes the more clear to the mind as the difference in their expression in language is one, not of degree, but of kind.*

After even so partial a survey as the above, of the various forms of human language, the question naturally rises to the mind—Can such a variety have proceeded from one common root? Our limits forbid us to enter into this subject; but we would gladly point out, in conclusion, how the researches of William von Humboldt seem to us to bear upon it. So far from deliberately entertaining the question, he appears to have carefully kept clear of it; and, at all events, it did not necessarily enter within the range of his Introduction. His object was to analyse and describe languages, not to trace their history. Believing, however, that the correct understanding and limitation of their differences, is the first step towards the perception of that unity which underlies them, we value this work very highly, because it developes a method by which we may estimate these differences, and trace them in some measure to their cause in the physical and mental constitution of man. If the varieties are at first sight startling to those who believe in the unity of the race and an original language, they become less so, when the numerous causes which combine to produce these particular effects are more deeply considered.

But Humboldt's researches in the last chapter of his work carry us further in the view they give of the original capacity of language to undergo change. They tend to prove that all languages bear evidence of having been at one period of their career monosyllabic, and must have been so. We may conclude *a priori* that the earliest languages were so. The unit of sound would correspond to the unit of conception. Now, a monosyllabic language would be more susceptible of change than another, from additions, reduplications, composition, &c., and syllables at one time the same might, in distinct courses of development, be so altered as to bear little trace of their original identity. The great merit of this part of the work is, that the author lays down some outlines of a method for detecting cognate roots, and reducing dissyllabic roots to monosyllabic in different languages; and it is in this line, as Bunsen has well shewn, that comparative linguists must proceed, if they are to establish scientifically more distant affinities than those between languages of the same stock, for which the consideration of their grammatical forms is the main thing.

On the point, whether there has been a *gradual* development of the higher languages from the lower, Humboldt is not explicit. The truth appears to be, that different languages have, so to speak, been *petrified* at different stages of development, because the national mind did not advance, and we thus have a consecutive system of formations, a history of human language, recorded in specimens belonging to many different stages. But it does not at all follow that the most highly developed was the latest in time, or that the connexion between every two steps should be demonstrable in the way of cause and effect. A connexion may be traced in some cases, but there are other changes which seem to be separated by an impassable chasm. It seems that, as great individuals are able, by the force of their genius, to give a new impulse to the human mind, and lift it above obstacles which have before impeded its course, so there are nations which are qualified to construct higher forms of language. Such a *lift* as that, from agglutination to inflexion, seems to us to require the rise of a new nation, or at least an entirely new form of national life. And, after all, great nations, like great men, are not made, but born: we cannot reckon upon them, or predict their appearance, or explain it: they are the gifts of God to the world, the fulfillers of His purposes.

---

* We cannot help remarking, how entirely this coincides with what we know of the character of this singular people, in other ways. Unity, without distinction, marks their practical life as well as their language. "The general will," says Hegel, "declares what the individual is to do, and he does it without reflection and without *self*." A patriarchal emperor represents this general will, and so his law is the rule of action—the very morality of the body. He is the high priest of science and religion, as well as the head of the state, declaring what is, as well as what ought to be. The same character, too, which marks their language belongs to their art. The man who cuts with the simplest tools toys so artfully constructed, that we, with our turning-lathes, can hardly execute them, handles the materials of speech, words, with wonderful dexterity likewise, and adapts them to the most subtile purposes, shewing, in both cases, an equal mastery over matter, and contempt of means. But their art is, after all, mere ingenuity and dexterity, external trivial imitation, without any idea to elevate it. There is, indeed, in the nation little power of generalization or deduction, and therefore there is little or no progress.

ART. VIII.—*History of the War in Afghanistan. From the Unpublished Letters and Journals of Political and Military Officers employed in Afghanistan, throughout the entire period of British Connexion with that Country.* By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE. 2 vols. London, 1851.

AMONGST the features by which our Indian rule is specially distinguished, one of the most conspicuous is the peculiar difficulty to which we are exposed in the maintenance of the frontier. In order to preserve the territory we hold, it has been judged necessary to keep up alliances, to interpose between rival powers, or to plunge into costly wars upon the borders. British India cannot be marked out on the map, and governed like other countries by the ordinary machinery of a domestic system. In the close neighbourhood of numerous races who are at once divided against themselves by antagonistic interests, and united against us by a common faith, the government of India is as much a matter of intricate policy from without as of control and organization from within. To this curious position of an empire won and sustained in the midst of jealous and hostile tribes, may be ascribed the fact of its rapid and still increasing extension. This extension is considered, in fact, an inevitable condition of its existence. It was necesssary to advance our dominions farther and farther for the mere protection of what we already possessed. Feuds on the border must be subjugated as a safeguard against the infection of rebellion at home.

When protection was repaid by treachery or insult, the exaction of punishment or compensation was literally a measure of self-preservation. To have submitted to a wrong, or betrayed a fear, would have been to invite a danger, the remote issues of which might have perilled the fruits of a thousand victories. And thus, through a series of complicated transactions, in which we see the ally, with few exceptions, become transformed into the foe, and the mediator into the master, our Indian Empire presents the singular spectacle of a country deriving its internal safety from external agitation, and its strength and unity from the compulsory extension of its territories, elsewhere a source of weakness and disaster. Even the broad line of the Indus no longer limits our dominion, and the natural boundaries of empire have been swept away before the onward course of our standards. Of all the events that have arrested the attention of the world, in that history of progressive acquisitions, exhibiting in the most remarkable light the energy, skill, and courage of our countrymen in the East, that long train of baffled negociations and harrowing carnage which is related in the volumes before us, may be considered, if not the most important, certainly the most profoundly interesting—especially at the present moment, when similar scenes appear to be in preparation on the same battle ground. That the interest of this narrative, however, and its direct influence upon the future, should be truly understood, it is necessary to trace back its springs to earlier incidents than the retreat from Caubul or the havoc of Jugdulluck.

Some fifty years ago, there was a vast region in India called the Douranee Empire, comprehending the whole country of Affghanistan, Cashmere, and the Derajat—a wild, haggard country, thinly populated by turbulent and barbarous races, and haunted by the goules and spectres of their superstitious imaginations. At that time this Empire was utterly unknown in England, and even the European residents in Hindostan knew little more of it than the fact of its existence. The best way of describing the mode of life of the people who wandered over the surface, or clustered in the solitary towns of imperial Douranee, will be by analogy with another form of animal economy. Whoever has seen a drop of New River water under the lens of a microscope, and observed the sanguinary activity and frightful contortions of the animalcula there developed in a coil of eternal strife, may form some estimate of the domestic and social characteristics of the Douranee population. Fighting was not to say merely the ghastly trade of this people, it seems to have been their pastime. The Afghans, who appear to have been famous for their hospitality and their ballads, and who delighted in a little innocent gossip and gentle love-making at evening-tide in their villages, or the Fakir's gardens, were as fond of civil-war, although not so ferocious in their dispositions, as the Rohillas. No vocation was exempt from this universal passion; even the pastoral classes were as belligerent as the trained soldiers. "Their very shepherds," says Mr. Kaye, "were men of strife. The predatory and the pastoral character were strangely blended; and the tented cantonments of the sheep-drivers often bristled into camps of war."

At the time we speak of, this remote kingdom was governed by a prince whose mind was possessed by one large misty idea—that of extending his possessions to the banks of the Ganges. This prodigious design so entirely engrossed him, that in the panoramic language of our author, he was "continually marching an army upon the frontier." The phrase is a good one, and expresses with a peculiar descriptive force the uneasiness of the monarch. In India, however, it is not always safe for governors to be marching armies on

their frontiers, for the moment they go away out of their own territories, the chances are one hundred to one that some younger brother, or fifteenth cousin, or irritated minister, will take advantage of their absence, and start up in their place; so that when a sovereign makes a speculative excursion of this kind, he may consider himself the most fortunate of men if he do not find his throne occupied on his return.

It was under the operation of some apprehension of this kind that Zemaun Shah, the then monarch of the Douranee, kept "continually" advancing upon the frontier, and as "continually" marching back again in a great fright to his Balla Hissar at Caubul. His movements were calculated to awaken curiosity and wonder, rather than to produce alarm, wherever the actual extent of his resources was known; but the people of British India were so ill-informed respecting him and his dominions, that when a rumour came floating into the Council Chamber of Calcutta, announcing the threatened descent of this fluctuating Sovereign upon Hindostan, we cannot be much surprised to find that it created a strong sensation, which penetrated even to the Governor-General himself. The danger was, of course, magnified by ignorance of the real poverty of a ruler, who, if he could have raised the enormous levies with which he was accredited by report, must have immediately disbanded them again from want of money to pay them. Had they been aware that his menaced invasion bore a close resemblance to the celebrated exploit of the French king and his numerous followers up and down a certain historical hill, they would have given themselves very little trouble at Calcutta about the flourishes of his chivalry.

But the fact of an invasion from that quarter was one of the most probable things in the world. It was the centre of a movement and a hope to which the aspirations of every tribe and race in the east were directed. The re-establishment of Islamism, and the rescue of Hindostan from the hands of the Franks, were objects for the accomplishment of which all eyes were turned to Caubul, and all hands were ready to lend their aid. "Every Mahomedan," said Lord Wellesley, speaking of the threatened expedition, "even in the remotest regions of the Deccan, waited with anxious expectation for the advancement of the champion of Islam." The most sagacious statesman of the day recognised the likelihood of such an attempt; and the reputed enthusiasm of Zemaun Shah, for the recovery of the ancient land of the faithful, gave a strong colouring of feasibility to the rumours which, day after day, supplied fresh speculations for the political circles of Calcutta. But his Majesty's phantom appearances and disappearances at various points, created so many groundless alarms that the English grew tired of the cry of "wolf!" His name, and the vague terrors associated with it, were at last very nearly forgotten; indeed, the whole empire of the Douranee must have sunk into total oblivion, if sundry ominous reports of French intrigues in Central Asia had not suddenly revived an interest in its existence, and given an importance to its affairs which they could not otherwise by any possibility have acquired.

The French were said to be carrying on secret plots in Persia, with a view to the ultimate subversion of our power in the East: and as Persia was the grand frontier and high road to India in that direction, these rumours no sooner reached us in an authentic shape, than we resolved to send a mission to the Court of Teheran. The agitation produced by the apprehension of a French demonstration on the borders of our Oriental empire, and the treaty negociated by Captain, afterwards Sir John Malcolm, with the Persian monarch, by the provisions of which the French were literally prohibited from entering the country upon any pretext whatever, are matters of history familiar to all readers. But an allusion to them is indispensable to the completeness of the narrative. Having thus secured ourselves against the only real danger that threatened us, a season of indifference succeeded. The internal convulsions of Central Asia went on as usual—the Douranee Empire continued to cultivate insatiable domestic feuds, and to threaten its neighbours with flying hostilities; but from the date of the Malcolm treaty we took no further notice of these exterior races. Prince after prince was deposed, imprisoned, or put to death. It was no affair of ours. Even the formidable Zemaun Shah, while he was actually advancing on one of his chimerical invasions of Hindostan, was stopped short by the rebellion of his brother Mahmoud, ignominiously beaten, cast into prison, and for ever incapacitated from reigning, by having his eyes punctured and blinded by a lancet. Mahmoud in his turn was driven out by a younger brother, Shah Soojah; but these fluctuations in the royal drama exercised no disturbing influence over our repose. So long as we kept the French off the Persian border, and maintained our amicable relations with the Court of Teheran, the population of Afghanistan might play at soldiers in any fashion they pleased. We had other business to attend to. A change had passed over our whole system of policy. We no longer displayed the bravery of our wealth to dazzle the imagination or bribe the friendship of the native powers; we no longer stepped in amongst them as guardian or arbitrator. A spirit of the strictest economy per-

vaded our internal regulations, and our new external policy was that of rigid non-interference. We were to govern India by its own resources alone, at a time when these resources were reduced to the lowest ebb, and to abstain from all demonstration of activity on our frontiers, while we were pursuing measures of retrenchment that betrayed our weakness within. Nor was the inexpediency of this change the only grave objection against it. Coming suddenly after the brilliant administration of the Marquis Wellesley, its effects were the more keenly felt, and its poverty the more glaringly exhibited. That such a system could not have been long sustained without endangering the whole framework of our Indian administration soon became sufficiently obvious; and even if the disaffection that it engendered in the army, and the death of Lord Cornwallis, had not brought it to a close, the new and portentous events that were looming upon us from the west must have rendered its abandonment inevitable.

Russia was ravaging Persia; and the Persian monarch, in the last emergency, had applied to France for assistance—to that very France who not very long before was not to be allowed to plant her foot on Persian ground. And to increase the perils of this situation, Napoleon and Alexander were just about this time meeting in a raft at Tilsit to parcel out the world between them. The policy of Persia in seeking the help of France at this juncture was evident, and not a moment was to be lost in the effort to re-establish an influence in the Court of Teheran, or, in the event of failure, to stir up into hostility the intermediate races that lay upon our border. The domestic system was given up all at once. A voice had gone abroad, from one end of India to the other, to warn us that Russia was striding over the adjacent provinces, and that nothing short of a miracle could save us from impending destruction. The rapidity of our action under the pressure of these terrible omens was equal to the occasion. We despatched missions to every quarter from which we could draw an advantage, or neutralize a danger—to the Afghans, to the Ameers of Sindh, to Teheran, and to the Sikhs, "a strange new race of men," as Mr. Kaye calls them, who, in the interval that had elapsed since our attention had at last been attracted to that neighbourhood, had "erected a formidable power on the banks of the Sutlej by the mutilation of the Douranee Empire." Our main object was to wean Persia from the French alliance, and to recover our influence in that country: failing in that, it was our design to set up Afghanistan and Sindh as barriers against encroachments from the west, and to strengthen our frontier still more directly, by uniting the Sikhs with us against the French and Persian confederacy. If we have made these projects intelligible, the reader has now the whole state of things as in a map before him up to 1808.

The missions were successful, without a single exception. An extraordinary embarrassment hung over the negociations with Persia, arising from a circumstance unprecedented in the history of diplomacy—that of two ambassadors, with different powers, and what was still worse, with different views, being accredited at once from the same government. But a treaty was executed in spite of this singular stumbling-block. The reverses of Napoleon in the Peninsula greatly facilitated the progress of our envoys; and even the Sikhs, at first discourteous and almost contemptuous, entered into a friendly alliance with us on our own terms. In the treaties with Sindh and Caubul, special provision was made for the contingency of a French invasion; but the caution was unnecessary, for while these very instruments were being drawn up, all doubts and fears about France were extinguished in the victories of Wellington.

In the mean time the interior of the Douranee Empire was torn by distractions, out of the fury of which rose Dost Mahomed to supreme power. The life of this man forms a remarkable episode in Indian history, and is strikingly characteristic of the accidents that conduct to eminence amongst Oriental nations, and of the qualities most available for taking advantage of them. The English reader should be apprised, as a key to Dost Mahomed's career, that the Douranee population is mainly divided into two principal clans or tribes—the Populzyes and the Barukzyes. The Suddozye, or Royal race, of which the poor blind Zemaun Shah and his insurgent brothers were members, and therefore legitimately entitled in their illegitimate way to ascend the throne, was a branch of the former. These are hard names to read and remember; but he who would understand Indian history must make up his mind to difficulties of this kind. One of the most powerful chiefs, or Sirdars, of the Barukzye tribe, was Futteh Khan, who, after having served and betrayed several masters, occupied at this period the influential post of Wuzeer. With this introduction, the reader will be prepared for what follows:—

"Among the twenty brothers of Futteh Khan was one many years his junior, whose infancy was wholly disregarded by the great Barukzye Sirdar. The son of a woman of the Kuzzilbash tribe, looked down upon by the high-bred Douranee ladies of his father's household, the boy had begun life in the degrading office of a sweeper at the sacred cenotaph of Lamech. Permitted, at a later period, to hold a menial office

about the person of the powerful Wuzeer, he served the great man with water, or bore his pipe: was very zealous in his ministrations; kept long and painful vigils; saw everything, heard everything in silence; bided his time patiently, and when the hour came, trod the stage of active life as no irresolute novice. A stripling of fourteen, in the crowded streets of Peshawur, in broad day, as the buyers and the sellers thronged the thoroughfares of the city, he slew one of the enemies of Futteh Khan, and galloped home to report the achievement to the Wuzeer. From that time his rise was rapid. The neglected younger brother of Futteh Khan became the favourite of the powerful chief, and following the fortunes of the warlike minister, soon took his place among the chivalry of the Douranee Empire.

"The name of this young warrior was Dost Mahomed Khan. Nature seems to have designed him for a hero of the true Afghan stamp and character. Of a graceful person, a prepossessing countenance, a bold frank manner, he was outwardly endowed with all those gifts which most inspire confidence and attract affection; whilst undoubted courage, enterprise, activity, somewhat of the recklessness and unscrupulousness of his race, combined with a more than common measure of intelligence and sagacity, gave him a command over his fellows and a mastery over circumstances, which raised him at length to the chief seat in the empire. His youth was stained with many crimes, which he lived to deplore. It is the glory of Dost Mahomed that in the vigour of his years he looked back with contrition upon the excesses of his early life, and lived down many of the besetting infirmities which had overshadowed the dawn of his career. The waste of a deserted childhood and the deficiencies of a neglected education he struggled manfully to remedy and repair. At the zenith of his reputation there was not, perhaps, in all Central Asia a chief so remarkable for the exercise of self-discipline and self-control; but he emerged out of a cloudy morn of vice, and sunk into a gloomy night of folly."

We give this sketch in full, because Dost Mahomed was one of the chief actors in the war that followed, and because our author evidently holds his character in the highest estimation. That Dost Mahomed is well entitled to the honourable vindication he has received at the hands of Mr. Kaye, we entirely believe; judging from the whole tenor of his conduct, so long as it was possible for him to propitiate or secure the British alliance, and also from the regard with which he inspired Sir Alexander Burnes, whose residence at Caubul, under circumstances in the last degree unpropitious for the development of favourable impressions on either side, afforded him the amplest opportunities of studying his temper and disposition. When we find Burnes always ready to proclaim his reliance on Mahomed's integrity, and congratulating himself, at the opening of the war, that he was to be sent in another direction, and that "Dost Mahomed was to be ousted by another hand than his," we may be assured that the Douranee usurper deserved nobler treatment and a better fate than he received. But we are anticipating the course of events.

We need not trace the steps by which Dost Mahomed rose upon the ruins of his brother Futteh Khan, and finally expelled Shah Soojah from his throne. Such wonderful transitions are common slides in the magic lantern of the East. But in this case there was an element that distinguished the expulsion and usurpation from most of the dynastic changes which agitate the phantasmagoria of Indian royalties. In the majority of instances it is a younger brother, or a nephew, or an uncle, or, at least, some remote cousin or relation of the royal family who drives out the possessor of the Crown; but in this instance it was a member of an inferior tribe that had never enjoyed royal privileges, so that the movement was not merely a successful rebellion against the monarch, but the revolution of one clan against another. The Barukzye race was triumphant over Afghanistan in the person of Dost Mahomed, while the Suddozye, or Royal race, were prostrate in the person of Shah Soojah, who was taken under the protection of the English at Loodhianah, where he had the satisfaction of enjoying the society of his blind brother Zemaun Shah, himself an outcast from the same throne, and a pensioner upon the same liberal power. Shah Soojah, afterwards the antagonist puppet who was to confront Dost Mahomed throughout the war, was a man of a different stamp from his great rival. He was totally unfit for the troublous times in which he was cast, and during the period he held the reins of power, he betrayed an incapacity for government which ought to have operated as a warning against his restoration. "His resources were limited," observes Mr. Kaye, "and his qualities were of too negative a character to render him equal to the demands of such stirring times. He wanted vigour; he wanted activity; he wanted judgment; and, above all, he wanted money." He wanted money, because he had bribed his way to the throne by promises which it impoverished him to fulfil and because he had not abiljty enough to organize a sufficient revenue to enable him to discharge them. Mr. Kaye, speaking in another place of his incompetent royalty, says, "he wanted the art to inspire confidence and to win affection." In short, his character was made up of negations, and was distinguished more by lack of the qualities which his position urgently demanded, than by the presence of their opposite vices or weakness. If we may believe the autobiography he left behind him, these defects were associated with an amiable and gentle spirit very

rare indeed amongst his countrymen; but we apprehend that he mistook the feebleness of his nature for benevolence, and that, when he takes credit to himself every now and then for pardoning an enemy, he is unconsciously describing the same mental idleness and lethargy of resolution which so often made him neglect his friends, and fail to conciliate his rivals. The conduct he pursued in exile shewed the fatuous folly and shallow vanity of his character in their true colours. Having obtained the perfect ease and security best adapted to a man of his incapacity, he could not be happy unless he was engaged in the dissensions for which nature and circumstances had so especially disqualified him. Two years of repose were lost upon his uneasy spirit. Again and again, an instrument in the hands of wily politicians, he attempted the recovery of his empire; but the means employed were so inadequate, and the results were invariably so ludicrous, that his efforts and his expectations ceased to excite any other feeling than that of contempt and derision. Yet this was the prince, under the mask of whose cause the Governor-General of India issued a formal manifesto, by which he declared war upon the Douranee Empire! It is unnecessary to speculate about the verdict which future times will pronounce upon this measure. The fiat of posterity is anticipated in the able and luminous volumes before us, which, written with an impartiality and discrimination that reflect the highest honour on the author, shew that this war was begun without a shadow of justification, that it was carried on through a series of unprecedented disasters, and that it terminated in a loss of life, treasure, and glory, which cannot be otherwise regarded than as the fitting retribution for a proceeding at once impolitic and iniquitous.

The two prominent actors in this war—the Barukzye chief who had discovered a vigour and integrity in his government of the country which had never been imparted to it before, and the exiled Shah, whose inability became more and more evident as the difficulties of his position increased—are now fairly on the stage before us. We are afraid that the attitude of our Government in relation to them was as undignified as it was anomalous. With the internal revolutions of border kingdoms we had no concern, so long as they did not in any way affect our own interests; it was, therefore, a matter properly of no importance to us whether a Barukzye or a Suddozye occupied the throne of Afghanistan. Such, indeed, was the view taken of the subject by the authorities at Calcutta, who suffered the reigning sovereign to be expelled without interference or remonstrance, and received him, with their habitual hospitality, as a pensioner on their bounty. Had we drawn the line at this point, no very serious objection could be taken against our policy. To grant a pension to an unfortunate prince, and allow him to live under our protection, was nothing more than had been done in former cases, in the exercise of a large generosity, which seems to be one of the most graceful functions our civilisation and ascendency in India call upon us to discharge. But we did not stop here. Without espousing the cause of Shah Soojah, or openly exhibiting any interest in him beyond that of compassion, we suffered him to project on our own soil one expedition after another—as contemptible in resources, no doubt, as they were harmless in execution — against the victorious Dost Mahomed. If we did not actually sanction these acts, we allowed them to derive a certain weight from our tacit acquiescence in them. This sufferance might possibly, however, be set down to our perfect neutrality; and, for our own parts, we should be quite willing to give the Government credit for having been guided throughout by the strict principle of non-interference, if they had not finally assisted Shah Soojah in a shape which admitted of no evasion, while they still professed a course of policy which they indirectly violated by that very proceeding. Looking back dispassionately on the events of that period, we do not hesitate to assert, that the first great error committed by the English Government was that of granting to Shah Soojah, in 1832, an advance of four months of his pension, by which he was enabled to raise a considerable force, and to cross the Indus into Sindh, at its head. The Barukzye king had treated the former hostile spasms of Shah Soojah with ridicule; but this was a more formidable demonstration,—so formidable that there was not the vestige of an excuse on the part of the authorities at Loodhianah for affecting ignorance of its object, or of the uses to which the four months' stipend was applied under their eyes. The transaction was every way discreditable to us. It looked exactly as if we had secretly urged Shah Soojah to assert his claims without committing ourselves to support them, so that we might be ready to take advantage of the results let the expedition terminate as it might. That we did not, at that time, consider ourselves called upon to espouse the fallen fortunes of the stipendiary Shah, is sufficiently proved by the fact, that it was not till six years afterwards the British Government made the discovery announced by Lord Auckland, in the famous Simlah manifesto, "that a pressing necessity, as well as every consideration of policy and justice, warranted us in espousing the cause of Shah Soojah-ool-Moolk, whose popularity throughout Afghanistan had been proved to his Lordship

by the strong and unanimous testimony of the best authorities!"

Notwithstanding the indirect help, however, of the British Government, the expedition failed. Shah Soojah was ignominiously beaten, and made his escape with his life only by the forbearance of Most Mahomed, who overruled the eager desire of the Candahar chiefs to give chase to the fugitive. He was not long allowed to enjoy the fruits of his clemency and his triumph, and had scarcely succeeded in crushing one enemy when another appeared at his gates. Runjeet Singh, the chief of the Sikhs, who had recently defrauded poor Shah Soojah of the celebrated Koh-i-noor diamond, had penetrated the Douranee Empire, and taken possession of Peshawur. In this extremity, Dost Mahomed proclaimed a religious war against the Sikhs, knowing that upon that pretext he could get together a much larger force than upon any other; and presented himself before Peshawur with so powerful an army, that Runjeet Singh, afraid to encounter him in the open field, had recourse to an act of the basest treachery by which the whole of that vast concourse of soldiers melted away in a single night. The incident is very striking, and as it is related on the authority of the agent, a Mr. Harlan, an American adventurer, who had no reluctance to take the whole disgrace upon himself, the statement may be relied upon. Runjeet dispatched him as an envoy to the Afghan camp, and when he got there he employed himself in corrupting the followers of Dost Mahomed. He divided his brothers against him by exciting their jealousy, and prevailed upon one of them (of all others, too, the lately deposed chief of Peshawur) to withdraw suddenly from the camp about nightfall, with 10,000 retainers. "The chief," says Harlan, "accompanied me towards the Sikh camp, whilst his followers fled to their mountain fastnesses. So large a body retiring from the Ameer's control, in opposition to his will, and without previous intimation, threw the general camp into inextricable confusion, *which terminated in the clandestine rout of his forces without beat of drum, or sound of bugle, or the trumpet's blast, in the quiet stillness of midnight.* At daybreak no vestige of the Afghan camp was seen, where six hours before 50,000 men and 10,000 horses, with all the busy host of attendants, were rife with the tumult of wild emotion." The picture is startling. We cannot recall any similar incident of so surprising and even appalling a character.

Falling back upon Caubul with the remnant of his forces, Dost Mahomed shut himself up in his palace, and plunged deeply, says Mr. Kaye, into the study of the Koran. What consolation or wisdom he drew from its pages does not appear; but, rankling under the loss of territory, and the disaffection of his natural allies, and apprehending nothing less than an ultimate movement against the capital, he turned his thoughts upon the necessity of calling in foreign aid. His desire lay between Persia and the British; and while he was debating this problem in his mind, two new events, equally alarming from their strangeness, although totally opposite in their complexion, arrested his attention—the appearance of an English Envoy at Caubul, and the advance of a Persian army against Herat. In each case the avowed purpose concealed a sinister design. Captain Burnes was despatched to the Afghan capital for the ostensible object of negociating a treaty of commerce, but with the secret object of political diplomacy; and Herat was besieged by the Persians avowedly because it was a depot for kidnapping and selling Persian subjects into slavery, but really to gratify the ambition of the young Shah, fostered and urged on by Russia, who had her own ends to achieve by establishing the Persian power in that quarter. These two events, which occurred in the autumn of 1837, laid the seeds of the Afghan war. The recent death of the Khan of Herat gives additional interest to these details at the present moment, since there is reason to believe that a similar intrigue is going forward at the present moment in Central Asia, with the ascendency of Russian influence in the background, pointing at no distant day to a Russian descent upon Hindostan.

The mission of Captain Burnes had been in some sort invited by Dost Mahomed. Upon Lord Auckland's accession to the office of Governor-General in 1836, Dost Mahomed addressed a letter of congratulation to his Lordship, asking his advice at the same time as to the course he ought to take in reference to the Sikhs. Lord Auckland's reply expressed the most friendly wishes for the prosperity of the Afghan nation, urged the expediency of opening the Indus, and hinted at a mission for the discussion of "commercial topics." As to the Afghans, his Lordship declared that it was not the practice of the British Government to interfere with the affairs of other independent states. Well may Mr. Kaye give vent to astonishment and regret that these repeated avowals of a policy of neutrality were so soon followed by a declaration of war. "With what feelings, three years afterwards," he exclaims, "when a British army was marching upon his capital, the Ameer must have remembered these words, it is not difficult to conjecture."

Captain Burnes' mission failed. Success was impossible for a negociation which was intended merely as a cloak for ulterior designs. The envoy had a task to perform which no

diplomatic ingenuity could accomplish with credit. To talk politics, as a representative of the British Government, with the Ameer of Caubul, without being invested with the power to come to any definite conclusion, placed Burnes in a dilemma both painful and humiliating. Actuated personally by the most sincere desire to cultivate a friendly alliance with the Ameer, but constantly checked in his impulses, and defeated in his views, by the restrictions imposed upon him from head-quarters, we can hardly regard him as fulfilling a much more honourable office than that of a sort of authorized and authenticated spy. Dost Mahomed sought assistance from the British Government in the matter of Peshawur and the Sikhs; but the British Government, acting through Captain Burnes, would give him nothing but good advice—or advice, whether it was good or not. For a long time, much longer than the pride of a European power could have preserved its amicable dispositions in the face of such discouragements, the Ameer continued true to his desire to cultivate our alliance; kept off the agents of Persia and Russia, who were besieging him with temptations; treated the most flattering offers coldly; and all in the hope of securing friendly relations with the English, which it was our interest as well as his own to cultivate. And it was not until Burnes received his final instructions to reject the Ameer's proposals, that Dost Mahomed reluctantly, but as a matter of necessity, turned his face, as the Easterns say, towards the masked enemies of England. The causes of Captain Burnes' failure are thus ably summed up by Mr. Kaye:—

"His mission failed. What wonder? It could by no possibility have succeeded. If utter failure had been the great end sought to be accomplished, the whole business could not have been more cunningly devised. Burnes asked everything, and promised nothing. He was tied hand and foot. He had no power to treat with Dost Mahomed. All that he could do was to demand on one hand, and refuse on the other. He talked about the friendship of the British Government. Dost Mahomed asked for some proof of it; and no proof was forthcoming. The wonder is, not that the Ameer at last listened to the overtures of others, but that he did not seek other assistance before.

"No better proof of his earnest desire to cement an alliance with the British Government need be sought for than that involved in the fact of his extreme reluctance to abandon all hope of assistance from the British, and to turn his eyes in another direction. It was not until he was driven to despair by resolute refusals from the quarter whence he looked for aid, that he accepted the offers so freely made to him by other States, and set the seal upon his own destruction. 'Our Government,' said Burnes, 'would do nothing; but the Secretary of the Russian Legation came with the most direct offers of assistance and money, and as I had no power to counteract him by a similar offer, and got wigged for talking of it at a time when it would have been merely a dead letter to say Afghanistan was under our protection, I was obliged of course to give in.' What better result Lord Auckland could have anticipated it is hard to say. If the failure of the mission astonished him, he must have been the most sanguine of men."

While this unpropitious mission was working in vain at Caubul, our other agent, Mr. M'Neill, who had proceeded to the Persian camp before Herat, was exposed to a result still more disastrous. We considered the siege of Herat as a proceeding that involved a direct violation of existing treaties. Our language, on this point at least, was explicit, and Mr. M'Neill's instructions were clear and peremptory. He distinctly announced the views of the British Government to the Shah in the camp; and the message was afterwards repeated in unmistakeable terms, when a naval armament was despatched to the Persian Gulf. But in spite of all our menaces and expostulations, the English agent was treated with open disrespect. Finding that his position entailed nothing but disgrace, he repeatedly applied for his dismissal, and at last was compelled to leave without it. "The Russians," observes Mr. Kaye, "were exalted at the Persian Court—the British were slighted and humiliated. There was not a tent-pitcher in the camp who did not know that the British mission was treated with intentional disrespect. It was time, therefore, to bring matters to a crisis." And the crisis came in a shape the Shah had scarcely anticipated.

"Reluctant as he was," says our author, "to terminate our diplomatic intercourse with Persia, Mr. M'Neill, on the 7th June, took his departure from the Persian camp. From the ramparts of Herat they looked out upon the striking of the English ambassador's tents, and a large party of horsemen were seen making their way across the plain. The rupture was now complete. Persia was no longer an ally of Great Britain."

The whole account of the siege of Herat given in this work, and derived in great part from unpublished sources, is one of the most vivid and animated pieces of historical writing with which we are acquainted. The sketch of the old city, seated with solid earthen walls, surrounded by a wet ditch, with its poor and oppressed population dirty and ill-clad, and going about in a hurried and anxious manner, "each man looking with suspicion into his neighbour's face," where few women were to be seen, and it was dangerous to be abroad after sunset, from the fear of being seized and

sold into slavery,—a fear which prevailed so universally that the shops were shut before dark, and the stillness of the night was scared with uproars, and challenges, and cries for help—brings the terrible scene in its ordinary state under the rule of terror of Prince Kamran palpably before us. This Prince Kamran, the son of Shah Mahmood, was the last remnant of the Suddozye race that retained a hold of power: an old and feeble man, broken down by long years of debauchery, whose sovereignty was little better than a ghastly pageant. The portrait of this bandit and sensualist is painted to the life; and the account of his return to Herat, upon the rumour of the advance of the Persians, "the streets lined with eager thousands, and the house-tops alive with gazers," is one of the many faithful pictures of Eastern life, which abound in these volumes, and in which the author brings his descriptive powers to bear with the happiest effect upon his intimate knowledge of the habits and manners of the country.

Shah Kamran had been absent upon a campaign in Seistan, when the intelligence reached him of the advance of the Persians upon Herat. He immediately returned home at the head of his troops, accompanied by his Wuzeer, Yar Mahomed Khan, an individual who afterwards became so prominent in the entangled web of Afghan politics, and whose recent death has so unfortunately rekindled the old feuds and rivalries, that we must pause for a moment over Mr. Kaye's sketch of his character. This Yar Mahomed, he tells us, was a "stout, square-built man, of middle height, with a heavy, stern countenance; thick negro-like lips; bad, straggling teeth; an overhanging brow, and an abruptly receding forehead." The outward appearance of the repulsive Wuzeer is not very promising; but, bad as it is, the qualities it conceals are worse. Of unquestionable courage and ability, affable and even serene and courteous in his bearing, this hideous man seems to have concentrated in his nature the most revolting attributes of the national character, rendered additionally dangerous by an amount of energy, tact, and knowledge, not very common amongst races distinguished rather by the extremes of languor and ferocity, than by constancy of purpose and mental activity.

"Of all the unscrupulous miscreants in Central Asia, Yar Mahomed was the most unscrupulous. His avarice and his ambition knew no bounds, and nothing was suffered to stand in the way of their gratification. Utterly without tenderness or compassion, he had no regard for the sufferings of others. Sparing neither sex nor age, he trod down the weak with an iron heel; and, a tyrant himself, encouraged the tyranny of his retainers. As faithless as he was cruel, there was no obligation which he had not violated, no treachery that had not stained his career. If there was an abler or a worse man in Central Asia, I have not yet heard his name."

While this sanguinary and unprincipled minister was accompanying through the gates of Herat the master whose seat he was destined to leap into soon afterwards, a stranger, of whose presence they were unconscious, and whose influence upon subsequent events invests every step of his progress with interest, was gazing down upon the cortege.

"Among the many who went forth on that September morning to witness the entrance of Shah Kamran into his capital, was a young European officer. Riding out a mile beyond the city walls, he picketed his horse in the courtyard of a deserted house, and joined a party of Afghans, who, sitting on the domed roof of the building, were watching the procession as it passed. He had entered Herat about a month before, after an adventurous journey from Caubul, through the Imauk and Hazareh countries. The name of this young officer was Eldred Pottinger."

Pottinger, at that time a lieutenant in the Bombay Artillery, was there in no official capacity, having been merely sent by his uncle, Colonel Pottinger, to explore Afghanistan with the view to the collection of information. Travelling at one time as a Cutch horse-dealer, and at another as an Indian syud, he mixed freely with the people, and was seldom recognised as a European. The morning after the king's arrival, Eldred Pottinger sent a messenger to the Wuzeer offering to wait upon him as a stranger and a traveller; a proposal which was most graciously received. Mr. Kaye shall sum up for us the results of this accidental appearance of an Englishman in the beleaguered Afghan city—one of those chance circumstances which sometimes exercise an extensive influence over subsequent events in these Indian campaigns.

"Little did Shah Kamran and Yar Mahomed, when they received that unassuming traveller, think how much, under Providence, the future destinies of Herat were in the hands of that young Englishman. The spirit of adventure was strong in Eldred Pottinger. It had brought him to the gates of Herat, and now it kept him there, eager to take a part in the coming struggle between the Heratees and their Persian invaders. And when the day of trial came—when the enemy were under the walls of the city—he threw himself into the contest, not merely in a spirit of adventure, as a young soldier rejoicing in the opportunity thus afforded him of taking part in the stirring scenes of active warfare, but as one profoundly impressed with the conviction that his duty to his country called upon him, in such a crisis, to put forth all his energies in aid of those who were striving to arrest a movement

threatening not only the independence of Herat, but the stability of the British Empire in the East."

To the hitherto unpublished journal of Eldred Pottinger, crowded with the most exciting details of the protracted siege, during which he not only acted as a negociator on behalf of the besieged, but by his valour and presence of mind may be said to have sustained the city at moments when it must otherwise have fallen into the hands of the Persians, we are indebted for the materials out of which, chiefly, Mr. Kaye has constructed a narrative that will be read for its own intrinsic interest long after the events it records shall have ceased to act upon the destinies of the country. Into these details we cannot enter, but must hasten onwards to the war that grew out of them.

The siege of Herat lasted ten months. It ended in considerable loss on both sides to no purpose. How or why the Persians failed is not very clear, for they had the power in their hands to carry the works of that mud-built city, if they had only used them effectively. It was the opinion, says Mr. Kaye, of Eldred Pottinger, that Mahomed Shah might have taken Herat by assault in four-and-twenty hours, had his operations been properly directed; but there was no unity of action; the chiefs were jealous of each other, and each, thinking only of his own laurels, was gratified rather than chagrined at the discomfiture of the rest. And so, finding themselves in the month of September without forage for their troops, and awed by our hostile demonstrations, they struck their tents, and with broken spirits commenced their retrograde march to Teheran.

We now turn to the state of affairs and councils in British India during the period we have been describing. It was evident that some measures were necessary for the security of our own dominions, but it was not easy to determine what these measures were to be. With a Persian camp before Herat, directed by Russian diplomatists and engineers; with one ambassador exposed to indignities, and another failing from the evasiveness of his instructions; with the Barukzye Sirdars intriguing with the court of Teheran, and, in the distance, a great northern power moving down like a black cloud upon our frontiers, we could no longer look on with indifference, or trust to that famous chapter of accidents to which, under Providence, we are such heavy debtors in the East. The position was undoubtedly one of great difficulty; and, although, at this distance of time, enlightened by subsequent knowledge, we can see our way clearly enough through the imbroglio, reasonable allowances must be made for any special errors of judgment that might have been committed in the management of the crisis. But no such apology can be extended to the adoption of a general line of policy, which was not only based upon injustice, but indefensible even on the meaner grounds of expediency or necessity. There were not wanting men well acquainted with the true condition of Central Asia—such men, for example, as Burnes and Wade—and had their views been carried out, much disgrace and calamity might have been avoided. But the Governor-General, betaking himself to the cool mountain range of the Himalayah with three clever civilians,—Mr. William Macnaghten, Mr. Henry Torrens, and Mr. John Colvin, who, being capital linguists, possessed excellent qualifications for interpreters, but were hardly otherwise qualified, although men of undoubted ability and repute, for the very responsible councils to which they were called at this time,—sat down to plan the operations of a war by which, under the transparent pretence of espousing the claims of Shah Soojah, we committed ourselves at once to a great wrong and a profligate expenditure.

It is distinctly shewn in these volumes that Lord Auckland suffered himself to be guided by the advice of men whose brilliancy and youthful enthusiasm carried away his judgment. The gradual progress of their influence over his mind, for, naturally, Lord Auckland was a man of peace, calm, slow, and amiable, is distinctly exhibited. Macnaghten was distinguished as an Oriental scholar; Torrens shone with the lustre of many accomplishments, and, says Mr. Kaye, "could amuse the ladies of Lord Auckland's family with as much felicity as he could assist the labours of that nobleman himself;" while Colvin, who was the most confidential adviser of the three, appears to have possessed an ambition and a resolution somewhat too rash and eager for a juncture so serious. Nor was this all; Lord Auckland had other advisers.

"About him also clustered the common smaller staff of military *aides-de-camp*, and not very far in the background were the two sisters of his lordship—ladies of remarkable intelligence and varied accomplishments—who are supposed to have exercised an influence not wholly confined to the social amenities of the vice-regal camp. Lord Auckland was possessed of a clear judgment, and his integrity of purpose is undoubted; but he wanted decision of character—he too often mistrusted his own opinions, and yielded his assent to those of irresponsible advisers, less single-minded and sagacious than himself. There was no want of capacity in Lord Auckland's camp. The men by whom he was surrounded were among the ablest and most accomplished in the country; but it was for the most part a dangerous kind of cleverness that they possessed—there was too much presumption in it. These secretaries, especially the two younger

ones, were too ardent and impulsive—they were of too bold and ambitious a nature to be regarded as anything better than perilous and delusive guides. But Lord Auckland entrusted himself to their guidance."

And under their guidance was issued that memorable proclamation, in which his Lordship, tracing, with a marvellously partial pen, the history of the negociations with Dost Mahomed—frustrated, as we have seen, by the indecision, if not by the insincerity, of the Supreme Government—takes occasion to state the necessity, arising therefrom, of arresting the rapid progress of foreign intrigue and aggression, of espousing by a remarkably strained corollary, the legitimate claims of a banished sovereign, to whom we had hitherto afforded a friendly asylum, without ever troubling ourselves to interfere on his behalf, but, on the contrary, distinctly declining to meddle in his affairs! By sending a mission to Dost Mahomed, we officially recognised his sovereignty; with what shew, then, of common honesty could we afterwards undertake to depose him as an usurper? That is a dilemma from which no diplomatic logic can rescue Lord Auckland. It is undoubtedly a very suspicious circumstance, and throws a dark shadow over our subsequent proceedings, that we never discovered the justice of Shah Soojah's claims, or the propriety of taking up arms on his behalf, until we had quarrelled with his successor.

If the relief of Herat had been our avowed object, the expedition "would have been addressed," Mr. Kaye judiciously observes, "to the counteraction of a real or supposed danger, and would have been plainly justifiable as a measure of self-defence." But it was by no means so obvious, because Persia had made war upon Herat, that England should therefore make war on Dost Mahomed. "With all his own and his secretaries' ingenuity," says Mr. Kaye, "his Lordship could not contrive, any more than I have contrived in this narrative, to make the two events hang together by any other than the slenderest thread."

But the most curious feature in the case is, that the Persians had raised the siege of Herat before the Simlah manifesto, to use Mr. Kaye's phrase, was "barely incubated." The legitimate object of the expedition was at an end before the proclamation had obtained general currency. Political consistency demanded that, the pretext for the invasion of Afghanistan being removed, the expedition itself should be abandoned. Lord Auckland had placed the siege of Herat in the foreground, as the main cause and justification of drawing the sword;—the siege was over, and, upon his lordship's own showing, the sword ought to have been returned to the scabbard. Yet, in the face of these broad facts, a vast army was collected, with loud and pompous preparation, the Indus was crossed, and an independent kingdom invaded, under the pretence of averting a danger which no longer existed!

It was stated in the newspapers of the day, that the war was approved by Burnes and Wade, than whom no men in India were better acquainted with the true condition of Central Asia; and one of the essential services rendered to Indian history by this publication consists in clearing away this misapprehension, along with a great many more of a like kind. The war was undertaken against the advice of Burnes, Wade, M'Neill, and, indeed, of all the men who were most competent to decide upon the course proper to be taken. But once it was undertaken, their line of conduct as individuals, was clear and unmistakable. They were responsible, not for the resolutions of the Supreme Government, but for the discharge of the duties personally assigned to them, which they fulfilled with a zeal and heroic perseverance worthy of a service that, in the worst and most perilous times, has always acquitted itself with honour. By the following passage, we learn also that the highest authorities, at home and abroad, were equally opposed to this unjustifiable expedition: and here we must expressly direct attention to Mr. Kaye's panegyric on the administrative policy of the East India Company, a tribute dictated by that upright feeling and good faith which invariably distinguish his criticisms, and which derives increased force and value from the honesty and independence so conspicuously displayed in this work:—

"The oldest, the most experienced, and the most sagacious Indian politicians were of opinion that the expedition, though it might be attended at the outset with some delusive success, would close in disaster and disgrace. Among those who most emphatically disapproved of the movement and predicted its failure, were the Duke of Wellington, Lord Wellesley, Mountstuart Elphinstone, Mr. Edmonstone, and Sir Charles Metcalfe. The Court of Directors of the East India Company were strongly opposed to the war, and had no part in its initiation beyond the performance of such mechanical duties as are prescribed by Act of Parliament. The members of the Secret Committee are compelled to sign the despatches laid before them by the Board of Control: and the President of the Board of Control has unreservedly admitted that, beyond the mere mechanical act of signing the papers laid before them, they had no part in the recommendation or authorization of the war. The policy of the East India Company is a policy of non-interference. They had seldom lost an opportunity of inculcating upon their governors the expediency of refraining from intermeddling with

the Trans-Indian states. The temper, indeed, of this great body is essentially pacific; all the instructions which emanate from them have a tendency towards the preservation of peace and the non-extension of empire; and when the merits and demerits of their government come to be weighed in the balance, it can never be imputed to them that they have been eager to draw the sword from the scabbard, or have willingly squandered the resources of India upon unjust and unprofitable wars."

Mr. Kaye notes another very remarkable discordance in the enunciation of the declaration of war. The manifesto states that the war was undertaken with the concurrence of the Supreme Council. The historian *proves* that it was undertaken in spite of a remonstrance from the Supreme Council against it. The office of the contemporary historian is always difficult, and often delicate and embarrassing; but it seldom exacts so painful a duty as that of exposing a perversion of truth in public documents. The writer who executes such functions with strict independence, must be armed with a moral courage as rare as it is valuable; and we cannot deny ourselves the satisfaction of observing, that by no single quality is this history more honourably distinguished than by its fidelity to truth, irrespective of power or party. Nor is this quality less worthy of commendation for its own sake, than for the judicial integrity and dispassionate temper with which it is exercised.

The grand gathering of the army destined for the occupation of Afghanistan took place at Ferozepore in the month of November. Every step taken from the very commencement of this inauspicious war, involved us in fresh breaches of faith, or infractions of our own declared policy. The expedition was literally inaugurated by a violation of the very plan of operations which Lord Auckland had himself laid down in the first instance. It was originally intended to construct an alliance between Runjeet Singh and Shah Soojah, for the recovery of the dominions of the latter, guaranteed by England, or, as Mr. Kaye more accurately describes her position, England "remaining in the background jingling the money bag." For this express purpose a tripartite treaty was entered into in the month of June. Had this view been carried out, the onus of the war, with all its failures and disgraces, would have been transferred to the Sikhs and the Shah. But the treaty had scarcely been executed when Lord Auckland, worked upon, it is supposed, by his intemperate advisers, took a more expanded view of the enterprise, and abandoning the passive part to which he was in a measure pledged by the treaty, committed the Government to the whole responsibility of the war. The very first scene in the calamitous drama was a ceremonial meeting between his Lordship and Runjeet Singh, at which the troops of the two nations were paraded before them. The crush and confusion that marked this memorable interview ominously shadowed forth the disasters that followed. In the meantime, what became of the treaty which this meeting practically nullified? We commend the reader to Mr. Kaye's picturesque account of the galantie show; but we must hasten on.

It is impossible, within our limits, to follow the events of the war, which are here detailed with a vivid minuteness that will gratify to the amplest extent the curiosity of the military reader, while they supply a narrative of such fierce excitement and romantic adventure as rarely sheds its glare upon the pages of history. Some of the most remarkable passages in this war have been chronicled by two or three of the actors in them; but beyond these isolated statements, confined to particular scenes and personal observations, nothing more complete or satisfactory has been given to the public. The history of the whole war, embracing the entire field of operations, and taking up every point of action, is here, for the first time, accomplished upon a scale worthy of the magnitude of the undertaking. The masses of unpublished documents, correspondence, and manuscript journals to which Mr. Kaye has had access, have not only enabled him to execute his task with a comprehensiveness and precision in the details, but with an authenticity of statement that confers the highest historical value upon the work. The judgment, diligence and literary ability displayed throughout these volumes, shew that the confidence which, from so many quarters, committed such important papers to Mr. Kaye's discretion, could not have been reposed in abler or more judicious hands.

Glancing at some of the principal incidents, without observing any chronological order or sequence in our extracts, we will give our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves of the merits and interest of the publication.

The character of Sir Alexander Burnes, who fell under the murderous knives of the Afghans in the first movement of the outbreak at Caubul, has never been properly estimated, either in what was due to his merits, or in the errors which were ascribable to his impulsive and mercurial temperament. Something of his failures is justly attributed by Mr. Kaye to the anomalous position in which he was placed.

"It was the hard fate of Alexander Burnes to be overrated at the outset, and underrated at the close of his career. It may be doubted whether justice has yet been rendered him—whether, on the one hand, what was innately and intrinsically good in him has been amply recognised, and

whether, on the other, the accidental circumstances of his position have been sufficiently taken into account. From the very commencement of the Afghan expedition Burnes was placed in a situation calculated neither to develop the better nor to correct the worse part of his character. In his own words, indeed, he was in 'the most nondescript of situations.' He had little or no power. He had no supreme and independent control of affairs; nor had he, like other political assistants, any detached employment of a subordinate character; but was an anomalous appendage to the British mission, looking out for the chance of succession to the upper seat. In such a position he felt uneasy and unsettled; he lived rather in the future than in the present; and chafed under the reflection that whilst, in all that related to the management of public affairs, he was an absolute cipher at the Afghan Court, much of the odium of unpopular acts descended upon him; and that much of the discredit of failure would attach to him if the measures, which he was in nowise permitted to shape, were not crowned with success. There is reason to think that if fairer scope had been allowed for the display of his abilities, and a larger amount of responsibility had descended upon him, he would have shone with a brighter and a steadier light, and left behind him a more honourable name. His talents were great; his energies were great. What he lacked was stability of character. Power and responsibility would have steadied him. He would have walked with a firmer step and in a straighter course under a heavier burden of political duties. As it was, all the environments of his life at Caubul were too surely calculated to unhinge and unbalance even a more steadfast mind. It is right that all these things should be taken into account. It is right, too, that it should never be forgotten by those who would form a correct estimate of the character and career of Alexander Burnes, that both have been misrepresented in those collections of State papers, which are supposed to furnish the best materials of history, but which are often in reality only one-sided compilations of garbled documents—counterfeits which the ministerial stamp forces into currency, defrauding a present generation, and handing down to posterity a chain of dangerous lies."

Through the numerous characters thus depicted, with the immediate surrounding influences acting upon them, we obtain clearer views of the actual nature of Indian policy than the most elaborate analysis of mere events could supply. The work abounds in portraits of this kind, drawn with skill and vigour, and imparting to the busy scene that life and movement which constitute the true elements of the historical narrative.

The murder of Sir Alexander Burnes was the melancholy presage of all the horrors that followed. We had succeeded in placing Shah Soojah on the throne, and sending Dost Mahomed and his family into captivity. But we had no sooner achieved this object than our troops, surrounded by savage enemies, under the very walls within which Shah Soojah sat in his new state which we had won for him, were exposed not merely to the basest perfidies, but to open hostilities, beginning with the assassination of our Envoy. Caubul was in a state of insurrection against the hated Feringhees. Shah Soojah did nothing but look on at the humiliation and slaughter, and our position grew worse and worse every day. There is no doubt that a vigorous demonstration in the first instance would have saved us; but throughout the whole of this most disastrous war, an invincible panic seems to have struck down the courage and self-possession of our soldiers and their commanders. The curse which had fallen on Sir Giles Overreach might be applied with too much truth to the army of Caubul. Orphans' tears had, indeed, glued their swords to the scabbards, and undone widows sat upon their arms and paralyzed them!

Elphinstone, who commanded at Caubul, was mentally and physically incompetent to grapple with the difficulties of the situation. His frame was paralyzed with disease—his mind clouded with suffering. He knew nothing of the country, and appears to have combined in a strange mixture the opposite qualities of obstinacy and credulity. The result was perpetual oscillation. To increase the misfortunes of the crisis, he insisted upon the maintenance of an authority which he either abused or suffered to lapse into inaction. When Brigadier Shelton, a brave rough soldier, was brought into the camp to help him, instead of availing himself of his services, he did nothing but thwart him and annihilate his utility. Everything was against us. Even the cantonments in which our troops lay, exposed to daily harassing assaults, were injudiciously chosen; and when it was proposed to take refuge in the Balla Hirsar, where, at least, the safety of Shah Soojah would have been compromised with our own, it was negatived. The same doom brooded over us on all occasions. The destiny of the Greek drama was not more clear, certain, and fatal, than the awful retribution which tracked in disgrace and ruin the whole tragedy, or series of tragedies, of this most unrighteous war.

At last the whole country rose up in insurrection. It was evident that, independently of their own differences, the entire population was resolved to exterminate the invaders. The incidents of suffering in masses, and of individual heroism, under these appalling circumstances, are probably unparalleled. Many such illustrations might be accumulated; but the larger calamity of a whole army of British troops, defeated at all points, disgraced, and insulted, and perishing in the snows of a wild

country, or cut to pieces in its savage passes, reduces these individual miseries to absolute insignificance. Meanwhile, Shah Soojah was gazing down from the windows of his palace upon the daily decimation of our troops by starvation and the knives of the Afghans. He was infected not only by the general panic, but by special fears for himself.

Some faint notion may be formed of the scenes he witnessed from a scrap out of the description of one of the numerous straggling actions our troops were compelled to fight in self-preservation. The enemy had swept down upon a village from whence our commissariat had been drawing supplies of grain. It was necessary to drive them out of the village. As usual, councils were divided as to what ought to be done, and, as usual, the wrong advice was taken. A weak detachment was sent out to occupy, and, adds Mr. Kaye, "with a fatuity only to be accounted for by the belief that the curse of GOD was upon these unhappy people, they had taken out a single gun!" The battle had raged for some time, our regiments broken and disordered, now flying, and now re-forming only to be scattered again; and now follows a scene of degradation to the British soldiers, such as we believe to be strange to our annals, and which, we trust, we shall never have occasion to record again:—

"The artillerymen were falling fast at their gun; and Shelton, thinking it insecure, withdrew it to a safer position. Emboldened by this, the enemy continued the attack with increased vigour; and again the British troops began to cower beneath the fire of their assailants.

"For now was seen again that spectacle which had before struck terror into our ranks, and scattered our fighting men like sheep. A party of the enemy, headed by a band of furious Ghazees, emerged from the gorge, and crawling up the hill, suddenly burst upon our wavering battalions. The British troops had been losing heart before this; and now it needed little to extinguish the last remaining spark of courage that warmed them. At this inauspicious moment, Shelton, who had been ever in the thickest of the fire, and who escaped by very miracle the balls which flew about the one-armed veteran, and struck him five times with no effect, fell back a few paces to order some more men to the front. Seeing the back of their commander towards the enemy, our front-rank men gave way; and, in a minute, infantry and cavalry were flying precipitately down the slope of the hill. The Afghan horse, seizing the opportunity, dashed upon our retreating force; and presently friend and foe were mixed up in inextricable confusion. The artillerymen alone were true to themselves and their country. Thinking only of the safety of their gun, they dashed down the steep ascent, and drove into the very midst of the Afghan horsemen. But they could not resist the multitudes that closed around them; and the gun, so nobly served and so nobly protected, fell a second time into the hands of the enemy.

"The rout of the British force was complete. In one confused mass of infantry and cavalry—of European and native soldiers—they fled to the cantonment walls. Elphinstone, who had watched the conflict from the ramparts, went out, infirm as he was, and strove, with all the energy of which, in his enfeebled state, he was master, to rally the fugitives. But they had lost themselves past recovery; they had forgotten that they were British soldiers. The whole force was now at the mercy of the Afghans."

Baffled, beaten, mocked, and hunted, we attempted to negociate, but even here we failed; and at this crisis there suddenly appeared upon the scene to give increased efficiency and consolidation to the rebellion, a young Barukzye chief, Akbar Khan, the son of that Dost Mahomed, the enterprising and intelligent ruler whom we had driven from his seat, to make room for a king who possessed neither the resolution nor the power to protect his generous allies from the vengeance of his own people.

We need not pursue the story; the treaty, ignominious in more aspects than that of its insulting dictation, entered into with Akbar Khan, and the disastrous retreat from Caubul. It was here that poor Macnaghten perished, and no man was ever placed in a more difficult strait; with the military authorities always opposed to him, his advice always set aside or evaded, or not acted upon till it was too late; his manly hopes dragged down at last to the desperate conviction that nothing more could be done by engaging the enemy in the field, and that the last resource lay in a game of dexterous diplomacy; it is matter of wonder, as Mr. Kaye observes, not that he was pressed down by "the tremendous burthen of anxiety which had sat upon him throughout seven weeks of unparalleled suffering and disaster, but that he had borne up so long and so bravely under its weight." It would be well to draw a veil for ever over the horrible scenes that ensued, if it might not be hoped that the relation of them would serve as a warning to the future. In the last extremity, Macnaghten consented to give a meeting to Akbar Khan to negociate terms. He was warned of intended treachery, but, like poor Burnes, he would not believe in it. Accompanied by his friends Lawrence, Trevor, Mackenzie, and a few horsemen, he rode out of the cantonments; but, remembering a beautiful Arab horse of his own which Akbar Khan had much coveted, he sent back for it that he might present it to the Sirdar.

"Near the banks of the river, midway between Mahmood Khan's fort and the bridge, about 600

yards from the cantonment, there were some small hillocks, on the further slope of which, where the snow was lying less thickly than on other parts, some horse-cloths were now spread by one of Akbar Khan's servants. The English officers and the Afghan Sirdars had exchanged salutations and conversed for a little while on horseback. The Arab horse, with which Mackenzie had returned, had been presented to Akbar Khan, who received it with many expressions of thanks, and spoke also with gratitude of the gift of the pistols which he had received on the preceding day. It was now proposed that they should dismount. The whole party accordingly repaired to the hill-side. Macnaghten stretched himself at full length on the bank; Trevor and Mackenzie, burdened with presentiments of evil, seated themselves beside him. Lawrence stood behind his chief until urged by one of the Khans to seat himself, when he knelt down on one knee, in the attitude of a man ready for immediate action. A question from Akbar Khan, who sat beside Macnaghten, opened the business of the conference. He abruptly asked the Envoy if he were ready to carry out the proposals of the preceding evening? 'Why not?' asked Macnaghten. The Afghans were by this time gathering around in numbers, which excited both the surprise and the suspicion of Lawrence and Mackenzie, who said, that if the conference was to be a secret one, the intruders ought to be removed. With a movement of doubtful sincerity some of the chiefs then lashed out with their whips at the closing circle; but Akbar Khan said that their presence was of no consequence, as they were all in the secret with him.

"Scarcely were the words uttered, when the Envoy and his companions were violently seized from behind. The movement was sudden and surprising. There was a scene of terrible confusion, which no one can distinctly describe. The officers of the Envoy's staff were dragged away, and compelled each to mount a horse ridden by an Afghan chief. Soon were they running the gauntlet through a crowd of Ghazees, who struck out at them as they passed. Trevor unfortunately slipped from his insecure seat behind Dost Mahomed Khan, and was cut to pieces on the spot. Lawrence and Mackenzie, more fortunate, reached Mahmood Khan's fort alive.

"In the meanwhile, the Envoy himself was struggling desperately on the ground with Akbar Khan. The look of wondering horror that sat upon his upturned face will not be forgotten by those who saw it to their dying days. The only words he was heard to utter were, '*Az barae Khoda*,' ('For God's sake.') They were, perhaps, the last words spoken by one of the bravest gentlemen that ever fell a sacrifice to his erring faith in others. He had struggled from the first manfully against his doom, and now these last manful struggles cost the poor chief his life. Exasperated past all control by the resistance of his victim, whom he designed only to seize, Akbar Khan drew a pistol from his girdle—one of those pistols for the gift of which only a little while before he had profusely thanked the Envoy—and shot Macnaghten through the body. Whether the wretched man died on the spot—or whether he was slain by the infuriated Ghazees, who now pressed eagerly forward, is not very clearly known—but these miserable fanatics flung themselves upon the prostrate body of the English gentleman, and hacked it to pieces with their knives."

It is almost incredible that this treacherous and bloody deed, committed in the open daylight, should have been permitted to pass, not only unrevenged, but without even an attempt to revenge it. The same had happened in the case of Burnes. General Elphinstone was paralyzed by worse disabilities than rheumatic gout.

Then came the retreat—the crowning retribution of all. It is impossible to convey any adequate impression of the narrative Mr. Kaye has collected, for the first time, into a complete whole of these dreadful scenes. After sixty-five days of such humiliation as had never before been borne by a British force, they prepared to consummate the work of self-abasement by abandoning their position, and "leaving the trophies of war in the hands of an insolent enemy." The snow was deep upon the ground, the elements as well as man were against them, and, to aggravate their misfortunes, the rush of camp-followers that overwhelmed the soldiery, prevented the possibility of maintaining anything like military order.

"Not a mile of the distance had been accomplished before it was seen how heavily this curse of camp-followers sate upon the doomed army. It was vain to attempt to manage this mighty mass of lawless and suffering humanity. On they went, struggling through the snow—making scant progress in their confusion and bewilderment—scarcely knowing whether they were escaping, or whether they were rushing on to death."

When they had advanced farther in their dismal route, attacked by the enemy who harassed them at every step, these camp-followers, clustering about the fighting men, literally paralyzed their movements. They hoped to shake off the incubus by moving on lightly under cover of the night—but in vain.

"It was a bright frosty night. The snow was lying only partially on the ground. For some miles they proceeded unmolested. But when, at Seh-Baba, the enemy again opened a fire upon their rear, the camp-followers rushed to the front; and when firing was heard a-head of the column, again fell back on the rear. Thus surging backwards and forwards—the ebb and flow of a great tide of people—these miserable camp-followers, in the wildness of their fear, overwhelmed the handful of soldiers who were still able and willing to show a front to the enemy, blocked up the road, and presented to the eyes of the Afghan marksmen a dark mass of humanity, which could

not escape their fire even under cover of the night."

The tragedies of the Koord-Caubul, and the Jugdulluck passes, are yet distinctly remembered by all readers of these campaigns. We hasten to the sequel. Perishing by the worst varieties of death, the whole army melted away, until at last out of a total multitude of 16,500 human beings, 4500 of whom were fighting men, but one individual, Dr. Brydon, escaped alive to tell the tale of slaughter to his fellow-countrymen at Jellalabad.

At Jellalabad and Candahar, the miserable enterprise had fared somewhat better. Still it was a disgraceful failure; and when Lord Auckland, who remained in office long enough to witness the total frustration of his magnificent project, staggering and reeling under the ruin he had so rashly invoked, relinquished the government of India into the hands of Lord Ellenborough, we can readily believe that it was the only moment of respite he had felt from the blast of the first trumpet to the close of his Vice-royalty.

In the history of the world there never was a great undertaking in which the hand of Providence punishing the injustice of a powerful state was so visible. Nor did the injustice fall upon Afghanistan alone. It was an injustice, most grievous and oppressive, to ourselves. The attempt to sustain Shah Soojah on the throne had drained the resources of the East India Company to the dregs. The people of Hindoostan suffered as deeply as the people of Afghanistan. They not only expended vast treasures, but offered up the flower of their troops, and some of the bravest and most accomplished men, and best blood they possessed, as sacrifices to a policy which was vainly attempted to be forced upon an independent nation. And in the end, we had the satisfaction of seeing the monarch we had restored, entering into an alliance with the race we had ousted to make way for him, and by whom, upon the very first occasion of his shewing himself among them, he was afterwards murdered, stripped of his jewels, and cast into a ditch.

The narrative of these ruinous campaigns is followed up by a detailed account of the retributive operations of Pollock and Nott, terminating with the restoration of Dost Mahomed, and the declaration by Lord Ellenborough, on the 1st October 1842, of the utter failure of the policy enunciated by Lord Auckland on the 1st October 1838. And thus, after an expenditure of thousands of lives, and millions of money, we sent back the man we had forcibly removed, with the bitter memory of his wrongs upon him to make him our enemy, when we might have made him our friend, in the first instance, at very little cost of money, and none at all of life; and thus one Governor-General publicly reversed the policy of his predecessor, writing his proclamation, by a singular and signal coincidence, in the same room at Simlah from which the manifesto of the war had been issued exactly four years before!

The work to which we are indebted for a comprehensive chronicle of this war, is a valuable contribution to Indian history. The details are full, accurate, and impartial; and are entitled to additional confidence from the authentic and hitherto unexplored sources drawn upon in the relation of them. Mr. Kaye belongs to no party, and the fearlessness with which he traces the policy of the Government and the conduct of individuals, exhibits an independence of all influences highly creditable to his integrity and his courage. The period embraced in this war was peculiarly open to unconscious predilections. Of the two Governors-General, who presided over the affairs of India during the occupation of Afghanistan, one was a Whig and the other was a Tory; but it is impossible from the perusal of these volumes to determine with which party Mr. Kaye's political sympathies are bound up.

It is written with ability and sound judgment, developing an intimate acquaintance with the interior of the country and the life of the people. Its appearance at this moment is peculiarly opportune. Herat is again threatened by rival claims and Persian intrigues; while, if the German journals may be relied upon, we are menaced by a renewal of Russian interference in that quarter. Central Asia is likely to become once more the scene of dynastic revolutions and foreign invasion, in which Dost Mahomed will take a prominent part, having already, it is said, placed his son Hydu Khan (who is strengthened in his title to the throne of Herat by his marriage with the widow of his brother Akbar Khan, a daughter of Yar Mahomed) at the head of a large army, for the purpose of descending upon Herat by the route of Balk. If these rumours be well founded, and there is no reason to doubt them, Mr. Kaye's history will be a hornbook for our political and military servants in that distracted region.

Art. IX.—1. *The Tragedies of Æschylus.* Literally translated by Theodore Alois Buckley, B.A., of Christ Church, Oxford. London, 1849.

2. *The Lyrical Dramas of Æschylus, from*

the Greek. Translated into English verse by JOHN STUART BLACKIE, Professor of Latin Literature in Marischal College, Aberdeen. 2 vols. London, 1850.

THAT every civilized modern nation ought to possess a complete series of translations of all the Greek and Latin Classics, is an assertion that will be universally admitted. Whether the English language may not already be in possession of something professedly equivalent to such a complete series of translations, our knowledge of what has been done in this department since the commencement of our literature, does not permit us to affirm; we can unhesitatingly say, however, that no such series of translations from the classical writers as *ought* to exist in the English language, does exist in it. A large proportion of what our literary men and scholars have done in this way has been irrecoverably vitiated by the false method according to which it was done—that method, namely, of loose and elegant paraphrase, in lieu of accurate and literal rendering, which was so prevalent among English translators during the whole of the last and the early part of the present century, and of which Pope's version of the Iliad is the most splendid example. All translations executed according to this method are, we hold, to be simply discarded—to be treated as if, in their character as translations, they did not exist. They may be read for their independent merits, if people choose; but they ought not to be counted in any catalogue that may be drawn up to exhibit what amount of Greek and Roman literature has been really translated into English. And were this subtraction made from the list of our professed translations from the Classics—were no translations counted but those executed, however imperfectly, on right principles—we are convinced that the blank would be very large.

Now, this blank ought, most decidedly, to be filled up; and that as soon as possible. As far as one could hope, by any declaration beforehand of what is desirable, to determine the labours of our literary practitioners in a given direction, one would be disposed to say to them, "Give us, as soon as possible, a good and complete series of translations of the classic master-pieces; we will dispense with as much else as may be necessary, till you have provided us with *that*." It is to our *literary practitioners*, we say, that we would address this demand; for this is precisely one of those cases which shew how convenient it would be to have part (not the whole) of the literary faculty of the country organized and maintained after some fashion or other in the public service. Certain exercises of mind, certain species of literary effort, indeed, there are, which never can and never will be submitted to any such system of control—compatible as they are only with the immense resolve, the unshared inspiration, or the golden whim of the individual; and however the State may deal with these in the way of honour and reward after they are accomplished, it certainly cannot deal with them as contractor and paymaster. But, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that, at the present day, when there is so much respectable talent and so much practised literary skill actually lost in the country for want of proper work, it might be advantageous to employ scholars and authors collectively in certain departments of professional exertion under public auspices, even though this should have to be done in the face of an objection that we were thereby introducing an Erastian taint into literature. Besides the making of dictionaries, and the compilation of blue-books and state-papers on contemporaneous subjects of social interest, the business of translating from the dead or from foreign languages is one of the most obvious departments in which such a plan would be, to some extent, applicable. Translation, indeed, as we shall have yet to remark, may, in some cases, rise into the rank of an art requiring genius; on the whole, however, the kind of translation of which we are at present speaking is quite within the range of the accomplished literary practitioner. Nor in the demand we make, that part of the scholarly and literary faculty of the country should be rendered compulsorily available for the purpose of translation from the classical languages, including the Oriental, do we ask anything which our existing academic apparatus might not very easily be made to supply. The country has a right to look to Oxford and Cambridge for the filling up of that blank in our literature to which we have alluded—a complete and trustworthy translation, suitable for the popular English reader, of all the works that the genius and learning of antiquity have bequeathed to us. We are not of those that complain that Oxford and Cambridge are doing nothing for their living; nor are we ignorant how much individual scholars of these Universities have done in that very branch of literary service of which we are making mention; we see no grounds for concluding, however, that the Universities, as such, have done all in this department that might be expected from them, or that, without the slightest detriment to those more erudite exercises of hermeneusis and exegesis by which their scholars have been accustomed to prepare the text of the Classic authors for the more exact appreciation of other scholars, they might not also be made compulsorily to take part in the better and greater work of putting

the treasures of these authors systematically within the reach of the mass of Englishmen. Considering what materials there already are in the shape of existing translations more or less perfect, it would not be difficult for Oxford and Cambridge soon to present us with all that could be desired in this respect. Probably the thing could be effected by some simple arrangement, according to which contributions to a complete English version of the Classics should be exacted in return for University preferments; and, if so, care should certainly be taken to include the Oriental authors in the arrangement, so that our notorious deficiencies in regard to them might also have a chance of being gradually supplied.

And with what kind of translations is it that, under such an arrangement, the ordinary scholarship of Oxford and Cambridge, or the similarly educated talent throughout the country, might be fairly expected to provide us? With this, surely, at the least,—good literal prose translations of all the Greek and Latin Classics, accompanied with such illustrative notes as would make the text thoroughly intelligible to the careful English reader. The prime and essential characteristic of such translations ought to be rigid and punctilious literality. Not the slightest deviation from the *ipsissima verba* of the original text ought, by rule, to be permitted. We cannot too strongly insist upon this. To us what are called free translations are an abomination. So-called "freedom" of translation we regard as, in most cases, proceeding from nothing else than a defect of conscientiousness, a weakness of moral principle. As to report a man's words exactly as he uttered them indicates strictness of conscience as well as strength of memory; so to render a passage from a foreign or classical author with a rigorous reproduction of every term and particle employed, indicates sound moral habit as well as a command of vocables. All schools where the art of translating the Classics is not taught on literal principles, whatever else may be superadded for the sake of easy exercise in the vernacular, are seminaries of inaccuracy and a life-long laxness of mind to the pupil. The character even of a nation may be judged from its translations. The superior conscientiousness, for example, of the Germans over the French appears in nothing more conspicuously than in the superior closeness of their translations from other languages. Literal exactness, therefore, word for word fidelity to the original text, ought to be the first condition of such prose translations from the Classics as we are now speaking of. All attempts to escape this, all pretensions about giving the "spirit" of the original, but not the exact words, we would treat as dishonest subterfuges. There is no security that we see for giving the spirit of the original, unless by giving an exact version of the words. Some exception may, indeed, be allowed in respect of occasional passages, where a too close rendering of the words of a classic author would unnecessarily offend against established moral proprieties; but this exception is one the limits of which are sufficiently defined by the nature of the case. The other reason so frequently alleged as an excuse for free translations, namely the peculiar genius of the English language, is one for which we would make no allowance. To reconcile closeness to the original with a due regard for whatever is established in the vernacular idiom, is simply the translator's difficulty: which if he cannot overcome, he is not fit to be a translator. A translation, we hold, may be literally exact and yet be good English; the burthen of fulfilling both conditions is what the translator undertakes; if he fails in either, he must bear the blame; but if we are to let him off one of the conditions at all, it should certainly be the second rather than the first. If the genius of the English language will not permit of a literal translation of any piece of classical composition, then, if that piece of classical composition is to be translated at all, the genius of the English language must just submit to the strain. For, after all, is not a certain quaintness and foreign aspect of speech one of the characteristics essential and proper to a translation—representing to the reader as it were in a form so palpable that he must notice it, the difference between the mode of thinking of his own country or time, and the mode of thinking of the country or time which he is striving to study? It is in accordance with this, at least, that the difficulty of executing a translation that shall be at once close and idiomatic increases as we go back from the contemporary foreign to the dead languages. It is more easy by far to translate a passage from a French or a German author literally, and yet into good English, than it is to perform the same feat with a passage from the Latin or the Greek.

But ought we to be content with good literal prose translations of the classical masterpieces, edited and illustrated as we have supposed? This is what the ordinary scholarship and literary talent of the country can undoubtedly supply us with; and this, in any case, we ought certainly to have; but ought we to rest here? We do not think so. A great deal more may be done to popularize the Classics than this; and the work of popularizing the Classics is, as a whole, sufficiently high and laudable to justify the expenditure of a greater quantity of modern labour upon it than this would amount to. Both as regards matter and form there are many of the compositions of Greece and Rome, to the task of repro-

ducing which, and illustrating them in the best possible manner, England could well afford to set apart a considerably higher class of her literary functionaries than would be required for the mere business of accurate prose translation with accompanying elucidations. This is true even of the *prose* writers among the Classics. It might be sufficient, for example, to have an accurate prose translation of Herodotus, such as an ordinary Oxford scholar could give, illustrated by such antiquarian and geographical notes as he would easily have at command; a similar process, with more of knowledge of the military art, might be enough for the Commentaries of Cæsar; even less might serve for a good translation of Plutarch; nor, if we supposed our Oxford man to have, in addition to his scholarship, a tolerable amount of taste and philosophic culture, should we despair of obtaining from him in good English the vast sense of the Stagyrite, or the actual meaning which makes the sublimity of Plato. But, in certain cases, one would willingly consent to a larger outlay of native talent and skill in the interpretation even of the prose authors. The man who, himself inspired by the soul of Plato, should devote years to the preparation of an English version of Plato's writings, conveying, along with their actual meaning, some worthy idea of their beauty of form, would not be thought to have lost his time in the undertaking; and that translator were surely entitled to be called a man of independent genius that could make Demosthenes stand before us again in the cadence and thunder as well as in the thought and clearness of his own orations. We omit here any detailed allusion to those literary undertakings wherein the functions of the translator, and those of the independent author or artist, might well be blended. One undertaking of this kind, which we have heard proposed, we will but mention as an example—a Life of Demosthenes, or an account of the Life and Times of Demosthenes, in which all the speeches of the orator should be embodied *verbatim*, the remainder of the work consisting of a connecting narrative. This is but one out of the many similar undertakings whereby the literary genius of the present might honourably work for the artistic reproduction, in the point of view of strictly modern interest, of all that is grandest in the classic past. Only here, too, wherever the work should consist of translation, we would insist upon the condition of literal exactness. Of that canon we would never abate one jot. Give us more, if you like; but give us that, at least.

It is with regard to the *poetry* of antiquity, however, that the greatest difficulty is felt. How shall we translate the Greek and Latin poets; or with what kinds of translations of these must we, by force, be content? On this point Professor Blackie speaks as follows, in the preface to his translation of Æschylus:—

"Some men of literary note, in the present day, observing the great difficulties with which poetical translators have to contend, especially when using a language of inferior compass, have been of opinion that the task ought not to be attempted at all—that all poetical translations, from the Greek at least, into English, should be done in prose; and, in confirmation of this opinion, they point to the English translation of the Hebrew Bible as a model. But if, as Southey says, 'a translation is good precisely as it faithfully represents the matter, manner, and spirit of the original,' it is difficult to see how this doctrine can be entertained. Poetry is distinguished from prose more by the manner than by the matter; and rhythmical regularity, or verse, is precisely that quality which distinguishes the manner of poetry from that of prose. In one sense, and in the best sense, Plato and Richter and Jeremy Taylor, are poets; in another sense, and in the best sense, Æschylus, and Dante, and Shakspeare, are philosophers; but that which a poet as a poet has, and a philosopher as a philosopher has not, is verse; and this element the advocates of a prose translation of poetical works are content to miss out! That the argument from the English translation of the Bible is not applicable to every case, will appear plain to any one who will figure to himself Robert Burns, or Horace, or Beranger, in a prose dress. * * I consider, therefore, that prose translations of the Greek dramatists will never satisfy the just demands of a cultivated taste, for the plain reason, that they omit that element which is most characteristic of the manner of the original.

"I am persuaded that the demand for prose translations of poets has arisen, in this country, more from a desperate reaction against certain vicious principles of the old English school of translation, than from a serious consideration, either of the nature of the thing, or of the capacity of our noble language. In Germany I do not find that this notion has ever been entertained, plainly because the German poetical translations did not err, like our English ones, in conspiring, by every sort of fine flourishing, and delicate furbishment, to obscure or to blot out what was most characteristic in their originals. The proper problem of an English translator is not *how to say a thing as the author would have said it, had he been an Englishman;* but *how, through the medium of the English language, to make the English reader feel both what he said, and how he said it, being a Greek.* Now, any one who is familiar with the general run of English rhythmical translations of which Pope's Iliad is the pattern, must be aware that they have too often been executed under the influence of the former of these principles, rather than the latter. * *

"I at once admit that a good prose translation —that is to say, a prose translation done by a poet, or a man of poetical culture—of such an author as Homer, is preferable, for many purposes, to a poetical translation so elegantly de-

faced as that of Pope. A prose translation, also, of any poet, done accurately in a prosaic style by a proser, however much of a parody or a caricature in point of taste, may not be without its use, as a ready check on the free license of omission or inoculation which rhythmical translators are so fond to usurp. But it is a mistake to suppose, because Pope, under the influence of Louis XIV. and Queen Anne, could not write a good poetical translation of Homer, that therefore such a work is beyond the compass of the English language. I believe that, if Alfred Tennyson were to give to the world a translation of the Iliad in the measure of *Locksley Hall*, he would cut Pope out of the market of the million, even at this eleventh hour. We are, in the present epoch of our literary history, arrived at a very favourable moment for producing good translations. A band of highly original and richly gifted minds has just left the stage, leaving us the legacy of a poetical language, which, under their hand, received the degree of rhythmical culture, of which it had been before considered incapable. The example of the Germans, also, now no longer confined to the knowledge of a few, stands forth to shew us how excellent poetical translations may be made, free, at least, from those faults which we have suffered. There is no reason why we should despair of producing poetical versions of the classics, which shall be at once graceful as English compositions, and characteristic as productions of the Greek or Roman mind. I, for one, have already passed this judgment on my own attempt, that if I have failed to bring out what is Greek and what is Æschylean prominently, in combination with force, grace, and clearness of English expression, it is for lack of skill in the workman, not for want of edge in the tool."

Now, while we substantially agree with this clear expression of opinion, from so competent an authority as Professor Blackie, we feel that it leaves many points in the main question unsettled. Let us investigate the question a little more closely, so as to ascertain, with some precision, its possibilities, laws, and likelihoods.

If I wish to execute such a translation of a piece of verse in a foreign language, as shall be in all respects a *fac-simile*,—as shall make my translation exactly the same thing to the minds of my readers, as the original was to the minds of those in whose native tongue it was written,—I must be prepared to accomplish three things.

In the first place, I must thoroughly and exactly reproduce the whole matter of the original passage, its whole amount and intricacy of purely intellectual meaning. The only secure means, as we have already said, whereby I can accomplish this, is by a rigorous adherence to the *ipsissima verba* of the original; the slightest liberty in this respect being either a loss of somewhat of the original matter, or an addition to it. Now this degree of success in rendering a poetical passage from another language is perfectly within the power of a faithful prose translator. Nor are we disposed to rate this kind of achievement so low as Professor Blackie seems to do. It may seem an atrocious thing to say, but we are convinced that in all good poetry of a high order, the most essential part, and that which carries the largest proportion of the whole effect with it, is the *meaning*. In other words, we do not believe, with Professor Blackie, that poetry, as such, is chiefly distinguished from prose, as such, by its metrical or rhythmical manner; we believe, on the other hand, that poetry is distinguished from prose in a very great measure by the nature of its characteristic matter. Let us not be mistaken. We advance this statement not because we undervalue the function of metre, or rhythmical cadence, but, because we assign it a function far higher than is usually assigned to it. Verse, song, or metre, we regard as almost a divine device, if even that word is not too degrading—a device for carrying the thought of man into regions it could never otherwise reach. The man to whom by nature this mode of expression is necessary, or with whom by art it has been made customary, differs in his whole intellectual bearing and attitude from other men, walks in a remoter field and atmosphere, sees things which they do not see, steps from crag to crag at viewless heights where they would become dizzy. But the great end of all this is, that he should fetch home from these aerial excursions matter more grand, special, and exquisite; meanings not otherwise conceivable or attainable. And hence, though rhythm or metre may have been the necessary mode according to which his invention worked in seizing these meanings, it may not, once that they are seized, be a mode absolutely indispensable for their recollection and secondary apprehension. The poet himself, of course, speaks them forth in rhythm, for the act of speech with him is the act of invention; but, if all this rhythmic care and phrenzy of his has been really worth much, the meaning which he has brought back with him should in any case be such that, if it is but fairly rendered to the intellect in its quality as a piece of intellectual matter, the exclamation of the reader should be—"There speaks a Poet." We tread here on delicate ground, and we would fain dispose of all objections by anticipation. We do not mean that the sense of a poet suffers nothing by being dissociated from the rhythm to which he has set it. It suffers sometimes incalculably. The man who misquotes a verse in his own language—the Englishman who, in quoting a line of Tennyson, substitutes a word of his own for the word actually used—is guilty of a barbarism, and would murder the woman he loves. Even here, however, it will be observed, much of the fault

lies in treachery to the precise intellectual meaning of the poet. And what we contend for is, that the intellectual meaning of all good poetry of a high order forms so large a proportion of that which is great and impressive in it, that a faithful representation of the same in prose will, when nothing better can be had, convey by no means an inconsiderable portion of the whole effect which the poetry is calculated to produce. Good poetry! we say; for we would offer this very circumstance as a test for discriminating between superior and inferior poetry, that, if the former is either transposed or translated into faithful prose, its substance will still be grand enough or rare enough to astonish and delight, whereas, if the latter is served in the same way, its substance becomes vapid or evanishes. The thoughts of Shakspeare, in prose or in verse, still seem more than human; in Milton, too, the matter, though filched from above, in the first place, by the power of rhythm, is in itself a sufficient reliance; and whether the bards of the Bible have not a strength and a beauty that can outlast their native metre, is a question of which all can judge. Our belief is, that the same is true of Homer, and still more of the Greek tragic poets. In them, too, the meaning, the matter of invention, is such, that though the verse may have been the necessary mould for its production, it will remain solid and admirable when the mould is broken. Not so with inferior poetry. We could name poets of high name in the present day whose poetry, if subjected to this test, would turn out to be mere fifth-rate thought made wonderful to the undiscerning by being put into metre. With lyric poets, or song-writers, indeed, such as Horace, Burns, or Beranger, much more is lost when the measure is dispensed with; but even as regards them, we believe that the capacities of a good prose translation would be somewhat greater than Professor Blackie supposes. Whatever of the ludicrous there might seem to be in a bald translation of some of the verses of such poets, would arise, we are convinced, not much less from inadequate intellectual rendering of their matter, than from the loss of their peculiar rhythmical manner, in any sense in which that rhythmical manner could be preserved by a poetical translator. And the truer the poet, in most cases, the less the loss. Strip Horace of his polished and compacted verse, and what remains in your hands is often a mere strong sagacious sort of matter, such as worldly old *dilettanti* like over their walnuts; treat the lines of Catullus by never so cruel a process of prose-transmutation, and still, provided the meaning reaches you at all, it will reveal itself as the product of a genius wild, fitful, and exquisite.

It remains true, nevertheless, that no mere intellectual rendering of a poetical passage, however faithful, can equal the force and intention of the original; and hence we are prepared to say, in the second place, with Professor Blackie, that, in every case where it is possible consistently with entire faithfulness to the meaning, the translation of a poetical passage ought to be in verse. Here, however, a rule suggests itself, so obvious that, were it not more frequently transgressed than kept, it might seem unnecessary to mention it. It is this, that every poetical translation of a poetical passage should, wherever it is possible, be in the same metre as the original. That very appreciation of the value of metre which makes one insist upon having a metrical rather than a prose translation, ought also to point out the positive duty on the part of the translator to retain the metre chosen by the poet whom he translates. For the choice of that particular metre, whether made deliberately or unconsciously, was certainly no mere accident destitute of significance. In the Faust of Goethe, for example, the varieties and alternations of the metre—varieties and alternations so extensive that the poem almost exhausts the combinations of German prosody—have evidently a most studied meaning; so that, when the poet passes from the long line to the short line, or from the Iambic to the Anapæstic march, it is clear that he must have done so from a necessary feeling of art. In the very nature of things Mephistopheles must speak in a different rhythm from Raphael. Yet, strangely enough, most of the poetical translators of the Faust have made no attempt to preserve the original metres—content, as it would seem, to have turned the poem into any kind of verse that came most easily, or that satisfied their own metrical ear. This, it appears to us, is an offence of the most signal kind, shewing a lamentable want of conscience, or a lamentable want of perception; and perfectly inexcusable, too, in such a case as that of the Faust, seeing that the metres of that poem, and even the feminine rhymes with which many of the lines end, are, with but a little care, perfectly transferable into English. We will not say absolutely that a prose translation of such a poem as the Faust is preferable to a metrical translation executed in a different verse from the original, for the translator himself, in such a case, might make a good choice of verse; but we certainly believe that in such a case the translator runs the risk of doing greater violence than the most incompetent prose translator could, to the genius and form of the composition he is trying to reproduce. Goethe would have infinitely preferred the baldest prose translation of his Margaret's song to a translation of it in the measure of Gray's "Elegy," or of Scott's "Marmion;" and yet

this is precisely what poetical translators are perpetually doing with him and other poets. As a general rule then, it may be affirmed that all poetical translations from one language to another should be made in the metre of the original. Nor, when the translation is out of one modern language into another—as from German into English, or from Italian into German—is there, in most instances, any excuse, except that of culpable laziness, for deviating from this rule. But how are we to act in the more difficult business of translating the ancient poets, whose metres are for the most part obsolete? Here, at best, our procedure must be in a spirit of compromise. We may manage to preserve an occasional measure, such as the Sapphic; we may skewer words together, and persuade our stubborn ears that we have produced English hexameters; but, on the whole, we are defied. A metrical *fac-simile* in English, of the Odes of Horace, would be about as pleasant a spectacle as a box of corkscrews; and even Homer would be intolerable in English, whatever he is in German, hexameters. And then, the choruses of the Greek dramatists, those puzzles even to the masters of prosody!—how are we to act with regard to them? The Germans, indeed, Professor Blackie tells us, have attempted exact metrical reproductions of even the Greek choruses; but Germans are Germans. In short, if still we resolve that our translations shall be metrical, (and though the impossibility of adhering to the original metre is one argument the more for being content with plain prose, we allow that it is not necessarily a conclusive argument,) we have clearly but one resource—namely, to exercise our own taste and ear in finding metres which shall satisfy, as nearly as possible, all the demands of the original, at the same time that they fulfil all native conditions. And this is what Professor Blackie professes to have done with Æschylus. One distinct effect such an attempt, even if unsuccessful in other respects, must certainly have—that of keeping before the reader's mind the fact, that what he is reading was written in verse, and intended to be sung or chanted; and this is of some consequence. We agree also with Professor Blackie, that to translate such poetry as that of Æschylus into mere blank verse, whether the uniform heroic measure, or the various blank patronized by Southey, would be but a poor device. The ordinary heroic blank verse for the dialogue, and various English rhyme, with perhaps an occasional blank—such is probably the best arrangement in any English version of the Greek dramatists.

Supposing, however, that we have accomplished these two feats with regard to a piece of poetry in a foreign language—given an exact and literal version of the meaning, and preserved the very metre of the original—is our translation after all a *fac-simile?* It is not. There is a third element in every piece of poetry in any language, which it is absolutely impossible to transfuse by translation into any other—that aroma, so to speak, of invisible associations which clings to each word, considered not as an intellectual symbol merely, but also as a sound. We have met with this remark, if we mistake not, in one of the critical papers of Mr. G. H. Lewes; and it is important. To take an example:—Here is the passage in the prologue to Faust, where Mephistopheles first gives his impression of Faust's character.

"Fürwahr! er dient euch auf besondere Weise.
Nicht irdisch ist des Thoren Trank noch Speise.
Ihn treibt die Gährung in die Ferne,
Er ist sich seiner Tollheit halb bewusst;
Vom Himmel fordert er die schönsten Sterne
Und von der Erde jede höchste Lust,
Und alle Näh' und alle Ferne
Befriedigt nicht die tiefbewegte Brust."

We find this passage rendered with tolerable exactness of meaning, and the metre preserved, in the following translation:—

"Forsooth! he serves thee, then, in strangest guises.
No earthly drink nor food the booby prizes.
His yearning spurs him to the Far,
His madness to himself is half-confest;
From Heaven covets he its fairest star,
And from the Earth demands each highest zest,
And all the Near and all the Far
Calm not the craving of his deep-moved breast."

Yet, were this translation more exact in all respects than it is, it would not be perfect as a representation of the original. *Ferne* and *far*, for example, have precisely the same meaning intellectually; but they differ in sound, and *far* to an Englishman has not precisely the same emotional effect as *ferne* to a German. And so universally. *Love* is the English for the Latin *amor*, and yet *amor* is not *love;* and *gold* in English is a much more mouth-filling and soul-filling word than *aurum* in Latin, as if the Englishman had a greater and more solemn sense of the grandeur of the thing meant. There are, therefore, natural limitations to the powers of translation, in any case, from one language into another. And though this remark may seem overstrained, it deserves to be taken into account whenever the question of the value of translations in general is treated. It affects also the special question as to the propriety in some cases of being content with

a prose translation. Thus, while it is undoubtedly true that a literal prose translation of two such lines as these:—

> "The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that,"

would be miserably jejune as compared with the original; the advocate of a prose translation might ask, in reply, how much of this comparative jejuneness would be owing to the fact of the version being in prose, and how much to the equally undeniable though less obvious fact, that in any translation whatever, whether in prose or in verse, the identical associations which make the foregoing words, "stamp," "gowd," &c., so weighty to the Scottish ear, must inevitably perish. In short, this consideration makes it clear, that though the poetical translator, by adhering to the rhythm of the original, may convey *much*, even he cannot convey *all*, of that force of the original which lies in the sound. His means of representing the original are in this respect less imperfect than those of the prose translator; and if he can manage the meaning equally well, he has of course the advantage by a two-fold merit; but even his representation must remain defective, and far from the exactitude of a *fac simile*.

In the two works before us—the one a literal prose translation of the plays of Æschylus by an Oxford scholar; the other a poetical translation of the same plays by one who is both a scholar and a man of genius—the question as between prose translations and poetical translations of poetry of such a kind and of so ancient a date, is brought to a practical issue. No author could be named, in translating whose works all the difficulties of translation in general could be more signally present than in those of Æschylus; and none with regard to whom effort towards overcoming these difficulties could be better bestowed. What we call the works of Æschylus, are seven plays, or, as Professor Blackie names them, seven Lyrical Dramas, surviving out of some seventy or eighty, composed by a literary man of Athens, in the early part of the fifth century before Christ, and performed, under his superintendence, by trained actors and singers, in the presence of vast audiences assembled for the purpose at stated Athenian festivals. They consist each of two parts of nearly equal dimensions—the one *dialogue*, properly so called, spoken or declaimed with a loud voice by actors, dressed so as to appear of gigantic stature, who moved slowly about the stage, representing the divinities or heroic personages of some sacred Greek story; the other *song*, properly so called, sung either in solo by those actors, or by a large band of other assistants, called the chorus, ranged on a particular part of the stage, and usually intended to represent the mythic and sympathizing public in the midst of which the events of the drama were supposed to have taken place. Such was the favourite form of literary activity among the Greeks at the time when Æschylus lived, *i.e.*, at and immediately after the Persian invasion, and the great battles of Marathon and Salamis; and such was the form of literary activity in which Æschylus, devoting himself to it as his special calling or profession, became an acknowledged master. The true counterpart of this kind of literary activity in the present time would rather be, as Professor Blackie remarks, the preparation of *libretti* for sacred operas, if we had such things, than the preparation of tragedies in the modern sense. As an ancient Athenian—as a free citizen of that wonderful commonwealth, which, though it never contained a population, slaves included, of more than 400,000 souls, has bequeathed to the world so large a proportion of the intellectual wealth it can now exhibit—Æschylus had to take part in other occupations besides that of sacred play-writing. In politics he was known as a conservative, a man who revered the old and somewhat aristocratic institutions of his native city, and saw them with grief disappearing; and, as a soldier, he was one of those who had hewn with his sword at the Persian backs on Marathon, and stood all night on the anxious deck at Salamis. These, however, were but episodes in his career; and his true profession was that of preparing lyrical dramas which might win the prize, and be performed with applause at the great festivals in honour of the god Bacchus or Dionysos. He was famous even in the mechanical minutiæ of this art. Not only did he enlarge the drama itself beyond its original scope, by introducing a second, and afterwards a third actor, in addition to the solitary actor who had till then declaimed all the dialogue—thus permitting a larger variety of parts in the piece; he was also a notable improver of the stage-scenes and decorations, and he took more pains than any contemporary dramatist in teaching the actors, and training the dancers. During his life he had many competitors, some of whom occasionally beat him and carried off the honours of the festival; and, in his old age, he saw himself surpassed in popular estimation by his young fellow-townsman, Sophocles. After his death, however, which took place in Sicily, B. C. 456, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, the Atherians showed their respect for him by permitting his dramas to be reproduced as new ones—an unusual honour, inasmuch as, after a piece had been once performed at the festival of Dionysos, it was, as a general rule, never performed in Athens again, but handed over to be performed, if there was a demand for it, in the minor

theatres of the other Grecian towns. And that judgment which the ancient Athenians pronounced, posterity in all lands has ratified. The man's business in life was but to prepare spectacles to form part of the ceremonial at the festivals of the Bacchic god of Greek imagination; and yet when we moderns of the Christian world seek among the great men of the past for the one that may best stand as the type of nature's extreme in one of her grandest forthgoings, we find ourselves constrained to dwell by preference upon the name of old Æschylus.

Mr. Buckley's prose translation of Æschylus —forming one of that series of cheap translations from the Classics, for which, whatever defects criticism may detect in them, the public owes a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Bohn —is certainly done on the principle of literal exactness. We cannot say much, however, in favour of Mr. Buckley's power of reconciling literal exactness with other qualities. The literality of his translation is frequently of that helpless kind which ends in unintelligibility; not a few of the passages in his version looking like the efforts of a faithful but somewhat dull schoolboy, who, after annexing to every word in a sentence its dictionary meaning, remains without the slightest glimpse of the sense which the words convey as a whole. This, for aught we know, may arise from the fact that the translation was intended to be used as a key by pupils engaged in reading Greek; the result, however, is, that the reader is often left totally in the dark as to what a sentence may mean—and this not merely where there is an obscurity in the original text, but quite as often where there is none. Nor can we say much for Mr. Buckley in his additional capacity as an annotator. Many of his notes are a mixture of pedantry and flippancy, got up apparently for no purpose whatever but that the translator might seem to be annotating busily.

Professor Blackie's translation of Æschylus belongs, of course, by its very nature, to a far higher order of performances than Mr. Buckley's. And, in that order, it is infinitely better done. The translation of the great tragic poet has evidently been to Professor Blackie a labour of love. Every line of the original has been conscientiously gone through by the translator, and the meaning rendered in a manner thoroughly intelligible to the English reader. Here, also, we have spirit, strength, large command of language, and abundant proof of a mind not only of original literary faculty, and native poetical tendency, but also richly cultured in classic lore. The preliminary dissertations, too, the introductions to the several plays, and the notes, are all admirable—exhibiting a fine combination of thought and scholarship, and serving to increase the reader's insight into the meaning of the poet, and to give a more vivid idea than he could otherwise have, of the manner in which the dramas were originally put upon the stage. Altogether, we do not think it likely that the English language will ever possess a poetical translation of Æschylus of superior merit, or in which the duty of adhering faithfully to the original shall be more successfully harmonized with a free flow of verse. Possibly Professor Blackie might have more fully carried out his own views of what a translation of Æschylus should be, if he had dispensed with blank verse altogether in the choruses, and translated them from first to last in rhyme; but it would be ungrateful to urge this or any similar criticism very forcibly, where so much difficulty has already been so unsparingly undertaken, and so patiently overcome. The book, as it exists, is a worthy addition to English literature.

And yet, if, passing from the consideration of the merit of Professor Blackie's translation, as a general literary feat, we view it specially with relation to the question, how far this large amount of the labour of one of our really able men has contributed to bring Æschylus, in all his force and all his peculiarity, more closely and vividly before the minds of modern British readers than could have been possible without such help, we shall be forced to confess that, judging according to such a mode, we should have preferred being left with but a bald literal version, enjoying, at the same time, the pleasure of seeing so large a surplus of talent judiciously laid out on some independent performance. True, there are some points in which Professor Blackie's translation does enable us to pourtray the real spectacle of an Æschylean drama far more truly and powerfully than any prose translation could. Here, for example, is an extract from his translation of the first chorus in the *Agamemnon*, which, partly because it is in verse, partly because the verse is so good, seems to teach us with quite a new light, what a Greek chorus was. The chorus is rehearsing the song of the Greek seer, as he interpreted to the hosts going to Troy an omen of two eagles, the one black and the other silver-tipped, that were seen chasing a hare big with young.

"The wise diviner of the host beheld,
And knew the sign;
The hare-devouring birds with diverse wings,
Typed the Atridan pair,
The diverse-minded kings;
And thus the fate he chanted:—'Not in vain
Ye march this march to-day;
Old Troy shall surely fall, but not

Till moons on moons away
Have lingering rolled. Rich stores by labour massed,
Clean-sweeping Fate shall plunder. Grant the gods,
While this strong bit for Troy we forge with gladness,
No heavenly might in jealous wrath o'ercast
Our mounting hope with sadness!
For the chaste Artemis a sore grudge nurses
Against the kings; Jove's winged hounds she curses,
The fierce war-birds that tore
The fearful hare with the young brood it bore.
Sing, wo and well-a-day! but still,
May the good omens shame the ill!
"'The lion's fresh-dropt younglings, and each whelp,
That sucks wild milk, and through the forest roves,
Live not unfriended; them the fair goddess loves,
And lends her ready help.
The vision of the birds shall work its end
In bliss, but dashed not lightly with black bane;
I pray thee, Pæan, may she never send
Contrarious blasts, dark-lowering, to detain
The Argive fleet.
Ah! ne'er may she desire to feast her eyes
On an unblest, unholy sacrifice,
From festal use abhorrent, mother of strife,
And sundering from her lawful lord the wife:
Stern-purposed awaits the child-avenging wrath
About the fore-doomed halls,
Weaving dark wiles, while with sure-memoried sting,
Fury to fury calls.'

"Thus hymned the seer the doom, in dubious chant,
Bliss to the chiefs, dark-mingling with the bane,
From the way-haunting birds; and we,
Responsive to the strain,
Sing wo and well-a-day; but still,
May the good omens shame the ill!"

There are various other passages, both in the choruses and in the dialogue, rendered by Professor Blackie with equal poetical feeling; so that, if we were to regard these alone, we could not say that, even from the point of view to which we are at present restricting ourselves—namely, that of the question how Æschylus might be best represented to the English mind in his integrity and individuality—the labour spent on this metrical translation could have been better applied. But, on the whole such is the value of literal adherence to the very words of a poet like Æschylus, and so inevitable are the deviations from this absolute literality in even the most pains-taking poetical translator, that we are not sure whether, if we desired to give an intelligent English reader a clear and exact idea of the old Greek bard, we should not put Mr. Buckley's prose translation, with all its faults, into his hands, rather than Professor Blackie's poetical translation, with all its merits—only advising him to read Professor Blackie's translation afterwards, or to keep it by him at the time, in order to read his fine renderings of some of the grander and more difficult passages. To put this somewhat bold saying to the test, we appeal to any reader whose imagination is strong enough to work under a little difficulty, whether Mr. Buckley's helpless prose in the following extract from the opening scene in the *Agamemnon*, does not piece out as vivid a picture of what it is meant to describe—namely, the watchman gazing at night from the battlements of Clytæmnestra's palace for the signal-light which is to announce the fall of Troy—as the far more flowing and spirited version which we shall subjoin to it, from Professor Blackie's work.

"Watchman, on the roof of the palace, *loquitur*."

(*Mr. Buckley's Translation.*)

"I pray the gods a deliverance from these toils—a remedy for my year-long watch, in which, couching on my elbows on the roofs of the Atreidæ, like a dog, I have contemplated the host of the nightly stars, and the bright potentates, that bear winter and summer to mortals, conspicuous in the firmament. And now I am watching for the signal of the beacon, the blaze of fire that brings a voice from Troy, and tidings of its capture; for thus strong in hope is the woman's heart, of manly counsel, (Clytæmnestra.) And whilst I have a night bewildered and dew-drenched couch, not visited by dreams,—for fear, in place of sleep, stands at my side, so that I cannot firmly close my eyelids in slumber,—and when I think to sing or whistle, preparing this the counter-charm of song against sleep, then do I mourn, sighing over the sad condition of this house, that is not, as of yore, most excellently administered. But now may there be a happy release from my toils, as the fire of joyous tidings appears through the gloom! [*He sees the beacon-light.*] Oh hail! thou lamp of night; thou that displayest a light like as the day, and the marshalling of many dances in Argos, on account of this event. Ho! ho!"

Professor Blackie's Translation.

"I pray the gods a respite from these toils—
This long year's watch that, dog-like, I have kept,
High on the Atridan's battlements, beholding
The nightly council of the stars, the circling
Of the celestial signs, and those bright regents,
High-swung in Ether, that bring to mortal man
Summer and Winter. Here I watch the torch,
The appointed flame that wings a voice from Troy,

Telling of capture; thus I serve her hopes,
The masculine-minded who is sovereign here.
And when night-wandering shades encompass round
My dew-sprent dreamless couch, (for fear doth sit
In slumber's chair, and holds my lids apart,)
I chant some dolorous ditty, making song
Sleep's substitute, surgeon my nightly care,
And the misfortunes of this house I weep,
Not now, as erst, by prudent counsels swayed,
Oh! soon may the wished for sign relieve my toils,
Thrice welcome herald, gleaming through the night!

[*The beacon is seen shining.*]

"All hail! thou cresset of the dark! fair gleam
Of day through midnight shed, all hail! bright father
Of joy and dance in Argos, hail! all hail!
Hillo! hilloa!"

We can assure the intelligent English reader, that, with even Mr. Buckley's bald prose translation of Æschylus on his book-shelf, he may bring himself face to face with the old Greek dramatist, as the Athenians saw and loved him. And he will find the exercise worth his while. For all the purposes which make what we call literature a valuable thing to humanity, there is no thoughtful man but will confess that, in this single volume containing the seven surviving plays of the Greek poet, there is more substance, more matter of true instruction and delight, than in whole tons of books from our ordinary circulating libraries. What will the modern English reader find in Æschylus? He will find a grand old Greek doing in his own way all that literary men in all ages and all lands have, more or less, tried to do—throwing his eye over the face of nature, and seizing and detaining whatever of beauty or sublimity, in shape or in colour, is to be seen there; insinuating himself sympathizingly into the turmoil of human life, and telling of the passions, and the woes, and the crimes of men and women of heroic mould; ever and anon, too, daring the inscrutable, and representing, under such figures as his Polytheism permitted to him, the mysteries of the beginning and the end, and the interfusion with nature and with human life, of a tremendous, stern, ever present, all-chastising element, which belongs to neither, but overargues both. And, investigating the poet more closely under each of these aspects, he will discover much that is curious and interesting. In Æschylus, as a poet of nature, he will find, not one of our modern writers of verse who are matchless in nature's minutiæ, as if they studied her in a botanic greenhouse, or amid her ultimate distillations in a druggist's laboratory; but a man whose eye loves the spacious, the free, and the colossal, resting, if at all, only on a rock or mountain, but generally ranging the expanse of a landscape, following the sea-waves till they break on the beach, or watching the starry courses—a genuine son, in short, though a massive and vehement one, of that Athenian soil, whose inhabitants, according to the loving description of another poet, "always walked with graceful step through a most glittering ether, where the nine sacred Pierian muses were said once to have brought up the fair-haired Harmony as their common child." And on Æschylus, as a poet of human life, the observation will be similar. Strength, sincerity, rage, pain, revenge, endurance, all on the colossal scale, as conceivable only among kings or demigods, acting publicly in the face of a whole nation—such are the passions that Æschylus pourtrays, in words that sometimes stagger under their own weight, though always within the bounds of artistic seeming; not the more intricate wrongs and workings of the purely private breast, nor the luxurious woes that come to all the world from the white hand of Aphrodite. Lastly, as a poet of the ancient Greek religion, how much is Æschylus fitted to teach us! Here, to our surprise, in the writings of a Polytheist we shall find an idea of sin in general, as the prime fact of the world, which might be looked for in the works of the writer most true to the spirit of another faith; while, as regards one of the consequences of that idea—the eternally true doctrine that the justice of God pursues the sinner; that there is a paction and alliance between the Fates or the powers of nature without, and the Furies or the conscience of man within; and that guilt once committed goes on accumulating from generation to generation, till the hour of some fell explosion—it really seems, if we may judge from the prevalence of that doctrine in their literature, as if the contemporaries of Æschylus were more clear and more convinced than we. Or, if we read for nothing more than a speculative purpose, there is this curious fact, not often noted, which the writings of Æschylus and of his brother-dramatists might make very distinct to us—the fact that, in the Greek Polytheistic system, the local habitation assigned by the imagination to that part of the supernatural most intimately connected with human destinies was not the same as with us. When *we* pray, we look upward; it is in the clear starry region that we are taught by habit and by instinct to place our hopes of a future life. The Greeks, on the other hand, looked downward; Zeus, indeed, occupied the realms above, but it was to the gods beneath that they most often prayed; it was to them that they poured out libations; it was from

underneath the earth that they expected supernatural aid to arise; and it was thither that the souls both of good and of bad were, in their view, supposed to descend. The *reason* may have been in that imperfect astronomical knowledge which did not enable them to assign bounds to the earth; but, whatever may have been the reason, the *fact* is one of immense importance in any investigation into the peculiarities of Greek thought. With us the element of the supernatural is conceived as showering down from above; the Greeks conceived it, still more emphatically, as welling up from beneath.—All this, and much more, the English reader may learn from the translation of Æschylus.

Art. X.—*Tages-Ordnung des vierten Deutschen evangelischen Kirchentags, und des dritten Congresses für die Innere-Mission.* Elberfeld, September, 1851.

The struggles of Christianity in Germany have occasionally occupied a place in our pages, which at once their intrinsic importance, and the vital union of our British theology with that of the Continent, every day becoming more apparent and more intimate, would have more than justified. Hitherto, however, we have dealt with German Christianity more as a matter of speculation and criticism, than of living practical manifestation. Happily, a change in the subject-matter of our study affords a welcome occasion for a change in our procedure, and we rejoice to be able to speak of evangelical religion, as now for the first time since the Reformation, or at least since the Thirty Years' War, asserting its place as a force that ought to move, and to move in the right direction, the whole of German society. The transition is effectually made in that great nation from a scholastic to a popular Christianity; and as we hail this movement with unfeigned congratulation, we shall endeavour to give our readers some outline of the beginning and progress of a change which is probably fraught with as great blessings to Germany and the world as almost any religious occurrence of our times.

Ten years ago, had a spectator of somewhat sanguine temperament been solicited to forecast the destinies of religion in Germany, he would probably have anticipated a gradual rising of that healthful tide which had begun to set in even with the dawn of the century, and had been increased by the influences of the Liberation-war, and the tercentenary of the Reformation, until it should overspread the whole country. He would have laid great stress on the revival of the universities, and have prognosticated that by sending out an increasingly orthodox and fervent body of clergy, they would prove the fountainheads of national piety, as they had been in the days of Spener and Francke. He would have trusted to the zeal of the leading magistrates and nobility—more especially the all but canonized king of Prussia, whose patronage and influence were ever on the side of orthodoxy, and who was known to be disposed to resign to a revived Church the entire spiritual care of his subjects, the moment she was fit to meet the responsibility. And he would have dwelt on the improved constitution of consistories and other ecclesiastical boards of administration, by which the wants of the people would be continually better supplied, until by a happy necessity these somewhat arbitrary bodies should die a natural death, and give place to the free self-government in presbyteries and synods of a Christianized nation. Such might have been the vaticinations of our theorist; and then he might have regaled his imagination by pictures more or less enchanting, of a recovered harmony between the spirit of the Reformation symbols and the genius of modern free inquiry, and of a lettered theology thus re-impressing the stamp of the age upon the solid gold of the past, and sending it forth amongst a believing people, to displace universally the mass of base coin still in circulation. Prophecies like these were in the mouths of many; the "Church of the future" in more books than Bunsen's, hasted to put on its apocalyptic garments, and, upon the whole, the German Church, watered by the genial influences of power, and drawing from the deep soil of vigorous speculation, was looked upon as ready to expand in "all the leaves of its spring."

Alas for time, which so perversely frustrates the tokens of seers, and "makes diviners mad!" Preliminary signs of the total incompetency of this remedy were furnished ere the last crowning demonstration brought it home to every heart. The unhappy schism in the camp of positive Christianity, between the disciples of Schleiermacher and Hengstenberg, which came to a head in 1845, showed how little was to be effected by academic concord; while the growing reaction against the union of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches in Prussia brought out the utter powerlessness of kings and consistories as the leaders in religious progress. More damaging still to all such hopes of a speedy convalescence of the German Church, were the German Catholic movement, and that of the Friends of Light. It was not so much the undisguised rationalism of these kindred struggles, far spread and widely supported as they were, that was fitted

to alarm—it was much more the peculiar *éclat* with which they sought to invest themselves, and the degree to which they brought in the democratic element into the settlement of Church questions. In this respect they form an epoch; and contemptible as they were in themselves, they were the ominous shadow of that terrible crisis which was so soon to come. Henceforth there was an open breach between democracy and the Church,—an assize of the Church at the bar of the multitude, which nothing but the reconversion of the multitude to the Church could hinder from entailing the most fatal consequences. No such counter evangelistic effort, however, was yet called forth. The Church was willing to lose the more turbulent of these her sons, if they would only quietly withdraw; and liberty of dissent being conceded by the royal edict of March 1847, there was a danger that the very opening of this safety-valve would close the agitation and permit the awaking Church again to relapse into her old delusive confidence. The decrees of the Berlin Synod of 1846, weak, ambiguous, and temporizing, were a proof how ready peace was to triumph over principle, and by a latitudinarian extension of the old Confessions, to rest in a hollow union with those who might otherwise have urged on the rationalist separation.

It was in this posture of affairs, when religious liberty without religion had already obtained a decisive triumph on the constitutional battlefield of the Prussian Parliament, and when the leaders of the Church were looking around in all directions to prevent defections to the infidel separatists without, and to hinder the not less infidel multitude within from degrading the Church into a mere political club with an ecclesiastical frontispiece,—that the terrific storm of 1848 swept over Germany. The national character of this movement could not be disputed, and the attitude which it soon assumed in relation to the Church, and to every thing that bore the name of religion, broke upon all with the force of a novel and startling revelation. A whole people seemed ready to cast off religion as an imposture and a delusion. Liberty shook hands with infidelity, and even with atheism; and on all sides the abolition of Christianity, under the name of the separation of Church and State, was demanded with an unanimity, and carried through with a celerity—so far as revolutionary measures could carry it—altogether portentous. In the dreadful period of anarchy which succeeded the March revolution of 1848, the moral and social plagues that had so long festered in the heart of the German nation came everywhere to light. Whole tracts of country were illuminated by the blaze of smoking castles. In the towns and cities communism raised its head. Every man's hand seemed turned against his brother, and the vision of German unity floated a hideous spectre over the scenes of discord and bloodshed that were perpetrated in its name. A revolutionary crisis is indeed a stern test of character; but the German nation (we grieve to state it, for we truly love them) stood that test worse than could have been anticipated. The "men of the people," by whom they submitted for months to be duped, were almost without exception men without standing or principle—"unruly and vain talkers," unless, indeed, when they urged in secret clubs or open parliament schemes of rapine and licentiousness too hideous to be named. If the hopes of German liberty and unity, in the highest sense of the terms, have for the time been frustrated, we must trace the failure, not only to the pedantry and incompetence of the constitutional party, or to the faithlessness and tyranny of the re-actionaries—but much more to the recklessness, brutality, and heaven-daring impiety of German radicalism, which in those qualities has almost exceeded that of France. We do not need to recapitulate the characteristic passages of the revolutionary history—the excesses of the Berlin mob—the murder of Lichnowski and Auerswald in the streets of Frankfort—the rising in Dresden—the invasion of Baden by the free corps, with its disastrous issues. These events, even the worst of them, admit of some faint extenuation from political excitement. To us it marks a deeper stage of moral degeneracy and corruption that William Marr, the avowed apostle of atheism, was by a great majority returned for the city of Hamburg, and that Robert Blum was canonized as a martyr by a religious celebration in one of the churches in Leipsic.

Let us not do injustice, however, to the dupes or even the promoters of revolutionary and infidel madness. The worst excesses of this tragic period bore a character of judicial retribution on the neglects and wrongs of bygone years. The masses were lawless and anarchical; but they had long been denied their rights as citizens, and that in breach of solemn promises: and when at length concessions were slowly made, it was as from the ground of divine prerogative and not of constitutional equity. The press abused its liberty, and poured forth incessant streams of scurrility and blasphemy: but who could forget its unjustifiable restraints, and the extent to which religious writings had thus been hindered from making their way among the multitude? Secret clubs and democratic conspiracies were but the fruit of that miserable policy which through long years had crippled the freedom of lay association, and

forbidden more than nineteen persons to assemble for any act of worship. The general excitement of public opinion against the clergy was but a reaction against the hypocrisy and selfishness which had exacted baptismal, confirmation, and burial fees, for services which their performers were known inwardly to despise; and where it was men of a better stamp who were exposed to contumely, and even to violence, though hatred of serious religion no doubt played its part, the multitude assailed them not less as obstructives of all reform, and as bigoted adherents of the "right divine of kings to govern wrong." The infidel cry that sounded through the country was but the whisper of thousands of pulpits proclaimed upon the house-tops; Communism, the extemporized heaven upon earth of a people whose religious teachers had filched away from them a future life and immortality. There was, in short, a terrible truth, even in the excesses of the revolution, well fitted to put the falsehood and hollow-heartedness of moderate rationalistic Christianity to shame; and for our parts we do not wonder, that a national religion of which (with many beautiful exceptions) this was the prevailing type, was not thought worthy of being kept up, with all its negations and hypocrisies, either in connexion with the commonwealth, or in a state of separation. The Church which the multitude doomed to be swept away in Germany, was, in their eyes, a dead body, with its life eaten out by hypocrisy, and only galvanized by spiritual despotism to act as a scarecrow for the protection of state tyranny: and to those who calmly contemplate it, the unparalleled rapidity of its downfal is hardly so surprising as the success of its restoration.

It was a critical moment for the living Church that was mixed up with these heterogeneous elements, and threatened with a double overthrow, both as a Christian Society and as an established institution. We will not conceal our convictions, that that Church would have weathered the storm better, and reached a safer anchorage, had she cheerfully accepted the enforced separation from the State, and henceforth breasted the waves of democratic trouble and error, in the sole might of her Great Head. This would at once have put an end to the *Cæsaropapie* that sought to bring her again into bondage, and likewise have retrieved her false position towards the masses of the people. It would have opened an immediate door for the exit of all the faithless and false-hearted of her clergy, and have paved the way for a final Church-Union of all the scattered adherents of the gospel throughout the different State-Churches, without the interminable technicalities and subtleties of State diplomacy. The leading minds of the German Churches, however, have judged otherwise, and in the spirit of candour and fairness, we shall rehearse their remedial measures for the evils that beset them, in which there is much that must give joy to every Christian heart.

In the summer of 1848, when the principles of infidel voluntaryism were agitating the entire population, and threatening to reach their consummation in the Frankfort Parliament, and when all the anti-Christian elements already described were seething and fermenting in the public mind, the earnest desire simultaneously arose in the breasts of the leaders of the Church in different parts of Germany, to create some common centre of resistance to these inroads of evil, which might prove in turn a centre of aggression. This desire first took a distinct shape, so far as we are aware, in the epistle of Dr. Dorner of the University of Bonn, to Drs. Nitzsch and Müller, and a nearly contemporaneous appeal of Mr. Bethmann Hollweg, formerly Chancellor of the same University, both concurring in the proposal of a general conference from all parts of Germany in the autumn of that year, to take up the whole Church question. Such an assemblage was indeed without precedent, for the Berlin conference and synod of 1846 had both been summoned by the King of Prussia, while this meeting was designed to be held without any State concurrence. The provincial synods and pastoral conferences that existed before in different parts of Germany had nothing of this contemplated national character, and the crisis demanded a bolder spirit than ruled in these tame assemblies. The Gustavus Adolphus Society for the relief of German Protestantism abroad was likewise too limited in aim to afford a parallel. Hence some shrunk from the projected conference with fear and trembling—among whom was the excellent Dr. Lücke of Göttingen, who, when it was finally resolved on, in a set epistle dissuaded all admission of business beyond devotional exercises. The more manly and Christian counsels, however, prevailed, and the proposal for a conference elicited a cordial response from the deepest heart of German Christianity. The ultimate requisition by which a conference was summoned, bore not less than forty-one signatures, comprising the leading pastors and professors in the several states and universities, among which, along with the well-known names of Hengstenberg, Krummacher, and others, of the most advanced school of orthodoxy, those of Tholuck and Julius Müller of Hale obtained great prominence, since they had shortly after the revolution dissuaded the Government from calling a constituent synod, after the model of the Frankfort Assembly—a step which would

have thrown every thing into the hands of the rationalist party.

The Assembly, thus ushered into existence, held its sittings in Wittenberg on the 21st, 22d, and 23d September, 1848. These remarkable days, known as "the three days of Wittenberg," will doubtless form an epoch in the history of the German Church, and attach a new interest to the cradle of the Reformation, and the grave of its great founder. To complete this spell of association, the Assembly met in the *Schloss-Kirche*, to which Luther had affixed his ninety-five theses, close beside his tomb, and under the eye of those living portraits of himself and Melanchthon, which still look down from the wall. The whole proceedings were conducted in the spirit of Luther, and, by the unanimous testimony of the religious press of Germany, the same spirit to which Luther owed his inspiration was present in extraordinary power. It was a spectacle only too rare in the history of a country where that mighty soul had once lived and breathed. The German Church found again its unity and freedom, and the hearts of the assembled brethren were knit together in a conscious oneness of faith, not only around the grave of Luther, but the cross of Christ. The Assembly numbered about 500, chiefly from Prussia, Saxony, and the North, and contained representatives of all the sections of living Protestantism, with the exception of the Baptist dissenters and the old Lutherans. The fusion of heart in preliminary devotions paved the way for concord in deliberation. Very special prominence was given to acts of humiliation for the sins and disorders of the times, in which one after another confessed his own share; and the hearts of all present were melted as in the same furnace of affliction. At the same time, the fullest liberty of debate was indulged, and all the grievances and heart-burnings that had arrayed the Lutheran against the Reformed, and both against the United Church, as a mongrel and latitudinarian body, hardly deserving the name of a Church at all, came freely to light. There was no want in the Assembly of open difference, and even "open rebuke," but love triumphed over all, and every important decision was carried through with remarkable harmony.

The grand result of the Wittenberg Conference was, the formation of an ecclesiastical confederation, or league, adapted to the altered circumstances of the German Church. The constitution and objects of this union were defined almost in terms of the programme which the requisitionists who had called the Assembly had drawn up, and which they defended, with admirable sagacity and eloquence, against all conflicting proposals. In these debates Drs. Nitzch, Sack, and especially Müller, greatly distinguished themselves, and, along with Dr. Staghl of Berlin, the well-known jurist, and the admirable president Von Bethmann Hollweg, turned aside all important objections. It was agreed without a dissenting voice, after an exceedingly animated discussion, that the Confederation should neither be, on the one hand, an incorporating union of Churches, nor a mere alliance of individual Christians, but an intermediate body, having for its ultimate object the gathering up of all the German State Churches into one common national Church; and, in conformity with this fundamental principle, it was resolved, with almost equal harmony, that its membership should be limited to the three prevailing Confessions—the Lutheran, Reformed, and United, with the addition of the Moravian brethren, there being a kind of understanding that dissenters of older and newer date, though not expressly included, might yet take a friendly interest in the movement. It was also resolved, that no other test should be required for membership than a profession of honest adherence to the Confession of the particular Church to which the individual belonged, and of readiness to act in the spirit of that Confession; and certain general regulations were passed for the election of members—lodging this power in the hands of the existing Church rulers with the congregations, and securing an equal number of lay and clerical deputies at the annual meetings of the Confederation. While the Confederation disclaimed all power to interfere authoritatively in the administration of the particular Churches represented in its membership, it yet avowed its intention to exhibit and promote, by all suitable means, their internal union—to protest against all anti-Evangelic movements, within or without their pale—to give counsel and decision in all cases submitted by them for advice or arbitration—to protect their common rights and liberties—to forward all their joint religious enterprises at home or abroad—and at the same time assist in drawing closer the bonds of union with all foreign Churches of Evangelical principles.

Such is a sketch of that ecclesiastical organization which emerged from the debates of these memorable days, differing, as our readers will see, very greatly from the Evangelical Alliance formed in London in 1846, and, in our opinion, much more suited to the exigencies of the German Church, though some German members of that Alliance in the Wittenberg Conference at first advocated strenuously the superiority of the latter association. It was justly urged, in reply, that no important end of the Evangelical Alliance was sacrificed in such a confederation, while the ultimate union of Churches was superadded as a higher and

nobler aim;—that in a troublous period a body reserving to itself the right of counsel in ecclesiastical questions, was a common oracle which would command respect; and that in the apprehended dissolution of State Churches, the Confederation would rally round it more of the fragments, and act more powerfully as a check upon the formation of divergent sects, by assuming from the first an ecclesiastical character.

The happy effects of such a convocation must be at once apparent. The feelings of strangeness and alienation between the adherents of the different confessions utterly disappeared, more especially in relation to the United Church of Prussia, which was now for the first time treated as a genuine Church—proving that union is not to be effected by the power of kings or ministers of state, but of Christian love alone. A silencing reply was given to the mocking questions of those who asked in triumph, whether the German Church still existed; and the assembled deputies were strengthened, not only for the work of evangelization in an evil time, but in the prospect of actual persecution at the hands of that infidel party which was in the ascendant in the counsels of the State, and which, as the experience of the Canton de Vaud had sufficiently taught, was quite capable of interdicting religious worship, and harassing the ministers of the gospel by civil pains and penalties. This sense of mutual strength in union, reached its highest point, when, in response to the warm-hearted appeals of Dr. Krummacher, whose fiery eloquence formed a very characteristic feature of the Wittenberg Conference, the whole assembly, with one voice, pledged themselves to receive each other in case of persecution to house and home.

The Wittenberg Conference, like other great events in the history of Christianity, reached further than its projectors had contemplated; and what came to it directly from God's own hand, was destined to cast into the shade what man had planned and brought laboriously to birth. An instrument, before unknown, was chosen as the advocate or apostle of the greatest and most fertile idea which that Conference produced. This was Candidate Wichern of Hamburg, who came forth amidst world-renowned professors and eloquent preachers, to enforce a truth, which, if all others had not missed, none else had discerned with such clearness, or stated with such emphasis. It was the great truth that the only atmosphere in which Christian union can flourish, is that of self-denying Christian labour; and that the Christianity of a nation can only be harmonized in all its parts by common efforts to evangelize all classes of the people. This truth gave birth to the "Inner-Mission," as an integral part of the Church Confederation; and of this Candidate Wichern is the acknowledged founder. He had been qualified for his destined work in the humblest school of training. Renouncing in the prime of life, we believe from choice, all prospects as a candidate or licentiate of the Church, he devoted himself to the obscure and thankless task of superintending the *Rauhe Haus* at Horn, near Hamburg, a species of house of refuge, devoted to the recovery of juvenile criminals. Here for upwards of twelve years he had pursued his quiet way amid the most reckless specimens of youthful depravity, eating, working, and sleeping with them,—at once master-workman, schoolmaster, singing-master, and chaplain,—till the number of children committed to his charge had increased from three to one hundred at one time, most of whom were sent out thoroughly reformed and subjected to the grace of the gospel. All the while he was exploring the moral statistics of his entire country; opening his ear to every recital of profligacy far and wide, and collecting a very Newgate Calendar of the immorality, crime, and blasphemy of the German people at home and in the great capitals of Europe. This training would have made an ordinary man narrow-minded, and by the age of fifty it would have crushed him beneath the loathsome burden, or driven him from the field in despair—but Wichern came forward before the Wittenberg Conference with all the fire of youth glowing under his prematurely grey hairs and weather-beaten visage, to develop a remedy for the spiritual evils of Germany, which struck every one, not more by the fulness of its details, than the breadth and maturity of all its leading principles. It was immediately felt that none more profoundly imbued with the spirit of Luther had spoken on that occasion from his ancient pulpit; and the thrill of a strange and irresistible eloquence, of which the great charm was an intensely glowing earnestness, turning masses of statistics into life, kindling all argument into passion, and throwing out, unconscious of their brightness, dazzling gleams of poetry in its rapid track, soon mastered the whole assembly. As he laid open the depths of Satan which existed in Germany, in the form of social disorganization, all-pervading immorality, contempt of religious observances, and infidel conspiracies against the very idea of a God, his audience stood aghast at the brink of the gulf on which they stood. As he narrated examples of the power of self-sacrificing Christian love, in the manifold forms of home-mission labour, the opposite feelings of hope and emulation returned; and when, recapitulating all the varieties of such exertion already scattered over Germany,

and with a creative hand, sketching others as yet non-existent, he appealed to the Confederation to take these under its wing, and to find in them its true impulse and rallying point of union, the impression was overwhelming, and the whole multitude started to their feet, and, with uplifted hands, solemnly bound themselves to make the "Inner-Mission" the business of the Confederation, and the work of their life. Arrangements were made without delay for the carrying on of the work of the Inner-mission in connexion with the scheme of Church-union; and though it was judged advisable that the two associations should be formally distinct, and be managed by different committees, the leading men in the one were nominated to office in the other, and their annual meetings arranged to be held together.

We have dwelt thus long upon the Wittenberg Conference, because the whole subsequent religious life of Germany has run in the channel thus dug out, and is really incapable of being understood without the knowledge of its source. Almost all that is interesting and hopeful has been connected either with the Church Confederation or the Inner-Mission; and hence a few details must be added respecting the progress of these kindred operations. Since 1848, three meetings of the Church Confederation have been held, with evidently growing interest in the mere act of assembly, though the contemplated union is perhaps more remote than ever. The meeting in 1849 in Wittenberg fell short of the first excitement, but surpassed it in numbers, being attended by about 700 persons. It took up the ecclesiastical questions that had lain over from the former year; such as, the relation of the Church to the School—the separation of Church and State—the rights of the people to Church representation—and the evils of union without Confessions of Faith. On all these points interesting debates took place; a spirit of conciliation prevailed; and, though the differences of the three Confessions gave birth to very conflicting views—the Lutherans opposing all popular influence, and going farther than the rest in denouncing the separation of the Church from the State—the bond of peace was not only unbroken but undisturbed. Only one individual, Pastor Bonnet of Frankfort, contended for the separation of Church and State; the rest were divided into what would be called in this country, the Erastian and non-Erastian theories.

The next Conference, in the autumn of 1850, at Stuttgardt, was invested with peculiar interest as having been held in the capital of the kingdom of Würtemberg, that part of the country where religious life had suffered less than elsewhere, either from rationalism or revolution, and which has been justly called the Scotland of Germany. The attendance rose to 2000 members, chiefly from the South; and the proceedings were of a peculiarly cheerful and exhilarating character. The North and South, lately in violent antagonism respecting leadership in the Empire, here shook hands; and the more cold and critical theology of the former, learned to appreciate the deep and somewhat mystic experience of the latter. The chief topics of public discussion were two; the duty of civil obedience, especially on the part of the clergy, in which Dr. Dorner distinguished himself by a manly assertion of the most liberal principles, with especial reference to the case of the Schleswig-Holstein clergy, against the more slavish views of Dr. Stahl; and the question of Lord's-day observance, which, amidst much theoretical difference as to its grounds, was unanimously recommended as indispensable to personal or national religion, and an address agreed upon by the Conference to the governments and people of Germany, urging them to the long-neglected duty of Sabbath-sanctification. The last Conference, that of September, 1851, in Elberfeld, of which the programme stands at the head of this Article, had the great advantage, like the Stuttgardt meeting, of being surrounded by an atmosphere of living piety in that flourishing town, long blessed with the ministrations of two of the most eloquent men in Germany, and two of the leading spirits in the Church Confederation, Dr. Krummacher and Dr. Sander. It afforded perhaps a better mixture of all the elements of the Church-union than any foregoing assemblage, though the Reformed predominated, gathered from Westphalia and the banks of the Rhine. Two long and instructive discussions took place—one on the gymnasial system of education and its urgent need of religious improvement—the other on the relation of lay-agency to the pastoral office, which shewed, on the whole, a spirit of concession by the high Lutherans to the growing necessities of the Inner-Mission. Two less animated debates arose on the constitution of district synods, and the right of the congregations to the use of the Reformation Catechisms, in both of which sound decisions were given in favour of popular influence and the guarding of reformation principles. A harmonious and brotherly conversation on the state of the candidates or licentiates, who amount to upwards of 6000 in all Germany, and unhappily have no settled rights or opportunities of usefulness, made up the roll of the Assembly's business. Through this whole Conference there breathed a fine devotional spirit—an earnest interest in the topics brought forward—and a manly respect for diversity of view and practice; so that

a spectator might well rejoice to see the impress of the first days of Wittenberg still brightly legible.

In summing up the present state of the Church Confederation, it must be acknowledged that it has made exceedingly small way, in any direct sense, towards an incorporating Church-union for all Germany. There are not only three confessions to be united, there are 39 states, all differing more or less in internal Church order, and none acknowledging the clergy of its neighbours. The ecclesiastical authorities that have been applied to, with a view to promote the objects of the Confederation, have mostly observed a cold silence, while some have answered unfavourably; and the universities, to which also the appeal has been sent, have generally followed the same precedure. Moreover, the Confederation has not found such favour with the Lutheran Church as with the Reformed and *the United;* and not a few of the former have openly taken the field against it, as a presumptuous and self-constituted claimant of ecclesiastical power. If to all this it be added that the growing reaction in the State indisposes men to organic change in the Church, it is easy to see that little short of a fresh revolution will break down the barriers in the way of a universal Church for Germany. Nevertheless, it is obvious that a great step is every year taken indirectly to this happy result. The Conference, though far from being so bold an assertor of religious liberty as we should desire to see it, yet by the very act of holding its annual meeting, independently of State permission, asserts the right of the Church to spontaneous union when she shall see fit without State hindrance. The happy concord already effected in the Conference of such extremes as the Hengstenberg party and the disciples of Schleiermacher, shews the softening influence of such convocations. The habit of deciding common topics together, almost necessitates the final transition, sooner or later, of this consultative assembly into a regular synod. And the spectacle so novel and full of interest of a Nitzch and a Tholuck from the chair sitting side by side with a Krummacher or a Sander from the pulpit —a Treviranus from Bremen supporting a Kápff from Stuttgardt—a Schmieder from Wittenberg encountering a Fliedner from Kaiserswerth—a theorist like Lehnerdt urging on a man of action like Wichern; while, as in the late Assembly, nobles, privy-counsellors, and even Prussian ministers of instruction look on well pleased; and (not less important!) crowds of students and unplaced theologians—the hope of the future—catch the impulse; all this is an augury that the day of a visible union of all the Churches of the Reformation in Germany is nearer than some believe. Let the Church only keep clear of the reactionary tendencies of the State, and she has nothing to fear. In the midst of order she is on the way to independence; if involved in convulsion, the foundation of union already rises above the waves.

Meanwhile, contemporaneously with the movements of the Confederation, the Inner-Mission has been advancing with still more decisive progress. Candidate Wichern, liberated from time to time from his engagement near Hamburg, and honoured with a Doctor's degree, (which his attainments as a thinker and liberal scholar, not to speak of his classical German, well support,) has been employed for the last three years in making occasional journeys in its behalf, in addressing public meetings, where he has always left behind him something of his own ardent spirit, and in editing a magazine (*Fliegende Blätter*) expressly devoted to the business of the Inner-Mission. He has also been the presiding genius in the Central Committee, which has its seat in Hamburg and Berlin, and which has given shape and direction to the entire movement. The measures of this body, which consists of some of the most influential names in Germany among the clergy, nobility, counsellors of state, professors, and mercantile men, have been marked by great wisdom as well as zeal. This Committee, ever keeping before them the revival of religion within the Church, and the recovery of its nominal or apostate members to the faith of the gospel, have not complicated their labours by efforts directed to the Roman Catholics. Nor have they limited themselves within the Protestant pale to the poor and the outcast, the orphan and the prisoner, but have extended their regards to the profligacy of the higher classes—to the unbelief of the clergy—to the want of religion in schools—to the non-existence of a Christian literature—to the desecration of the Lord's day—to the neglect of family religion, and many other kindred evils, which a "Home Mission," in the English sense of the word, does not suggest, and the attempt to meet which gives the German institution a strikingly original character. Hence, as treading more closely on the peculiar province of the ministers of the gospel, and the existing Church authorities, they have always sought their co-operation; and while freely employing all disposable lay-activity at their command, they have not been willing to bring it into collision with clerical intolerance. They have strenuously opposed the idea that the separate activities of the Inner-Mission, thus affiliated to the Church, should be disjoined from each other; but have constantly acted on the principle, that all, from the highest to the lowest,

should be regarded as parts of one great system of remedial operations devoted to the rescue of a whole people from unbelief and error, vice and misery in all their forms, as these at this day afflict Germany, and furnishing one grand unbroken manifestation of the energy of the gospel, and of the living unity of the Christian body in faith and love. At the same time they have not aspired to anything so sublimely impossible as the management of the entire Inner-Mission of the country by one directing board, but have contented themselves with calling local associations into existence, and attaching those which previously had a footing to the general cause, without in either case assuming the slightest control of measures or disposal of funds; and they have found their own immediate sphere in the maintenance of correspondence—the origination of enterprises in which the whole lay body shares, such as itinerant preaching, the training of agents for the service, and the support of German evangelists among their expatriated countrymen—and though last not least, the arranging of business for the Annual Congress, when all the scattered details of exertion are presented in one view, and all questions of common concern are decided.

From the labours of this Central Committee and its affiliated societies, a mighty impulse has been given to the reformation of religion in the entire German fatherland. From sixty to seventy of these societies exist in sixteen different states of Germany, and the number of agents and correspondents engaged in helping on the work amounts to nearly two hundred. Not only general societies for the Inner-Mission, but separate establishments, such as orphan-asylums, houses of refuge, deaconesses' institutions, &c., have been called into birth or quickened into new life; and it is in contemplation to train fifty labourers in these and kindred normal schools for the work of the mission, under the superintendence of the Central Committee. Other details might be given: but it is enough to say, that while the funds at the disposal of the direction in question are as yet but small, the amount of local effort called into play, in the form both of pecuniary donation, and still more of personal self-denying activity, has been immense; and that already a visible check has been given to the infidelity, the Sabbath-desecration, the neglect of worship, and the prevalence of anarchy, with its fostering poverty and crime, that were fast bringing the German nation to the verge of ruin. Probably a fifth, perhaps even a fourth, of the entire Protestant clergy of Germany sympathize with this movement, and in some parts of Germany, such as Westphalia, Rhenish Prussia, and Würtemberg, the proportion is vastly greater. The most eminent of the theological professors and directors of seminaries, with most sections of the serious-minded clergy, readily forward it, and even the high Lutherans, whose scruples about lay-agency keep them aloof, have been stirred up to engage in the same work on their own principles. Though the fortunes of this enterprise, which is evidently the work of God, do not depend on one man, much is to be hoped from the future labours of Dr. Wichern. His annual speeches at the Congress have lost nothing of the spirit and power of his first memorable appearance. At the second Conference in Wittenberg, and also in Stuttgardt, he furnished the most masterly review of the whole field of labour, going over it in the one case geographically, in the other according to its different departments, and branding alike his facts and his appeals on every heart. And this year at Elberfeld, after a graceful tribute to England, from which he had just returned, full of light and impulse derived from the study of our own great "Inner-Mission" in London, he soared into a new region, and astonished those who regarded him as a man of one idea, though a wide-embracing one, by developing with incomparable vigour and eloquence an original aspect of the "Inner-Mission," as not so much the fruit of a revolutionary necessity, as a revival and carrying out of the unfinished work of the Reformation. The pleading was to a German audience irresistible; and as he closed his fervent oration, in which he had found again and displayed to view all his own favourite plans as on foot in times of Luther, and asked, Where was the United German Church that should stand forth before the world to take up and consummate the long-neglected and frustrated schemes of the Reformer?—the whole assembly rose, and by a solemn vow pledged themselves, as they had done before, amid indescribable excitement, to live and die in the service of the Inner-Mission.

The rapid sketch which has been given suggests many anticipations as to the future development of German Christianity. We shall leave time, however, to take its own course, convinced that we have made good the expression of our confidence that a new stage in the progress of evangelical religion has been entered upon in Germany. Two of the greatest evils that oppressed the German Churches have disappeared—isolation from each other, and aversion to practice. Union and labour have come together; and the great work of Christianizing the German people, so long neglected while theologians were reducing to their lowest terms the fractional differences between Luther and Calvin, or evolving theories of the universe, with the Bible as an

appendix, has been taken up in good earnest at the bidding of a "presence that was not to be put by." The demon of revolution has not stirred the waters alone. A brighter angel has also troubled them, and still sits with healing wings over the agitated and changeful deep. Amidst the vicissitudes which to a mind of any discernment await all existing institutions in Germany, the Confederation and Inner-Mission are pleasing auguries of peace and order beyond the limits of impending revolution. They have only to keep themselves disengaged from the perilous contact with reaction and tyranny, whose downfal even Christianity cannot avert or reprieve; they have only to preserve an aspect of religious compassion for the multitude as rebels against God, and not of priestly rebuke as revolters against monarchical rule, and their end shall be even better than their beginning. Revolution shall gradually collapse and sink down before a living and manly Christianity, which disdains as much to truckle to Kings as to cower before mobs, and is only intent on gathering subjects to Christ. A recovered nation shall be the prize of a faithful Church, which, in the act of regaining them, has shaken off its own fetters, and worked out all its chronic diseases. And in that true "Church of the Future," at once united, and free, and catholic, the German Confederation shall find its goal attained, and the Inner-Mission its abnormal functions restored to their natural and permanent centre.

THE

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW

No. XXXII.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1852.

ART. I.—*The Works of John Milton.* A New Edition. London, Pickering, 1851.

WE do not know how far our readers may share the feeling, but we confess to an occasional sense of irritation at that necessity which we seem to be under, in these latter times, of perpetually naming and referring to some five or six dead men, the acknowledged glories of the literature of the past. Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Burns, Goethe—shall we never be able to pass an agreeable intellectual evening without calling one or another of these names to our aid, never be able to indite a paper of thirty pages without requiring the printer to put one or another of these names more than once into type? Are subjects for thought and talk so scarce round about us that we must for ever weave our best conversations out of the matter of these suggestive memories; or are we such timid sailors on the great sea of innumerable things as not to know how to quit the neighbourhood of these familiar bays and shores? The evil, if it be such, daily increases. Not only do we never have done with naming and alluding to those well-remembered few; but we shall never have done, it would also appear, with writing and reading express commentations on their lives and works. Perpetually, on opening a new number of a Review, we find a new essay on Goethe or on Byron; perpetually, on glancing at a new sheet of advertisements, we see announced some new volume of literary portraits, done by a cisatlantic or a transatlantic pen. Is this but a passing phase of our literary activity, a fashion recommended by the example of one or two eminent contemporary writers that one could name, and destined to run its course and cease? We do not know; we only note the fact, and confess again that the observation of it sometimes tempts us to the wish that there could be a decree of society forbidding, for some time, all reference to Shakespeare and his companions, and compelling us, both in our conversation and in our authorship, back to that miscellaneous world of substances, passions, and events, whence Shakespeare himself, the greatest niggard known of allusions to preceding writers, drew the materials for a not deficient literature.

That we do not exaggerate this view of the case, ought to be evident from the fact that, in the present paper, we deliberately perpetrate an offence against it. Milton is one of the writers that have been most frequently, most variously, and, we may add, most splendidly written about; and yet here we venture upon a new essay on Milton. It is needless, therefore, to say that we have sympathies also with the other view of the case, and that we hold that there is something right, beautiful, and full of use in this practice of visiting again and again the same ancestral tombs, this tendency of writer after writer to scan for himself those characters which tradition has bound him to revere, and to attempt such new portraitures of them as may present, if not the whole men, at least some of their lineaments, more vividly to the world. How we can reconcile this belief with the sentiment before expressed, we shall not stop to inquire. The Duke of Wellington's mode of proceeding in such cases is as good as any that we know. When he wishes to reconcile two apparently contradictory propositions, he simply asserts them both as strongly as he can. Content to adopt this plan, we shall leave the matter in question to the consideration of our readers, and go on, without

farther preface, to the task which we have appointed to ourselves, of saying something about Milton and his writings which, whether new or not, may be appropriate to the temper and circumstances of these grave times.

Never surely did a youth leave the academic halls of England more full of fair promise than Milton, when, at the age of twenty-three, he quitted Cambridge to reside at his father's house amid the quiet beauties of a rural neighbourhood some twenty miles distant from London. Fair in person, with a clear fresh complexion, light brown hair which parted in the middle and fell in curls to his shoulders, clear grey eyes, and a well-knit frame of moderate proportions—there could not have been found a finer picture of pure and ingenuous English youth. And that health and beauty which distinguished his outward appearance, and the effect of which was increased by a voice surpassingly sweet and musical, indicated with perfect truth the qualities of the mind within. Seriousness, studiousness, fondness for flowers and music, fondness also for manly exercises in the open air, courage and resolution of character, combined with the most maiden purity and innocence of life—these were the traits conspicuous in Milton in his earlier years. Of his accomplishments it is hardly necessary to take particular note. Whatever of learning, of science, or of discipline in logic or philosophy the University at that time could give, he had duly and in the largest measure acquired. No better Greek or Latin scholar probably had the University in that age sent forth; he was proficient in the Hebrew tongue, and in all the other customary aids to a biblical theology; and he could speak and write well in French, Italian, and Spanish. His acquaintance obtained by independent reading, with the history and with the whole body of the literature of ancient and modern nations, was extensive and various. And, as nature had endowed him in no ordinary degree with that most exquisite of her gifts, the ear and the passion for harmony, he had studied music as an art, and had taught himself not only to sing in the society of others, but also to touch the keys for his solitary pleasure.

The instruments which Milton preferred as a musician, were, his biographers tell us, the organ and the bass-viol. This fact seems to us to be not without its significance. Were we to define in one word our impression of the prevailing tone, the characteristic mood and disposition of Milton's mind, even in his early youth, we should say that it consisted in a deep and habitual *seriousness*. We use the word in none of those special and restricted senses that are sometimes given to it. We do not mean that Milton, at the period of his early youth with which we are now concerned, was, or accounted himself as being, a confessed member of that noble party of English Puritans with which he afterwards became allied, and to which he rendered such vast services. True, he himself tells us, in his account of his education, that "care had ever been had of him, with his earliest capacity, not to be negligently trained in the precepts of the Christian religion;" and in the fact that his first tutor, selected for him by his father, was one "Thomas Young, a Puritan of Essex who cut his hair short," there is enough to prove that the formation of his character in youth was aided expressly and purposely by Puritanical influences. But Milton, if ever, in a denominational sense, he could be called a Puritan, (he always wore his hair long, and in other respects did not conform to the usages of the Puritan party,) could hardly, with any propriety, be designated as a Puritan in this sense, at the time when he left college. There is evidence that at this time he had not given so much attention, on his own personal account, to matters of religious doctrine, as he afterwards bestowed. That seriousness of which we speak was, therefore, rather a constitutional seriousness ratified and nourished by rational reflection, than the assumed temper of a sect. "A certain reservedness of natural disposition, and a moral discipline learnt out of the noblest philosophy"—such, in Milton's own words, were the causes which, apart from his Christian training, would have always kept him, as he believed, above the vices that debase youth. And herein the example of Milton contradicts much that is commonly advanced by way of a theory of the poetical character. Poets and artists generally, it is held, are and ought to be distinguished by a predominance of sensibility over principle, an excess of what Coleridge called the spiritual over what he called the moral part of man. A nature built on quicksands, an organization of nerve languid or tempestuous with occasion, a soul falling and soaring, now subject to ecstasies and now to remorses—such, it is supposed, and on no small induction of actual instances, is the appropriate constitution of the poet. Mobility, absolute and entire destitution of principle properly so called, capacity for varying the mood indefinitely rather than for retaining and keeping up one moral gesture or resolution through all moods—this, say the theorists, is the essential thing

in the structure of the artist. Against the truth of this, however, as a maxim of universal application, the character of Milton, as well as that of Wordsworth after him, is a remarkable protest. Were it possible to place before the theorists all the materials which exist for judging of Milton's personal disposition as a young man, without exhibiting to them at the same time the actual and early proofs of his poetical genius, their conclusion, were they true to their theory, would necessarily be, that the basis of his nature was too solid and immovable, the platform of personal aims and aspirations over which his thoughts moved and had footing, too fixed and firm, to permit that he should have been a poet. Nay, whosoever, even appreciating Milton as a poet, shall come to the investigation of his writings, armed with that preconception of the poetical character which is sure to be derived from an intimacy with the character of Shakespeare, will hardly escape some feeling of the same kind. Seriousness, we repeat, a solemn and even austere demeanour of mind, was the characteristic of Milton even in his youth. And the outward manifestation of this was a life of pure and devout observance. This is a point that ought not to be avoided or dismissed in mere general language; for he who does not lay stress on this, knows not and loves not Milton. Accept then, by way of more particular statement, his own remarkable words in justifying himself against an inuendo of one of his adversaries in later life, reflecting on the tenor of his juvenile pursuits and behaviour. "A certain niceness of nature," he says, "an honest haughtiness and self-esteem either of what I was, or what I might be, (which let envy call pride,) and lastly that modesty whereof, though not in the title-page, yet here I may be excused to make some beseeming profession; all these, uniting the supply of their natural aid together, kept me still above those low descents of mind, beneath which he must deject and plunge himself that can agree to saleable and unlawful prostitutions." Fancy, ye to whom the moral frailty of genius is a consolation, or to whom the association of virtue with youth and Cambridge is a jest—fancy Milton, as this passage from his own pen describes him at the age of twenty-three, returning to his father's house from the university, full of its accomplishments and its honours, an auburn-haired youth beautiful as the Apollo of a northern clime, and that beautiful body the temple of a soul pure and unsoiled! Truly, a son for a mother to take to her arms with joy and pride!

Connected with this austerity of character, discernible in Milton even in his youth, may be noted also, as indeed it is noted in the passage just cited, a haughty yet modest self-esteem, and consciousness of his own powers. Throughout all Milton's works there may be discerned a vein of this noble egotism, this unbashful self-assertion. Frequently, in arguing with an opponent, or in setting forth his own views on any subject of discussion, he passes, by a very slight topical connexion, into an account of himself, his education, his designs, and his relations to the matter in question; and this sometimes so elaborately and at such length, that the impression is as if he said to his readers,—Besides all my other arguments, take this also as the chief and conclusive argument, that it is *I*, a man of such and such antecedents, and with such and such powers to perform far higher work than you see me now engaged in, who affirm and maintain this. In his later years Milton evidently believed himself to be, if not the greatest man in England, at least the greatest writer, and one whose *egomet dixi* was entitled to as much force in the intellectual Commonwealth as the decree of a civil magistrate is invested with in the order of civil life. All that he said or wrote was backed in his own consciousness by a sense of the independent importance of the fact, that it was he, Milton, who said or wrote it; and often, after arguing a point for some time on a footing of ostensible equality with his readers, he seems suddenly to stop, retire to the vantage-ground of his own thoughts, and bid his readers follow him thither, if they would see the whole of that authority which his words had failed to express. Such, we say, is Milton's habit in his later writings; in his early life, of course, the feeling which it shews existed rather as an undefined consciousness of superior power, a tendency silently and with satisfaction to compare his own intellectual measure with that of others, a resolute ambition to be and to do something great. Now we cannot help thinking that it will be found that this particular form of self-esteem goes along with that moral austerity of character which we have alleged to be discernible in Milton even in his youth, rather than with that temperament of varying sensibility which is, according to the general theory, regarded as characteristic of the poet. Men of this latter type, as they vary in the entire mood of their mind, vary also in their estimate of themselves. No permanent consciousness of their own destiny, or of their own worth in comparison with others, belongs to them. In their

moods of elevation they are powers to move the world; but while the impulse that has gone forth from them in one of these moods, may be still thrilling its way onward in wider and wider circles through the hearts of myriads they have never seen, they, the fountains of the impulse, the spirit being gone from them, may be sitting alone in the very spot and amid the ashes of their triumph, sunken and dead, despondent and self-accusing. It requires the evidence of positive results, the assurance of other men's praises, the visible presentation of effects which they cannot but trace to themselves, to convince such men that they are or can do anything. Whatever manifestations of egotism, whatever strokes of self-assertion come from such men, come in the very burst and phrenzy of their passing resistlessness. The calm, deliberate, and unshaken knowledge of their own superiority is not theirs. True, Shakespeare, the very type, if rightly understood, of this class of minds, (for we are total dissenters from that theory of Shakespeare which defines him as a kind of William the Calm,) is supposed in his sonnets, to have predicted, in the strongest and most deliberate terms, his own immortality as a poet. It could be proved, however, were this the place for such an investigation, that the common interpretation of those passages of the sonnets which are supposed to supply this trait in the character of Shakespeare, is nothing more nor less than a false reading of a very subtle meaning which the critics have missed. Those other passages of the sonnets which breathe an abject melancholy and discontentment with self, which exhibit the poet as "cursing his fate," as "bewailing his outcast state," as looking about abasedly among his literary contemporaries, envying the "art" of one, and the "scope" of another, and even wishing sometimes that the very features of his face had been different from what they were and like those of some he knew, are, in our opinion, of far greater autobiographic value. Nothing of this kind is to be found in Milton. As a Christian, indeed, humiliation before God was a duty the meaning of which he knew full well; but as a man moving among other men, he possessed in that moral seriousness and stoic scorn of temptation which characterized him, a spring of ever-present pride, dignifying his whole bearing among his fellows, and at times arousing him to a kingly intolerance. In short, instead of that dissatisfaction with self which we trace as a not unfrequent feeling with Shakespeare, we find in Milton, even in his early youth, a recollection firm and habitual, that he was one of those servants to whom God had entrusted the stewardship of ten talents. In that very sonnet, for example, written on his twenty-third birth day, in which he laments that he had as yet achieved so little, his consolation is, that the power of achievement was still indubitably within him—

> "All is, if I have grace to use it so,
> As ever, in my great Task-Master's eye."

And what was that special mode of activity to which Milton, still in the bloom and seed-time of his years, had chosen to dedicate the powers of which he was so conscious? He had been destined by his parents for the Church; but this opening into life he had definitively and deliberately abandoned. With equal decision he renounced the profession of the law; and it does not seem to have been long after the conclusion of his career at the university, when he renounced the prospects of professional life altogether. His reasons for this, which are to be gathered from various passages of his writings, seem to have all resolved themselves into a jealous concern for his own absolute intellectual freedom. He had determined, as he says, "to lay up, as the best treasure and solace of a good old age, the honest liberty of free speech from his youth;" and neither the Church nor the Bar of England, at the time when he formed that resolution, was a place where he could hope to keep it. For a man so situated, the alternative, then as now, was the practice or profession of literature. To this, therefore, as soon as he was able to come to a decision on the subject, Milton had implicitly, if not avowedly, dedicated himself. To become a great writer, and, above all, a great poet; to teach the English language a new strain and modulation; to elaborate and surrender over to the English nation works that would make it more potent and wise in the age that was passing, and more memorable and lordly in the ages to come—such was the form which Milton's ambition had assumed when, laying aside his student's garb, he went to reside under his father's roof. Nor was this merely a choice of necessity, the reluctant determination of a young soul, "Churchouted by the prelates," and disgusted with the chances of the law. Milton, in the Church, would certainly have been such an archbishop, mitred or unmitred, as England has never seen; and the very passage of such a man across the sacred floor would have trampled into timely extinction all that has since sprung up among us as Puseyism and what not,

and would have modelled the ecclesiasticism of England into a shape that the world might have gazed at, with no truant glance backward to the splendors of the Seven Hills. And, doubtless, even amid the traditions of the law, such a man would have performed the feats of a Samson, albeit of a Samson in chains. An inward prompting, therefore, a love secretly plighted to the Muse, and a sweet comfort and delight in her sole society, which no other allurement, whether of profit or pastime, could equal or diminish,—this, less formally perhaps, but as really as care for his intellectual liberty, or distaste for the established professions of his time, determined Milton's early resolution as to his future way of life. On this point it will be best to quote his own words. "After I had," he says, "for my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father, (whom God recompense!) been exercised to the tongues and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers both at home and at the schools, it was found that, whether ought was imposed upon me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of mine own choice, in English or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly this latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live." The meaning of which sentence to a biographer of Milton, is, that Milton, before his three-and-twentieth year, knew himself to be a poet.

He knew this, he says, by "certain vital signs," discernible in what he had already written. What were these "vital signs," these proofs indubitable to Milton that he had the art and faculty of a poet? We need but refer the reader for the answer to those smaller poetical compositions of Milton, both in English and in Latin, which survive as specimens of his earliest muse. Of these, some three or four which happen to be specially dated—such as the *Elegy on the Death of a Fair Infant*, written in 1624, or in the author's seventeenth year; the well-known *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, written in 1629, when the author was just twenty-one; and the often quoted *Sonnet on Shakespeare*, written not much later—may be cited as convenient materials from which, whoever would convince himself minutely of Milton's youthful vocation to poetry rather than to anything else, may derive proofs on that head. Here will be found power of the most rare and beautiful conception, choice of words the most exact and exquisite, the most perfect music and charm of verse. Above all, here will be found that ineffable something—call it imagination or what we will—wherein lies the intimate and ineradicable peculiarity of the poet; the art to work on and on for ever in a purely ideal element, to chase and marshal airy nothings according to a law totally unlike that of rational association, never hastening to a logical end like the schoolboy when on errand, but still lingering within the wood like the schoolboy during holiday. This peculiar mental habit, nowhere better described than by Milton himself when he speaks of verse—

> "Such as the meeting soul may pierce
> In notes, with many a winding bout
> Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
> With wanton heed and giddy cunning,"

is so characteristic of the poetical disposition, that, though in most of the greatest poets, as, for example, Dante, Goethe, Shakespeare in his dramas, Chaucer, and almost all the ancient Greek poets, it is not observable in any extraordinary degree, chiefly because in them the element of direct reference to human life and its interests had fitting preponderance, yet it may be affirmed that he who, tolerating or admiring these poets, does not relish also such poetry as that of Spenser, Keats, and Shakespeare in his minor pieces, but complains of it as wearisome and sensuous, is wanting in a portion of the genuine poetic taste.

There was but one "vital sign," the absence of which in Milton could, according to any theory of the poetical character, have begotten doubts in his own mind, or in the minds of his friends, whether poetry was his peculiar and appropriate function. The single source of possible doubt on this head could have been no other than that native austerity of feeling and temper, that real though not formal Puritanism of heart and intellect, which we have noted as distinguishing Milton from his youth upward. The poet, it is said in these days, when, by psychologizing a man, it is supposed we can tell what course of life he is fit for—the poet ought to be universally sympathetic; he ought to hate nothing, despise nothing. And a notion equivalent to this, though by no means so articulately expressed, was undoubtedly prevalent in Milton's own time. As the Puritans, on the one hand, had set their faces against all those practices of profane singing, dancing, masquing, theatre-going, and the like, in which the preservation of the spirit of the arts was supposed to be involved, so the last party in the world from which the reputed devotees of the arts in those days would have expected a poet to arise, were the Puritans. Even in Shakespeare, and

much more in Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, and other poets of the Elizabethan age, may be traced evidences of an instinctive enmity to that Puritanical mode of thinking which was then on the increase in English society, and in the triumph of which these great minds foresaw the proscription of their craft and their pleasures. When Sir Toby says to Malvolio, "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" and when the Clown adds, "Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too," it is the Knight and the Clown on the one side, against Malvolio the Puritan on the other. That the defence of the festive in this passage is not borne by more respectable personages than the two who speak, is indeed a kind of indication that Shakespeare's personal feelings with regard to the austere movement which he saw gathering around him, were by no means so deep or bitter as to discompose him; but if his profounder soul could behold such things with serenity, and even pronounce them good, they assuredly met with enough of virulence and invective among his lesser contemporaries. That literary crusade against the Puritans, as canting, sour-visaged, mirth-forbidding, art-abhorring religionists, which came to its height at the time when Butler wrote his Hudibras, and Wycherley his plays, was already hot when the wits of King James's days used to assemble, after the theatre, in their favourite taverns; and if, sallying out after one of their merry evenings in their most favourite tavern of all, the Mermaid in Bread Street, leaving, as Beaumont used to say, an atmosphere in the room they had quitted sufficient to make witty in spite of themselves the next two companies that sat in it, these assembled poets and dramatists had gone in search of the youth who was likeliest to be the poet of the age then beginning, they certainly would not have gone to that modest residence in the same street where the son of the Puritanic scrivener, then preparing for college, was busy over his books. Nay, if Ben Jonson, the last twenty-nine years of whose life coincided with the first twenty-nine of Milton's, had followed the young student from the house where he was born in Bread Street to his rooms at Cambridge, and had there become acquainted with him and looked over his early poetical exercises, it is probable enough that, while praising them so far, he would have constituted himself the organ of that very opinion as to the requisites of the poetical character which we are now discussing, and declared, in some strong phrase or other, that the youth would have been all the more hopeful as a poet if he had had a little more of the *bon vivant* in his constitution.

This, then, is a point of no little importance, involving, as it does, the relations of Milton as a poet to the age in which he lived—that splendid age of Puritan mastery in England, which came between the age of Shakespeare and Elizabeth, and the age of Dryden and the Second Charles. Milton was *the* poet of that intermediate era; that his character was such as we have described it, made him only the more truly a representative of all that was then deepest in English society; and, in inquiring, therefore, in what manner Milton's austerity as a man affected his art as a poet, we are, at the same time, investigating the *rationale* of that remarkable fact in the history of English literature, the interpolation of so original and isolated a development as the Miltonic poems between the inventive luxuriousness of the Elizabethan epoch, and the witty licentiousness that followed the Restoration.

First, then, it was not *humour* that came to the rescue, in Milton's case, to help him out in those respects wherein, according to the theory in question, the strictness and austerity of his own disposition would have injured his capacity to be a poet. There are and have been men as strict and austere as he, who yet, by means of this quality of humour, have been able to reconcile themselves to much in human life lying far away from, and even far beneath, the sphere of their own practice and conscientious liking. As Pantagruel, the noble and meditative, endured and even loved those immortal companions of his, the boisterous and profane Friar John, and the cowardly and impish Panurge, so these men, remaining themselves with all rigour and punctuality within the limits of sober and exemplary life, are seen extending their regards to the persons and the doings of a whole circle of reprobate Falstaffs, Pistols, Clowns, and Sir Toby Belches. They cannot help it. They may and often do blame themselves for it; they wish that, in their intercourse with the world, they could more habitually turn the austere and judicial side of their character to the scenes and incidents that there present themselves, simply saying of each, "That is right and worthy," or, "That is wrong and unworthy," and treating it accordingly; but they break down in the trial; suddenly some incident presents itself which is not only right but clumsy, or not only wrong but comic, and straightway the austere side of their character wheels round to the back, and judge, jury, and wit-

nesses are convulsed with untimely laughter. It was by no means so with Milton. As his critics have generally remarked, he had little of humour, properly so called, in his composition. His laughter is the laughter of scorn. With one unvarying judicial look, he confronted the actions of men, and, if ever his tone altered as he uttered his judgments, it was only because something roused him to a pitch of higher passion. Take, as characteristic the following passage, in which he replies to the taunt of an opponent who had asked where *he*, the antagonist of profane amusements, had procured that knowledge of theatres and their furniture, which certain allusions in one of his books shewed him to possess:—

"Since there is such necessity to the hearsay of a tire, a periwig, or a vizard, that plays must have been seen, what difficulty was there in that, when in the colleges so many of the young divines, and those in next aptitude to divinity, have been seen so often upon the stage, writhing and unboning their clergy limbs to all the antic and dishonest gestures of Trinculoes, buffoons, and bawds; prostituting the shame of that ministry which either they had or were nigh having, to the eyes of courtiers and court-ladies, with their grooms and mademoiselles? There, whilst they acted and overacted, among other young scholars, I was a spectator:—they thought themselves gallant men, and I thought them fools; they made sport, and I laughed; they mispronounced, and I misliked; and, to make up the atticism, they were out, and I hissed."—*Apology for Smectymnuus.*

Who can doubt that to a man, to whom such a scene as this presented itself in a light so different from that in which a Shakespeare would have viewed it, Friar John himself, if encountered in the real world, would have been simply the profane and unendurable wearer of the sacred garb, Falstaff only a foul and grey-haired iniquity, Pistol but a braggart and coward, and Sir Toby Belch but a beastly sot?

That office, however, which humour did not perform for Milton, in his intercourse with the world of past and present things, was in part performed by what he did in large measure possess—intellectual inquisitiveness; respect for intellect, its accomplishments, and its rights. If any quality in the actions or writings of other men could have won Milton's favourable regards, even where his moral sense condemned, that quality, we believe, was intellectual greatness, and especially greatness of his own stamp, or marked by any of his own features. Hence that tone of almost pitying admiration which pervades his representation of the ruined Archangel; hence his uniformly respectful references to the great intellects of Paganism and of the Catholic world; and hence, we think, his unbounded, and, so far as we can see, unqualified reverence for Shakespeare. As by the direct exercise of his own intellect, on the one hand, applied to the rational discrimination for himself of what was really wrong from what was only ignorantly reputed to be so, he had kept his mind clear, as Cromwell also did, from many of those sectarian prejudices in the matter of moral observance which were current in his time—justified, for example, his love of music, his passion for natural beauty, his habits of cheerful recreation, his devotion to various literature, and even, most questionable of all, as would then have been thought, his affection for the massy pillars and storied windows of ecclesiastic architecture; so, reflexly, by a recognition of the intellectual liberty of others, he seems to have distinctly apprehended the fact that there might be legitimate manifestations of intellect of a kind very different from his own. A Falstaff in real life, for example, might have been to Milton the most unendurable of horrors, just as, according to his own confession, a play-acting clergyman was his abomination; and yet, in the pages of his honoured Shakespeare, Sir John as mentor to the Prince, and Parson Hugh Evans as the Welch fairy among the mummers, may have been creations he would con over and very dearly appreciate. And this accounts for the multifarious and unrestricted character of his literary studies. Milton, we believe, was a man whose intellectual inquisitiveness and respect for talent would have led him, in other instances than that of the College theatricals, to see and hear much that his heart derided, to study and know what he would not strictly have wished to imitate. Ovid and Tibullus, for example, contain much that is far from Miltonic; and yet that he read poets of this class with particular pleasure, let the following quotation prove:—

"I had my time, readers, as others have who have good learning bestowed upon them, to be sent to those places where, the opinion was, it might be soonest attained; and, as the manner is, was not unstudied in those authors which are most commended:—whereof some were grave orators and historians, whose matter methought I loved indeed, but, as my age was, so I understood them: others were the smooth elegiac poets whereof the schools are not scarce, whom, both for the pleasing sound of their numerous writing (which, in imitation, I found most easy, and most agreeable to nature's part in me) and for their matter (which, what it is, there be few who know not), I was so allured to read that no recreation

came to me more welcome—for, that it was then those years with me which are excused, though they be least severe, I may be saved the labour to remember ye."—*Apology for Smectymnuus.*

That Milton, then, notwithstanding his natural austerity and seriousness even in youth, was led by his keen appreciation of literary beauty and finish, and especially by his delight in sweet and melodious verse, to read and enjoy the poetry of those writers who are usually quoted as examples of the lusciousness and sensuousness of the poetic nature, and even to prefer them to all others—is especially stated by himself. But let the reader, who may think he sees in this a ground for suspecting that we have assigned too much importance to Milton's personal seriousness of disposition as a cause of affecting his aims and art as a poet, distinctly mark the continuation.

"Whence, having observed them" (the elegiac and love poets) "to account it the chief glory of their wit, in that they were ablest to judge, to praise, and by that could esteem themselves worthiest to love, those high perfections which, under one or other name, they took to celebrate, I thought with myself, by every instinct and presage of nature, (which is not wont to be false,) that what emboldened them to this task might, with such diligence as they used, embolden me; and that what judgment, wit, or elegance was my share would herein best appear, and best value itself, but how much more wisely, and with more love of virtue I should choose (let rude ears be absent!) the object of not unlike praises. For, albeit these thoughts to some will seem virtuous and commendable, to others only pardonable, to a third sort perhaps idle, yet the mentioning of them now will end in serious. Nor blame it, readers, in those years to propose to themselves such a reward as the noblest dispositions above other things in this life have sometimes preferred; whereof not to be sensible, when good and fair in one person meet, argues both a gross and shallow judgment, and withal an ungentle and swainish breast. For, by the firm settling of these persuasions, I became, to my best memory, so much a proficient, that, if I found these authors anywhere speaking unworthy things of themselves, or unchaste of those names which before they had extolled, this effect it wrought in me:—From that time forward, their art I still applauded, but the men I deplored; and, above them all, preferred the two famous renowners of Beatrice and Laura, who never wrote but honour of them to whom they devote their verse, displaying sublime and pure thought, without transgression. And long it was not after when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem—that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he has in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy."—*Apology for Smectymnuus.*

Here, at last, therefore, we have Milton's own solution of the matter of our inquiry. He had speculated himself on that subject; he had made it a matter of conscious investigation what kind of moral tone and career would best fit a man to be a poet, on the one hand, or would be most likely to frustrate his hopes of writing well, on the other; and his conclusion, as we see, was dead against the "wild oats" theory. Had Ben Jonson, according to our previous fancy, proffered him, out of kindly interest, a touch of that theory, while criticising his juvenile poems, and telling him how he might learn to write better, there would have descended on the lecturer, as sure as fate, a rebuke, though from young lips, that would have made his old face blush. "*He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem*:—fancy that sentence—an early and often pronounced formula of Milton's, as we may be sure it was—hurled, some evening, could time and chance have permitted it, into the midst of the Elizabethan wits at the Mermaid! What interruption of the jollity, what mingled uneasiness and resentment, what turning of faces towards the new speaker, what forced laughter to conceal consternation! Only Shakespeare, one thinks, had he been present, would have fixed on the bold youth a mild and approving eye, would have looked round the room thoroughly to observe the whole scene, and, remembering some passages in his own life, would mayhap have had his own thoughts! Certainly, at least, the essence of that wonderful and special development of the literary genius of England, which came between the Elizabethan epoch and the epoch of the Restoration, and which was represented and consummated in Milton himself, consisted in the fact that then there was a temporary protest, and by a man able to make it good, against the theory of "wild oats," as current before and current since. The nearest man to Milton in this respect, since Milton's time, has undoubtedly been Wordsworth.

It has not been without purpose that we have thus presented our readers with what may be called, though with some allowance for occasional anachronism, a study of the character of Milton in his early manhood. In fixing our attention upon him so closely at a period of his life when as yet he had not produced those works which are the cause why the world now attends to him at all, we but imitate his own example in those passages of his writings where he instructs us how he may be best appreciated. "With me it fares now," he says, referring to his hostile critics, "as with him whose outward

garment (*i.e.* books) hath been injured and ill-bedighted; for, having no other shift, what help but to turn the inside," (*i.e.* the man, as anterior to, and apart from, his books,) "outward—especially, if the lining be of the same, or, as it sometimes is, much better." Let us now, however, glance at the facts of his subsequent career, so as to see, preparatory to such a general view of his genius as can only be attempted in connexion with his writings, how the character which we have sketched as Milton's from the first, and which substantially remained with him through life, became modified by external influences as he passed on through manhood to old age.

Milton, his academic studies being over, and his resolution against entering the Church already taken, remained an inmate of his father's house at Horton, Buckinghamshire, for a period of six years,—that is, from 1632 to 1638, or from his twenty-fourth to his thirtieth year. Walks amid the rich English scenery of the neighbourhood, sometimes for the mere pleasure of exercise and meditation, sometimes in his special character as a student of botany; more lengthened excursions to Oxford and other places in or out of Buckinghamshire, particularly the pretty village of Forest Hill, some three miles from Oxford, where there resided a Squire Powell, an acquaintance of his father's; occasional visits to London for books, lessons in mathematics, and the like; indoor conversations and musical concertoes with such friends or relatives as might from time to time join the family circle, including a married sister older than himself, and a younger brother engaged in the study of the law—such was the quiet nature of the poet's life, at a time when most men are plunged in the cares of worldly business. His father, himself a scholarly old gentleman and a musical composer, "equal in science, if not in genius, to the first musicians of the age," was probably glad that his own position as a retired attorney, living on a small estate, enabled him to afford his son the means of such manly leisure. Nor was Milton idle. Devoting the main part of his time to a course of new reading, which embraced all the most celebrated classical writers, and had special reference to those Greek philosophers whose works he felt himself more capable of appreciating now than in his college days, he produced at intervals during these years those exquisite minor poems—*Arcades*, *Comus*, *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and others, which the reader, when not disposed for the severer grandeurs of his later muse, turns to with delight. The style of those poems, blending so beautifully the grace of the classic model, and the spirit of classic thought with the rich beauty of the English pastoral, indicates clearly enough that his early taste for the sweet and sensuous compositions of the elegiac and descriptive school of poets had not as yet declined. As clearly, however, does the loyal and strict tone of these poems, the chivalrous and sustained purity of purpose which appear in them, and most observably of all in the *Comus*, indicate the perfect truth of his assertion that he had early come to the resolve that in all his own attempts in the art he admired, the fair should serve only the good and honourable. In these poems, too, sensuous in conception and full of fantastic imagery as they are, there are genuine individual flashes of the sterner Miltonic spirit. Such, for example, is the invective in *Lycidas* against the hireling shepherds of the Christian fold. Such also is this, among other passages that might be quoted from *Comus*—

"Against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm—
Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not inthralled;
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when, at last
Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed and self-consumed; If this fail
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble."

And thus, we see, underneath the flowers and the beauty, there ever lay in Milton all manly strength. If his art by preference still worked most in the sensuous and the idyllic, it was but as a young athlete, his symmetry not yet injured by much experience in the gymnasium, might be the gentlest of all the guests at a classic entertainment, might recline most gracefully on the embroidered couch, and wear most fitly the garland of festive roses.

Milton's poems, composed during his residence in his father's house, were not written for publication. The *Comus* was a gift to the ladies and younger branches of the family of the Earl of Bridgewater, meant as a kind of innocent play or mask to be performed in the family-circle of Ludlow Castle; and though Lawes, who composed the airs for the mask, published it in 1637, three years after it was performed, he speaks of the authorship as not openly acknowledged. In the following year *Lycidas* appeared in a collection of Cambridge verses. Milton's reputation as a poet can, therefore, have been but of a very private character

when, in the year 1638, his mother being then just dead, he left England for a tour on the Continent. From Paris, where he became acquainted with Grotius, he went to Italy. He resided there about a year, visiting all the chief towns, and seeing many of the eminent Italian men of the time—among others, Galileo, then in his old age, and a prisoner to the Inquisition on account of his astronomical heresies. From Italy he meant to extend his tour to Sicily and Greece; but the gathering political tempest at home brought him back to England in the summer of 1639.

In consequence either of some change in the circumstances of his father, or of some change in his own views as to his way of life, Milton now took up household in London. "He took him a lodging," says his earliest biographer, "in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet Street, at the house of one Russell, a tailor." Probably one of the reasons that led to this arrangement is indicated in the fact that he took to board with him, as pupils, two nephews, sons of his sister Mrs. Philips, the one about ten, the other about eight, years of age. "He made no long stay," however, in St. Bride's Churchyard, "necessity of having a place to dispose his books in, and other goods fit for the furnishing of a good handsome house, hastening him to take one; and accordingly, ae pretty garden-house he took in Aldersgat Street, at the end of an entry, and therefore the fitter for his turn, by the reason of the privacy, besides that there are few streets in London more free from noise than that." Here he took a few more boys as boarders, all the sons of intimate friends.

But it was not solely with his pupils that Milton's mind was occupied in his new residence in his garden-house in Aldersgate Street. His journey to Italy and the encouragement he had met with there had but confirmed his ambition to be a great name in the literature of his country. The following passage, written close upon the period we are now arrived at, will exhibit more aptly than any words of ours, the thoughts as to the future employment of his time and powers, which secretly filled Milton for months and months after his first settlement in London. The passage is in every way remarkable:—

"But, much latelier, in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favoured to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout, (for the manner is that every one must give some proof of his wit and learning there,) met with acceptance above what was looked for; and other things, which I had shifted, in scarcity of books and conveniences, to patch up amongst them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men on this side the Alps—I began thus far to assent both to them and to divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that, by labour and intense study, (which I take to be my portion in this life,) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave some thing so written to after-times as they should not willingly let die.

"These thoughts at once possessed me, and these other—that, if I were certain to write, as men buy leases, for three lives and downward, there ought no regard to be sooner had than to God's glory by the honour and instruction of my own country. For which cause and not only for that I knew it would be hard to arrive at the second rank among the Latins, I applied myself to that resolution which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo—to fix all the industry and art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue; not to make verbal curiosities the end, (that were a toilsome vanity,) but to be an interpreter and relater of the best and wisest things among mine own citizens throughout this island in the mother dialect. That what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, and modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old, did for *their* country, I, in proportion, with this over and above, of being a Christian, might do for *mine*, not caring to be once named abroad, (though, perhaps, I could attain to that,) but content with these British islands as my world, whose fortune has hitherto been that, if the Athenians, as some say, made their small deeds great and renowned by their eloquent writers, England hath had her noble achievements made small by the unskilful handling of monks and mechanics.

"Time serves not now, and perhaps I might seem too profuse, to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing, hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempting—whether the *epic* form, whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso are a diffuse, and the Book of Job a brief model; or whether the rules of Aristotle herein are strictly to be kept, or nature to be followed, (which, in them that know art and use judgment, is no transgression, but an enriching of art;) and, lastly, what king or knight, before the Conquest, might be chosen, in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero. . . . . Or whether those *dramatic* constitutions, wherein Sophocles and Euripides reign, shall be found more doctrinal and exemplary to a nation. The Scripture also affords us a divine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons and a chorus, as Origen rightly judges. And the Apocalypse of St. John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies. . . . Or, if occasion shall lead, to imitate those magnificent *odes* and *hymns*, wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are in most things worthy; some others in their frame judicious; in their matter most and end faulty. But those frequent songs throughout the law and prophets beyond all those not in their divine argument alone, but in the very

critical art of composition, may be easily made to appear, over all the kinds of lyric poety, to be incomparable. These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though by most abused) in every nation;—are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to embrace and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what He works and what He suffers to be wrought with high providence in his Church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship."—*Reasons against Prelaty.*

It was not destined, however, that Milton should then, or for many years to come, carry these great schemes into execution. Work of a very different, and far less congenial kind, was for the present required of him. That great era in English history, which nothing in English history has paralleled since, was then opening. Vanquished by the spirit of his subjects, Charles I. had been compelled, in 1640, to summon his fifth Parliament, the famous "Long Parliament" of England, and to commit himself reluctantly to the tide of reform in Church and State which flowed out of its deliberations. Never was there such a time of hope and promise in the political world. Gathering round the new Parliament, and looking to it as the instrument by which, with the blessing of God, such changes would be wrought in the entire system of the country as would make England, though still under a regal head, the pattern of free and well-governed Commonwealths, all men of mark for their liberal opinions were eager to contribute their quota to the new movement. Of this Milton was one. Always, by temperament, by education, and by speculative conviction, a man of the progressive party which since the days of Elizabeth had been gaining strength in England, but debarred hitherto like the rest of his countrymen from speaking his mind in any distinct manner on public affairs—he was now kindled to a pitch of enthusiasm such as made his whole past life seem tame, and thoughts that had till then lain in his mind only as vague dream and aspiration, nourishing his own sense of personal dignity, rushed at once into form, and struggled for utterance. Perhaps at no time in his whole life could Milton's character have been seen to greater advantage than about the year 1640–41, when the spirit of polemical activity first caught and mastered him. The promise of his earlier years then ripened into firm yet fair maturity; his consciousness of power rather increased than abated by his intercourse with the world; his mind, too, as we think, more exercised than before in solemn personal thoughts of God, religion, and revelation—he was no longer the mere serious youth meditating among flowers and books, and keeping his soul chaste by the worship of virtue as a grace or goddess of some heathen shrine, but a practical and fully assured Christian man, conversant with usages and cities, and regarding his own faculty and virtue but as so much energy sent down by God to mould humanity to a higher rule. The word *loftiness*, or the word *magnanimity*, rather than the word *seriousness*, or the word *austerity*, might be used to describe the habitual state of Milton's mind at this epoch, when, ceasing, as it were, to be occupied with its own culture and regulation, it turned, like a lion about to leave its den, to the survey of the world without. His heart swelled within him when he saw what was to be done by a soul like his in the concourse of other men; and, if he hesitated at all to begin the work of action, it was only because he doubted whither in so vast a crowd he ought first to carry his royal presence.

Abandoning, then, for the time, all his great schemes of literary preparation and performance, Milton, in the year 1641, plunged into the tumult of political controversy. Disdaining smaller topics, he struck at once at what he, in common with many others, regarded as the radical evil, the cause, so far as any one theory or institution could be the cause, of all that was wrong and reactionary in English society—the theory and institution of Prelacy. That Prelacy, or the rule of the Church by bishops and archbishops, should be root and branch abolished, not merely modified and improved by dissociation from peerage and the like; and that the Long Parliament and other legislative powers in the country should be stirred up and incited, by every possible means, to this work, and to speedy change of the ecclesiastical system of England to the Presbyterian form, or some form even beyond that—such was Milton's notion of the greatest political duty of the time. Give him this, he thought, and he would return to his books and his leisure; until this were attained, books and leisure were luxuries he would forego. Hear his own words:—

"And the accomplishment of them" (his literary schemes) "lies not but in a power above man's to promise; but that none hath by more

studious ways endeavoured, and with more unwearied spirit that none shall—that I dare almost aver of myself, as far as life and free leisure will extend, and if but the land had once enfranchised herself from this impertinent yoke of Prelaty, under whose inquisitorious and tyrannical duncery no free and splendid wit can flourish."

When, by his own labours, and those of others, the land should have, by the abolition of Prelacy, been put into such a state as that "a free and splendid wit" could flourish in it, then it would be time for him to resume his literary aspirations; meanwhile, for a few years, he would be content to go on trust with his readers for the payment of his debt, and, "leaving a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark on a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes," doing battle against Episcopacy in the face of the people and the Parliament of England. Accordingly, for two years, or from 1641 to 1642, he seems to have been incessantly engaged (his duties to his pupils excepted) on this one topic. He handled it in five separate treatises or pamphlets; the first, an elaborate historical essay *On the Causes that have hindered the Reformation in England*—in other words, arrested it at the stage of Episcopacy; the second, a treatise *On Prelatical Episcopacy*, containing an examination of arguments in favour of its antiquity and apostolic origin, advanced at the time by Bishop Hall and Archbishop Usher; the third, a more comprehensive treatise, entitled, *The Reason of Church-government urged against Prelaty;* the fourth, *Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnuus,* the remonstrant being Bishop Hall, and Smectymnuus a designation for five Presbyterian ministers who had attacked him, and the initials of whose names, put together, made up the uncouth word; the fifth and last, a farther *Apology for Smectymnuus*, drawn out by an answer to the preceding.

The controversy, however, to which Milton had so courageously lent himself, was soon snatched away from the hands of writers and clergymen, and appealed, with many other, and even graver questions, to the decision of a ruder reasoning. The final rupture between Charles and the Parliament had at length taken place, and all England was a scene of military strife. The fate, not only of Episcopacy, but of Royalty itself, depended on the issue of an uncertain war. Surrendering over, then, to the sword and the battle-field the continuation of his favourite argument, and taking no more active part in the politics of the time than that of praying for the success of the party which represented his hopes, Milton would now probably have returned to his private projects had not Providence prepared him for a new and far more miserable controversy in the state of his own household. His father, driven from his own residence by the disturbed condition of the country, had just come to live with him and his pupils at Aldersgate Street, when, about Whitsuntide 1643, Milton, to use the words of his nephew Philips, "took a journey into the country, nobody about him certainly knowing the reason, or that it was more than a journey of recreation, till, after a month's stay, home he returns a married man that went out a bachelor." The wife thus unexpectedly brought home by Milton, then in his thirty-fifth year, was Mary, the eldest daughter of Mr. Powell, the Oxfordshire squire formerly mentioned.

Never was a worse match made. The young wife had hardly been a month in town with her husband, when, in a fit of longing to see her parents and friends, she asked and obtained leave to go and spend part of the summer with them, promising to return at Michaelmas. When that time came, however, she positively refused to go back; and, her mother abetting her, she left Milton's repeated letters unanswered, and, when a messenger came with a peremptory message, had him turned out of the house. The reasons for this extraordinary occurrence, as given by Philips, are, that her "relations being generally addicted to the Cavalier party, and some of them possibly engaged in the King's service, (who by this time had his headquarters at Oxford, and was in some prospect of success,) they began to repent them of having matched the eldest daughter of the family to a person so contrary to them in opinion, and thought it would be a blot in their escutcheon whenever that court should come to flourish again." There may be something in this; but the account given by the old gossip Aubrey, confirmed, too, by what Philip himself says, is far more to the point. The bride, according to Aubrey, had been "brought up and bred where there was a great deal of company and merriment, as dancing, &c.; and when she came to live with her husband, she found it solitary, no company came to her, and she often heard her nephews cry and be beaten. This life was irksome to her and so she went to her parents." There are hints also that, during her month in town, she had shown some stubbornness—accepting invitations from her relations against her husband's will, and going about with them to theatres and the like. In short, one sees the whole case but

too easily. Here was a gay, self-willed country girl, whose highest happiness it had been to dance with a King's officer at Oxford or elsewhere, married to a man whom she did not love, whom she could not understand, and whose books and austere ways were a terror to her. How Milton had been led to commit such a blunder as to marry a girl so totally unsuited to be his wife, can only be explained by the reasons he himself hints at —the inexperience of even the soberest man in these affairs, the very haste of men who have lived strictly in youth "to light the nuptial torch," the "persuasion of friends," the want of sufficient opportunities "for a perfect discerning" till too late, and the known fact that "the bashful muteness of a virgin," so romantically interpreted by the lover, may often "hide all the unliveliness and natural sloth" which constitutes sheer stupidity. *Stupidity*, if we may judge from Milton's allusions, was the quality which, after his eyes were opened to the real character of his wife, he found most unendurable in her. "A mute and spiritless mate," "a mind to all due conversation inaccessible," such are the phrases in which he seems evidently to refer to his own case; and "what a solace," he adds, "what a fit help such a consort would be through the whole life of a man, is less pain to conjecture than to have experience." No sensible man, he even says in another place, but would rather forgive actual unfaithfulness in a woman than this sullen incompatibility of tastes and temper.

At first, Milton's rage at the insult and scandal of his wife's desertion of him seems to have been something tremendous. Afterwards, bitterly making up his mind to the worst, and having determined that in no circumstances could he honourably take her back, he directed all his thoughts to the single purpose of getting rid of her. And, as it was not in his nature to put a fair face on the matter to the world, and secretly compensate himself by being other than he seemed, he pursued his object in the most open and public manner. In the course of the years 1644 and 1645, he put forth a series of four treatises on divorce—the first entitled *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce restored from the bondage of the Canon Law;* the second, *The Judgment of Martin Bucer touching Divorce*, being extracts in point from that Reformer's writings; the third *Tetrachordon; or Expositions of the four chief passages of Scripture which treat of Marriage;* and the fourth, *Colasterion*, being a reply to an anonymous answer to the first treatise. The doctrine which pervades all these treatises and which they try to enforce, partly by reason, but chiefly by the authority of Scripture, is that the guardianship of marriage ought to belong solely to the civil magistrate, and that divorce ought to be allowed not only in the cases recognised by the canon law, but also in any case of moral incompatibility between the parties immediately interested. Without entering into a consideration of Milton's views on this important subject—views which really signified "divorce at pleasure," though Milton repudiated that phrase—we may observe that hardly in the whole history of human speculation will there be found a more remarkable instance than these treatises furnish, of how a man of the most sober and austere life may be led, by the felt misery of a personal experience, to investigate and tear up the settled maxims on which society has based itself, and to trouble a deaf world with importunate theorizings. That Milton, when the circumstances of his wife's family and the report of his intended marriage with a Miss Davis, induced them after about two years to attempt a reconciliation, did then take back his wife, notwithstanding his resolution to the contrary, is well known. But, though this put an end to his open warfare on the subject, it would be a mistake to suppose that so sad a passage of his life left no permanent effects. Externally, it made a decided breach between him and the Presbyterians who had been the most resolute opponents of his theory of divorce, and had even caused the House of Lords to take the matter up as an offence against sound morals; inclining him at the same time more and more to those extremer sects whose increasing numbers had perhaps given him hope that his views might obtain legislative sanction, and among whom he actually did gain over not a few to avow his doctrine under the name of Miltonists. But the secret effects on his mind and character were far more momentous. He had already described by anticipation that "drooping and disconsolate household captivity" which results from an ill-assorted marriage, and had spoken of that "continual sight of one's deluded thoughts" which the forced association with an unloved partner supposes, as a thing "to drive a man to atheism," or at least "to abase the mettle of a generous spirit, and sink him to a low and vulgar pitch of endeavour in all his actions." And if the effects upon himself of his seven years of legal union with his wife after their reconciliation fell short of this, their detrimental nature may at least be traced in a tone of increased harshness and bad temper discernible in most of his subsequent writings. And the poor wife all this time! One cannot help remembering that, though Milton could *speak* his

wrongs in the case, she may have *felt* hers; and none the less keenly that people told her that her austere husband was a great scholar. Indeed, what was that act of hers which so offended Milton, but a practical assertion on the woman's side of that liberty which he claimed for the man?

During the stormy period of his controversy on the subject of divorce, Milton found time to publish the short tract *On Education* before alluded to, and also his noble *Areopagitica*, or *Speech to the Parliament of England for the liberty of Unlicensed Printing*. In the year 1645, he likewise published for the first time, in a collected form, his juvenile poems in English and Latin. From that time, probably owing to the disturbed state of the public mind, he published nothing for three or four years. During these years he removed his residence twice—first from Aldersgate Street to Barbican, where besides his wife, his pupils, and his own father, he had his wife's father and mother to live with him; and then to a smaller house in Holborn, which had an opening at the back into Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. In 1647 his father died; and about the same time his father-in-law. As his father's property, which does not seem to have been very large, was shared by him with his sister and his younger brother, now a lawyer of known royalist opinions, Milton was not yet exempted from the necessity of earning his own livelihood. A marriage portion of £1000 which should have come to him on his father-in-law's death, remained unpaid in consequence of the confused state in which that gentleman left his affairs.

The triumph of the Puritan party was an epoch in the life of Milton. Scarcely was the Commonwealth inaugurated by the death of Charles I., (January 1648-9,) when, breaking his long silence, he published a justification of that act against the Presbyterians and others, in the form of an essay on *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, one of the ablest arguments ever penned in favour of the *jus populi*. This piece of service probably contributed to his appointment, in 1649, to the office of Latin Secretary to the Government, with a salary of £288 a year. As Latin Secretary, his duties were multifarious and somewhat onerous. In the *first* place, as it had been resolved that all the Government correspondence with foreign princes and states should be in Latin, he had daily to attend at Whitehall to lend his services as a compiler and translator. A collection of the letters written by him in this capacity, both for the Council of State and for Cromwell, is published among his prose works. But besides these strictly official duties, others naturally devolved upon him in consequence of his general literary abilities. Thus, when the Government wished to print a collection of papers relative to the proceedings of the Royalists in Ireland, Milton contributed (1649) some critical *Observations on the Articles of Peace between the Earl of Ormond and the Irish rebels;* and, again, in the same year, he was persuaded by the Government to write his *Eikonoclastes*, in answer to the famous "Eikon Basilike," the supposed literary relic of Charles I. But the most important of these polemical writings which Milton's position as a literary servant of the government of the Commonwealth induced him to undertake, was the celebrated *Defensio pro populo Anglicano*, published in 1651, in reply to the Latin Defence of Charles I., put forth by the Frenchman, Claude de Saumaise, who, under his Latinized name of Salmasius, was then one of the most renowned scholars of Europe. Milton appears to have thrown his whole strength into this production, which was regarded as a triumphant demolition of his antagonist, and procured him applauses and encomiums from all quarters.

On his appointment to the Secretaryship, Milton, who seems now to have given up his pupils, had removed from Holborn to apartments in Scotland Yard. It was while residing here, in the year 1652, that he was visited by the crowning calamity of his life, his blindness. His sight had been gradually failing for ten years; and at last it completely gave way under the serious labours in which he involved himself when preparing his great work against Salmasius. His own description of the manner in which the blindness came on is worth quoting:—

"On the left side of my left eye (which began to fail some years before the other,) a darkness arose that hid from me all things on that side: if I chanced to close my right eye, whatever was before me seemed diminished. In the last three years, as my remaining eye failed gradually some months before my sight was utterly gone, all things that I could discern, though I moved not myself, appeared to fluctuate, now to the right, now to the left. Obstinate vapours seemed to have settled all over my forehead and temples, overwhelming my eyes with a sort of sleepy heaviness, especially after food, till the evening; so that I frequently recollect the condition of the prophet Phineus in the *Argonautics:*

Him vapours dark
Enveloped, and the earth appeared to roll
Beneath him, sinking in a lifeless trance.

But I should not omit to say that, while I had

some little sight remaining, as soon as I went to bed I reclined on either side, a copious light used to dart out from my closed eyes;—then, as my sight grew daily less, darker colours seemed to burst forth with vehemence and a kind of internal noise; but now, as if everything lucid were extinguished, blackness, either absolute, or chequered and interwoven as it were with ash-colour, is accustomed to pour itself on my eyes; yet the darkness perpetually before them, as well during the night as in the day, seems always approaching rather to white than to black, admitting, as the eye rolls, a minute portion of light, as through a crevice."—*Letter to Philaras of Athens, Sept.* 28, 1654.

Even when totally blind, Milton continued to hold his office as Latin Secretary; latterly, however, a colleague was appointed, who did the most of the work, and received about half of the salary. For the sake of his health Milton, one of whose peculiarities it seems to have been never to be satisfied with the house he lived in, removed to a house in Petty France, Westminster, opening into St. James's Park. Here he remained for about eight years, or till the Restoration of Charles II. compelled him to seek a less public place of residence. These eight years produced not a few changes in his household. In 1652 his wife died, leaving him, a widower and blind at the age of forty-four, with three infant daughters, the oldest of whom was not more than six years old. In 1656 he married a second wife, who did not survive the marriage, however, more than a year. Her death was probably a misfortune to the poor children of the former wife, who, left thereafter to the care of their blind and austere father, seem to have grown up in a kind of horror of him, increased rather than diminished by the efforts he appears to have made from time to time to impart to them some portions of his linguistic learning. As they were not old enough yet to act as his amanuenses, the various works written by him at this period must have been dictated either to his nephew Philips, or to some other of his grown-up pupils. Among these works were several in continuation of his answer to Salmasius—such as the *Defensio secunda pro Populo Anglicano*, published in 1654, as a reply to a work written by Peter du Moulin, but advertised under the name of Alexander More; and the *Defensio pro se* called forth by More's rejoinder. These, however, were but incidental exercises of his pen; and the greater part of his time after the year 1654 appears to have been devoted to several great literary projects which he had resolved upon as appropriate work for his now advancing years and disabled condition—such as the composition of a large History of England, the compilation of an Elaborate Thesaurus or Dictionary of the Latin language, and the preparation of a Body of Systematic Divinity out of the Bible.

Once more the retired man of letters tried to make his voice heard amid the concerns of a world shut out for evermore from his bodily view. It was during that brief period after the death of Cromwell, the man after Milton's own heart, when the nation, torn by all manner of new distractions, saw no hope of rest but in the restoration of the monarchy of the Stuarts, with all its miserable chances. Grieved, alarmed, and indignant, the blind Republican did all he could to avert the catastrophe and arouse his countrymen to a better faith and a more enduring courage. In a treatise *Of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes*, and in another *On the Means of removing Hirelings out of the Church*, both published in 1659, he endeavoured to mainiain the waning spirit of political reform, and to direct it on to new triumphs which would secure, as he thought, the dear-bought liberties of the nation; and finally, in *A Letter to a Friend concerning the Ruptures of the Commonwealth*, a tract entitled, *A Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth*, and a short criticism on a Royalist sermon preached in March 1660, he addressed himself directly to the question of a continuation of the Commonwealth as against the recall of the Stuarts. All in vain. "No blind guides" was the only answer his appeals elicited; Charles II. sat upon the throne of his fathers; and Milton, hardly escaping the death awarded to so many others for the part they had acted under the Parliament and the Protectorate, sought a refuge in silence and privacy.

Milton survived the Restoration fourteen years, residing first in a house he had taken in Holborn; next in Jewin Street, Aldersgate; then as a lodger in the house of Millington, a well-known auctioneer of books; and last of all in Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields. During four years of this period he remained unmarried; but in 1664, or when he was in his fifty-sixth year, he married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshul, daughter of a Cheshire baronet. She appears to have been a rather elderly person, who had been recommended by one of his friends as a fit housekeeper for him in his old age; and the evidence seems to say that he would not have married again at all but for the undutiful conduct of his daughters. The three girls—the eldest of whom, Anne, was now about eighteen years of age, the second,

Mary, about sixteen, and the youngest, Deborah, about fourteen—used "to combine together," it is said, "and counsel his maid-servant to cheat him in his marketings;" they used also to pawn and sell his books; and on one occasion, shortly before his third marriage, when the maid-servant told the second daughter, Mary, that she heard her father was to take another wife, "the said Mary replied to the said maid-servant, that it was no news to hear of his wedding, but if she could hear of his death, that would be something." With the exception of the youngest, Deborah, the daughters appear scarcely to have lived with their father after his third marriage. The eldest, Anne, who was somewhat deformed, set up in business as a gold and silver lace maker, and afterwards married a master-builder; and her sister Mary seems to have gone with her. So long as they lived with him, all the three daughters appear to have acted as his amanuenses; after his marriage, however, this species of work devolved sometimes on the wife, sometimes on the daughter Deborah, until she also escaped by marriage with a weaver in Spitalfields, and sometimes on any stray boy that could be induced by love or money to lend his services to the imperious old man. It was in this way that he composed and made ready for publication the numerous writings which formed his sole occupation and delight during the fourteen years that intervened between his retirement into private life in 1669, and his death in 1674. Of these the following were in prose:—*Accidence, or Commenced Grammar of the Latin tongue*, published in 1661; a *History of Britain to the Norman Conquest*, first published in 1670, as a contribution to the larger work he found himself unable to complete; a tract published in 1673, and entitled, *Of True Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, and what best means may be used against the growth of Popery;* a Latin treatise on logic, published about the same time, and entitled, *Artis Logicæ plenior Institutio ad Petri Rami methodum concinnata;* a collection of his *Familiar Latin Epistles*, published with a few other academic trifles, in the last year of his life; a *Brief History of Muscovy and the Countries beyond Russia*, left by him in manuscript, and not published till 1682; his materials for a *Thesaurus of the Latin Authors*, also left in manuscript for the use of subsequent lexicographers; and, finally, the celebrated Miltonian system of theology, or Latin *Treatise on Christian Doctrine*, the manuscript of which, after having been lost for a century and a half, was accidentally discovered in the State-paper office, and edited in English by the present Archbishop of Canterbury in 1825. Laborious as these latest prose writings of Milton were, however, they were but the severer amusements of a mind which had at last, after so many years, returned to its first and most enduring love. Never, amid all the turmoil and harsh controversial warfare of his middle life, had Milton forgotten his early promise, from the performance of which he had but requested the indulgence of a few years less congenially spent; and when at last, after not a few but many years so spent, time and sore chance threw him aside from worldly ties, and assigned to him a career of aged loneliness, with death as its welcome close, then the old aspiration came back, and with it the ease of a readier choice and the faculty of a more seer-like song. The *Paradise Lost*, the *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes* were given in succession to the world. And so, if when the time came for him to die, and to exchange the earthly vacancy in which his eyes had so long rolled, for the visible splendours and illuminations of the world he had preconceived, he then left not behind him a heritage of that kind in which most men place their boast—weeping friends, dutiful and well circumstanced children, and the fructifying deeds of a prosperous civil life; if, instead of all this, he saw from his dying pillow children scattered, rebellious, and mechanically matched, (doubtless in part his own blame,) a wife greedy for his remnant of household goods, and a State which had rejected and cast out all his counsels; yet this he could even at that last moment be sure of, that his life had not been spent in vain, and that whenever the men of future ages should look back to the times foregone, they would pronounce, and pronounce truly, that the soul then ebbing away had been the soul of one of the noblest of God's Englishmen.

Some particulars of interest are recorded of Milton, as he was seen and conversed with in his later years. Even in old age he preserved his comeliness, so as to seem much younger than he was. His eyes never betrayed their loss of sight by any outward speck or blemish, but remained clear and perfect, so that it was only by observing them closely that one could perceive that he was blind. "An aged clergyman of Dorsetshire," says the novelist Richardson, "found John Milton (in his house in Artillery Walk) in a small chamber, hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow-chair, and dressed neatly in black, pale, but not cadaverous, his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk-stones. He used

also to sit in a grey coarse cloth coat, at the door of his house near Bunhill-fields in warm weather, to enjoy the fresh air, and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts as well as quality." He had some intimate friends who came to see him almost daily, chiefly bookish men of the graver sects, whose opinions agreed with his own. After his blindness and other infirmities prevented him from walking much about, he had a machine made to swing in for the sake of exercise. He used to rise about four or five o'clock; dictate or have books read to him all morning; spend part of the afternoon in playing on the organ or bass-viol, sometimes singing, and sometimes making his wife sing, who, he said, had a good voice but no ear; then study again for an hour or two; then have a few friends about him till supper-time, when, after a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water, he went to bed. One curious little glimpse of his household habits is obtained from the deposition of the witnesses who were examined before the Prerogative Court after his death, on the matter of a nuncupative or unwritten will, which he was alleged to have made. By this will, his widow maintained he had left all his property to her, with the exception of the £1000 still due to him out of the estate of his first wife's father—which £1000, and nothing more, he left to his three daughters by that wife, "they having been very undutiful to him," and he "having already spent the greater part of his estate in providing for them." The daughters, however, contested the will, and gained the suit. One of the witnesses was a maid-servant, Elizabeth Fisher, who deposed thus :—

"That, on a day happening in the month of July last (1674), the time more certainly she remembereth not, this deponent being then in the deceased's lodging-chamber, he, the said deceased, and the party producent in this cause, his wife, being then also in the said chamber at dinner together, and the said Elizabeth Milton, the party producent, having provided something for the deceased's dinner which he very well liked, he, the said deceased, then spoke to his said wife these or the like words, as near as this deponent can remember,—'God have mercy, Betty, I see thou wilt perform according to thy promise, in providing me such dishes as I think fit whilst I live; and when I die, thou knowest I have left thee all;' there being nobody present in the said chamber with the said deceased and his wife but this deponent: And the said testator at that time was of perfect mind and memory, and talked and discoursed sensibly and well, but was then indisposed in his body by reason of the distemper of the gout which he had upon him."

Of the classical authors, Homer, Euripides, Demosthenes, Sallust, and Ovid, were Milton's chief favourites. There was something special in his liking for Euripides, a fact which ought to go to the credit of that poet, whom it is now too much the fashion to depreciate. In Italian he preferred Dante and Petrarch. In English his favourite poets were Spenser, Shakespeare, and Cowley; Dryden, who used sometimes to visit him, but who had not then done his best, he called a rhymist, but no poet. It was noted of Milton by his friends that he pronounced the letter R very hard in speaking, not mincing it as most Englishmen do —a characteristic circumstance, shewing his true and judicious ear. In reading Latin, too, he followed the foreign and not the English plan of pronouncing the vowels; and when the young Quaker Ellwood came to read Latin to him, he made him get rid of the English mode of pronunciation as a bad habit. His ear was so nice, that he knew when Ellwood understood the Latin sentence he was reading and when he only read by rote.

The retrospect of Milton's literary life gives us the following as the facts most proper to be remembered by those who would study his works in their biographical connexion;—that from his 17th to his 33d or 34th year, his chief literary exercises were in poetry; that from his 34th year, however, on to his 52d, he laboured almost exclusively as a controversialist and prose-writer, producing during this long period scarcely anything in verse besides a few sonnets; and, finally, that in his old age he renewed his allegiance to the muse of verse, and occupied himself in the composition of those greater poems, the *Paradise Lost*, the *Paradise Regained*, and the *Samson Agonistes*, which he intended more especially as his bequest to the literature of England

Of the style and texture of Milton's earlier poems we have already spoken. They are characterized, in a remarkable degree, we have said, by those peculiar qualities which distinguish, in an intimate and essential manner, the compositions of the poet, as such, from the compositions of the man of thought or the man of mere persuasive utterance—extreme sweetness and musical charm of expression; delight in sensuous imagery; absolute or almost absolute indifference to what is known, usual, rational, or real; and a kind of holiday leisureliness of motion through and amid the labyrinths of occult and luxuriant allusion. These poems are like the precious gum of certain forest trees, small and exquisite in production rather than impressive by reason of intellectual quantity; and yet they are the gum precisely of one of these great forest

trees, elaborated out of its whole substance, leaf, trunk, bark, and root. There are millions of conceivable pieces of writing, for example, any one of which would, as an effort of general intellectual power, be more notable and difficult than the following passage from the *Penseroso;* and yet the most intellectual man in the world, not being a poet, or not being exactly such a poet as Milton, would have toiled in vain to write it:—

> But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
> Might raise Musæus from his bower,
> Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
> Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
> Drew iron tears from Pluto's cheek,
> And made hell grant what love did seek:
> Or call up him that left half told,
> The story of Cambuscan bold,
> Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
> And who had Canace to wife,
> That owned the virtuous ring and glass;
> And of the wondrous horse of brass,
> On which the Tartar King did ride;
> And if aught else great bards beside
> To sage and solemn tunes have sung,
> Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
> Of forests and enchantments drear,
> Where more is meant than meets the ear.
> Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
> Till civil-suited morn appear,
> Not tricked and frounced as she was wont
> With the Attic boy to hunt,
> But kerchieft in a comely cloud
> While rocking winds are piping loud,
> Or ushered with a shower still.
> When the gust hath blown his fill,
> Ending on the rustling leaves
> With minute drops from off the eaves!

Such was the earlier Miltonic muse; the muse of rich and sensuous fancy, shunning the human world, placid even in its melancholy, and rarely or never perturbed by the intrusion of the social passions.

But the progress of a poet as he lives on from youth to old age, does not, and cannot, consist merely in the greater ease he acquires in the practice of an art already definite and fixed. The poet is a man; and as a man, he goes on, like other men, assuming into himself, and depositing as it were, day by day, in his character, feelings, wishes, hopes, preferences, accordant it is true with the capacities and tendencies originally born with him, but yet requiring to be self-imported out of the experience of life, before those capacities and tendencies attain their predestined power, or can perform their highest work. Deep in the foundations of his character, like the immovable blocks whereon great edifices repose, each man has to lay down for himself certain thoughts, sooner or later, of passing consequence, got out of secret and manifold communings regarding the vast mystery of here and hereafter; and on these thoughts again, and the more happily and grandly as these thoughts are strong, there will still base and pile themselves, in some loose order or other, conclusions, sentiments, and diverse predilections, extracted painfully or otherwise out of the experience that is gone through of life and its ways, and then employed back again in the scrutiny and contemplation of all that the world presents. Hence, though there is a formal peculiarity, so to speak, in the poet's mind from the beginning, and though this formal peculiarity will always remain, the general intellectual conditions amid which that peculiarity must work cannot through life continue the same. Let a poet pursue his art from first to last as a recluse from all that can agitate or perplex him, still in the retrospect of his works there will be discernible a transition from the the earlier to a middle, and from the middle to a later muse. If he who erewhile sang of loves and flowers may not in the end sing of wars and heroes, compelled thereto by the spirit of his time, yet old age itself and its gentlest meditations will originate other and sadder themes for him than the damsels and the lilies. Sometimes, indeed, a true poet, either from unusual fervour of character, or from premature experience of what is bitter in life, seems to pass altogether over that first stage in which the poetic organ or quality exhibits itself acting, so to speak, for the mere pleasure of its own sole exercise; and from such poets the world receives from the first, not rich fantasies of occult and ideal conception, not leisurely creations of the cold imagination, but strains piercing the heart by direct and powerful reference, songs pregnant with the lyric fire. Sometimes, on the other hand, but more rarely perhaps, a true poet, after giving evidence that he is such precisely by those vagaries in the pure ideal that prove it best, may suddenly abjure the poetic art and devote himself to labours of a harsher kind. In this case it is because (to use Milton's own figure) Fancy or Imagination, the second faculty of the soul, no longer adequately serves by itself the growing requirements of the Reason. Most frequently, however, the poet persists, not relinquishing his art as he advances in life, but only using it so that it may still suffice his demands; and then the fancy, not weaker than before, but bold and competent as ever, only works under the pressure of a higher and more complex rule. Thus it was that he who wrote *Venus and Adonis* at length wrote *Hamlet;* and thus, also, after a few years, the poet of *Endymion* was able to produce *Hyperion*,

That which, after our refining modern habit, we are now used to distinguish from Fancy under the name of Imagination, is but the same power as Fancy leased to the tenure of a more human and more impassioned service.

In Milton's case, the diversity between the poetry of earlier and the poetry of later life, and the causes to which that diversity is to be attributed, are rendered more obvious by the fact, that there was a large intervening period during which the poet all but ceased to exercise his art, and became in the main an active citizen and prose writer. During this period the reason of the poet, till then occupied in framing and putting into serious, yet gay and pleasant form, the sensuous imaginations with which his teeming fancy supplied him, retired, as it were, into another cell, there to employ itself in new ways and more strenuous investigations; and when, at length, the opportunity and the disposition for this rougher species of work being over, reason came forth once more to resume its former and more congenial avocation, fancy found it a changed and more exacting master. All, in short, that happened to Milton as a man from his thirtieth year to his fiftieth year—the misfortune of his repented marriage; his more earnest and personal attention to matters of religious doctrine; his vehement conflicts in the character both of politician and theologian; his connexions with statesmen and state affairs; his blindness; his very thoughts as to what poetry was, and what he should do and attempt as a poet—acted to modify his later poetry as compared with his earlier. Just as different as Milton at fifty years of age was from Milton at thirty, was the theory and art of poetry brought to the composition of *Paradise Lost*, from the theory and art of poetry that displayed itself in the composition of *Lycidas*. The only question is whether we can seize the points of difference so as to specify them clearly.

The first and most important exercise of an artist's invention Goethe has well said, is in his choice of a subject. Very much of all that the artist is or can do is involved and indicated in this. Sometimes the choice of a subject is apparently a simple act of the judgment, first looking deliberately about for a variety of subjects, and then, after balancing their respective merits, deciding upon one. By some such process Wordsworth, as he himself informs us, decided at last on that meditative and philosophical poem of which the *Excursion* was an instalment; rejecting in its favour various schemes of a British or Scandinavian epic. Even in such a case, however, both the prior and more extensive search, and the subsequent selection, are determined by a kind of instinct compounded out of all that is peculiar in the poet's character and past experience. And more particularly still in this connexion between the actual life of a poet and the nature of his poetical productions made evident in those cases where the poet either, like Goethe, habitually converts striking scenes and incidents in his own biography into subjects and suggestions for his art, or, like Dante, carries about with him for years and years the burthen of one weighty and laborious conception. How Milton chose the subjects of his later poems is not easy to say with certainty. In the prime of his early manhood, as we have seen, he was in a state of perplexity, similar to that of Wordsworth, as to what species of composition would best suit his genius and best answer his preconceived scheme of an immortal English work. Wavering between the epic, the dramatic, and the lyric, his thoughts on the whole seemed to tend towards an epic to be derived from British history. The subsequent events of his life probably assisted to conclude his doubts and point him decisively to one or two themes. *Samson Agonistes*, for example, was clearly a direct inspiration of his experience of blindness, aided and confirmed by his fondness of Scriptural subjects in general, and his bitter relish for the opportunity of handling such a secondary character as Delilah. *Paradise Regained* was but a natural and obvious sequel to *Paradise Lost*. The great question is, therefore, how the conception of this last originated? Dismissing the impertinent myth of the fair unknown lady who admired Milton in his youth as he lay on a summer's day asleep under a tree, and whom he followed all over the world as his lost paradise, we can imagine but one probable explanation suiting the case. Milton, we imagine, retaining his desire to bequeath to the literature of England some one immortal work, and continuing from time to time his search through history for a proper subject, gradually went back through the ages, weighing the claims of one heroic epoch after another, and in turn rejecting all, till at length he found himself at that primeval point of time where human history was but at its commencement, and all the fate of nations, heroic or unheroic, lay concentrated in two sole beings moving over the face of the new-made globe. As the capabilities of this subject flashed upon his view, his soul, we will suppose, exulted, and there was no need for farther search. In the conception and completion of such a theme as that presented in the creation and

the fall of man, there was not one of his manifold faculties and tendencies, small or great, but might be fully satisfied—his bent towards theology; his familiarity, traceable even in his prose-writings, with the idea of supernatural agency; his delight in imaginations of the physically vast and spacious; his exquisite sense of minute beauty; his stern moral temper; his lofty ideal of free manhood; and even his cherished belief in woman's weakness. In one negative respect also, his instinct guided him aright in leading him to such a theme. The dramatic faculty, the faculty of depicting men and woman individually peculiar and distinct, was not Milton's. In those cases, indeed, where the impression of individuality could be conveyed in the one circumstance of sheer vastness, or by the representation, on a colossal scale, of Miltonic qualities of soul, no poet could delineate better. His Satan and his Samson are creations as clear and definate as any ever imagined by ancient or modern poet. In the old Greek of Æschylean drama, therefore, Milton would probably have been a master. But a dramatist in the modern or Shakspearian sense, peopling ideal worlds with men and women as distinct as real life—Hotspurs, Hamlets, scholars, courtiers, clowns; this he could never have been. There was in this respect, also, then, a deep reason in Milton's choice of a subject for his great work. In selecting a period of the world's history where there were but two human beings that could be objects of description, he avoided the necessity of any recondite delineation of character. An Adam with any marked peculiarity of character, or an Eve featured like one of her cultured daughters of the nineteenth century, would have been an absurdity. The great primitive father of our race did not walk in the garden of Eden inculcating on himself, as we moderns do, the duty of being earnest, firm, or specially true to this or that ideal; nor was his spouse a woman of highly intellectual tendencies. That the first man and woman should be delineated simply as man and woman, fully proportioned in all human qualities, but not unusually featured in any, was a necessity of the subject chosen. And this Milton could do. Whether, indeed, his Adam and his Eve are such splendid creatures as they might have been, even under the conditions of the case, is an open question.

As the matured condition of Milton's mind, at the time when he resumed his poetical activity, was revealed in the nature of the subjects which he then chose, so it was revealed in his mere style and manner of writing. Far less than formerly does he indulge, in his later poems, in those occult and labyrinthine windings, those delays of sensuous imagery, those bouts of linked sweetness, which were the early proofs of his poetical genius. Occasionally, indeed, there still occurs a passage conceived according to this mysterious law of the purely poetic intellect. For example in the description of Sin and her brood at the gate of hell—

> "Far less abhorred than these
> Vexed Scylla bathing in the sea that parts
> Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
> Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when called
> In secret, riding through the air she comes
> Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
> With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
> Eclipses at their charms."

But for the most part the style is direct and obvious; each sentence marching on with a steady progressive motion towards the complete evolution of what is necessary in meaning, and nothing more. The opening of *Paradise Regained*, for instance, is as bald and terse as a piece of prose narrative; and had a prose-writer undertaken to convey precisely the same sense, he could not have conveyed it in less space. And this, in so genuine a poet as Milton, is felt to be a positive merit. To begin telling a story simply, baldly, and weightily; and to let the wealth and profusion of words, and the full organ-blow of sound, come as the story enlarges and the imagination of the speaker works more vehemently with the contending element—this is what is best in the poet of an epic theme. And this is what we find in Milton. Grand, gorgeous, and sonorous as he is throughout his *Paradise Lost*, it will be found that all his grandeur, all his gorgeousness, and his majesty of sound, are expended strictly and judiciously in the evolution of the transcendant tale he had undertaken to narrate in English verse.

No reader of the *Paradise Lost* by parts and sections, no mere admirer of its select passages, can appreciate at half its value the greatness of this sublime poem. That which is most marvellous in it, and which gives significance and proportionate excellence to all its parts, is the clear and consistent conception of scene and of plot which pervades the whole. As in the case of Dante, whose physical conception of the three regions of Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, is felt to constitute so large a portion of the merits of his poem, that diagrams and pictures have been made to illustrate end explain it; so, in the case of Milton, fully to understand and admire the *Paradise Lost*, it is necessary that the reader should represent to himself, as distinctly as

in a diagram or drawing, the physical universe, infinitely more vast than that of Dante, in which the story is made to enact itself. There is this difference, too, between the poem of Dante and the poem of Milton, that whereas in the one there is no plot properly so called, no progressive march of story, other than what is involved in the poet's own experience of the successive visions; in the other there is a true epic narration, a series of connected incidents, a story conducted through a tract of time.

Chronologically the poem begins within the bounds of the great universe antecedent to our system. In that measureless primeval space there were, as the poet maps it out, two huge regions or hemispheres, an upper and a lower, the one all light, the other all darkness. The upper or luminous half was Heaven, the variously-prolonged abode of the angelic hierarchies, then the sole creatures that had been called into existence. The under half was Night or Chaos, a thick, black, turbid abysm, a limitless sea or marsh of elemental pulp. No beings resided in it. But a strange event befell which changed in an unimaginable manner, the aspect and destiny of this part of space. There arose a rebellion among the celestial hierarchies; Lucifer and his proud companions, listless of their monotonous service through the ages, dared to dispute the Almighty supremacy. Hurled out of heaven, and pursued by hissing fire which burned after them like a resistless pressure, the rebel angels were driven down through the blackness and marsh of Chaos to its uttermost pits and depths. Here, under the name of Hell, was allotted them a special region for their new abode. And now the Deity, according to his eternal counsels with his only-begotten Son, resolved to create that new system of which Man is Chief. By a motion of the golden compasses there were marked out in the upper part of Chaos, where it adjoined Heaven, the limits and range of the new experiment. A huge cavity was scooped out into which the Light rushed down, contending with the Darkness. Into this cavity the creating word implanted a new principle, the principle of gravitation; and straightway all the matter within the swoop of this principle forsook the vague chaotic form, and sprang together into balls and planets. Thus arose the human universe with its stars, its galaxies, and its firmanent of azure; within which universe, one central star, begirt with its related luminaries, was chosen for the particular home of Man and his lineage. Meanwhile the rebel angels in their Hell of torment underneath Chaos were scheming their revenge. Satan, their chief and leader, proposed his elaborate device. It was that abandoning for the time all efforts to regain their lost place in Heaven, they should turn their attention to that one point of space where God had planted his new and favoured creation. To impregnate this new universe with the venom of their rebellious spirit, to vitiate the Maker's purpose with regard to it, and thus to work out a compensation of their own fall by at least dragging down the new race to their fellowship, if indeed something more splendid might not occur in consequence—such was the Satanic plan. Charged with the task of its execution, Satan passed through Hell-gate; toiled his way upward through the turbid depths of the superincumbent Chaos; and, emerging into the light of day, gazed through the balmy ether towards the sapphire floor of his former home. For a moment he forgot his errand; then, selecting our Sun from amid the myriads of luminaries that glittered in the peaceful concave, winged his flight towards it to obtain the fell intelligence. Thence, marking for his prey our one unconscious star sleeping in the distance with the small attending moon, he hastened to end his voyage. As he neared it, and neared the planet, its shining mass grew larger to the view; the features of the sea and continent came forth to sight; and at last alighting on its rotund surface, he trod the sward of Eden in the neighbourhood of the fated pair. Here lying in wait, and weaving his wiles, he consummated his proposed design; the forbidden fruit was eaten; Sin and Death entered the new-made world; and Satan, rejoining his expectant companions, filled Hell with the joyful tidings.

The poem is, in fact, a Sataniad. Five-sixths of it treat of transactions done among the great infinitudes of space while our earth was either non-existent, or recognised but as a starry point selected for attack. Only in the remaining sixth do we walk amid terrestrial landscapes and vegetation, and see events transpire earthly in kind, and amenable to the laws of human mode and sequence. If we regard Satan as the hero, then the poem is the story of that portion of the existence of this being, when, not yet the devil of our universe, he determined, by free act of will, to become such, renouncing with his dignity of archangel all concern or intercourse with the larger realms of space, and deliberately narrowing the sphere of his activity to our finite and corruptible world. In this point of view the Mephistopheles of Goethe might be considered as a prolongation of the same being, an appended representation of his character when six thousand years of labour in his

restricted vocation had despoiled him of his sublimer satanic traits, and reduced him to one unvarying aspect of shrewd and scoffing malevolence. And intermediate between the two, though nearer to Mephistopheles than to Satan, might be placed the Tempter of *Paradise Regained.*

Conceiving, as we do, that all the incidents, whether of internal or of external history, that befell Milton in that middle period of his life which intervened between his earlier and his later poetical labours, formed conjointly but the necessary preparation for the composition of his final master-piece, we are disposed to assign quite a peculiar importance in this respect to the one incident of his blindness. The blindness of Milton was an actual qualification for the writing of the *Paradise Lost.* We do not allude merely to such general effects of his blindness as consisted in the habit of serene and daring contemplation to which it must have given rise, or in the habit of mental versification and subsequent oral dictation which it imposed. We allude to effects more signal and specific. The fundamental conception of *Paradise Lost*, so far as that conception is physical, is precisely that conception of opposed light and darkness which is easiest and most natural to a blind man. Light against a background of blackness—light in masses; light in belts or zones; light in extended discs or spheres; light in glittering star-points; light in bursts and conflagrations; light in gleams, streaks, waves, or coruscations; light in diffused mist or powder, is the prevailing material image, and necessarily so throughout five-sixths of *Paradise Lost.* When the rebel angels are thrust down into hell, God's wrath pursues them through the darkness like a lurid funnel of descending fire. When Satan alights on the sun he is like a spot on its surface seen through a telescope. When Raphael wings his way from star to star, his path through the interspaces is a track of radiance. When Gabriel and the rest of the angelic host, provoked by Satan's defiance, begin to hem him round, the figure is, that they shape their phalanx like a crescent-moon. When Satan, couched like a toad at the ear of Eve, is touched by the spear of Ithuriel, his rise is like the explosion of a powder-magazine. Had a poet with the full use of his sight undertaken the subject which Milton sets forth by such recurring images as these, he would have been obliged to have recourse to images of exactly the same kind, just as in our conceptions of heaven light is felt to be the only adequate medium of visual description. We question, however, if the visual contrast between light and darkness could have been so consistently maintained, and so wondrously varied, by any other than a man whose daily thoughts about each and every subject were, and seemed to himself but as so many lucid phantasms in a chamber of extended gloom.

If however, Milton's blindness was a positive qualification in these five-sixths of the poem, where the scene lies in the celestial spaces, it was surely a disadvantage, it may be said, in that remaining portion of the poem where the descriptions are of the terrestrial paradise. And this is, to some extent, true. Luscious and rich as are Milton's descriptions of Eden, a comparison of these parts of the *Paradise Lost* with his earlier poems will shew that his recollections of the flowers had faded. The hearse of Lycidas is more beautifully garnished with flowers than the nuptial bower of Eve.

Of Milton as a prose-writer we have not room to speak. Suffice it to say, that both as regards style and matter, his prose-writings are among the most magnificent and powerful in the English language, and that if ever there was a time when they should be read and studied, that time is the present. That Milton was both a great poet for all time, and a vehement controversial prose-writer among his contemporaries, is a fact in itself worthy of more attention than we have been able to bestow upon it. It is perhaps the most splendid practical contradiction there can be cited of the theory made current by Goethe, that the poet must hold aloof from the polemics of his generation. And yet, as Milton himself said, it was but his left hand that he gave to this kind of work. Some men or other must do this kind of work, however; and surely better great men than little.

ART. II.—1 *New Zealand and its Aborigines.* By W. BROWN. London, 1851.
2. *The Otago Journal.* Edinburgh, 1851.
3. *The Canterbury Papers. Information concerning the Settlement of Canterbury, New Zealand.* London, 1851.

AMONG the internal influences which have affected our social atmosphere during the last fifteen years, few have proved of greater moment to our national prosperity than the progress of colonization. The subject has been evaded by our Cabinets, and only slightly alluded to in the Houses of Parliament; but the people of these islands have

themselves been seriously discussing the matter. The consequence has been that not merely the surplus population, but a considerable portion of those who are the very strength and sinew of the country, have gone forth across the Atlantic, and to the far Antipodes, to an extent that threatens seriously to weaken the body politic at home. It is not our province in the present Article to refer further to this great subject than is required, while we seek to contribute some information concerning New Zealand, or rather certain parts of it, which may be added to what is already easily attainable from other sources.

However anomalous the circumstance may appear, it is a fact in the history of British emigration, that upwards of 25,000 of our fellow-subjects, located at the Antipodes upon the New Zealand group of islands, are "living there," as the phrase goes, without any apparent exportable wealth. In the period of the increase of that scattered European community which has elapsed since 1839, when they numbered but a few hundreds, they have been eating, drinking, and otherwise consuming the commodities of this and other countries, probably without a tithe in value of natural products to give in exchange for them. We know that a large number of these colonists dwell in towns, and that they occupy habitations built after the model of our own, many of them comfortably and luxuriously furnished: their towns have streets, squares, public edifices, wharfs, and market places, constructed at great expense. A busy population daily throngs their thoroughfares. But although its occupants are busy in the hive, the comb seems almost empty. Their time is mainly occupied in consuming. Their neighbours on the Australian shores live much in the same manner as regards their domestic and political condition; but in this matter of accounting for the balance of trade on the creditor side of the colony, they shew a very different result. Scarcely a week passes without several ships entering our ports from those rich lands laden with wool, tallow, copper, and other natural products. But we rarely meet a *homeward* bound vessel at the chops of the channel with its pennant from New Zealand fluttering in the breeze; and when it does appear from the mast-head of some monthly visitor, it probably betokens a paltry cargo of timber, of no greater value on the export sheet of the colony than about one-fourth its freight to England.

Notwithstanding this apparent deficiency in its internal resources, this, the youngest and pet colony of Great Britain, has hitherto "paid its way," and seems to stand in as good credit with the mercantile and emigrating community of this country as any one of her fifty sisters. Whence then have the means come to support these outward signs of prosperity, and are they likely to continue to maintain the credit of New Zealand? We may not be able to solve those questions satisfactorily to all concerned, but we shall examine impartially the facts before us, and endeavour to show the groundwork of some errors committed by the Government in legislating for this colony, and by the New Zealand Company in their schemes, comparing truthfully, as far as we can, the advantages and disadvantages presented by that country, especially those parts of it with which we are familiar, as a field for colonization.

Previous to the year 1839, the condition of the few European settlers who had taken up their abode amongst the aborigines on the north island of New Zealand, was, comparatively speaking, comfortable and prosperous. They had abundance of the necessaries of life, with many of the luxuries to be found in civilized communities, and their persons and property were safe. They were composed almost exclusively of missionaries and traders. The former were pursuing zealously the high objects of their mission, supported in their vocation by liberal contributions from the Church and Wesleyan Missionary Societies: the latter, besides trafficking with the natives for timber, flax, pigs, and potatoes, pursued a lucrative trade with the South Sea whalers, who frequented the harbours on the east coast to refit and provision their ships, bartering oil for the necessary supplies. Although widely apart in their interests and occupations, there existed among those heterogeneous elements of a new community wonderful confidence and good will. And if there was one party more satisfied than another, it was the aborigines, who were abundantly gratified with the many new and agreeable articles of food and clothing those peaceful strangers had brought for distribution and barter. In their simplicity they looked upon them as chiefs of unbounded wealth, when, in their estimation, a musket, a blanket, or a hatchet, was considered a treasure, and they freely gave not only the produce of their lands but full possession of the land itself in exchange for the coveted trifles.

The accounts transmitted to this country from time to time concerning that distant region and its native inhabitants were exceedingly vague. The public mind associated the horrors of cannibalism with the very name of New Zealand, and the coun-

try was assumed, without evidence, to be rich and fertile. The favoured few who had the means of ascertaining the true state of affairs were incited to prosecute the formation of an association for emigration purposes on an extensive scale. Out of several failures the materials of the New Zealand Company emanated. At the same time the attention of the Government was drawn to the favourable reports brought by vessels of war visiting that coast. The result was a resolution, on their part, to establish a settlement in New Zealand, and to proclaim the Crown's right of pre-emption to all lands purchased from the aborigines by British subjects or foreigners in that territory. Many noble and influential friends of colonization joined the New Zealand Company, bringing considerable means to aid them in carrying out their views. They proposed a sale of lands at a uniform price, and the employment of a large portion of the purchase money as an emigration fund. These proposals were sanctioned by Government in June 1839. In the same year these rival projects were carried into effect by despatching authorized agents and surveyors to purchase from the natives conveniently situated lands. The result was the establishment of Auckland on the "Waitxmata" by the Government, and Wellington in Port Nicholson by the Company.

The cry among these colony-mongers was "Land! land! who will buy land! here it is cheap; one, two, three pounds an acre. Till the ground, sow and reap, we are rich, and your adopted country shall become mighty among the nations of the earth." Were these acres only one or two days' journey distant from the great maw of a London, or the lank jaws of a Manchester, these promises might be fulfilled; but, when we consider that our ships have to disappear on the horizon of waters for ten long and weary months, circumnavigating the great globe itself ere they can return from that land, such a market as Europe is beyond profitable supply. Nor is it likely that the adjacent colonies will hold out better prospects for their sanguine expectations, seeing that they at present ship their own surplus stores of flour to New Zealand and California. And it is not unreasonable to predict that Van Dieman's Land, South Australia, and Victoria, may be independent of foreign supplies of grain for centuries to come. But is there not a greater principle in political economy to maintain on this matter of prosperous emigration, of true colonization, than mere belly-filling? Is it not necessary to rear a product bearing some intrinsic value in a foreign market? Do not the colonists require a medium of exchange to barter for the products and manufactures of other lands—a currency of acknowledged standard amongst other nations, instead of the local debentures of wheat and oats? The histories of other colonies teach us the general fact that without an export to equalize the balance of trade they cannot flourish, as this fact, as we believe, is illustrated in the anomalous condition of New Zealand. Although the produce exhibited on its annual export-sheet for the last twelve years, would not have bought "salt to its broth," much less have paid for its large importation of foreign commodities, yet it has maintained its position, in a great measure, by continued supplies of extraneous wealth, in the shape of individual savings of British capital, a large outlay of British money by the missionaries, and an extravagant expenditure of the hard earnings of our home population, in maintaining an army of soldiers and ships of war for the protection of the colony.

The story of the planting of these cuttings from the parent tuber is an instructive fact in the modern history of nations. A small band of emigrant pioneers were landed upon the coast where a settlement was intended to be established. Their hearts were full of high hopes, great purposes, and good intentions. They had abundance of means to conciliate the good-will of the savages, and a store of arms to protect themselves in case of need. They likewise brought spades and ploughs to till the ground, with pots and kettles to cook their food. The ground they neglected in the immediate necessity of foraging for the food. Their wishes were readily responded to by the friendly aborigines, who supplied them with pigs and potatoes, receiving in exchange blankets and gew-gaws with which they were delighted. The neighbouring colonists arrived with ship-loads of beef and bread, for which they obtained high prices, receiving the hard cash that the emigrants had brought with them in payment. And thus they lived while negociations were pending for the purchase of land. Meanwhile other vessels which had followed on their track, reached the newly found harbour and cast anchor in safety, landing great cargoes from "the workshop of the world," and conveying new bands of emigrants, possessed of money and credit, to the embrace of their delighted friends who had gone before them. The dangers of the passage, and the novelty of their position, soon

gave way to the bustle and excitement consequent on "settling," and that spirit, inherent in the British character, of making a "home" even in the wilderness, spurred them on to the task. Land was soon obtained, surveyed, and portioned off to the several claimants. Fencing and building proceeded. Houses were erected and multiplied into streets, and a township was formed almost with the rapidity of a Bartholomew fair. The newly-born city resounded loudly amongst the silent forests of the Maori, whilst the wondering savage looked with a jealous eye upon the giant child.

A year passed away, yet scarcely a ploughshare had entered the soil. All were trading and none producing. So much profit was realized in selling the provisions that were imported, that few capitalists could wait for the slow returns of an annual crop; and as the consumption increased prices rose, for there was no appearance of a harvest in the land. Speculation was rife in the towns; houses and land sold at enormous prices, and credit was freely given; so that money became plentiful, as the holders of it locked up their principal in the security of landed property. Then the people began to live extravagantly; luxuries in eating and drinking were abundantly supplied by the flour and cattle ships from the adjacent colonies, which were draining them fast of the real wealth they possessed. The short-sighted inhabitants deemed this state of things prosperity, and there was a continuous stream of new comers, whose means swelled the purses of the shipowners and land companies.

Among this motley crowd there were a few prudent men who turned their attention to ascertain the much vaunted resources of the colony. They were disappointed to find the soil poor and scanty. Where they expected to meet with grassy pasture lands, there was little but fern and brushwood, and withal a troublesome native population to oppose their right of occupation. The New Zealand Company were perpetually at variance with the vacillating local government, while the grievances of the unfortunate settler were unattended to amidst the din of contention. During the two following years, accordingly, the influx of emigrants diminished, trade slackened, and money became scarce. The revenue failed, and government issued a paper currency to pay their salaried officers and maintain their credit.

It is difficult to conceive the effect of all this rushing to and fro, this coming and going of men and merchandize, upon the minds of the aborigines. Here were thousands of *Pakehas* (foreigners) come to dwell amongst them, eating strange food, drinking strange drinks, building fine houses to live in, dressing themselves in gay garments, and shewing great anxiety to be possessed of their lands. They could scarcely understand the motives of that large body of strangers from their previous experience of the good missionaries. Consequently they became suspicious; and as they had heard of, and a few had seen, the lands where the white man had exterminated races akin to to their own, they concluded that a similar fate awaited themselves. Yet they were fully alive to their own immediate interests, and received readily the gold and property of the Europeans in exchange for the much coveted land. As it is natural to suppose that in their rude savage state they could have no fixed boundaries exact enough to satisfy the nice distinctions of our surveyors, so their claims to the possession of lands were clashing, contradictory, and confused. Meanwhile large bodies of settlers had arrived from England, and demanded possession of lands in the colony they had bargained and paid for at home; but the lands were withheld by the natives, probably through misapprehension of the technicalities of the Company's negociations. At all events, quarrels ensued between them and the settlers, and they disputed the power of the surveyors in measuring their land. The melancholy catastrophe of the Wairau massacre ensued. Troops were brought into the field, and the demon of war and bloodshed stalked through the devoted land. Many of the affrighted settlers fled the country for safety, whilst others who had not the means to follow sat down in despair and wept, cursing the land in which they had been ruined and deceived.

The period of reaction after this feverish time soon arrived. And what had the immigrants achieved, or wherein had they provided for the future? Scarcely one fifth of them were to be found in the interior; the remainder were located in the townships of Auckland, Wellington, Nelson, and Russell, peddling with the natives and amongst each other, like hawkers at a fair. Instead of having advanced in circumstances by their emigration, the majority had retrograded. The savings that had been accumulated in the mother country, with which to commence a new life of labour in this "land of promise," were gradually dwindling away, and it soon became difficult to obtain the means of subsistence: this was the condition of families who were accustomed to labour for their

bread. Still more distressing was the case of the small capitalists who had conjured up visions of independence on those distant shores. This class included retired officers in the army and navy, who had commuted their pensions; younger sons from the higher classes, packed off by their relatives, after receiving their passage and outfit-money, with a few hundred pounds besides; and a numerous class of adventurers, from all parts of the United Kingdom. Obliged to work with their hands when their purses became empty, they had in some instances to perform menial offices, while their want of skill in any trade placed them in the social scale below the mechanics. Among them might be found college-bred men working as labourers to builders, and sons of country gentlemen acting as sawyers to carpenters. Many a tale of suffering these helpless emigrants could divulge, if their pride would brook the disclosure.

Apart from this distress of the white men, the friendly tribes of aborigines lived in their usual style, comfortable and contented. They fattened their pigs, planted and gathered their potatoes and kumeras, having abundance to gratify their limited wants. They presented an enviable condition of life to the impoverished settler. Human nature could stand it no longer. Many of the young colonists abandoned the society of their fellow-countrymen and became domesticated amongst the Maories, adopting their savage habits of living, and cohabiting with their women.

The news of the sanguinary affray at Wairau created a feeling of insecurity among the Europeans in the north as well as the south of New Zealand. They called upon the Governor, Captain Fitzroy, to protect them and punish the murderers; but he, from mistaken motives of humanity, dealt leniently in all cases of Maori aggression, carrying out a pre-conceived theory of mediation and non-interference. The consequence was that bitter recriminations passed between him, the New Zealand Company, and the people; while the hostile native tribes took advantage of the imbecile measures of the Governor and Council, and the disaffection of the settlers, to renew their insults and depradations. In the north that notorious turbulent chief Honi Heki, now gathered to his fathers, committed repeated outrages at the Bay of Islands, sacked the town of Russell, treated the women and children in the grossest manner, and, finally, with the greatest deliberation, cut down the British flagstaff. Governor Fitzroy could no longer temporize with this savage and his myrmidons. He summoned the available naval and military forces in the Australasian seas to his aid. The sanguinary engagements which followed between our troops and those warlike Indians, with the temporary subjugation of the latter, at the expense of much British life and money, are now matter of Colonial history. The Imperial Parliament, on hearing of the state of the colony, without delay despatched frigates and war steamers, with fresh detachmants of troops to succour our forces. Governor Fitzroy was recalled, and Captain Grey, Lieutenant-Governor of South Australia, superseded him, with unlimited powers to quell the insurrection that threatened to ruin the Colony.

These momentous occurrences hushed the internal dissensions of the Colonists for the time. All were busily engaged in assisting to preserve the general safety of the community. After the lapse of years of dire foreboding, during which the settlers had called upon the Executive in vain for protection, it inspired their despairing hearts with renewed confidence to find their appeal to the Imperial Parliament so quickly responded to, and that their relations with the parent country were not entirely forgotten. Many an eye glistened with joy on seeing the "wooden walls" of Old England once more guarding their deserted harbours, while the echoes of the spirit-stirring fife and drum thrilled through their gloomy souls, sending forth a welcoming shout of enthusiasm which seemed to shake the standard of the British empire as it fluttered in the breeze.

The arrival of so many mouths that *must* be fed, so many bodies that *must* be lodged at all hazards, roused the colonists from their lethargy. Here were new customers for their merchandise, and customers who were able to pay. For old mother country, in the height of her indignation at the insult offered to her children and to her flag, was determined to spare no expense in chastising those rebellious savages. "To business, we have been idling," was now the order of the day among the colonists. The commisariat staff had issued notices for tenders to furnish this host with provisions and accommodation. Contracts were entered into for more than the poverty stricken land could supply; so they invited the corn growers of Tasmania, and the beef and mutton feeders of Australia, to come to their assistance; and never were ship-loads of oxen, sheep, and flour, so many and so great, known to have crossed the New Zealand seas before. The peaceably disposed Maories swelled the bill of fare, by adding pork, potatoes, and vegetables, and there was as much squeaking and grunting in Auckland as might have rivalled Donnybrook on a fair day. Me-

chanical labour could not be had in sufficient abundance to supply the timber, bricks, stone and lime for building purposes, or even to erect them into tolerable dwellings. Amateur labourers were therefore pressed into the service. Thus merchants, ship-masters, shopkeepers, tradesmen, and Maories, worked late and early, as they never had done before. Adversity had taught them to "make hay while the sun shone," for the season of plenty might soon pass away. Their gains were large as trade became brisk, and all were delighted once more to hear the chink of gold as it rattled freely from the military chest.

So evident was the cause of this gust of prosperity, that the inhabitants of Auckland felt a momentary gratefulness towards Heki, and many repeated the joke that he "should be presented with a piece of plate," less in jest than earnest. Whether this show of strength on the part of the government overawed the natives into a peaceful treaty, or that being poor and having neglected their crops they thought it unwise to continue on the defensive without provisions, we cannot determine. Perhaps the consideration of both circumstances induced them to submit to reasonable terms. Accordingly, by the spring of 1848 a general cessation of hostilities took place throughout the colony.

The pacific result of these negotiations was attributed to the energetic measures pursued by Captain Grey on the capitulation of the Maories. He was subsequently appointed Governor-General of the New Zealand colonies, with a resident Lieutenant-Governor at Wellington and another at Nelson. His administration had been looked forward to with interest by all parties — the Colonial Office, the New Zealand Company, and the settlers. As he obtained the appointment over the heads of older men on account of his successful management of affairs in South Australia, great things were expected from him. He made changes in the legislative and also in the executive departments; — whether or not for the better it is difficult to say. Being a soldier by profession, his ordinances for the suppression of the Maori war were carried into effect with more decisive energy than had been done by his predecessor who was apparently a good-natured sailor. But with all his tact and shrewdness, he could not mend the constitution of New Zealand so successfully as he had mended that of South Australia. Here was a proud and powerful race of aboriginal proprietors on the one hand, with the Government and the New Zealand Company acting as "middle men;" and on the other, the broken down, dispirited, and duped settlers, who had parted with their money without securing an equivalent in land. It was in vain that the governor passed new acts, renewed and annulled ordinances, cajoled and threatened by turns; it was all to no purpose; there was "something rotten in the state of Denmark." Yet his administration placed the local government on a more secure and organized basis, and soothed for a time the murmuring spirit of the colonists, who no longer annoyed the British Parliament with their petitions. His policy towards the interests of the New Zealand Company was likewise favourable. It was confidently supposed by them and the southern settlers, that he was using all his endeavours to remove the seat of government to Wellington, which of course raised the ire of the northern colonists, who saw the injury they must sustain by the withdrawal of so much government expenditure. But any expression of their sentiments on this subject which was conveyed to him he answered with disdain. He assumed the tone of a Dictator more than that of a responsible British Governor, passing bills through his "packed" council with unseemly rapidity. Three readings in one day without any previous notice, and next day's Government Gazette announced that the proposed measure was a law of the land. So that the inhabitants of Auckland and the surrounding district, in the year 1848, expected every day to see the announcement issued, that the head quarters of the Government would be removed on the morrow to the South. If there was any truth in this surmise, the probability of carrying it into effect was suddenly thwarted in the November of that year, by the dreadful visitation, at the town of Wellington, of an earthquake which levelled nearly all the stone and brick erections with the ground. The Governor had just time to dub himself Sir George Grey, when he hurried off to the scene of destruction: all was consternation and distress there; many of the affrighted settlers had packed up what articles they could conveniently carry, and got on board the few vessels in the harbour, to take their departure for the shores of Australia. To add to the misfortunes of one ship-load of these refugees, they were wrecked in the harbour before the vessel could get clear of the heads. No lives were lost, but the poor creatures were left penniless.

Meanwhile the colonial minister, in conjunction with the local government, had organized a protective force on an economical scale, in lieu of the regular troops, whose

maintenance in New Zealand was more than double what it would have been in the Australian colonies. A body of military pensioners, bearing the name of the New Zealand Fencibles, was formed. They were located in three separate divisions, within six and nine miles of Auckland, to be ready at all times to perform military duty in defence of the colony. Hitherto they have not been employed on active service. We hope that the day is far distant when the settlers shall have to place their lives and properties under the protection of that infirm and unsteady corps, against the assaults of young and able bodied warriors, such as are to be found amongst their antagonists. The result of these measures has been the withdrawal of two regiments of infantry, a company of artillery, and a large commissariat staff from the colony. The expenditure of these troops, during upwards of seven years, was the mainstay of the northern settlements. This fact, coupled with a decreasing revenue, has already crippled the government, who are continuing to issue debentures for local disbursement; and should they fail to realize the means of redeeming them, we see nothing but bankruptcy staring the colony in the face.

The limits of an Article like the present preclude us from commenting upon the foregoing narrative. We can only add, as a sequel to our imperfect sketch of the history of British colonization in New Zealand, some remarks upon its present condition. And here, at the outset, we maintain that there is not an individual of competent knowledge in all that territory, who, if giving an unbiassed opinion, would deny that the attempts to colonize New Zealand have hitherto proved in a great degree failures. The explanation of this fact may be found in a complication of circumstances, which ought to be studied by those who are interested in the future welfare of that and the other colonies of the British empire. Let us glance at the physical and moral aspect of this country and its inhabitants from Nelson to the Bay of Islands. Was there ever a more heterogeneous combination of elements gathered together in any country in possession of rescources so feeble for resolving themselves into a well organized and prosperous colony? Had they possessed the wealth and slave-labour of ancient Carthage, or even the purse and prison-labour of modern Tasmania, then some advance towards permanent and successful colonization, even on the fern lands of New Ulster, might have been achieved. Instead, we find an assemblage of aristocratic idlers, with slender means; a mass of nondescript adventurers; with only a small group of professed labourers and artificers. Have the means not shadowed forth the ends? If the results had not been so tragical, we could have smiled at the bubbles blown by those colonizing empirics, who think they can mould the human soul to their purposes as easily as the tailor shapes his coat for the body? Where are those boyish schemes they planned of robbing nests and eating sugar plums in that promised land of holidays? The eternal laws which prompt man's nature to good and evil purposes, have prostrated their futile fireside calculations, adding another chapter to the experiences of "mice and men." Unless, therefore, a new leaven is mingled with this ill-organized community, to raise them to a level with Victoria, and other colonies of equal growth, we predict for at least the greater part of New Zealand a gradual decline to a condition probably not more prosperous than that presented by her barren sister in Western Australia.

When we turn our eyes to the map of the southern hemisphere, and measure the length of this group of islands from the 34th to the 48th degree of south latitude, we find that it exceeds eight hundred miles, and that the average breadth, which is very variable, is about one hundred miles. The surface is estimated at 95,000 square miles, or about sixty millions of acres. Now, it is a startling fact that no indigenous quadrupeds are to be found upon that soil. With the exception of a bat and a mouse, which latter is said to exist there, but which has not yet been sent to this country, the most highly organized animal hitherto discovered, either fossil or recent, is a bird, while the low organization of the botany of the country is indicated by the remarkable absence of fruit-bearing trees, cereals. There are no pleasing associations of a natural greensward with animals bounding upon it, in the contemplation of this fact. The scientific agriculturist will say, "What! no natural animal manure—no decayed turf, then the alluvial deposits cannot be very plentiful, or, at all events, the soil must be soon impoverished by culture." And such is the case throughout the north island, in most of the natives' plantations, for they invariably leave them fallow for three or four years after they have been cultivated for a like period of time. And although much has been said of the fertility of the land in Waidrop Valley on the banks of the "Hutti," "Waikato," "Thames," and other rivers, which we do not deny, yet there is not that depth of soil we are led to expect from the

virgin lands of all new countries, such as has been found, without travelling further, in the valleys of Van Dieman's Land, Port Philip, and South Australia. Without referring to the inexhaustible "Lothians" of the former island, we adduce as a fact illustrative of the superior natural advantages possessed by the two latter colonies that not only are they independant of foreign supplies of grain, but they export largely to Sydney and the Mauritius. Yet neither of them has been two years in advance, while each has a European population at present more than double that of New Zealand.

The peculiar features of New Zealand vegetation to which we have adverted, consist not so much in the dissimilarity of its botany as compared with other islands in Australasia, but from the paucity of species amongst the higher orders of plants, and the abundant distribution of the lower. Flora has strewed her beauteous offerings to mother Earth on these isles with a niggard hand. In our rambles a flower is rarely to be met with. Two-thirds of the plants around us are cryptogamic. Hence in botanical geography the country is classed as the region of acrogens, analogous to the carboniferous era in geology. Thus Dieffenbach, in allusion to this fact, says that we have attempted to colonize New Zealand a thousand years before its time. The forests, however, serve to maintain the beauty and grandeur of its mountain scenery, at the same time that they yield abundance of valuable timber for ship-building and all ordinary purposes, and as an article of export the Kauri pine forests are of the first importance. These are to be met with only on the northern section of the north island. Mercury Bay and the Bay of Islands on the east coast, and Hokianga and Kaipara on the west, are the principal localities. These forests are nearly all retained possession of by the Maories, who cut down the trees and square them into logs in a tradesman-like manner. These logs the European and American timber-traders residing amongst them purchase, bartering all kind of merchandise in payment, and then ship them off to the Australian colonies, India, and England. The value given to the New Zealanders for it is at the rate of 15s. to 30s. per load of 50 cubic feet, while the freight is respectively 42s., 75s., and £5. As propably not more than forty ships leave annually, averaging a cargo of 200 loads each, the wealth created in the colony by this article of export does not exceed at the utmost £10,000.

One prevailing character of these forests which strikes the traveller, is the network of roots that covers the surface of the ground, rendering walking inconceivably fatiguing, as the pedestrian has to spring from root to root to avoid stepping into the puddles which collect between them. Few of the trees apparently have tap-roots, for when one is blown down, which is a frequent circumstance, the roots clogged with earth stand like a cake, laying bare the rock or clay subsoil beneath, and causing the observer to marvel how soil so poor could rear their gigantic trunks. But as there is no fall of the leaf, the trees being perennial and the climate moist, we conclude that they obtain more nourishment from the air than from the earth. The consequence is that when a Kauri forest takes fire it is utterly consumed; not a stump is left; the only vestige that remain to mark the spot are molten pieces of resinous gum, where the trees once stood. And if we consider that the present "fern land," as it is named by the colonists, whereon were collected the "Kauri gum" of commerce several years ago, had at one time been woodlands, this valuable timber must have covered four times the extent of ground that it now does. The aspect of this open country displays a poverty-stricken land to the gaze of the traveller; instead of grassy pastures nothing meets the eye but tea tree (*Leptospermum scoparium*) and fern brake (*Pteris esculenta*), Fern, fern, fern, dingy brown fern, with scarcely a shade of green to vary the tint of the landscape; and woe betide the luckless wight who loses the beaten track and gets entangled in its maze. Once we were so situated, and it certainly put our usual equanimity of temper out of joint. We laboured for hours, pushing aside the dry fronds with our hands as a man does in the act of swimming, making no more progress than a mile an hour, until we were fairly tired out, after having fallen into a deep bog, hidden by the fern. Occasionally on this open country the traveller crosses extensive patches of marshy ground, where the flax plant (*Phormium tenax*) grows in tufts, like the Iris on the banks of our lakes, its leaves measuring two, four, six, and frequently eight feet in length, the fibres of which form the well-known New Zealand flax. Many plans have been adopted by the settlers, and expensive machinery erected, to dress flax in a more expeditious manner than the tedious hand-process of stripping it from the parenchyma with a shell, as adopted by the Maories, but hitherto they have failed in producing a sample equal to that furnished by the natives. Mercération in water has no effect in rotting the pulp from the fibre; even beating

does does not separate them; hence this valuable product, worth about a sixpence per lb. to rope-makers, and capable of being woven into a fabric not much inferior to silk, is obtained in very small proportion to the quantity that could be had where the plant grows wild and in the greatest abundance. In the first years of colonization this article was produced more plentifully than it is now; for the acute aborigines find it more profitable and agreeable employment to rear pigs and potatoes to barter with the Europeans for their blankets—a more comfortable wear in that moist climate, (although not so healthy,) than their cold mats.

Among other products worth mentioning as articles of export is copper ore, which has been discovered in small nodules of Pyrites amongst volcanic debris on the Great Barrier island in the Houraki gulf and elsewhere, but scarcely in sufficient quantities to pay the working. Black oxide of manganese, iron sand, sulphur, and a few other minerals, which are to be found in trifling quantities, have been added by the sanguine colonists to swell this list of natural productions. But we might almost as well say that Scotland is a gold country, because a labourer could earn the sum of fourpence a-day by picking up a few grains of the precious metal on the Braid hills or the Ochils, as has been done in former times, as speak of the "mineral wealth" of New Zealand on account of such slender resources.

That this group of islands is of recent igneous formation is evident from the existence of volcanoes and earthquakes, together with the scantiness of animal life and the small amount of debris and alluvial deposits to be seen on them. In a geological point of view everything is in a state of infancy. Instead of the carboniferous series of rocks, we have a friable sandstone with seams of lignite, and a plutonic cavernous basalt. Likewise there is traditionary and scientific evidence on which to base the inference that the Maori race have not occupied the country from any very remote date. Their language and customs are almost the same with the aborigines of Tahiti and other islands in the South Seas which have been peopled from the continent of America.

As these Maori savages form the bulk of the population on the north island, variously estimated at 80,000 to 120,000, and as their presence has great influence upon the success of the settlers, we shall be excused if we enter a little into detail respecting their social condition.

The majority of books written upon New Zealand have two-thirds of their pages filled with desultory accounts of its *Aborigines*, including drawings and descriptions of their war dances, tatooing, paint, dresses, and hideous carvings on huts and canoes. Few, with the exception of Mr. Brown's work, now before us, give us any insight into the native character. It is in their homely everyday guise that we want to know the Maori man and woman; for, in their fantastic habits and gross mechanical structures, they are but children compared with Europeans. But, in the scale of mental intelligence and practical common sense, they are not inferior to any race of men in the world. If the absence of pilfering and robbery, honesty in dealing, and safety of person and property in a community, are types of social excellence, they are in this respect superior to the peasantry of many civilized kingdoms. The honourable policy pursued by their chiefs in warfare might be an example to the belligerent powers of these northern nations. Their strict adherence to faith in treaty, and their independent principles, presented a contrast to the pusillanimous conduct of the local government during the protracted negotiations which followed the outbreak. The unconquerable spirit of the present generation will never be subdued by force; it is the slow march of civilisation working upon their offspring that alone can bring them under subjection or eventually extirpate the race.

That there are dark features in the Maori character is abundantly evident from all authorities. The Maori still bears the brand of the savage. His friendly disposition towards the white man is very much the result of his indulging in luxuries that the white man alone can furnish. Self-gratification of the lowest sort is apt to govern his actions. He is industrious no further than will gratify his several wants. His temperament prompts him to be strong and active when roused by his passions, and to sink into the extreme of laziness and dirt when they subside.

A proud and powerful race, such as these New Zealanders appear to be, numbering five to one of the European settlers at present among them, must necessarily influence the social condition of the colonists, and in some respects give a tone to society similar to that of the Hindoos upon our more aristocratic countrymen in India. Keen and close at a bargain, they screw the utmost penny out of the purchaser of their produce, asking generally twice as much as they expect to get, while they higgle and banter for an hour cheapening a coat or blanket. The consequence is that this trading system,

hard-bargaining and close-fistedness, has influenced more or less the whole community. And all this pettifogging trade is conducted in the high-flown language peculiar to savage nations, each exaggerating their own importance by assertions not at all consonant with the truth. Hence the expression, "New Zealand talk," has become a bye-word amongst travellers in these colonies for anything savouring of Captain-Bobadilism.

Before leaving this part of our subject, there is one propensity which, common alike to savage and civilized man, we are bound to refer to, however delicate its nature may be, for we have known its baneful influence exerted in an unhappy degree amongst the immigrants in these colonies. We allude to the unblushing intercourse that prevails between the male settlers and the Maori women, encouraging the most debased mercenary spirit amongst the chiefs, parents, and husbands of these women, and creating a deplorable laxity of moral feeling among the young emigrants. From the times of the early navigators the absence of female virtue among the New Zealanders has been observable even in contrast with other aborigines. This feature in their character is particularly noticed by Captain Cook.* Seventy-eight years have elapsed since Cook's visit, and the "traffic" to which he refers has continued in an increasing ratio to the present day. The consequence is, that many young colonists, of respectable origin, have abandoned themselves to the indolence and sensuality of a Maori life. Ashamed to write to their friends at home, they lead a degraded life, while their aggrieved relatives inquire in vain about their fate.

As regards a comparison between the European and Maori labourer, we find in New Zealand a powerful, energetic, and intelligent savage, who knows the value of labour; can till the ground in a fashion; sow grain; and reap the increase. Although a stout, muscular-looking fellow, he is content with scanty fare—potatoes, kumeras, and maize, with an occasional mouthful of pork—all of which he rears himself. This he washes down with a draught of water, and luxuriates afterwards in a pipe of tobacco. The hut he lives in costs him only a few days' labour to build, and he dispenses with chairs and tables. An iron pot, a few tin "pannikins" and calabashes, with a grass mat to squat upon, is all the furniture he requires. In his clothing he is equally economical. A shirt and a blanket, or a flax mat, is all his costume during the day, and serves for his bed and bedding at night; so that his consumption of foreign commodities does not exceed annually two shirts, one blanket, and about five pounds weight of tobacco—the value of the whole scarcely amounting to forty shillings. Compare this with the expensive habits of an English agricultural labourer, who lives in a well furnished cottage, eating his roast beef, eggs, and bacon, consuming the foreign articles of tea and sugar, besides clothing himself from head to foot in high-priced manufactures which he has to pay for out of the profits of his labour. John Bull, with all the advantages of the plough and other improved implements of husbandry, cannot compete with the New Zealander on his own land, who has the disadvantage of tedious hand-labour only in growing corn.

Perhaps the class of emigrants who could compete most successfully with the New Zealand labourer would be the Irish. Without insinuating any invidious comparison, we cannot help tracing a resemblance of character between the Irish Celt and the Maori. The latter shares his "raupo warre" with his pig as the former does his "mud cabin;" hence they are both lovers of dirt. The potatoe is their principal article of food, and they are equally indolent and fond of smoking. Probably it was from this circumstance that the Government surveyors have named the three principal islands New Munster, New Leinster, and New Ulster. Our artistic traveller, Mr. G. F. Angus, has produced a very "pretty book," wherein he figures the Maori man and woman in gay holiday attire; but his portraits do not convey the disagreeable odour which offends our olfactory nerves in approaching the fairest Wahina, and the unwashed shirt, blanket, or rug on the unsoaped skin of the greatest Rangitiro.

The patois used as a means of conversation between the white man and the New Zealander is more extensive in the number of aboriginal words than that found on any of the South Sea Islands or in Australia. To acquire it is a matter of importance to the settlers, as it is universally adopted in all communications and transactions with the Maories. The Government use it in

* Captain Cook remarks,—"During our stay in the Sound, I had observed that this second visit made to this country had not mended the morals of either sex. I had always looked upon the females of New Zealand to be more chaste than the generality of Indian women. Whatever favours a few of them might have granted to the people in the Endeavour, it was generally done in a private manner, and the men did not seem to interest themselves much in it. But now I was told that they were the chief promoters of a shameful traffic. . . . ."

their proclamations and regulations, which are printed in legible characters around the townships. The missionaries preach in it, and there is a newspaper at Auckland written in that dialect, which the majority of the Aborigines can read and understand, while not a few can write the language in readable letters. The credit of teaching them belongs to the missionaries, although many consider that they should have taught them English at the outset. However, as it is, we have grammars, dictionaries, and translations of the Scriptures printed in it, by them and at their expense. Hence the majority of words are required to express religious ideas and matters of faith, which have had no previous existence in the mind; so, for want of a better orthography, they *maori-ise* nouns and proper names to suit the poverty of their alphabet. Thus Jesus Christ is written Ihu Karaiti, and pronounced as if in German—queen, *kuini*, governor, *kawana*, soldier, *hoia*, which has been followed to the letter by these profound lexicographers. Just as we might suppose an old nurse constructing a vocabulary for the use of children, rendering the hard words familiar to the infant tongue by adding the termination she had attached to the title of her most gracious Majesty. Thus queen is written *kuini*, and pronounced queeny. In like manner our venerable dame might insert that famous expression that "georgy peorgy will have a ridy pidy in his coachy woachy." The pure Maori language as spoken by themselves is very expressive, and their gestures in conversation not inelegant.

From the date of the arrival of the first body of emigrants commenced the decline of missionary power over the native tribes. The influx of laymen with greater wealth soon lowered the rank of the missionaries in the estimation of the New Zealanders. The consequence was, that a jealousy of feeling arose between the new settlers and the missionaries. The latter have not only been accused of dislike to the settlers, but of countenancing by their silence many rebellious acts of the Aborigines. Be this as it may, they have unquestionably been useful in their calling as Christian teachers, and much good has resulted from their operations. Mr. Brown, in allusion to this matter, thus speaks,—

"Independently of their susceptibility to religious impressions, there are many other motives by which the New Zealanders are influenced to join the missionaries and to make some show of religion. I have already noticed one of these, namely, the great pleasure they appear to derive from assembling together, and uniting in singing hymns; but strong inducements are also presented by every form of circumstance connected with their new character, which can minister to their love of display, so as to afford a favourable and ostentatious contrast to the conduct of the natives, who still reject missionary influences. The mere possession of books, and the superior requirements of the missionary natives, form a powerful inducement to the other natives to follow their example, as there is no people whatever more desirous to acquire information, or are more apt or persevering in the pursuit of it. By taking a proper advantage of this, therefore, the missionary has very many motives to appeal to; but he must, at the same time, be cautious to prevent them from suspecting that interested motives influence him. The Roman Catholic priests, for example, have been in the habit of making presents of beads, crosses, Virgin Marys, &c., which the natives, of course, very gladly receive; but they look upon them as payments for something to be done by them, and conclude that they are conferring a favour by joining that body. This practice, however, is very effectual, so far as the making converts is concerned; but at the same time it, to a certain extent, confuses their ideas as to the motives of the donors, and doubtless also affects the purity of their belief."—P. 85.

It could not be expected in the course of events that those rival missionaries were likely to agree upon the supremacy of their respective institutions over the converted savages. Mr. Brown writes thus:—

"Until Bishop Selwyn arrived in New Zealand, the Church and Wesleyan missionaries conducted their labours of love with the best feeling towards each other—the native converts of the one communion being treated in all respects as if they were members of the other, and were wisely kept ignorant of the formalities of religion which distinguished one set of missionaries from the other. No sooner does the Bishop arrive, however, than a line of distinction is immediately drawn between the Wesleyan and the Church-mission natives;—the former not being allowed, as formerly, to partake of the Sacrament along with the followers of the latter. The Wesleyan missionaries themselves are decried as not being of divine authority, and their teachings therefore decried as unwarranted and useless. The rite of baptism, performed by them must be repeated by the bishop or his clergy, in order to be effectual. The natural result of such extraordinary conduct soon manifested itself, and the natives of these different forms of Christian belief are now at open war with each other; nor will it excite surprise if we soon hear that they have forsaken their own savage feuds and animosities, for the no less deadly hatred and enmity engendered by the teachings of different professors of the same meek and merciful religion. But so it is; and unless some effectual remedy be devised for the growing evil, all the good that the missionaries have ever done may soon be as nothing compared with the evils which threaten to accompany it. Native wrongs and enmities may easily be put an end to; because they are susceptible of explanation and

reparation; but, if religious feuds are once introduced, who can say where they may end? as their causes neither can be satisfactorily explained, nor can any compromise be made. The greater the sincerity of belief, the deeper the animosity of those who differ from it. It is lamentable that the religion of Jesus should be perverted to such unholy purposes."—P. 178.

To intending emigrants it is of course a matter of great importance to obtain correct and useful information connected with those colonies. Their future welfare and comfort may depend upon what are considered trifling details. We advise them to place little confidence in the truth of many of those flattering accounts which describe those promised lands as "sylvan communities amidst an earthly paradise." There is no portion of this inhabitable globe, however fair to the eye, but has its gloomy side of the picture, which ought in justice to be described at the same time. For example, would it not be a more honest and manly proceeding on the part of the agents and surveyors of New Zealand Associations to state, even in moderate terms, the reasonableness of emigrants finding disagreeable circumstances to contend with over which they have no control, such as are to be encountered at the earthquake settlement of Wellington, or preparing them for the many privations they must undergo at the first occupation of a new country, such as are to be found even at Otago and Canterbury. Much discomfort arising, for example, from the inclemency of the weather, might be avoided by timely information. Wind and rain are direful forces to contend against on those bleak shores, especially for those who have been only accustomed to the comforts and shelter of a town life in this country. Some hints of this description, along with the sunshiny prints, gaudy panoramas, and glowing descriptions so zealously set forth, might prepare the emigrant in some measure for the reality that he must soon meet face to face. He would be more satisfied with his lot, seeing he had been forewarned; for New Zealand, notwithstanding its picturesque scenery, and the romantic character of its aboriginal inhabitants, is in the main a very homely country, which the enthusiastic emigrant, soon after his arrival, finds to his cost. We have not written the preceding paragraphs to deter men from going to these colonies, but to put them in possession of a few facts that may be balanced with the more favourable statements current in some quarters of society.

Our strictures in a former part of this paper upon the conduct of the early promoters of emigration to New Zealand, and our account of the possible advantages to be obtained by colonizing those islands, seem to apply more directly to the case of the large capitalist. We have endeavoured to shew that he might as well have his money locked up in railway shares that cannot pay a dividend, as rely on profitable returns from any extensive system of agriculture, sheep farming, or cattle grazing, at least for the next half century; and even then he could not be in as advanced a condition as his brother capitalist in New South Wales or Van Dieman's Land, unless he had a force to work with similar to that by which those colonies have been raised to their present influential mercantile position, viz., convict labour and expenditure. For it is a fact in the history of these two important colonies, that their resources were mainly developed by the roads, bridges, and other public works constructed at the enormous expense of convict labour. To be made aware of this fact the traveller need only journey along the magnificent road which intersects the island of Van Dieman's Land, joining the south and north settlements, and opening up the golden resources of the interior. What must this colony have been had it depended on the unaided efforts of the emigrants, who now wend their way to New Zealand?

In reading the preceding passages the reader will remember that they relate chiefly to the condition and prospects of the north island and its occupants. The attempts at colonization narrated above are matters of history. With regard to the middle island, (Tavai Poenammoo, or New Munster) which at present occupies a great share of attention from the emigrating portion of the community, the case is different. There everything is in projection. Its success or failure is in the womb of time. And as we have not similar sources of information in regard to them, we cannot so confidently canvass the flattering statements put forward by the promoters of emigration to Otago and Canterbury. Our experience, however, has taught us, that twelve years ago a respectable body of well meaning and sanguine men held out equally bright prospects, and described the country in as glowing terms. And what has been the result? We are as earnest promoters of the cause of colonization as any member of these associations. But we would seriously counsel them to weigh well the statements on which they found their conclusions. As Bishop Selwyn advises Captain Thomas, Local Secretary to the Canterbury Association, "to send the very soil in boxes to be analyzed in England," so would we recom-

mend him to enclose with it a patch of turf to show the native pasture on their plains, for the inspection of the public, and the satisfaction of intending immigrants. For the latter, in their enthusiastic visions of the supposed "charms of colonization," place implicit faith in the slightest favourable accounts looking towards their future lot in the land of their adoption, as the bride elect pictures to herself an uninterrupted succession of happy years as soon as she crosses the threshold of her new home. Many a scene of grievous disappointment on the distant shores of New Zealand is known to us, and we believe that if the propounders of those contemplated colonies had witnessed these scenes, they would speak in less confident terms of their success.

In the imaginary tariff at the future port of Lyttleton we find an item of export to a promised market gravely stated, upon such slight data, that we cannot but refer to it, particularly as the commodity in question might be supposed to create a considerable portion of the future revenue of the colony, and thereby induce a larger per centage of agricultural labourers to emigrate than would be judicious:—

"As the settlement," it is remarked, "begins to fill up, and the demand for grain increases within its limits, an export of grain may eventually be looked for from the enterprise gradually engaged in its cultivation. For this grain there can hardly fail to be a considerable demand at the Australian ports, as the engagement of labour in pastoral and mining pursuits on that continent renders its population partially dependant on foreign supples." —*Canterbury Papers*, p. 13.

Any one acquainted with the internal resources which Australia possesses for producing every description of food, will remark at once the gratuitous assertions contained in this passage. The writer might with equal plausibility have affirmed, that as numbers of sheep and cattle die of excessive drought in the warm districts of Australia, there is no doubt that the Canterbury sheep farmer will ultimately find a market there for his "mutton, so fat, that the sailors of the Acheron could not eat it." Van Dieman's Land alone, with its rich soil and cheap convict labour, is able to land grain of the finest quality at any Australian or New Zealand port cheaper than it can be produced on the spot. In fact, the grain market throughout those colonies is ruled by the Launceston prices. Excepting the imports of grain at Sydney and Moreton Bay from the corn-growing districts of the same group of colonies, we are not aware of any foreign supplies.

If we are, therefore, to place as little confidence in some other assertions contained in those papers, we must pause before we accept the judgments of those well-meaning leaders of colonial enterprise. We would advise them to solicit the advice of some disinterested and experienced mercantile men in such matters, for we are afraid that while many of their first transactions must necessarily be connected with exports and imports, supply and demand, produce and consumption, their education has not been of that nature to qualify them for conducting such monetary transactions with due caution and economy.

Far be it from us to discourage emigration and colonization on the praseworthy plans of the Otago and Canterbury settlements. We most heartily wish them "God speed." But the wisest of men are liable to commit mistakes in their enthusiasm. Colonies, like plants when forced into premature growth, are ever weak and puny, and where natural resources and advantages are absent they will pine and die. Moreover, without a substantial foundation of capital, even the richest natural resources can seldom be made available. Labour itself is usually of small avail at the establishment of a colony where this is wanting. In our information regarding those distant lands we have known strong and willing labourers sitting idle for want of capital to employ them. And we have likewise know capital invested in local works which have yielded no return, as in the mining operations at Kawau. That the produce from pastoral pursuits must form the staple exports from this colony, like her flourishing neighbours in Australia, there is little doubt. But before this can be accomplished to an equal extent with that naturally richly grassed land, a long period must elapse to bring stock to its mere intrinsic value in a foreign market, or lower the prices from £12 for cattle, and 35s. per head for sheep, perhaps to 30s. for the former and 5s. for the latter, as they are in Australia. Although the shrubs and sedges indigenous to New Zealand furnish good pasture for cattle, yet they are not the food for fine woolled sheep. Hence the sheep farmer has to incur the heavy outlay of clearing the land and sowing European grasses, and this cannot be done without great expense. For home consumption, and to a limited extent, a profit may be realized; but when the grazier has to boil down his increase, as in Australia, for the sake of the tallow, wool, hides, and horns, the returns look very small in proportion to the outlay.

In this Article we refrain from offering any further opinion upon the schemes of colonization which are in operation in Otago and Canterbury. A discussion of the principles on which these plans are founded may supply enough of material for another Article. In the meantime we cordially wish them all possible success. We have employed this opportunity specially for presenting facts and judgments concerning the physical capabilities of certain parts of New Zealand, which, we believe, are not yet commonplace to many of our readers. Our purpose is served if they tend, by spreading truth, to promote caution and wisdom, in the future history of the great modern movement of colonization, which is still in its infancy, but in which our warmest sympathies are embarked. It is one thing to discuss those principles of Social Science by which colonization should be regulated, and to apply them to the circumstances of this age. It is another task to describe accurately the resources of spots which have been, or are likely to be, selected by emigrants, and thus to diffuse information concerning them among the various orders of the community. Both these investigations are of the greatest importance in the present circumstances of our country. In this paper we have confined ourselves to the latter, and we shall be glad if what we have said suggests the desirableness of more systematic means for collecting and spreading true facts and judgments, gathered by disinterested parties, with regard to the geology, botany, physiology, and other resources of our favourite resorts of emigration.

ART. III.—*The Life of John Sterling.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. London, 1851.

LITERATURE and CHRISTIANITY present in their relations hitherto a somewhat singular and perplexing study. They have but seldom gone hand in hand. Their mutual bearing has been often one rather of repulsion and hostility than of attraction and sympathy. There has been a strong jealousy on both sides which has often manifested itself in downright animosity. To what extent this is to be traced to their original position of antagonism it would now perhaps be difficult to say. Christianity grew up under the hostile frown of Pagan Literature. The spirit of the one revolted from that of the other; and while it is true that almost all the literary culture which survived gradually passed over into the Church, we yet find throughout the early centuries, till it culminated in the notable case of Gregory in the sixth, a prevailing feeling of indifference, and even of opposition to heathen learning among Christians.* With the revival of letters the old antagonism reappeared. The ideals, which kindled the young enthusiasm of Europe in the fifteenth century, and reawakened the long slumbering literary spirit, were those of Greece and Rome. It was from the old fountains of Pagan culture, dilapidated by long neglect, and overgrown with the weeds of centuries, that the stream of genius burst forth afresh.

The spirit of Modern Literature necessarily partook of the character of its origin. It was impossible that it could be otherwise. Accustomed to find the standard, not merely of taste, but of character and feeling in the productions of Grecian and Roman learning, modern genius could not fail to bear the stamp of the models which it thus worshipped. A certain Paganized influence accordingly diffused itself through the latter—an influence which, in some of its noblest representatives, may be said to have been almost entirely overcome, but which is not the less characteristic of its general productions.

We scarcely think that any would be disposed to question this decided effect of the ancient upon the modern classical Literature. In turning from the one to the other, we frequently meet with but little change of *tone*. The same class of sentiment—the same cast of character, claim our sympathy or provoke our dislike. Or where there is no such identity, there is yet, save in some comparatively rare instances of high significance, no *renovation* of thought and feeling. There is no baptism of divine fire renewing and transfiguring the page of Literature. Christianity might nearly as well not have been, for aught of its spirit that breathes in many of these works of modern genius which have most interested and delighted the human mind. It is of our own literature we would be understood chiefly to speak; but the truth of our remark will perhaps be most readily admitted when applied to Modern Literature in general.

It may seem a harsh and Puritanical judgment which we thus pronounce. But the

---

* Julian, we know, made it one of his main reproaches against the Christians, that they ascribed the works of heathen genius to Satan or his agents—an accusation exaggerated it may be supposed, but undoubtedly indicating in the Church a prevailing sentiment of hostility to heathen learning.

real question that concerns us is, not whether the judgment be *harsh*, but whether it be *true*. No good can come from mere evasion on such a subject. The truth is not the less true that we do not acknowledge it, and force ourselves to contemplate it. We remember the strong revulsion of feeling with which we first read John Foster's very minute and candid treatment of this subject, in his famous essay, "On the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion." It was hard to have one's idols so struck down, and their true character so unsparingly exposed. Even now, on reverting to the essay, we have been unable to read it, in some parts, without a kind of pain which must have led many, we fancy, indignantly to toss it aside. He brings forth, with such a clear yet mild prominence, the peculiarities of Christianity, and confronts them so clearly, yet boldly, with the characteristics of our polite Literature, as to leave no escape from conclusions which we would still fain repudiate. He presses the point of contrast in a manner at once so measured and forcible that it is impossible to resist the essential truth of his argument. We may regret it from our love of Literature, or despise it from our scorn of Christianity, but we will find it hard to repel it.

We do not, indeed, in some respects, coincide with Foster. We think that here, as often, the gloom of his temperament tinges the picture that he draws. He shuts out too much the lights which would relieve, and the pleasant colours which would soften it. Nay, we believe that the severity and exclusiveness of his own religion have led him to do some special injustice to the venerated names of Addison and Johnson. Still, with every abatement we may make of his representations, their substantial truth remains. There is the *fact*, which we cannot get rid of with the most tolerant latitudinarianism, that so much of our Literature is not characteristically Christian, but the reverse. Its genius is not only not consonant with that of the Gospel, but often, though without any polemical purpose, quite hostile to it, so that every truly Christian mind must feel that the fascinations of Literature are not without their danger.

Not for one moment, indeed, would we be supposed to be ignorant of the beautiful uses, of all true Literature. There is a morally exalting power, we believe, in all its genuine manifestations, apart from their relations to Christianity. It is the wondrous gift of genius to serve often as a moral teacher, even in its fall and degradation. The pure heart will gather at once delight and discipline from productions which may yet by no means mainly minister to elevated and Christian feelings. There is an inextinguishable element of truth and beauty in all genius, which, from amid whatever corruption, will rise upon the untainted soul, imparting a moral joy and strength of the most precious kind. Foster, we think, has discerned this too feebly and inadequately. He has made too little allowance for the good we may always extract from whatever the hand of genius has touched with its magic or arrayed in its glory. Even admitting that there is so much alien to the spirit of the gospel in our past Literature, we are not inclined to view so gloomily as he does the consequences of this. That living familiarity with our best writers, both of poetry and prose, which alone can impart a true literary taste, may, we think be cultivated with less danger to Christian habitudes of thought and feeling than he seems to believe. Still the *fact* is, in the main, as he has represented it. Whatever view we may take of its bearing, *it* is not, we feel, capable of being disputed. The significant truth remains, claiming our serious attention, that so great a part of our past Literature is un-allied with Christianity.

We scarcely think it can be necessary, at this day, and in the pages of this Review, to offer any explanation of the anxiety with which we are inclined to regard this fact. There are but few of our readers, we suppose, who do not recognise that Christianity *ought* to be associated with Literature. It is only possible, indeed, on the ground of infidelity, on the one hand, or of fanaticism on the other. to maintain that they can be severed without mutual injury. Here, as in other respects, these extremes are found to meet. From opposite reasons, but to the same purpose, they hold that Literature has nothing to do with religion—the former scorning religion as an unreality, the latter treating Literature as a folly. Supposing we take our stand at either of these extreme points, we may consistently look with indifference on the separation of Literature and Christianity, or even advocate the propriety of the separation. But from no other point can we contemplate this subject indifferently. If we at once believe in Christianity, and, in Literature, we cannot logically remain satisfied with their disjunction. It will not stand for a moment, on such a footing, to say, as we have sometimes virtually heard it said, that we have recourse to Literature, not to have our piety quickened, but our taste gratified; that we do not expect, and do not desire, the devotion of a David in Dryden or Pope, or the

spirit of the Gospels in Hume or Gibbon. Every one in his own place. We are content to take Pope and Dryden as they are. Nay, we think that any special infusion of religion into their pages would only have tended to disgust, as has been exemplified in the case of some other writers who have attempted an incongruous mixture of piety and poetry. This is a style of argument which, if now but little heard, and certainly scarce needing refutation here, does yet, we apprehend, silently influence many minds in contemplating the relations of Literature and Christianity. It is long after the neck of a fallacy is broken till it altogether expires. It drags out a lingering existence in a lower class of minds after it has long ceased to live in a higher. And a fallacy such as the one in question, which Johnson, in his day, took under his protection, in his well-known and often refuted remarks on sacred poetry, may be imagined to have some special vitality in it. It is one, however, which could only exist in an atmosphere of gross misconception as to the nature of Christianity. No sooner is it recognised, what indeed was so little recognised during the last century, that Christianity is by no means merely a system of notions, with its *set* phraseology, but a Life animating and pervading the whole mental and active being, infusing a totally new spirit wherever it penetrates—changing from its inmost centre the complexion of individual and social character—than it is seen that it must identify itself with literature wherever it really lives. Casting, as it does, a new glory on nature and humanity, transfiguring both in a more radiant, and significant light, how can it fail, where it is really present, to interfuse and blend itself with every phase and aspect of Literature?

It has been often lamentably forgotten that man, however complex and diverse in his nature, with the most varied susceptibilities, each going forth in its own way and seeking nurture after its kind, is not and cannot be, in any of the essential relations of his being, contradictory. What heaps of errors on all questions have accumulated under the practical forgetfulness of this truth! How have we seen the functions of man's intellectual, moral, and religious nature isolated, and even opposed to each other, as if, instead of being a harmonious growth of powers, centering in a mysterious unity of consciousness, he were a mere ill-assorted congeries of accidents—a "mere bundle of dry sticks," as John Sterling somewhere says—with no interior principle of coherence! In our country we have perhaps especially suffered from this absurd mode of contemplating human nature under arbitrary divisions. Religion, Morals, Literature have, with us, been separated and marked off in the most rigorous and detailed manner. As we pass from our theological to our moral writers, and again to our writers of Belles Lettres, how often do we seem to enter, not only distinct, but altogether opposite spheres of thought and opinion! We contemplate man, not only under different, but frequently conflicting aspects. It is no easy matter sometimes to discern the same human Substantive under the several representations set before us. The coloured glasses of theology, moral sciences, and Literature exhibit often a quite contrary image, and a strange and sceptical confusion of feeling is apt to ensue in the mind of the student. It will not be supposed for a moment that we deny the necessity of classing the various functions of man's being, and considering them, to a certain extent, apart. It is only to the extreme and exclusive manner in which this has been often done,—whereby, as it were, all sense of men's spiritual unity has been lost,—that we object. In whatever *special* capacity we regard man, whether as a religious, moral, or æsthetical being, we ought never to forget that all his qualities are only several characteristics or manifestations of the same spiritual essence, which,—however we may ideally separate them for convenience,—are never actually separated.

It is impossible to over-estimate the evil effects which have flowed from the opposite arbitrary and artificial mode of contemplation. One of the greatest of these, however, is undoubtedly the common and fixed notion that has come to prevail of there being a valid division of *sacred* and *profane* in human nature and human life. In all relations the fatal error has extended itself, that in redeemed Humanity there are yet parts which may be esteemed common or unclean. This is the radical apostasy, seen in its grossest shape in Popery, but from which no form of Protestantism has been as yet wholly exempt. Within the kingdom of God there is and can be no such distinction of sacred and profane. All is sacred within,—all is profane without it. This dualism Christianity recognises in the broadest manner. Upon this as its fundamental condition it rests. But within the sphere of its operation this dualism entirely disappears. Wherever the Gospel enters it renews from the most hidden sources the whole being. It exalts and hallows all with a most sacred anointing. A Christian man, therefore, can never legitimately have any pleasures or pursuits that are not Chris-

tian. In all moods and all relations, and not merely in special moods and circumstances, he must be religious. His common thoughts, and every-day sympathies, and not merely his most exalted and solemn aspirations, must go forth from a Christian centre, and partake of a Christian character. Christianity, where it asserts its true nature, is pervadingly operative over the whole life, the whole sphere of human thought and feeling, and not only over some special section or moments of it.

It must be very obvious from this that Literature can never be legitimately dissociated from religion. It can never be a valid and consistent step to acknowledge that Christianity is good in its place, and Literature good in its place, but that their provinces are quite apart and dissimilar. This reasoning can only prevail in conjunction with the most mechanical and perverted notions of religion—where it is viewed as a mere factitious increment to human nature—an ornamental crown, as it were, to be worn on solemn occasions, instead of, as it really is, a sacred fire kindled within the most secret affections, and irradiating the whole being.

In exact accordance with this conclusion we find that the characteristically irreligious period of our Literature just corresponds with the age of a negative and mechanical Christianity. Then when we see poetry, and philosophy, and history, most thoroughly and unhappily alienated from a Christian spirit, we see Christianity itself most dead. The separation grew out of no inherent repulsion of the one to the other, but out of the decay and perversion of both. In our earlier Literature, awakened and matured under the fresh impulse of the Reformation,—and while that positive and living apprehension of divine truth which it called forth still survived, we see a Christian influence working with an animating and pervading force. It was only when the genuine conception of Christianity as a divine Life, which must penetrate and sanctify every department of human sentiment and affection, began to die away, that we see our Literature assuming a decidedly unchristian character. And men were then content with such a Literature, just because they were content with such a religion. Where the latter did not affect to govern and transform the whole character, but was regarded merely as a sort of appendage to it, (honourable or otherwise as it might be,) it was only natural that it should remain disjoined from Literature. It is only where Christianity fulfils its true mission, of entering into the inward life of humanity, and purifying it along the whole course of its development, that Literature, with every other form of this development, must own its sway and bear its stamp.

The aspects of our recent and existing Literature bear out the truth of these remarks. Since the appearance of Foster's Essay, British Literature has undergone many changes. He himself, in a note to one of the later editions, remarks on these changes, chiefly in regard to style,—"The smooth elegance, the gentle graces, the amusing, easy, and not deep current of sentiment of which Addison is our finest example, have been," he says, "succeeded by force, energy, bold development of principles, and every kind of high stimulus,"—a change which, with true critical penetration, he hailed as a great gain, but not unaccompanied with serious evils. For along with the passion for vigour, and point, and originality, he discerned the natural excesses of this passion—"an ample exhibition of contortion, tricks of surprise, paradox, headlong dash, factitious fulmination, and turpid inanity."

But in the moral and religious tone of our Literature there has been a scarcely less surprising change, which we wonder Foster, in special relation to his subject, did not also notice, as it had begun distinctly to manifest itself within the period to which he alludes. The same relation between Literature and Christianity no longer exists as in last century. That relation may be briefly defined to have been one of *indifference*. Literature passed by Christianity—ignored it; and Christianity, in the merely negative form in which it prevailed, permitted itself to be ignored. With scarcely life in it to retain its external forms, it did not think that Literature did it harm or injury in passing it by with a quiet and somewhat scornful dignity. Nay, divines in becoming poets, historians, or philosophers, (and there is hardly a more significant sign of the age than this,) conceived it to be in some sort necessary to lay aside any Christian peculiarities, and adopt the indifferent and paganized tone of their brothers in letters. But Christianity, awakening from its death-like slumber, and in every direction giving evidence of new life, could no longer be treated in this fashion. It must either incorporate itself with Literature, or enter into open conflict with it. And this we find accordingly is what to a great extent has already taken place in our day. The old relation of indifference has not, indeed, quite vanished. There is still in certain quarters to be heard the faint echo of the old notion of religion and letters having nothing to do with each other. But

generally, and in all the freshest and most significant forms of our present Literature, the cold, external compromise with Christianity is entirely done away, and the two have found a point either of living union or of downright hostility.

It is gratifying that so much of existing Literature breathes a truly Christian tone. In all its various forms, poetical, historical, and philosophical, we see the clear influence of Christian conceptions, and the fruitful working of a genuine Christian spirit. It is not that in a special dogmatic sense any phase of our Literature is more religious than that of last century. The mere theological element is perhaps not much more prominent than before, and it is not desirable that it should be. But a deep flow of Christian sentiment, a tender and comprehensive Christian sympathy, and a warm and genial spirit of love, which is essentially Christian, are found pervading and animating a large proportion of our present literary productions.

But concurrently with this Christian development of our Literature, there has been also a very significant manifestation of an opposite kind. The very same process has to a certain extent taken place among us as among our German neighbours, though with differences significant of the relative characteristics of the two nations. The reaction against the old negative form of Christianity has with us as well as with them assumed two distinct modes of progress—one proceeding from the revival of a practical Christian spirit; the other from the revivel of a more genuine philosophical spirit. This was inevitable in the course of things. The mechanical modes of conception which prevailed so largely during last century, could not fail to yield on both sides, as soon as the human mind received a new and invigorating impulse. Empiricism rests not only on a practical but a speculative falsehood. It not only quenches the living spirit of Christianity, in its bare and bald grasp, but it lies against the truths of the human soul, and as soon as under any movement of the national mind a genuine and more comprehensive insight is obtained into those truths, it cannot fail to be attacked also on the scientific side. This we know to have been notably the case in Germany. The older Rationalism fell there as much before the attacks of a new and more exalted philosophy, as before the advance of a deeper and more earnest Christian piety. Kant, and Jacobi, and Fries, and Schelling, and Hegel, in their own way, combatted the old empirical system, just as vigorously as the representatives of the new development of a positive Christianity in the German Church.

A twofold movement of a similar kind, although, in the nature of the case, far less definitely and clearly marked out, has occurred in this country. While a revived Christian spirit has spread in many quarters, and pervaded influential sections of our Literature, a new philosophical spirit has also arisen—the latter no less opposed than the former to the cold, negative, and sceptical turn of our former Literature, yet not only claiming no affinity with the revived Christian spirit, but entering into direct, subtle, and energetic conflict with it.

We know how common it is to ascribe this new antichristian manifestation entirely to German influence, and to consider it as altogether an alien importation from the father land. It might well make one smile to hear the complacency with which in certain quarters, all that is supposed most vicious in our present Literature and Theology is laid to the account of poor Germany. The fact is, we believe, that this mode of ascribing changes of national taste and sentiment so prominently to foreign influence, is in a great measure a mistaken one. Such changes *must* ever proceed more from inward and spontaneous tendencies, than from any mere external causes. The history of every people is a growth, each new epoch evolving organically out of the decay and corruption of the old, and not a mere succession of accidental impulses and fortuitous movements. And if there is now, therefore, among us a rapid increase of what is called *Germanism*, (and we have no objections to the name as sufficiently although vaguely expressive,) we conceive it to spring much more directly from the natural and inevitable reaction against the old empiricism which so long swayed British thought in every relation, than from any immediate and tangible influence that German literature or philosophy are yet exercising. What seems to be generally meant by Germanism, is no other than the deeper and bolder and more thorough spirit of inquiry which almost everywhere, and in so many various forms, has asserted itself against the tamer and narrower spirit of last century. In Britain as in Germany, this new spirit has invaded and beaten back the old; and in the one country as well as the other, it has assumed a twofold development—a Christian and an antichristian. It is no doubt true that we have followed in the wake of Germany, and that the antichristian development among us has been stimulated by German influence; but it is of the utmost importance,

we think, to bear in mind that this influence has only been stimulative, because the latent tendency was already so powerful in the British mind. For mere truth's sake we think it important to remember this. The prevalent method of attributing this or that phenomenon in our Literature or Theology to Germany, and so making an end of it, destroys, in our opinion, all historical accuracy, and even all historical sense.

The character of the present antichristian section of our Literature may be generally defined, for want of a more significant term, as pantheistic. It is the extreme reaction against the character of our previous Literature. Whereas the latter, with a somewhat atheistic indifference, nowhere sought a divine meaning in things,—this discerns a divinity everywhere and pre-eminently in man himself, who is the great miracle of miracles—the true Emanuel. Whereas the one was content to rest on the mere surface and mechanism—the outward sensuousness and visibility of things—the other would penetrate to the living unity—the reality underlying all the confused phenomena of existence—the *great heart of the universe.* This, in now familiar phrase, is the "divine idea of the world," which "lies at the bottom of all appearance;" and men of letters, who rise to the consciousness of their true functions, and become interpreters of this "divine idea," are, in the highest sense of the words, prophets and priests. It is impossible, therefore, to overestimate the importance of the literary function. It is the one perpetual Priesthood, from age to age, teaching all men that God is still present in their lives. It is the true Ministry, ever presenting in new forms of beauty, in richer and more touching sermons, the eternal truth of nature and of life. To use the fine words of one to whom, as having above all given significance to this new literary movement, and as standing somewhat notably at its head, our language has already obviously pointed. "He that can write a true book to persuade England, is not he the bishop and archbishop, the primate of England, and of all England? I many a time say, the writers of newspapers, pamphlets, poems, books, these are the real working effective church of a modern country. Nay, not only our preaching, but even our worship, is it not too accomplished by means of printed books? The noble sentiment which a gifted soul has clothed for us in melodious words, which brings melody into our hearts—is not this essentially, if we will understand it, of the nature of worship? He who in any way shews us better than we knew before, that a lily of the field is beautiful, does he not shew it us as an effluence of the Fountain of all Beauty—as the handwriting made visible there of the great Maker of the Universe. He has sung for us, made us sing with him a little verse of a sacred Psalm. Essentially so. How much more he who sings, who says, or in any way brings home to our hearts the noble doings, feelings, darings and endurances of a brother man! He has verily touched our hearts as with a live coal *from the altar.* Perhaps there is no worship more authentic. Literature, so far as it is Literature, is an 'apocalypse of Nature,' a revealing of the 'open secret.' It may well enough be named in Fichte's style a 'continuous revelation' of the Godlike in the Terrestrial and Common. The Godlike does ever in very truth endure there; is brought out now in this dialect now in that, with various degrees of clearness: all true gifted Singers and Speakers are consciously or unconsciously doing so. The dark scornful indignation of a Byron, so wayward and perverse, may have touches of it; nay, the withered mockery of a French sceptic—his mockery of the False, a love and worship of the True. How much more the sphere-harmony of a Shakespeare and a Goethe: the cathedral music of a Milton; the humble genuine lark-notes of a Burns,—sky-lark, starting from the humble furrow, far over-head into the blue depths, and singing to us so genuinely there! Fragments of a real 'Church Liturgy' 'and body of Homilies,' strangely disguised from the common eye, are to be found weltering in that huge froth-ocean of Printed speech we loosely call Literature! Books are our Church too."—(*Carlyle's Heroes and Hero Worship*, p. 263, 264.)

It is obvious how complete is the reaction here against the spirit of our eighteenth century Literature. It is no less obvious, we doubt not, to most of our readers, that there is an important element of truth in all that is here said about the divine meaning that lies in every thing and in every man, and of the true dignity of Literature as the interpreter of this meaning. God is everywhere and in all things, and in him alone we live and move and have our being. All in us and around us is holy. The stamp of divinity is on all, and man is verily the true Shekinah, as Chrysostom said of old. All genuine interpretation of man and nature, therefore—in other words, all genuine forms of Literature, are *religious.* There can never be, as our previous remarks have endeavoured strongly to shew, a disjunction between letters and religion without somewhat fatal injury to both. Where such a disjunction is recognised and de-

fended, Christianity must be dead, and Literature will be dwarfed and feeble and dying.

We acknowledge, therefore, in the warmest manner the earnest efforts of Mr. Carlyle to vindicate the religious character of all true Literature. No one has spoken more noble and touching words on this subject; and it has appeared at times to ourselves strangely repugnant that we should yet be obliged to reckon him very far from a friend to Christianity. So truly Christian-wise does he often speak, that when we class him, as we have done, at the head of the antichristian section of our Literature, our heart almost misgives us. It is not that we care what any of his worshippers and followers may say to this, but a voice within us bids us tremble lest we do him injustice. The calmer and clearer view of the matter, however, will never allow us any other conclusion. We find as we study him, and the more we study him the more plainly we find, that Literature is not only with him religious but *religion*. It is not only a divine teacher, but *the* Divine Teacher, and the only one left for man in these latter days. Any more special religion than that which is written on the face of nature and in the soul of man, Mr. Carlyle evidently disclaims. He will have no apocalypse save that of which Literature is the acknowledged interpreter. Man, if he will only open his eyes to the beauty which environs him, and listen to the "still small voice" which speaks from within his own heart, and allow himself to enter into clear and calm communion with the eternal laws of the universe, becomes religious in the highest sense possible for him. And it is just the glory of Literature that it is her peculiar mission to reveal ever more radiantly this beauty, and awaken ever more powerfully this inner voice, and so place man in ever more clearly conscious and calmly intelligent relation to the great laws of his being, and of all being. In characteristic and unmistakable speech, we are told that "the Maker's Laws, whether they are promulgated in Sinai Thunder to the ear or imagination, or quite otherwise promulgated, are the Laws of God; transcendent, everlasting, imperatively demanding obedience from all men. This, without any thunder, or with never so much thunder, thou, if there be any soul left in thee, canst know of a truth. The Universe, I say, is made by Law; the great Soul of the World is just and not unjust. Look thou, if thou have eyes or soul left, into this great shoreless Incomprehensible; in the heart of its tumultuous Appearances, Embroilments and mad Time-Vortexes, is there not silent, eternal, an All-just, an All-beautiful, sole Reality and ultimate controlling Power of the Whole? This is not a figure of speech; this is a fact. The fact of gravitation known to all animals is not surer than this inner Fact which may be known to all men. . . . . Rituals, Liturgies, Credos, Sinai Thunder; I know more or less the history of these; the rise, progress, decline and fall of these. Can thunder from all the thirty-two Azimuths repeated daily for centuries of years make God's laws more godlike to me? Brother, no. Perhaps I am grown to be a man now, and do not need the thunder and the terror any longer: perhaps I am above being frightened; perhaps it is not fear but Reverence alone that shall now lead me! Revelations, Inspirations? Yes, and thy own God-created Soul; dost thou not call that a 'revelation?' Who made thee? Where didst thou come from? The Voice of Eternity, if thou be not a blasphemer and poor asphyxied mute, speaks with that tongue of thine! *Thou* art the latest birth of nature; it is the 'Inspiration of the Almighty' that giveth thee understanding! my brother, my brother." (*Past and Present*, pp. 307–9.)

If any doubt could have remained as to the real meaning of all such utterances, and as to the real significance of the relation which Mr. Carlyle occupies to Christianity, it must at length have been sufficiently removed by the appearance of his *Life of Sterling*, which we have made the occasion of these remarks. To us, we will confess at once, that this book is a very mournful one —the most mournful we have read for many a day. It is not, perhaps, that after all Mr. Carlyle had previously written, we had any right to expect a different book. We now at least clearly enough see that we had no such right. And yet somehow we had expectations regarding it, which, in almost every respect, have been miserably disappointed. We are conscious of admiring Mr. Carlyle in some respects so genuinely, of honouring so heartily the fine and "rarely bestowed" gift of genius which God has given him; he has withal such a noble insight into Humanity in this nineteenth century, and such a warm and vigorous sympathy with its perplexities, its wrongs, and its miseries, that we looked (the expectation had somehow laid itself so closely to our heart, that we now wonder at ourselves a little) to this book at last for some light to be thrown on the weltering chaos—some breaking of day o'er the confused darkness in which he had hitherto delighted to dwell. The subject was one to encourage us in this expectation: the story of a life which had gone astray amid this same dark-

ness and perplexity in which so many are now wandering—of one who had sought truth with a pure and earnest aim, and yet only found (if, indeed, he had been so far successful) some faint forecasts of it, when he departed to the eternal Silence. Here, if ever, was an opportunity of building on the broken fragments of such a life, some "sunny dome" of faith and hope for all weary travellers on the same pathway. For any other purpose than this the life was not worth recounting,—certainly not worth again recounting. If Sterling's career was not to teach us in our present imbroglio of faiths and superstitions some lesson of religion, then it had not, that we can see, any lesson at all to teach. It had better, with many others, have remained unwritten; or, at least, enough had been said and written about it. However vain, therefore, we may now see that our expectation was in the matter, we cannot yet think it was altogether unreasonable.

The *significance* which, in almost every quarter had been found to attach to the life of John Sterling, was a religious one. What save this *could* it be? In Literature, —undoubtedly gifted as he was, and full from the beginning of a certain bloom and rich promise, which yet never ripened, and did not seem to be greatly ripening,—he had scarcely achieved for himself a name. He has left behind nothing that will not soon be forgotten amid the endless article-writing and "blotting of white paper" in our day. This Carlyle himself sees very well and acknowledges. "Sterling's performance and real or seeming importance in this world," he says, was actually not of a kind to demand an express Biography, even according to the world's usages. His character was not supremely original; neither was his fate in the world wonderful. What he did was inconsiderable enough; and as to what it lay in him to have done, this was but a problem now beyond possibility of settlement. Why had a Biography been inflicted on this man? why had not No-biography, and the privilege of all the weary, been his lot?"

To which emphatic query he strangely enough replies by writing *another* biography of this man, and from what reason? From one just the very opposite of that which, in the feeling of so many, had alone imparted significance and interest to the life of Sterling. Because Archdeacon Hare had viewed the life of his friend mainly in a religious light, and dwelt upon it perhaps somewhat exclusively in this light—for this reason, and to correct the false effects, as he believes, of the picture thus drawn, Mr. Carlyle has re-written his life. He and some correspondent (who seems, in a very marked sense, to be an *alter ego*—a Carlyle the *second*,) do not hesitate, in fact, to express considerable indignation at the misrepresentations in which they conceive the figure of Sterling to stand in the Memoir of the Archdeacon. He appears to them to be treated in it merely as a clergyman, in which capacity he only acted for eight months, and the relations of which were, in no degree, the most important of his life. "A pale sickly shadow in torn surplice," writes this correspondent, "is presented to us here, weltering, bewildered amid heaps of what you call 'Hebrew Old-clothes:' wrestling with impotent impetuosity to free itself from the baleful imbroglio, as if that had been its one function in life; who, in this miserable figure, would recognise the brilliant, beautiful, and cheerful John Sterling, with his ever-flowing wealth of ideas, fancies, imaginations; with his frank affections, inexhaustible hopes, audacities, activities, and general radiant vivacity of heart and intelligence, which made the presence of him an illumination and inspiration wherever he went? It is too bad. Let a man be honestly forgotten when his life ends; but let him not be misremembered in this way. To be hung up as an ecclesiastical scarecrow, as a target for heterodox and orthodox to practise archery upon, is no fate that can be due to the memory of Sterling. It was not as a ghastly phantasm, choked in Thirty-nine-article controversies, or miserable Semitic, Anti-semitic street-riots, in scepticisms, agonized self-seekings, that this man appeared in life."—P. 6.)

Now while it is no special concern of ours to defend Archdeacon Hare's portrait of his friend, we have no hesitation in saying that he appears to us,—with all the evidence now before us,—to have apprehended and rendered the real meaning of Sterling's life, upon the whole, more truly than Mr. Carlyle. In the present biography we no doubt see Sterling in a more varied and complete light, — generally, indeed, in a quite different light; yet all the obvious efforts of Mr. Carlyle to crush the matter out of sight, fail to convince us that the religious phase of Sterling's career was not, *for others at least*, the most significant and noteworthy through which he passed. If it did not possess all the importance which it assumes in Hare's memoir, it was yet *the* most important feature claiming public attention. It was the point of view especially from which those beyond the mere circle of Sterling's companionship felt that his life had any peculiar interest for them. It very

naturally, therefore, assumed the prominence it did in the hands of the Archdeacon, although from the deficiency of his representation in other respects, it now seems to occupy a somewhat too naked and exclusive position. For our own part, however, we feel bound to say that we prefer the portrait of Hare to that of Carlyle. It will not, of course, be supposed for a moment that we intend any comparison between the mere literary merits of the Memoirs. The brief sketch of the Archdeacon has, in this respect, no pretensions to rank with the more copious and finished biography before us. But we feel strongly (notwithstanding the somewhat rude bluster we have quoted above), that it is a more loveable and interesting character rises upon us from the faint and rapid outlines of the one than from the more complete picture of the other. We confess, indeed, to no small amount of disenchantment, in reading Carlyle's Life. Every touch of the heroic we had hitherto associated with Sterling gradually disappeared. The pure, earnest, struggling aspirant after truth merged into the merely frank, brilliant, somewhat impetuous, and spoiled Dilettante. The halo that had surrounded him, to our vision, was gone. Mr. Carlyle would probably say—so much the better. It was just for this purpose he wrote his book. This was just his aim—to snatch the figure of his friend from the absurd halo of religious interest which had been thrown around it. But we feel satisfied, notwithstanding Mr. Carlyle's asseverations, that such an interest, although not in the measure supposed by some, *did* invest Sterling's life.

If we now pass from these general remarks to some special criticism on the work before us, we feel, first of all, called upon to express our delight with it in a mere literary point of view. We agree with our contemporaries generally in esteeming it, in this respect, one of the best of Mr. Carlyle's books. It has not only here and there touches of exquisite art, but its pervading texture is, to our minds, of a more finely wrought and beautiful character than any of his recent compositions. The style, in its general structure, is the same which, from so many quarters, has provoked assault; but it moves, save at brief intervals, in a clearer, quieter, and more placid flow than usual. If not rising to any of those terrific heights of sublimity, of which it is so capable, crushing and overwhelming the reader with its piled-up and lurid grandeur, and stunning him with the thunder of its march; neither does it ever sink, save in rare instances, into the mere grotesque and fantastic—the mere mimicry of thunder, which not infrequently turns our gravity into a smile in the perusal of Mr. Carlyle's writings. There are, indeed, some scattered passages of a very provocative and impetuous kind, and one or two which, in their ragged and inapposite contrasts may well call forth a smile; but a character of pathetic softness, of mild and graceful tenderness, is the distinguishing one of the volume. It is impossible to doubt how truly Carlyle loved his friend, or what a deep and pensive fountain of love there is in the man altogether. Down below all his rugged sternness and repulsive bitterness, there is a well of genial and most gentle affection, the stream of which makes glad almost every page of his book. As a work of art, too, as a compact piece of biographic story, in which the principal figure occupies his due prominence, while a group starts into life here and there around him, by a few rapid and picturesque touches, it is very nearly perfect. After we had once began its perusal, we could not lay it aside nor pause over it. But onward we went, now well-nigh touched to tears, and now, it is true, touched with indignation, at some obvious and gross injustice, but owning everywhere the felicitious mastery of the hand that was leading us. A feeling of deep sadness, however, of profound and perplexing sorrow, was *uppermost* with us in its perusal.

In token of the rich literary merit we have ascribed to this volume, we feel bound to present our readers with a few extracts, although most of them, even to those who may not have read the volume, will, we dare say, be familiar from the numerous notices that have appeared of it. They are of that kind, however, which will bear a second reading. Sterling's mother is thus described in the second chapter:—

"Mrs. Sterling, even in her later days, had still traces of the old beauty; then and always she was a woman of delicate, pious, affectionate character; exemplary as a wife, a mother, and a friend. A refined female nature; something tremulous in it, timid, and with a certain vernal freshness still unweakened by long converse with the world. The tall slim figure always of a kind of quaker neatness; the innocent anxious face, anxious bright hazel eyes; the timid, yet gracefully cordial ways; the natural intelligence, instinctive sense and worth, were very characteristic. Her voice, too, with its something of soft querulousness, easily adapting itself to a light thin-flowing style of mirth, on occasion, was characteristic; she had retained her Ulster intonations, and was withal somewhat copious in speech. A fine tremulously sensitive nature, strong chiefly on the side of the affections, and the graceful insights and activities that depend

on these—truly a beautiful, much suffering, much loving house-mother. From her chiefly, as one could discern, John Sterling had derived the delicate *aroma* of his nature—its piety, clearness, sincerity; and from his father the ready practical gifts, the impetuosities, and the audacities, were also (though in strange, new form) visibly inherited. A man was lucky to have such a Mother—to have such Parents as both his were."—(Pp. 17, 18.)

We give as a companion picture the following—a very slight thing indeed, but pleasant and attractive:—Charles Barton "now, in 1829-30, an amiable, cheerful, rather idle young fellow about town;" had been one of Sterling's fellow-students at Cambridge, and, meeting again in London, Sterling became an intimate of his family. The eldest daughter—"a stately, blooming, black-eyed young woman, full of gay softness, of indolent sense and enthusiasm, about Sterling's own age, if not a little older," —would seem to have especially interested him, as he had undoubtedly found an interest in her eyes. In the meantime there was talk of a Spanish invasion, and of Sterling, now full of enthusiastic radicalism, joining the invaders. "The ship was fast getting ready; on a certain day it was to drop quietly down the Thames; then touch at Deal and take on board Torrijos and his adventurers, who were to be in waiting and on the outlook for them there. Let every man lay in his accoutrements then; let every man make his packages, his arrangements, and his farewells. Sterling went to take leave of Miss Barton. 'You are going then to Spain? To rough it amid the glories of war, and perilous insurrection; and with that weak health of yours; and we shall never see you more then!' Miss Barton, all her gaiety gone, the dimpling softness became liquid sorrow, and the musical ringing voice one wail of woe, 'burst into tears,'—so I have it on authority;—here was one possibility about to be strangled that made unexpected noise! Sterling's interview ended in the offer of his hand and the acceptance of it."—(Pp. 93, 94.)

It was not till after Sterling had retired from the Church that he made the acquaintance of Carlyle. He had come to London to consult as to the state of his health, which he began to find inadequate for the efficient discharge of his pastoral duties. On this occasion, Carlyle first met him at the India House in company with John Mill.

"The sight of one (he says) whose fine qualities I had often heard of lately, was interesting enough, and, on the whole, proved not disappointing, though it was the translation of dream into fact—that is, of poetry into prose, and showed its unrhymed side withal. A loose careless-looking thin figure, in careless dim costume, sat in a lounging posture, carelessly and copiously talking. I was struck with the kindly, but restless, swift glancing eyes, *which looked as if the spirits were all out coursing like a pack of merry eager beagles, beating every bush.* The brow, rather sloping in form, was not of imposing character, though, again, the head was longish, which is always the best sign of intellect; the physiognomy, in general, indicated animation rather than strength."—(P. 140.)

The acquaintance thus begun ripened speedily into a very close and peculiar friendship; and especially when Sterling finally left Herstmonceux, the seat of his brief clerical labours, and took up his abode at Bayswater, the intimacy between him and Carlyle appears to have grown fast, and deepened on the one side into that profound estimation, and on the other into that deep and tender love, which ever afterwards characterized it. Carlyle thus describes the employment and character of his friend at this time:—

"Sterling's days, during this time as always, were full of occupation, cheerfully interesting to himself and others; though, the wrecks of theology so encumbering him, little fruit on the positive side could come of these labours. On the negative side they were productive; and there was also much of encumberance requiring removal before fruit could grow, there was plenty of labour needed. He looked happy as well as busy; roamed extensively among his friends, and loved to have them about him—chiefly old Cambridge comrades, now settling into occupations in the world; and was felt by all friends, by myself as by few, to be a welcome illumination in the dim whirl of things. A man of altogether social and human ways; his address everywhere pleasant and enlivening. A certain smile of thin but genuine laughter, we might say, hung gracefully over all he said and did;—expressing gracefully, according to the model of his epoch, the stoical pococurantism which is required of the cultivated Englishman. Such laughter in him was not deep, but neither was it false, (as lamentably happens often); and the cheerfulness it went to symbolize was hearty and beautiful,—visible in the silent *un*symbolized state in a still gracefuller fashion.

"Of wit, so far as rapid, lively intellect produces wit, he had plenty, and did not abuse his endowment that way, being always fundamentally serious in the purport of his speech; of what we call humour he had some, though little; nay of real sense for the ludicrous, in any form, he had not much for a man of his vivacity; and you remarked that his laugh was limited in compass, and of a clear, but not rich quality. To the like effect shone something, a kind of child-like half-embarrassed shimmer of expression, on his fine vivid countenance, curiously mingling with its ardours and audacities. A beautiful child-like

soul! He was naturally a favourite in conversation, especially with all who had any fund for conversing; frank and direct, yet polite and delicate withal,—though at times he could crackle with his dexterous petulancies, making the air all like needles round you; and there was no end to his logic when you excited it; no end unless in some form of silence on your part. Elderly men of reputation I have sometimes known offended by him; for he took a frank way in the matter of talk; spoke freely out of him, freely listening to what others spoke, with a kind of 'hail fellow well met' feeling; and carelessly measured a man much less by his reputed account in the bank of wit, or in any other bank, than by what the man had to show for himself in the shape of real spiritual cash on the occasion. But withal there was ever a fine element of natural courtesy in Sterling; his deliberate demeanour to acknowledged superiors was fine and graceful; his apologies and the like, when in a fit of repentance he felt commanded to apologise, were full of naïveté, and very pretty and ingenuous."—(Pp. 166-168.)

We have given the few fine touches in which Sterling's mother is brought before us. We wish we could have also presented the more elaborate portrait of his father—the famous thunderer of the *Times* Newspaper,—a remarkable man truly, more deserving, some have said, of having his life written than the son. We cannot, however, afford space for his portrait at full length, and prefer sending our readers to the volume to garbling it.

The ill-health which compelled Sterling to abandon his clerical duties continued to cling to him with increasing effect throughout the rest of his years. He had to live, in fact, "as in continual flight for his very existence, darting continually from nook to nook, and there crouching to escape the scythe of death." His life, as he has himself pathetically said, "thus ceased to be a chain, and fell into a heap of broken links." He was so knocked about from place to place in pursuit of health, that it was only fractions of his time he could devote to any work. Still his continued and ever-hopeful activity is among the most notable and cheerful features of his life. After many wanderings in France, Madeira, and Italy, we find him at length, in 1843, settled with his family at Falmouth, busy, notwithstanding the strong dissuasions of Carlyle, with poetry. Disaster on disaster, however, is here destined to overtake him. Within a few hours mother and wife were suddenly snatched away from him. He was left alone with six children, two of them only infants, and a dark outlook a-head of them and him. He sought the Isle of Wight as his last retreat; and while his residence was there getting ready for him, he paid a brief visit to London. We give Carlyle's recollection of this—the last occasion on which he saw and conversed with his friend—for its general interest, but especially for the hushed and deepened pathos of the closing sentences; how softened, and tender, and touching, is their beauty:—

"We had our fair share of his company on this visit as in all the past ones; but the intercourse I recollect was dim and broken, a disastrous shadow hanging over it, not to be cleared away by effort. Two American gentlemen, acquaintances also of mine, had been recommended to him, by Emerson most likely: one morning Sterling appeared here with a strenuous proposal that we should come to Knightsbridge (his father's house vacated after his mother's death), and dine with him and them. Objections, general dissuasions were not wanting; the empty dark house, such endless trouble, and the like;—but he answered in his quizzing way—'Nature herself prompts you, when a stranger comes, to give him a dinner. There are servants yonder; it is all easy; come; both of you are bound to come.' And accordingly we went. I remember it as one of the saddest dinners; though Sterling talked copiously, and our friends, Theodore Parker one of them, were pleasant and distinguished men. All was so haggard in one's memory, and half-consciously in one's anticipations; sad as if one had been dining in a ruin, in the crypt of a mausoleum. Our conversation was waste and logical, I forget quite on what, not joyful and harmoniously effusive; Sterling's silent sadness was painfully apparent through the bright mask he had bound himself to wear. Withal one could notice now, as on his last visit, a certain sternness of mood, unknown in better days; as if strange gorgon-faces of earnest destiny were more and more rising round him, and the time for sport were past. He looked always hurried, abrupt, even beyond wont; and indeed was, I suppose, overwhelmed in details of business.

"One evening, I remember, he came down hither designing to have a free talk with us. We were all sad enough, and strove to avoid speaking of what might make us sadder. Before any true talk could be got into, an interruption occurred, some unwelcome arrival; Sterling abruptly rose; gave me the signal to rise; and we unpolitely walked away, adjourning to his hotel, which, I recollect, was in the Strand, near Hungerford Market; some ancient, comfortable, quaint-looking place off the street; where, in a good, warm, queer old room, the remainder of our colloquy was duly finished. We spoke of Cromwell among other things, which I have now forgotten: on which subject Sterling was trenchant, positive, and on some essential points wrong—as I said I should convince him some day. 'Well, well!' answered he with a shake of the head. *We parted before long; bedtime for invalids being come; he escorted me down certain carpeted back stairs, and would not be forbidden; we took leave under the dim skies;—and, alas! little as I then dreamt of it, this, so far as I can calculate, must have been the last time I ever saw him in the world. Softly as a coming evening the last of the evenings had passed away, and no other would come for me for evermore.*"—(Pp. 323-325.)

We had intended to add to these extracts Mr. Carlyle's closing sketch of his friend, —a life-warm and vigorous portrait, very masterly in every literary point of view, but especially interesting as fully expressing that peculiar conception of Sterling's character, which, above all, distinguishes this biography from the previous one by Archdeacon Hare. Some of the foregoing extracts have already, however, pretty clearly indicated this conception ; and our space will only permit us to append a few fragments from the concluding chapter in confirmation :—

"A certain splendour, beautiful, but not the deepest or the loftiest, which I could call a splendour as of burnished metal—fiery valour of heart, swift decisive insight and utterance, then a turn for brilliant elegance, also for ostentation, rashness, &c., &c.,—in short, a flash as of clear-glancing, sharp-cutting steel, lay in the whole nature of the man, in his heart and in his intellect, marking alike the excellence and the limits of them both. . . . To call him deficient in sympathy, would seem strange; him whose radiances and resonances went thrilling over all the world, and kept him in brotherly contact with all; but I may say his sympathies dwelt rather with the high and sublime than with the low or ludicrous; and were in any field rather light, wide, and lively, than deep, abiding or great." (P. 337.)

"A pious soul we may justly call him ; devoutly submissive to the will of the Supreme in all things; the highest and sole essential form which religion can assume in man, and without which all forms of religion are a mockery and delusion in man. Doubtless in so clear and filial a heart there must have dwelt the perennial feeling of silent worship. . . . And yet, as I have said before, it may be questioned whether piety, what we call devotion or worship, was the principle deepest in him. In spite of his Coleridge discipleship, and his once headlong operations following thereon, I used to judge that his piety was prompt and pure rather than great and intense; that, on the whole, religious devotion was not the deepest element of him. His reverence was ardent and just, ever ready for the thing or man that deserved revering, or seemed to deserve it ; but he was of too joyful, light, and hoping a nature to go the depths of that feeling, much more to dwell perennially in it. He had no fear in his composition ; terror and awe did not blend with his respect of anything. In no scene or epoch could he have been a Church Saint, a fanatic enthusiast, or have worn out his life in passive martyrdom, sitting patient in his grim coal-mine looking at the 'three ells' of heaven high overhead. In sorrow he could not dwell ; all sorrow he swiftly subdued and shook away from him. How could you have made an Indian Fakeer of the Greek Apollo, 'whose bright eye lends brightness, and never yet saw a shadow? —I should say, not religious reverence, rather artistic admiration, was the essential character of him. . . He was by nature appointed for a Poet—a Poet after his sort, or recogniser and delineator of the Beautiful, and not for a Priest at all. . . . True above all one may call him ; a man of perfect veracity in thought, word, and deed. Integrity towards all men—nay, integrity had ripened with him into chivalrous generosity ; there was no guile nor baseness anywhere found in him. Transparent as crystal, he could not hide anything sinister, if such there had been to hide. A more perfectly transparent soul I have never known. It was beautiful to read all those interior movements ; the little shades of affectations, ostentations ; transient spurts of anger which never grew to the length of settled spleen ; all so naïve, so childlike, the very faults grew beautiful to you."—(339-342.)

It will not be denied that here and elsewhere in the graphic delineation of Mr. Carlyle,—so free and flowing, and yet so nicely and minutely touched,—a very interesting and beautiful character is presented to us. Sterling seems to live before us, and we who never saw him, seem to have known him well,—so bright, and hopeful, and joyful. And there can be no doubt, we infer, that there must have been an element of rare brilliancy and joyousness in him which the sketch of Archdeacon Hare fails to bring out. Yet, as we have said, we cling rather to the portrait drawn by the latter. The Sterling of Hare seems to us, upon the whole, a nobler and worthier character than the Sterling of Carlyle. And not only so, (and this is a consideration in comparison with which every other is of no consequence), it conscientiously appears to us, that, while the delineation of the Archdeacon must be held somewhat deficient in complete truthfulness, it is yet, upon the whole, the more truthful. It seizes indeed too prominently the earnest, religious aspects of Sterling's character ; but Mr. Carlyle has, we think, still more disproportionately undervalued and neglected these. We have sought satisfaction on this point from a renewed converse with the most significant of Sterling's remains ; and our conviction decidedly is, that Sterling was far more distinguished by religious earnestness, and even religious sorrowfulness, than Mr. Carlyle would leave us to suppose. An *artist* he no doubt was, with an eye and a heart for the beautiful everywhere, and with that strong repulsion to all that is merely narrow, or exclusive, or gloomy in religion, so characteristic of the artist ; but an heroic truth-seeker too, with the most solemn *moral* convictions, and the most ardent and painful longings. And it is *this* side of his character which Mr. Carlyle has just ignored, that to us is the most interesting, and reappears the most frequently throughout his writings.

We have dwelt upon this point, as the most important one relating to Sterling

himself brought before us in this book, and the point from which, as a centre, his two biographers diverge in their whole estimate of his life. Mr. Carlyle, with his views, naturally holds that Sterling's attempt to find rest in the bosom of the Church, was of the very maddest kind. There was and could be no peace for him *there*. The Archdeacon, on the contrary, laments that Sterling was unable to continue in the discharge of the clerical duties which he so hopefully and vigorously began, and believes that, had he been enabled to do so, he would have found security from those speculative doubts and distractions which afterwards beset him. Coleridge's influence is of course reckoned by the Archdeacon entirely favourable. We all know with what affectionate earnestness he has expressed his own obligations to the Christian influence of the great Poet-Philosopher. Rejoicing in the light and strength which he had himself derived from that quarter, he could not but rejoice that his young and gifted friend had sought wisdom at the same shrine. All this Carlyle contemplates in the most opposite manner. To his view, Coleridge and the Church were the *very worst* things that befell poor Sterling. We shall appropriately occupy the remainder of this paper with some consideration of what Mr. Carlyle has been pleased to express on these points in relation to the subject of his memoir.

He has devoted a chapter to Coleridge, presenting a somewhat elaborate delineation of that wonderful man, not unmarked by the masterly strokes which distinguished the other portraits in the volume; but on the whole, a sadly blurred and wretched affair. We have been both amazed and pained at the praise we have seen bestowed on this sketch in some quarters. It is to us the one utterly unworthy feature of the volume—a poor unheroic daub. In the "old man eloquent," as he sat on the brow of Highgate Hill discoursing in that indescribable and indeterminable manner of his, with his ever-recurring *sum-in-jects* and *om-m-jects*, there was no doubt something that could easily be turned into ridicule. There was no doubt in that ever-flowing river of talk many pools of mere darkness. We have Dr. Chalmers's honest and emphatic statement to this effect when he went to visit the Philosopher with his friend Irving who sat so reverently at the Philosopher's feet. But we know also that there was often a divine meaning and beauty in the old man's speech—rich gleams of a far-off sunshine irradiating the soul of the listener. The talk which, day by day, rivetted such a man as Edward Irving, and delighted and *enlightened* we shall say—let Mr. Carlyle say what he likes—John Sterling could not have been without glorious flashes and even meridian splendours of meaning under all its cloudy phases. Carlyle indeed admits that there were "glorious islets" ever and anon "rising out of the haze;" but, generally, according to his representation, it was a very sad and dreary affair this talk. This is decidedly the impression conveyed by his picture. Nay, it appears to us that an ill-concealed air of contemptuous pity breathes throughout it. The aspiring sage of Chelsea had come to the shrine of the expiring sage of Highgate Hill, but it is with no reverence in his heart, and with rather a smile of mockery on his lips. He looks down with some sort of poor compassion on the "logical fata morganas" with which he sees the other "labouring to solace himself." Listen to this account of the Coleridgean remedy for evils in Church and State:—

> "The remedy, though Coleridge himself professed to see it as in sunbeams, could not except by processes unspeakably difficult, be described to you at all. On the whole, those dead Churches, this dead English Church especially, must be brought to life again. Why not? It was not dead; the soul of it in this parched up body was tragically asleep only. Atheistic philosophy was true on its side, and Hume and Voltaire could on their own ground speak irrefragably for themselves against any church; but lift the Church and them into a higher sphere of argument, *they* died into inanition, the Church revivified itself into pristine florid vigour—became once more a living ship of the desert, and invincibly bore you over stock and stone. But how, but how! By attending to the 'reason' of man, said Coleridge, and duly chaining up the 'understanding' of man, the *Vernunft* (reason), and *Verstand* (understanding), of the Germans, it all turned upon these, if you could well understand them—which you could not. In the rest Mr. Coleridge had on the anvil various books, especially was about to write one grand book *on the Logos*, which would help to bridge the chasm for us. So much appeared, however; Churches, through proved false, (as you had imagined), were still true, (as you were to imagine); here was an Artist who could burn you up an old church, root and branch; and then, as the Alchymists professed to do, with organic substances in general, distil you an 'Astral spirit' from the ashes which was the very image of the old burnt article, its air-drawn counterpart,—this you still had, or might get and draw uses from, if you could wait till the Book on the Logos were done;—alas, till your own terrene eyes, blind with conceit and the dust of logic, were purged, sublimized, and spiritualized, into the sharpness of vision requisite for discerning such an 'om-mject.'"—(Pp. 76, 77.)

There is to us something very intolerable in this tone of Mr. Carlyle,—in continuance

of which we have, throughout the volume, more than abundant mention of "Coleridgean moonshine," "Coleridgean legerdemain." We must say it has kindled our indignation not a little. Where are Mr. Carlyle's remedies for our faithless and aberrant generation, that he feels himself warranted in speaking thus of Coleridge? We can imagine the fine work which some future biographer of another Sterling will in a similar strain make of the Chelsean prescription. Perhaps, too, it may be found when the secrets of another sanctuary are unveiled, that if there was not much "pious" nor even "partly courteous snuffle" in the discourse *there*, there was yet in plenty "a confused unintelligible flood of utterance, threatening to submerge all known landmarks of thought, and drown the world and us"—a vast vituperative commotion which made noise in the ear without bringing much light or life to the heart. But in truth this way of talking about great men is not to our taste at all, and we least of all expected it from such a quarter. We would reverence all spiritual teachers, if we could, and Mr. Carlyle no less in his way. They have all their lesson to teach. Let us learn it if we can. It will never do any good to laugh at it. The silliest trifler can raise a shout at the most sacred attempt, and mere scorn, Mr. Carlyle should know, is a cheap attribute of fools. Coleridge, no doubt, had his weaknesses. Even *his* great intellect had a halt, as it were, which many weaker and smaller men could see and prate about, as they have already so abundantly done. The treasure here, as everywhere, was in an *earthen* vessel—of glorious framework it is true, yet not without the ineradicable flaw. "The empyrean element lay smothered under the terrene." Yea doubtless. But we did not expect Mr. Carlyle to be the man to proclaim this with a jest! There was enough of the *heroic* surely in Coleridge for him and for us to admire for ever, without our lifting the veil and pointing to the scars which mark him as our brother in human frailty and sin. The man who has found a hero in Mahomet and Johnson and Burns, might, we think, have trod with a more reverent tenderness round the grave of Coleridge.* Of the substantive value of his contributions to the cause of truth we cannot even for a moment now speak. We *feel*, however, that we hazard no vain conjecture when we express a conviction that future generations will find them upon the whole, perhaps, the worthiest which have descended from our age.

With such views of "Coleridgean moonshine," it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Carlyle ceases not throughout the volume to deplore its effect upon Sterling. With the most withering and contemptuous scorn does he speak of his endeavour to find light in such. "To steal into heaven by the modern method of striking, ostrich-like, your head into fallacies on earth, equally as by the ancient, and by all conceivable methods, is for ever forbidden. High treason is the name of that attempt; and it continues to be punished as such." And when, under the supposed influence of this "moonshine," with his heart deeply saddened by the mournful issue of that Spanish Invasion which he had been so zealous in helping forward, Sterling sought peace and moral health in the Church, under the kind direction of his friend Archdeacon Hare, Carlyle can scarcely find words to express the tempest of indignation and "pitying condemnation" which sways him. With apparent ungovernableness he breaks forth into perhaps the stormiest passage of the book:—

"The bereaved young lady has *taken* the veil then! Even so... To such length can transcendental moonshine cast by some morbidly radiating Coleridge into the chaos of a fermenting life, act magically there, and produce divulsions and convulsions and diseased developments. So dark and abstruse, without lamp or authentic fingerpost, is the course of pious genius towards the Eternal Kingdoms grown. No fixed highway more: the old spiritual highways and recognised paths to the Eternal, now all torn up and flung in heaps, submerged in unutterable boiling mud-oceans of Hypocrisy and Unbelievability of brutal living Atheism, and damnable dead putrescent Cant; surely a tragic pilgrimage for all moatals; Darkness, and the mere shadow of Death enveloping all things from pole to pole; and in the raging gulf-currents, offering us will-o'-wisps for load stars—intimating that there are no stars, nor ever were, except certain Old-Jew ones which have now gone out."

"Concerning this attempt of Sterling's to find sanctuary in the old Church, and desperately grasp the hem of her garment in such manner, there will at present be many opinions; and mine must be recorded here in flat reproval of it, in mere pitying condemnation of it, as a weak, false, unwise, and unpermitted step. Nay, among the evil lessons of his Time, to poor Sterling I cannot but account this the worst; properly, indeed, as we may say, the apotheosis, the solemn apology and consecration of all the evil lessons which were in it to him."—(Pp. 126, 127.)

Sterling continued a curate only eight months—months, it appears to us, even

* We speak sincerely what we think of Mr. Carlyle's personal sketch of Coleridge as a whole. Here and there in it, as well as elsewhere in his essays, he has spoken of him with all the admiration we could wish.

from the scanty chapter devoted to the subject by Mr Carlyle, among the most healthful and happy of his life. Ill health was the cause of his discontinuance of his clerical duties. Mr. Carlyle, indeed, pretty plainly insinuates, that there were deeper causes already at work, and that this was merely "the last ounce which broke the camel's back;" but he furnishes not a shadow of evidence for his surmise on this head. And on referring to Sterling's own letter on the subject to Archdeacon Hare, it is impossible not to feel that, by this insinuation, he has done his friend gross injustice. That Sterling, however, was at length quit of the Church, Carlyle rejoices. It was a miserable and contemptible affair this "clerical aberration;" but, thank God, it is past. And hereupon we have the astounding declaration, that "no man of Sterling's veracity, had he clearly consulted his own heart, or had his own heart been capable of clearly responding, and not been dazzled and bewildered by transient fantasies and theosophic moonshine, could have undertaken this function. His heart would have answered, 'No thou canst not. What is incredible to thee thou shalt not at thy soul's peril attempt to believe!—Else—whither for a refuge or die here. Go to Perdition if thou must—but not with a lie in thy mouth; by the Eternal Maker, no!'"—(P. 139.)

Mr. Carlyle is given to strong sayings—sayings which,—even in the words of John Sterling,—a friend of his, "might be pardoned if he wished to blot out with tears." And *we* feel that Sterling would have thought the above one of these sayings. No man of veracity, it seems, who clearly consults his own heart, and whose heart is capable of clearly responding, can be a clergyman. "*You* hard-working minister of God, going about your daily business, with a clear though often saddened heart, and with an ordinary strength of intellectual vision, you suppose yourself to be veracious—you think yourself an *honest* man, do you? *Fool!* cries the stern oracle of Chelsea. You are but a poor theosophic dreamer, or a 'conscious impostor.' If only a weak and stupid creature, we may give you some credit for sincerity. But you cannot maintain at once your veracity and your clearness." Such is really the purport of Mr. Carlyle's most offensive language. What then, may we ask, is the highest test of sincerity? Is it a continual big-mouthed prate about it? or is it a silent, earnest working in behalf of the truth which we count dear? Are we to submit to be told, that the man who, day by day, with a noiseless and self-denying perseverance, carries the Gospel of Divine grace into the cottages of the poor, and speaks of it by the bedsides of the sick and dying, is either a "conscious impostor," or a poor bewildered fanatic; while he who sits in his snug parlour at Chelsea, evermore talking of the "Eternities" and "Immensities," is the true and clear man? Are we to believe that poor Sterling, the laborious curate, was a mere theosophic moon-struck wanderer, while Sterling, the litterateur, had attained to *chief end of man?* This surely is the merest—direst unveracity; and if there is bewilderment at all, there can be little doubt on whose side the bewilderment is.

Shortly after Sterling quitted the Church, he entered upon that career of theological struggle with which his name has been so associated. Whatever significance may have once attached to that struggle, a wider and more intimate acquaintance with the character of Sterling has pretty well removed. It was indeed, we still think, for others, the most significant phase of his career, but it wanted that breadth of interest and meaning which a deeper, more intense, and on the whole greater character could alone have given it. We now *see* what we had all along felt from a perusal of his writings, that the importance of Sterling as a thinker had been somewhat overrated in his previous biography; or at least, that an exaggerated notion of him in this capacity, founded somehow upon that biography had arisen. So far we believe Carlyle to be entirely in the right, when he affirms, that "in spite of his sleepless intellectual vivacity, Sterling was not properly a thinker at all." He had subtlety, brilliancy, and a certain roundness of intellectual vision which could not yet be called comprehensiveness,—but he wanted depth, penetration, and, above all, calmness and patience. He went at everything—Philosophy, Theology, Poetry, in a certain headlong, dashing manner, which shewed the dexterous *improvisatore*, (a term by which Mr. Carlyle has more than once characterized him,) rather than the thoughtful worker. "Over-haste was his continual fault; over-haste and want of the due strength." His genius flashed and corruscated, playing like sheet-lightning (to adopt Carlyle's comparison) round a subject and irradiating it, rather than "concentrating itself into a bolt and riving the mountain barriers for us." Fitted to excel in the fields of pure Literature with his quick, genial grasp, and rich glittering style, (though the glitter is often cold as of polished crystals rather than of living sunlight), and the delicacy

and ripe finish of his touch, he was yet greatly deficient in that direct and piercing insight, and that calm laboriousness of inquiry which alone constitute the thinker, and could alone have given the significance claimed for it by some, to the religious crisis which he underwent. That such a *crisis* was deeply experienced by him, however, can admit of no doubt. Tremulously he owned the spiritual agitations of his time. He felt the conflict on all sides of him, and gave himself heartily to it. His undoubtedly valourous spirit bore ever after the dints of a strife which had been no holiday one with him. We would not, for a moment, (as Mr. Carlyle would have us to do,) underrate the potency of the struggle through which he passed. Only, *his* was not the strength to wrestle patiently through it and reach the light of heaven beyond. He could not dwell in the gloom till the true light shone, but at every cost must have light, even if radiated from the cold intellectual frost-work of a Strauss, or the more softened and beautiful, but scarcely less cold, snow-fancies of a Goethe. Archdeacon Hare has said that "there are minds whose lot it is to grapple with the hardest problems of their age, and who cannot rest until they have solved them—men who seem to regard it as their appointed task to descend to the gates of Hades and bring back Cerberus in chains; and of these men Sterling was one." Yes; but only in so far as he owned the speculative impulse, not as possessed of the speculative power. He did indeed descend to the gates of Hades, but *his* was not the strength to bring back Cerberus in chains.

Mr. Carlyle, as the reader will have inferred from our previous statements, has dealt in the most scanty and imperfect fashion with this period of Sterling's life. There is indeed in all his talk of his friend, about this time, and of his favourite authors, a tone of insolent pity and injustice that has filled us with feelings of less regard for Mr. Carlyle than we thought we could have ever entertained. "I remember," he says, "he talked often about Tholuck, Schleiermacher, and *others of that stamp;* and looked disappointed though full of good nature, at my obstinate indifference to them and their affairs. His knowledge of German literature, very slight at this time, limited itself altogether to writers on Church-matters, Evidences, Counter-evidences, Theologies, and rumours of theologies—by the Tholucks, Schleiermachers, Neanders, and I know not whom. Of 'the true sovereign souls' of that literature, the Goethes, Richters, Schillers, Lessings, he had as good as no knowledge."—(P. 165.)

What strange, hap-hazard, and monstrous talk is this? The Goethes and Lessings exalted to honour, and the Schleiermachers and Neanders trampled under foot! What next? Can Mr. Carlyle fancy he honours his own function as a teacher by such talk? By all means let us do justice to Lessing and Goethe. They *were* "true sovereign souls" in their way. But must we therefore tread Schleiermacher and Neander in the mire? Who that knows anything of these men, or of their works, does not know that they also, and in a far more eminent sense, were "true sovereign souls"—men who fought a harder fight and won a nobler victory? What does John Sterling say of Schleiermacher even after this time?—"I still think of him as, on the whole, the greatest spiritual teacher I have ever fallen in with."—(P. 97 Hare's *Life.*) But we beg pardon of our readers for such a line of apology in regard to such men.

As we get from Mr. Carlyle no insight into this struggling period of Sterling's life, so we get from him no satisfactory account of its issue. We are indeed told that, by-and-bye, "Tholuck, Schleiermacher, and the war of articles and rubrics were left in the far distance;" and that "Literature again began decisively to dawn on him as the goal he ought to aim at." "It was years, however, before he got the inky tints of that Coleridgean adventure completely bleached from his mind." But finally he *did* get emancipated. Of Strauss even, nothing more was heard. "Strauss had interested him only as a sign of the times, in which sense alone do we find, for a year or two back, any notice of the Church or its affairs by Sterling; and at last even this as good as ceases." "Adieu, O Church; thy road is that way, mine is this; in God's name, adieu!" "What we are going *to*," says he once, "is abundantly obscure, but what all men are going *from* is very plain."—P. 286.)

This seems to be the sum of truth, which, according to Carlyle, John Sterling reached, —full of what comfort may be gathered from it by any of our readers. One touching and melancholy corroboration of his statement Mr. Carlyle has furnished in a letter, not just the last one, but nearly so, that he received from Sterling. We give it as about the most deeply pathetic letter we have read. We can not even now again read it without a perplexed and swimming feeling as of tears that will not yet flow.

"To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea, London.

"*Hillside, Ventnor, August* 10, 1844.

"My Dear Carlyle,—For the first time for many months it seems possible to send you a few words; merely, however, for Remembrance and Farewell. On higher matters there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkness, without any thought of fear, and with very much hope. Certainty, indeed, I have none. With regard to you and me, I cannot begin to write; having nothing for it but to keep shut the lid of those secrets with all the iron weights in my power. Towards me it is still more true than towards England, that no man has been and done like you. Heaven bless you! If I can lend a hand when *there*, that will not be wanting. It is all very strange, but not one hundredth part so bad as it seems to the standers by.

"Your wife knows my mind towards her and will believe it without asseverations.—Yours to the last,

"John Sterling."

Sad enough, truly, and dark enough—The beautiful incident in Mr. Hare's memoir comes to shed a gleam of light on this thick darkness; and we rejoice with trembling to think of it. "As it grew dark he appeared to be seeking for something, and on her (his sister) asking what he wanted, said 'only the old Bible which I used so often at Herstmonceux, in the cottages.'" Why has Mr. Carlyle not recorded this fact?—*if it be a fact*, which we cannot doubt. Was he ashamed that it should be so said of his friend? Must we blame him for wilful suppression here as we fear elsewhere,—for wilful blindness in overlooking some of the real facts of Sterling's spiritual history which it did not suit him to disclose or at least to dwell upon? With a noble affectionateness Sterling speaks of the good of Carlyle's influence over him. We feel profoundly that we cannot respond to these words of a dying brother.

What precisely Sterling's ultimate views were, it is impossible to say. If uncertainty rested on them before, a deeper uncertainty may be said to rest on them now. That he had not, however, altogether abandoned Christianity, seems undoubted both from his closing interview with his sister, and his own express statement in a letter of farewell to Archdeacon Hare. "Christianity is a great comfort and blessing to me," he says, "although I am quite unable to believe all its original documents." *What his conclusions* were, with our view of his character, is not a matter of special importance to us. While, in the mere fact of the struggle through which he passed, typical of his age, he was yet, as we have endeavored to explain, not fitted to enter into all the depth of that struggle, and work his way through it into clearness and truth. He was altogether of too light and restless and facile a nature—like his friend Francis Newman, (with his likeness to whom, in some respects, we have been much struck), to mirror in any adequate sense the spiritual progress of our time, and to furnish it with the right solution of its spiritual perplexities.

As for Mr. Carlyle himself,—it is obvious we have no more anything to look for in this way from him, if we ever had. His attitude is now and henceforth plainly and emphatically enough an "Adieu, O Church." Whatever spiritual consolation may be possible from Goethe is welcome to the age. Other the biographer of Sterling has not to give. Literature has again in him, through a curious process of religious baptism, culminated in a mere species of philosophic Paganism. We cannot for the life of us make more of Mr. Carlyle's *chief end of man* than this. We have pretty well got rid—thanks to him—of the sceptical Epicureanism of last century; but only, so far as he is concerned, to traverse the more lofty and specious but not less dangerous verge of a stoical Pantheism. There is, we feel assured, a more excellent Way than either. There is a Light of Divine Truth, however dimmed, yet burning in the midst of us. There is a Sun of Christian warmth and vitality still, under whatever obscurities, shining in our poor world, irradiating many a heart, and illuminating many a mind. All has not become mere "bleared tallow light," mere "draggled, dirty farthing candle." We honestly believe with Coleridge in the inextinguishable power of Christianity, and that there is life in the old Churches yet,—destined to a glorious revival,—let Mr. Carlyle mock as he may. We firmly rejoice with Neander, that Christianity having once entered into the life of Humanity shall go forth, from every temporary lull of its strength, to new conquests over it, and enter into freer and more perfect harmony with it,—till its vitalizing spirit circulates in every vein of the great growth and progress of our race, and effloresces into a richer blossoming of *literary* as of all other excellence.

ART. IV.—1. *Reports of the Board of Agriculture.* London, 1796–1815.

2. *Transactions—Proceedings—and Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society of London.* London, 1808–1851.

3. *Transactions of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland.* Edinburgh, 1850, 1851.

4. *Report on the Geology of Cornwall, Devon, and West Somerset.* By SIR HENRY DE LA BECHE, F.R.S., &c. &c., Director of the Ordnance Geological Survey. London, 1839.

5. *The Nature and Property of Soils, and their Connexion with the Geological Formations on which they rest.* By JOHN MORTON, F.G.S. London, 1842. Third Edition.

6. *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.* Vols. i.–xii. London, 1840–1852.

7. *Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry and Geology.* By JAMES F. W. JOHNSTON, M.A., F.R.S.S. L. & E., &c. &c. Edinburgh and London, 1844.

8. *Memoirs of the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom, and Museum of Economic Geology.* Vol. i., Vol. ii., Parts I. & II. Published by order of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury. London, 1846–1848.

9. *Proposals for a Geological Survey, specially directed to Agricultural Objects.* By JOSHUA TRIMMER, F.G.S. London, 1850.

10. *Report on the Agricultural Capabilities of New Brunswick.* By JAMES F. W. JOHNSTON, M.A., F.R.S.S. L. &. F., F.G.S., and C.S. Frederickton, 1850. Second Edition.

11. *Notes on North America—Agricultural, Economical, and Social.* By the Same. London, 1851.

12. *An Address on the Recent Progress of Geological Research in the United States, delivered at the Sixth Annual Meeting of the Association of American Naturalists, held at Washington, May,* 1844. By HENRY ROGERS, Professor of Geology in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, 1844.

THAT fascinating writer, the Author of the "Old Red Sandstone," has, in a recent work, compared the search of geologists for fossil fishes in the lower Silurian strata, to the labours of the patient angler, who, having cast his line day by day, into some large inland water, can scarcely detect a nibble after the lapse of months, and at the end of years cannot boast of captures exceeding a score. This analogy may even be carried further. It is notorious, that among the brethren of the gentle craft, no fish are so large as those which are not brought to land, and that of none is the weight so accurately determined. So it is in geology. We are better acquainted with the history of the strata most remote from our own times, than with the history of the period which immediately preceded the epoch of our race. We know more of what has happened in the depths of the ocean, than of events which have taken place upon the surface of the land. We have traced a long series of organic life through the many thousands of feet which constitute the mass of the Silurian strata; we can follow its migrations, and point out the direction of the currents which transported its germs; we even undertake to trace the shore of the Silurian ocean, and to indicate the position of subaerial volcanoes which scattered their ashes into the sea to form the peperinos of Snowdon. We know the feeding grounds of every shoal of fish which swam through the seas of the Old Red; we can describe the process by which the coral reefs of the carboniferous and Silurian limestones were formed; and can follow them through all their risings and sinkings. But the Geological Society has held its meetings for nearly half a century in buildings whose foundations are laid in a bed of gravel teeming with the remains of the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and other extinct mammals. With them are associated land and fresh water molluscs, all of species now living, and with one or two exceptions, identical with species now inhabiting the banks and waters of the existing Thames; and yet it is still an open question, in the discussions of that affectionate but rather pugnacious brotherhood, whether those deposits were formed before or after the emergence of Britain from beneath the glacial sea; whether the extinct pachydermus were, during any part of their range in time, coeval with man; whether they died out, one by one, or were cut off by a series of local catastrophes, which mark a particular epoch in the history of the world. Nay more, it is not even settled as yet whether there was a glacial epoch or not; whether, after the temperate latitudes of Europe and America had been occupied by a fauna and flora, indicating a high temperature, a refrigeration took place down to that of the arctic circle; whether our present climates are tending towards their zero, or whether they have passed it, and indicate a rising of the cosmical thermometer. Even among those geologists who admit the extensive agency of ice at the close of the tertiary

era, there is the utmost diversity of opinion, whether the deposits once called diluvium, and now known to many geologists by the indefinite name of "drifts," were formed by terrestrial glaciers or by shore ice, or by ice drifted from arctic lands, under climates not very different from the present; just as icebergs from Greenland and Labrador now float occasionally to the latitude of the Azores. On the other hand, there are those who abjure ice altogether, and with whom the transporting power is made to consist of waves of translation, travelling with the speed of a railway train, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and set in motion by the sudden upheaval of parts of the bed of the sea, which spread over other parts of it streams of moist detritus, by which the rocks over which they passed were grooved and polished and scratched.

It is not with respect to speculative questions alone that the neglect of the geology of the surface constitutes the opprobrium of the science, and shakes the confidence of the uninitiated in the soundness of geological inductions respecting the other extreme of the series. It has operated detrimentally on its very important practical applications to the theory and practice of Agriculture. A more accurate knowledge of the superficial deposits is essential to an accurate knowledge of the nature and distribution of soils and subsoils, which, in the majority of cases, are dependent on those neglected deposits; and it would furnish an answer to the objection with which landowners often upbraid geologists, when they are sceptical as to the value of geological investigations.

It is now rather more than half a century since the cultivators of geology, abandoning mere arm-chair speculations as to the manner in which planets have been formed, applied themselves to the task of observing the structure of the earth as it exists, the materials of which its crust is composed, and the order in which these are arranged. Those who have marked the progress of the science during that period, cannot fail to have observed the numerous successful results which attended its practical application in the outset of its career, and the small number which have been achieved since it advanced beyond its robust childhood. In an Article in this Journal on the Memoirs of William Smith,* we enumerated some of these triumphs of applied geology. We are unable to call to mind more than two subsequent attempts to direct the study to similar objects of practical utility. One of these was the inquiry by the Commission with Sir Henry De la Beche at its head, respecting the best building stone to be used for the New Palace at Westminster—and even with that Smith was associated; the other was the discovery of the black-band ironstone by Mr. Mushet, to the great benefit of some landowners and iron masters in Scotland. What has been the cause of the exuberant harvest yielded by applied geology at one period and its poverty at another? Is the soil exhausted, or has its cultivation been abandoned? An answer may be found to these questions in the fact, that the early votaries of geology were practical men, and gave their researches an economic application—Werner to mining—Smith to mining, general engineering, and agriculture. Their successors have been philosophers and naturalists, whose favourite lines of research have been questions in geological dynamics, and in the ancient natural history of the earth. When practical men shall again become geologists, we may hope to see geology once more applied to practical purposes, as well as advanced in a more comprehensive point of view. The Government School of Mines promises to rear a race of future superintendents of mining operations who will make this use of the science which they acquire. For the instruction of the still more important agricultural class, no such public provision has yet been made, though the anual value of the agricultural produce of Great Britain is ten times that of its mines; and till the agricultural class shall have somewhat more largely imbibed the streams of science, we cannot expect much progress to be made in agricultural geology.

With Agriculture were connected the first efforts of Geology as a science of observation. In treating of the agriculture of any district, it is necessary to describe the areas which are occupied by different kinds of soil, rendering necessary the adoption of different systems of husbandry. In districts (of which Britain contains several) where the superficial deposits are either generally absent or only slightly developed, the variations of soil correspond more or less with the outcrops of the strata. The areas which these occupy were known long before it had been ascertained that they were the results of stratification and denudation. Hence we find, that so early as 1734, the outcrops of the strata of Kent—one of the districts least covered with the superficial deposits—had been described by Parke, in a treatise on the agriculture of that county, in such a manner as to render easy the subsequent construction of a geological county map. Hence we find Marshall, in describing the practice of agriculture in Norfolk in 1782,

* See *North British Review*, No. VII.

entering into disquisitions essentially geological; and hence it is that to the Board of Agriculture belongs the honour of having produced the first geological map of any part of England. Its first series of reports contains, on the testimony of Conybeare, very adequate geological maps of the North Riding of Yorkshire, of Derbyshire, and Nottinghamshire, with a less accurate map of Devonshire. The report on Kent in 1796, and Maton's tour through the south-western counties both contain geological maps of the districts described; and between that date and 1813, the same Board had given useful maps of Surrey, Berks, Bedford, Gloucester, Wilts, Lincoln, Durham, and Cheshire, besides publishing a second report on Derbyshire, by Farey, exclusively devoted to its mineralogy. Farey was a pupil of Smith; and several of the second series of the Board's reports were drawn up by those to whom Smith's discoveries had been orally communicated. In 1790, he had commenced his investigations of the succession of strata. Ten years later he published a work on the same subject; and in the meantime manuscript copies of his Tabular View of the Strata and their Organic Contents were in circulation both in Britain and on the Continent. It was not till 1815, after many delays, that his map of England and Wales made its appearance; but the manuscript had been, in great part, prepared before those local maps of the Board of Agriculture, which are certainly the earliest *published* geological maps of any part of these islands.

The progress made in the science of geology by Smith's discoveries of the laws of stratification, and of the distribution of their organic remains, has perhaps tended to retard, for a time, its application to agriculture, by giving an undue importance to the theory of the substratal origin of soils, and by leading geologists away from practical investigations.

It was natural, too, that "Strata Smith" should be led, in his agricultural investigations, to take an exaggerated view of the connexion between the soil and the strata to which he owed his celebrity; and that having devoted a large portion of his attention to the study of oolitic districts, in which soils prevail which have been derived exclusively from the subjacent rock, he should have been led to draw conclusions too general from local phenomena. The construction, moreover, of geological maps, even of those on the largest scale yet constructed, renders necessary the adoption of a geological fiction. In order to represent the outcrops of the strata, it is necessary that all the superficial deposits should be supposed to be removed; and that the rock below them, which is nearest to the surface, should be assumed as the surface. It becomes necessary also to sink the mineral distinctions of the strata, and to include under one colour, a group of strata connected by the presence of a common group of fossils, however numerous may be the alternating silicious, argillaceous, and calcareous strata of which the group consists. To an assumption that soils are exclusively derived, not only from the strata immediately below them, but from those strata as represented on geological maps, the transition is so easy, that it would have been marvellous if it had not been made. From ignoring the geology of the surface on geological maps, we proceed to ignore it in nature, and to treat of agricultural geology in the spirit of the strolling players who performed the tragedy of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet unavoidably omitted. The cultivated soil rarely exceeds a foot in depth, and is frequently much shallower. There are few operations of agriculture in which the subsoil is of much importance at a greater depth than seven feet. The instances are rare in which mineral manures are raised from beneath an overburthen of more than twenty feet. The superficial deposits which are excluded from geological maps cover extensive areas, to depths varying from less than one foot to several hundreds of feet; and yet it has been long the fashion, among those who undertake to teach geology in its application to agriculture, to tell the farmers that the nature of the soil being given on one part of a geological formation, it is known for the whole; and that it is possible, by the mere inspection of a geological map, to announce the course of husbandry which will be found to prevail on the several districts represented on it. The intelligent farmer knows, however, that this is either not true, or a very rude approximation to the truth: and that within very small areas, on the same farm, and even in the same field, many varieties of *soil* occur of very different values, without any corresponding variation in the mineral character of the *rock* on which they rest. Is it surprising, then, that in a Farmers' Club the question should lately have been mooted, whether a knowledge of geology is of any advantage to the farmer, and that it should have been decided in the negative?

And yet the geology of agriculture is of the utmost value both to the owners and managers, and also to the cultivators of the soil. It aims at the establishment of a definite classification and nomenclature of soils,

as a substitute for the local jargon, which deforms the best treatises on local agriculture, written by practical men. It aims at imparting a knowledge of the laws of the distribution of different sorts of soils. It aspires to the development of such a knowledge of the depth and composition of soils and subsoils, as will lead to the solution of the vexed questions, of the proper depth and distance of drains, and how superfluous moisture may best be removed, or water obtained when deficient. It aspires also to a knowledge of the distribution and composition of mineral manures, which afford the means of improving poor soils, and to the establishment of a general and precise nomenclature for them, as well as for soils, so that men in different districts shall understand what each is talking of when they use the terms clay and marl. It should be able to determine the respective influence on the soil exercised respectively by the rock formations and the superficial deposits; to discriminate between soils composed exclusively of the debris of the rocks on which they rest, and those in which the materials of several formations have been blended by aqueous transport. It should be able to afford assistance in the search for the best and cheapest materials for building, draining, and road making, objects of no small importance to the farmer; teaching him under what circumstances they may be sought with success beneath his own farm where their existence has not been suspected, and under what circumstances they may be obtained, in these railway days, from a distance, of better quality, and at a cheaper rate, than that at which they can be procured nearer home. Lastly, it points out the indirect influence of geological structure on the value of land, by the industrial employments, of a non-agricultural character, to which the presence of certain strata gives rise, and the numerous consumers of agricultural produce which they cause to congregate in certain localities.

The investigations of agricultural geology should embrace, therefore, two distinct classes of facts—the composition and distribution of the *strata* of our geological maps, and the distribution and composition of the *superficial deposits* which are as yet unmapped. In the application of geology to agriculture, attention has hitherto been confined almost exclusively to the former. Attempts, however, have recently been made to return into the right path. Professor Johnson intimated, some years ago, that the time had arrived when agriculture required geological maps of her own—maps which should include the drifts as well as the rock formations. This hint was acted upon by the construction, in 1844, 1845, and 1846, of maps in which the variations of soil were laid down on the Ordnance sheets, of a large part of Norfolk, and a small part of Cardiganshire; and subsequently, by the publication of Proposals for a Private Geological Survey, specially directed to Agricultural objects. A new class of geological maps was proposed, in which the variations of soil and subsoil should be shewn, on the private maps of estates, with greater minuteness of detail than is attainable on the scale of any public maps, except the Tithe maps of England and Wales, and the Ordnance maps of Ireland, and of a few counties in the north of England and Scotland, which have been constructed on the scale of six inches to the mile.

The maps of the surface geology of Norfolk, and of part of Cardiganshire, were undertaken for the purpose of determining the extent to which the variations of soil are dependent on the strata of ordinary geological maps, and on the superficial deposits. It was found in each case, that, excluding the alluvial class, a great variety of soils—soils worth a rent of more that thirty shillings, and less than two shillings the acre,—were irregularly distributed over areas in which there were no variations of the mineral character of the strata; and in which, had they existed, ordinary geological maps would not have shewn them.

The first of these maps was constructed as the basis of a paper on the Geology of Norfolk in relation to its Agriculture, published in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. Having attracted the notice of Sir Henry De la Beche, who so ably presides over the Government geological survey of Great Britain, that distinguished individual became anxious to combine the mapping of the geology of the surface with that of the substrata carrying on at the public expense. This new branch of geological surveying was accordingly commenced in South Wales; but after a few hundreds of square miles had been mapped, yielding the same results which had been obtained in Norfolk, and shewing a great variety of soils dependent on contours, where the map of the strata exhibited nothing but the colour indicating lower Silurian slates, it was first suspended, and then finally abandoned, in consequence of the reluctance of the Government to supply the necessary funds.

Professor Johnston himself has subsequently constructed two maps of New Brunswick, the one geological, the other agricultural, in illustration of the agricultu-

ral capabilities of the province, published under the auspices of the local legislature. More recently, Mr. Mylne has brought out a contour map of the London District, on which the surface variations are, to a certain extent denoted, together with the mineral characters of the different beds of clay, sand, and pebbles belonging to the eocene tertiary formation.

It must be obvious, that independently of the economic value of maps of the surface geology, they would be the means of collecting, recording, and generalizing a vast mass of facts, of the utmost importance, in the investigation of questions in theoretical geology, affecting the history of the period known by the vague denominations of pleistocene and post-tertiary. We would define this to be the period intervening between the close of the Norwich, or Mammalian Crag, and the disappearance of the great mammals, whose remains are so extensively entombed in the wide-spread ancient alluvia of the Thames, and of most other rivers of Europe and America. This epoch is highly interesting from its proximity to our own times, and because it involves the history of a terrestrial surface during a protracted period; whereas in the older strata we see little but marine deposits, with such scanty and obscure traces of the existence of neighbouring land, as leave a wide field open to conjecture respecting its condition.

The true method, then, of ascertaining the respective influence which the rock formations and the superficial deposits exercise on the character of the soil, is to map them; laying down the latter with as much minuteness of detail as possible, together with the mineral characters of the strata on which they rest, and which are grouped on ordinary geological maps under one colour, as representing a common assemblage of organic remains. The true method of investigating the nature of the operations by which the superficial deposits were formed, consists, likewise, in mapping them. Not only should the areas covered by drifts be laid down generally, but the varying depth and composition of those deposits should be shewn. By no other method than by such a minute examination can we learn what portion of them was formed beneath the sea, and what on the surface of dry land; whether disconnected masses of them are separate drifts—be the meaning of "drifts" what it may—or fragmentary portions of a once continuous sheet; whether, after their desiccation and denudation, they were exposed to any subsequent aqueous operations; and if so, of what kind, whether marine or atmospheric—whether produced by forces of the same kind and intensity as those now in operation, or by forces of the same kind, but different in degree. By such a course of investigation we should advance from the known to the unknown. At present we make the passage by a bound. We examine carefully operations now in progress, we measure the effects of existing forces, and we labour to bring every part of the ancient strata into strict conformity with the results obtained; vaulting dexterously over the interval between the tertiary and the modern epoch, and over any anomalies which that interval presents. Two opposite errors have retarded our knowledge of this period,—overweening confidence on the part of some, that we are thoroughly acquainted with it, and a lazy despondency on the part of others, which suggests that the study of it is beset with difficulties so insuperable that it is hopeless to grapple with them. The one class think the problem solved when they have ascertained the organic evidence, that during the latter portion of the tertiary epoch there was a migration southwards of a northern fauna. The other class consider that the deposits of this era have been so broken up, and subjected to so many changes, that it is impossible to unite them into a continuous series. They would treat them like a geological puzzle, with the pieces of which they are well enough satisfied to amuse themselves, but which they will not take the trouble of putting together. We believe that those who will not shrink from this labour will find them as capable of being fitted into one another as the disjointed fragments of a dissected map. We speak from experience when we say, that it is impossible to lay down the detached portions of clay, sand, and gravel in any extensive district, without finding the process reduce to order what previously appeared a mass of confusion. It is equally impossible to perform the same operations in several widely distant districts, without discovering an identity of character—the thread of a common clue—pervading the whole, and without being convinced, that if the same mode of investigation were extended to the whole island, the most sceptical would be convinced that the separate drifts of some geologists are the results of a connected series of operations during an epoch of considerable duration.

In order to form some estimate of the importance, both economical and theoretical, of the superficial deposits, let us briefly trace their distribution over the northern hemisphere in general, and over the British Islands in particular; and let it be remembered, that when in the course of this survey we use the term erratic tertiaries it is

to be understood as synonymous with the old term diluvium, and with the more modern term northern drift of some geologists and the "drifts" of others. In the north of Europe, from the White Sea to the German Ocean, beds of clay, sand, and gravel, accompanied by large boulders, which can be traced from their parent rocks in Lapland and Scandinavia, are spread over an area more than two thousand miles long, with a breadth varying between four hundred and eight hundred miles. They cover the whole of Belgium, Holland, and the north of Prussia, and occupy large tracts in Poland and eastern Russia. In Germany they approach, but do no not actually reach, the fiftieth parallel of latitude. The boundary line of these erratics in Russia, as laid down by Sir Roderick Murchison, is very irregular. Its most southern point is between the sources of the Don and the Dnieper, where it extends to about N. Lat. 50°. It then ranges in a NE. direction to about E. Long. 57°, N. Lat. 61°, and then NW. to about E. Long. 48°, N. Lat. 64°. If any part of the British Islands have been exempt from the operations of the erratic block period they are the steep escarpments of some ranges of hills and the lofty summit of others —the greater portion of the counties of Devon and Cornwall, the extreme south of Ireland, and the district south of the Thames —though even in these there are deposits of superficial gravel extensively distributed. In Britain, marine shells, generally in fragments, have been found in so many localities as to leave no doubt that a large portion of these deposits must have accumulated beneath the sea; and the species are such as to refer the beds in which they occur to that portion of the tertiary era which, in the nomenclature of Lyell, is denominated pleistocene, ninety-five per cent. of the molluscs belonging to species now living. There is evidence furnished by the forest of Cromer and Happisburgh, rooted in the mammalian crag, and beneath the whole mass of the erratic tertiaries, that this crag of the pliocene era had been converted into dry land, and had continued in that state for some time before it was submerged beneath the waters of the erratic sea. There is also evidence that the surface was inhabited by the mammoth, (*elephas primigenius*,) two species of rhinoceros, and other large pachyderms, of species now extinct, associated with others which cannot be distinguished by their solid parts from species still living.

On the Continent of Europe marine remains have been found but sparingly in these deposits, and that chiefly in Russia and Scandinavia. Wherever found they are of the same tertiary age as those of Britain; and when we remember how long it was before marine shells were discovered in the erratic deposits of these islands, and the numerous localities in which they have of late years been brought to light, it is not unreasonable to expect similar results from a more careful examination of the erratic clay and sand of Germany and Poland.

Whether, with Agassiz, we regard the transport of blocks from the regions of the Alps, across the Lake of Geneva to the flanks of the Jura, as evidence of the former enormous extent of the existing glaciers which have retreated under a milder climate, within their present oscillating limits, or whether, with Sir R. Murchison, we consider that the change took place when the Alps lay beneath the sea, there is evidence that the dispersion of these erratics belongs to a very recent portion of the tertiary era.

In North America the erratic phenomena are developed on a magnificent scale, and extend further south than their most southern European limit. On the Atlantic border the continuous stratum of drift includes Long Island and Northern Pennsylvania. On the west it reaches the Ohio, but its gravels extends along the immediate valleys of the Delaware, Susquehanna, and Mississippi, to much more southern points. The equatorial regions are free from marine deposits containing large transported boulders, and the latitudes in the southern hemisphere, corresponding to those which in the northern hemisphere are covered with erratic deposits, lie chiefly beneath the sea; but Mr. Darwin has described a boulder deposits in Patagonia of similar characters to that of Europe and North America.

There is a remarkable coincidence in the heights to which the erratic phenomena in Europe and America extend. Such deposits are found on the Valdai Hills, the highest ground in European Russia, a thousand feet above the sea. In Wales marine shells have been found at an elevation of nearly 1392 feet, in sand and gravel, accompanied by granitic and other pebbles, derived from the north and west, and some of them from lower levels. Fifteen hundred feet appears to be about the limit of erratic blocks on the central ridge of England.

In Lancashire, Cheshire, Shropshire, Worcestershire, Staffordshire, and Warwickshire, marine remains are extensively distributed at heights varying from the sea level and below it to six and seven hundred feet above it. In Canada seven hundred feet—in the neighbourhood of Montreal—is the greatest height at which they have been observed,

but northern blocks of considerable size have been seen in New York and Northern Pennsylvania a thousand or fifteen hundred feet above their parent rocks. Scratched and grooved and polished surfaces of rock occur at all altitudes from the beds of the valleys, and over the whole broad plain of the lake district to the summits of the highest mountains of New England and New York. Professor Hitchcock has even observed them three thousand and four thousand feet above the sea.

The rocks of Britain form an epitome of those of the world. By mapping the areas occupied by the outcrops of the strata of England and Wales, as they emerge from beneath one another, and by observing their fossil contents, an order of stratification was determined, which holds good for the remotest regions yet explored by the geologist. It has proved that the same groups of fossils hold the same relative position to one another in the vertical series, in the Apalachian chain, the Ural, the Himalaya, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, which they hold in the mountains of Wales or Westmoreland, the oolitic Cotswolds, or the chalk ranges of the Wolds and the Chilterns. In like manner, the erratic deposits of Britain exhibit a miniature representation of those of the north of Europe and America, and such a knowledge of them as is only to be obtained by the same patient and laborious research which has been bestowed on the rock formations, could not fail to lead to a general solution of the most important practical and theoretical problems connected with the geology of the surface. The erratic phenomena of Russia and America are but a repetition, on a more extensive scale, of those which had been previously described, and can be more conveniently studied, in Britain.

To the erratic deposits of Britain we would, therefore, now direct the reader's attention, tracing them also over Ireland, but more particularly over South Britain. In the course of our survey we shall point out the most remarkable peculiarities by which they are characterized, we shall notice the progress of opinions respecting them, and indicate the views to which, as according best with the greatest number of facts, we have been led by much personal observation of these deposits in England, Wales, and Ireland; lastly, we shall cast a rapid glance over the distribution of soils in England, as laid down by agricultural authorities, pointing out how their descriptions, meagre as they are, corroborate our views respecting the great variety of soils which are found in every formation, while they are independent of mineral variations in the rocks themselves.

Commencing in the extreme north, we find, in geological descriptions of the Ultima Thule of Caithness, notices of boulder clay and northern erratics. On the coast of Inverness, Mr. Miller describes large tracts of rounded hills and scratched and polished rocks, as evidence that the country was once wrapped in a winding-sheet of ice. The erratic deposits mantle other parts of the Scottish coast, and extend into the valleys of the interior, covering such polished surfaces, and often imparting comparative fertility to barren districts, which must have been more barren but for them. They contain, locally, marine pleistocene shells, which are generally distributed irregularly through them in a fragmentary state, but are occasionally disposed in regular beds, indicating tranquil deposit, where the animals had lived. These regular beds generally cover the till or boulder-clay, but have occasionally been found in the midst of it. In most districts overspread with the erratic tertiaries, the present physical features appear to have been generally established before those deposits were formed. The direction of the principal chains of hills has greatly influenced their distribution, though it is not wholly subordinate to it. The main lines of drift are parallel to the ranges of hills, but have crossed them at some points, always the lowest passes which they present. A central ridge—the great Penine chain—ranges from the Tyne to the Trent. The comparatively low ground between this chain, the Cotswolds on the east, and the Welsh mountains and the Malverns on the west, is covered with deep accumulations of clay, sand, and gravel, associated with pleistocene marine shells, large boulders, and smaller fragments of granitic and other rocks, derived from the Scottish Border, from the Lake region of the north of England, and from the Isle of Man and Ireland.

Again, on the eastern side of the Penine chain, are several other lines of drift, having a direction chiefly from north and east. One of these covers the eastern slopes of the chalk from the district of Holderness in Yorkshire, through Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, interrupted, however, by the alluvial tracts of the Humber, the Wash, and the Yare, to the northern skirts of the valley of the Thames near Hampstead. In these deposits boulders of granite and other crystalline rocks occur, which must have been derived from the east of Scotland and from Scandinavia, mixed with much fragmentary matter from the subjacent and neighbouring

chalk and oolites. The minor features of hill and valley have, in this district, influenced the distribution of the transported matter; for, from the increase of oolitic fragments westward up the valley of the Waveney and Little Ouse, it is evident that they came in that direction from the oolitic ridges on the west; and, on the other hand, in valleys closed at one end, the foreign matter has not penetrated in force beyond their middle regions, the detritus of their upper portions being chiefly derived from the bounding rocks. There is farther evidence of detritus borne from the west, blending with that derived from the north-east, in the blocks of Cumbrian granite lodged on the Eastern Moorlands and Wolds of Yorkshire, which have crossed the Penine chain at one point.

Between the western escarpment of the chalk and the slopes of the great oolitic range there is another line of drift, in which the materials are chiefly local, and derived from the chalk and oolites, but a few northern pebbles have been found in it. There is a third line of drift from the north, covering the lias and new red sandstone, on the west of the great oolitic escarpment. Its northern portions contain some of those Cumbrian erratics which have crossed the Penine chain; its southern portions in the counties of Rutland, Leicester, and Warwick exhibit other detritus, having a western origin. Those counties are covered to a great depth with gravel, often constituting decided hills, and containing fragments of almost every rock in England, among which those of the oolites prevail. Next in abundance are fragments of a peculiar quartz rock, derived from the Lickey range, near Bromsgrove. The history of these quartzose pebbles is curious. Their parent rock was an altered Silurian sandstone, of the Lower Lickey and of the Wrekin. Fragments of it, rolled by ordinary marine action, to smooth pebbles, had been imbedded in a conglomerate of the new red sandstone, forming the Upper Lickey. This conglomerate having been broken up by the operations of the erratic period, and mixed with angular and partially worn fragments of the local rocks, forms a gravel which is extensively spread over the Midland counties, particularly about Cannock Chase in Staffordshire, and Coleshill, east of Birmingham. It has also accumulated in large quantities at the base of the great oolitic escarpment near Shipston-on-Stour, in Warwickshire, and near Moreton in the Marsh, in Gloucestershire. The foreign pebbles in this gravel consist of gneiss, which must have come either from Norway or Scotland; of flinty slate, white quartz, and porphyry, which may have come either from the mountains of Wales or from Charnwood Forest. Dr. Buckland found, near Moreton in the Marsh, fragments of red chalk and of a peculiar hard and white chalk, both of which must have been derived from Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. In the gravel of the Midland counties we have thus fragments drifted from the north and east, mixed with others drifted from the north and west. The mixed materials have crossed the oolitic range at a few of its lowest points, and have spread over the table lands of the middle and upper oolites, bordering the valley of the Thames in the neighbourhood of Oxford. They have also been carried down the valleys of the Evenlode and Cherwell into that of the Thames, within which they have been traced, mixed, as they have advanced, with the debris of each succeeding formation, to the gravel-pits of Hyde Park. The larger portion of the gravel of the immediate neighbourhood of London consists of flints derived from the chalk.

The erratic tertiaries throughout the district above described consist of two deposits —the till or boulder clay of the lower erratics, and the gravel and sand of the upper erratics. The boulder clay deviates most from the normal condition of the tertiary strata. Its peculiarities consist in the intermixture of foreign and local detritus, in a base of clay, which varies in colour from that of the neighbouring rocks from which it has been derived,—in the great size of some of the imbedded fragments—their irregular distribution—their general angular unrolled condition—the polish and scratching confined, in some specimens, to one side, in others found more or less on several, and those chiefly the broadest faces—the presence of marine shells—their general broken and disturbed condition—the absence of molluscous borings on the calcareous rocks beneath it—the absence of marine incrustations on the non-calcareous rocks and detritus—the general absence, though there are exceptions, of beds of shells, with the two valves united following laminæ of stratification, and indicating deposit on the spots where the animals had lived. To these must be added the polished, scratched, and grooved surface of the rocks beneath it, or their shattered state, resembling the effects of an ancient weathering before the boulder clay was deposited; both conditions being frequently found within a few yards of each other in the same section. Weathered massses of slate in some districts, and of fragmentary chalk in others, have been lifted up and deposited in the midst of this

clay unabraded and unmixed with other detritus, and without disturbance of the vertical position of the joints and planes of cleavage. Such masses are so occasionally enveloped in the gravel and sand of the upper erratics, in and upon which large blocks derived from a distance are scattered. The upper erratics possess these two features in common with the lower. In other respects they conform more to the type of the ordinary tertiary strata—in their alternating beds, the more rolled condition of their smaller detritus, and their oblique lamination, or false bedding, indicating the pushing action of water.

Marine pleistocene shells have been found both in the upper and lower erratics in numereus localities from Preston, in Lancashire, to a few miles south of Worcester, on one side of the Welsh mountains; to St. David's Head, on the other; and up to the very edge of the Penine chain. They have also been found, in both upper and lower erratics, but chiefly the latter, in the deposits on the east of the chalk range bordering the German Ocean, in Yorkshire, and Norfolk. They have not yet been detected in the gravel of the Midland counties.

The boulder clay of the lower erratics occurs, on the coast, at and below the sea-level, gradually creeping, in the interior, up to the heights which may be estimated at about eight hundred feet. At greater elevations, the peculiar causes which produced it appear to have ceased, and to have been succeeded by those modifications of marine action which produced the gravel and sand of the upper erratics. At greater heights, which may be about two thousand feet, both classes of phenomena disappear; and we have peaks of bare rocks, surrounded by masses of their own ruins, in the form of angular blocks. Blocks of the same kind, having their surface more or less scored, are arranged at intervals in terraces between these naked peaks and the upper limits of the upper erratics.

The transport of erratic blocks having a distant origin over great irregularities of surface—one of the most remarkable peculiarities of the erratic tertiaries—is well exemplified in the Lake region of the north of England, where the marked characters of some of the rocks render their detritus easy of identification, while the limited and well defined area from which they have been derived precludes mistake as to the direction in which they have been transported. The easily recognised granite and syenite of Shap Fells and Carrock Fell have been transported chiefly along the lines of depression between the Penine chain and the mountains from which the blocks have been derived, though they have crossed the former at one point. In their course along the low grounds they have in some cases followed the present lines of drainage, but independently of the present levels; more frequently, however, crossing them. They have travelled northwards down the Vale of Eden to Carlisle, where they are mixed with boulders which have come southwards across the Solway Firth. They have gone westward, along the depression at the northern extremity of the Penine chain, caused by the Tynedale fault, to the mouth of the Tyne, though that river and its tributaries have not their sources in the Cumbrian Mountains. The north and south range of the Penine chain has presented, in general, an obstacle to their passage eastward, and has caused them to be drifted in immense quantities southwards, by Lancaster and the narrow tract between the mountains and the sea, into the plain of the new red sandstone, over which they have spread into the Valley of the Severn at Worcester and the Valley of the Trent near Stafford, crossing in their passage the lines of the Lune, Ribble, Weaver, Mersey, and Dee. Those blocks which have been borne, not in the direction of the valleys, but across them, have first crossed the ridge of Orton and the Vale of Eden, and this valley must have existed not only before their dispersion, but before the formation of the new red sandstone, because horizontal strata of that rock occupy its bottom. The point at which they have crossed the Penine chain is the pass of Stainmoor, the lowest portion of that ridge opening directly to the west, and facing the Cumbrian Mountains. From this summit, which is 1500 feet above the sea, as from a new centre, they have pursued their course in various directions, descending the eastern slopes of the Penine chain into the Valley of the Tees, which they have followed to the coast at Redcar and into the Vale of York, which they have traversed southwards to the Humber. The oolitic ridge of the Eastern Moorlands, and the chalk ridge of the Wolds, have opposed, on a minor scale, obstacles to their passage eastward similar to those presented at the outset of their course by the Penine Chain. These have been surmounted, in a similar manner, at the lowest points of those ranges. Blocks of Shap Fells granite, which have thus reached the German Ocean at high levels, and lie on the oolite at Scarborough and the chalk at Flamborough Head, attest, like those in the vales of Tees and York at lower levels, an interlacing of lines of drift from the north and west, with others from

the north and east, similar to that which has been described in the case of the gravel of the Midland counties.

In Wales the northern and western erratics and marine shells are confined to the skirts of the chain. They have not been transported into the valleys of the interior. In them, however, there are considerable accumulations of local detritus, with scratched and polished fragments, and rock surfaces similar to those associated with the boulder clay of the flanks of the chain, which is undoubtedly of marine origin, from the presence of marine shells.

In whatever manner these detrital masses of the interior may have been formed, they bear evident marks of having been arranged under water, and of transport outwards. There are also on the skirts of the chain, at the mouths of the great valleys, situations from which the boulder clay appers to have been removed, and replaced by detritus carried outwards. It is important that these facts should be borne in mind, because a subsidence, under a sea having the power of transporting detritus derived from great distances, would be the period of the accumulation of the erratic deposits, and of their transport inwards, while the subsequent period of elevation would be that of denudation, and of outward transport.

The eastern coast of Ireland is fringed with deposits similar to those of Wales, containing detritus which proves transport from the north; but nothing which can be identified as having an eastern origin. Among the fragments indicating transport from the north, are those of the peculiar hard chalk of the county of Antrim, which has been traced in the erratic deposits from its source in the north, to Wexford in the south. It has also been found in the boulder clay of the extreme point of Carnarvonshire, and in South Wales near St. David's Head. The whole of Ireland is covered, more or less, with deposits of detritus, borne from north to south, and presenting the same mode of distribution, and the same general characters, which have been described in England. Pleistocene marine shells have been found in many parts of these Irish tertiaries; the most remote from the sea being in the heart of the county of Cavan. The most southern points of Kerry exhibit those grooves and scratches, which some geologists, who do not consider this part of Ireland to have been submerged during the pleistocene era, refer, nevertheless, to the action of ice, either terrestial or marine.

Such are the erratic tertiaries of Britain, long known by the name of diluvium, and more recently by that of northern drift. By comparing them with the condensed description of the erratic deposits of North America, given by Professor H. Rogers, in one of the works which we have placed at the head of this Article, an almost perfect identity will be perceived, as regards the state of the rocky surface beneath them; the distribution of the bouldered materials; the condition of the land as to level at the time of their dispersion; and the epoch and duration of the causes which produced it.

The progress of opinion respecting these wide-spread and comparatively modern deposits, is worth tracing, as affording evidence that no department of geology has been made the sport of so much crude speculation, and hasty generalisation; and that in none are more difficult and interesting questions remaining unsolved, which demand for their solution long and patient investigation.

Hutton taught that these detrital deposits were the results of atmospheric erosion on a subaerial surface; and that their transport to situations beyond the influence of existing streams, had been effected by the shifting of river beds, and the bursting of lakes. Sir James Hall was the first to observe the furrows on the surface of the rocks beneath them, which he attributed to the action of currents of extraordinary energy, the direction of which he inferred from the direction of the furrows. Smith was the first to point out the distinction between the loose covering of gravel, sand, clay, and boulders so named, and the regular fossiliferous strata. The latter had been long regarded as proofs of the Noachian deluge; and when the discoveries of Smith, which proved that they represented a number of successive sea-bottoms, and a number of successive organic creations, gave a death-blow to these views, it was not surprising that the deposits so extensively distributed as those of the erratic period, and attributed, with much apparent probability, to extraordinary marine action, should be regarded as monuments of an event recorded in Scripture, and of which the memory remains in the traditions of all nations. This form of the diluvial hypothesis acquired popularity from the "Reliquiæ Diluvianæ" of Buckland, with whom the term diluvium originated; and received the sanction of Cuvier. Its popularity, however, was of short duration. As the tertiary strata became better known, it was discovered that between the most recent with which Cuvier was acquainted, and that deposit which he attributed to a transient irruption of the

sea, a long series of strata intervened, now known as the tertiaries of the miocene and pliocene epochs, representing a considerable lapse of time, and testifying, by their organic contents, both of molluscs and mammals, a gradual passage from the eocene to the existing fauna and flora. It became evident, also, that the tertiary deposits of this age, both marine and fluviatile, with all gravel beds in all parts of the world, had been erroneously included in the so called diluvium.

In the face of these facts, the most strenuous supporters of the diluvial origin of the superficial deposits, rapidly abandoned it. By some they were considered to belong, not to one, but to many epochs, and to have been shot off the flanks of mountain chains, at successive periods of elevation; those of different epochs having become so blended as to render their discrimination impossible. By others, attempts were made to return to the Huttonian doctrine, respecting the subaerial origin of these deposits, together with the sounder views of that school, which explained the phenomena of the stratified rocks, their association with unstratified and crystalline masses, their consolidation and elevation, to the combined operations of the aqueous and igneous forces now in operation.

About this time marine shells, nearly all of existing species, began to be discovered in the superficial deposits; first in North Wales, at an elevation of nearly 1392 feet above the sea, and subsequently, in the various parts of England and Ireland, which have been already indicated. The diluvialists had often been asked, why, if the diluvium had been formed by an irruption of the ocean, it contained no marine remains, and why its fossils should be exclusively those of the land? They had been reminded, too, that in a deposit, which they supposed to have been formed within the human period, no human remains or works of art had ever been discovered; that the bones of land animals contained in it were chiefly those of extinct species, and that in the Scriptural account of the deluge, there is nothing to warrant the belief that it was of that violent character, or produced such a change on the surface of the earth, as their hypothesis required.

The discovery of marine remains, belonging to a very recent epoch, in the erratic deposits produced, therefore, a modified diluvial hypothesis, among those who were aware of the peculiar characters by which they are distinguished. The diluvium was supposed to have resulted from marine action, of a violent and transient kind, upon a terrestrial surface, but prior to the existence of the human race. About the same time evidence was collected, that in the British islands and many other parts of the world, a considerable elevation of the land had taken place, not only since the neighbouring seas were inhabited by molluscs of existing species, but since they were inhabited by the same groups of existing molluscs as those now established in the vicinity. With these raised beaches which belong to an epoch still more recent than the erratic, the opponents of the modified, as well as of the original diluvial hypothesis, confounded those erratic deposits which contain marine remains. They all now became raised beaches, and instead of a universal ocean without shore—*pontus undique undique mare*—we had now a universal shore without any deep water deposits, and without sea bottoms possessing the characters generally appealed to as proofs of ordinary marine action of long duration. Both parties were in some measure right, and in some measure wrong. The diluvialists were right in maintaining the peculiar characters which distinguish the erratic tertiaries from raised beaches and the tertiary beds of other epochs, and in pointing out the evidence of a previous terrestrial surface over which they had been spread; but they were wrong in the nature of the agencies to which they ascribed those peculiarities. Their opponents were wrong in denying those peculiarities, in dwelling exclusively on the characters which the erratic deposits possess in common with other tertiary strata, and in shutting their eyes to the evidence of the pliocene terrestrial surface which they covered.

To the diluvial succeeded the glacial hypothesis of Agassiz, founded on the study of the glaciers of the Alps, their powers as transporters of detritus, their effects in grinding and polishing the rocks over which they pass, and the evidence which they have left of former extension beyond their present limits. Playfair appears to have been the first, as long ago as 1816, to ascribe the transport of the erratic blocks on the Jura, to the agency of glaciers, which once stretched across the Lake of Geneva and the plains of Switzerland. Venetz, who had collected evidence of the oscillations of the Swiss glaciers in historic times, was the first publicly to maintain the same doctrine in Switzerland. Warmly supported by De Charpentier, this doctrine was extended by Agassiz, as an explanation of the erratic phenomena to other regions in which it is less applicable—Britain, the north of Europe and America; and since his residence

in America, he still applies it to the widespread erratic deposits of that country. On his hypothesis the whole northern hemisphere, if not the whole world, was covered by a vast cere-cloth of ice, a universal glacier, moving by the force of expansion over all kinds of surfaces, and even up steep acclivities. The extinct mammals were supposed to have been frozen to death, and the melting of the ice to have produced enormous debacles which modified and dispersed the moraines or accumulated debris of the glaciers.

The attention directed to the subject by the views of this great naturalist, led to a controversy respecting the cause of glacier motion, which is generally considered to have been proved by the investigations of Professor James Forbes to be of the nature of a viscous fluid, or a semi-fluid mass, requiring at least the same fall in the surface over which it moves as water would have required. Dr. Buckland was among the first to espouse the glacial hypothesis of Agassiz, and to recognise as moraines, and the friction of terrestrial ice, phenomena in Wales and Scotland, which he had long ascribed to the action of violent currents of water. Sir Charles Lyell also accepted it as a satisfactory explanation of deposits in Scotland in which he had previously seen only the effects of ordinary marine action. The presence, however, of marine shells, in so large a portion of the so-called moraines of Britain, excluded terrestrial glaciers as an agent of more than limited application there. The opponents of the glacial views of Agassiz, and among them Mr. Darwin, who, while engaged with the exploring expedition in the South Pacific, had enjoyed many opportunities of observing the action of floating icebergs, insisted on marine ice as being equally capable with terrestrial glaciers of polishing and scoring the surface of rocks. That shattered condition of the rocks, which we have elsewhere spoken of as an accompaniment of the polishing, and which had long before been pointed out and urged as proof of an ancient weathering and a terrestrial surface, he ascribed to the battering of ice against a rocky coast, and though, while re-examining phenomena in Wales, previously described by others, he attributed them chiefly to glacio-marine action, he recognised the deeper grooves on bare surfaces in the valleys radiating from Snowdon, as the effects of terrestrial glaciers, which he supposed to have been one of the principal agents in sweeping the marine deposits out of those valleys, leaving only disconnected patches of them in protected situations.

In the meantime the arctic character of the erratic pleistocene shells—the identity of the species found in deposits of that sea in Sweden, with those of North America, and their difference as a group from those now inhabiting the Scandinavian seas—indications of the former wide extension of a boreal ocean, had been established by Mr. Smith of Jordan-Hill, Sir Charles Lyell, and others. Professor Edward Forbes had also pointed out the first appearance of a few arctic forms, in our latitudes, during the miocene epoch, their increase in the pliocene, and their maximum development during the pleistocene. The evidence afforded by the mammalian remains of the true erratic period, is to the same effect. Reindeer, marmots, gluttons, and bears in prodigious quantities, with other animals which at present only live in snowy regions, then extended themselves over the whole of Western Europe, in countries where it would be impossible for them now to exist, or where the present condition of climate so uncongenial to their habits and constitutions, would only permit them to exist in very small numbers. The presence of the species of elephant and rhinoceros which accompany them, is by no means an argument against the existence of a much colder climate in the temperate latitudes at that period, since they belonged to species no longer existing, and the preservation of their entire carcases, in the frozen cliffs bordering the Arctic Sea, covered with a thick coat of hair and wool, proves them to have possessed an organisation capable of sustaining the rigours of a northern climate. The character, moreover, of their dentition, has been shown by Professor Owen to have been such as would enable them to subsist on the vegetation which such a climate must have produced.

Though there exists so much evidence, physical and palæontological, that a climate colder than our present one prevailed in these latitudes, during the pleistocene era, there are still some geologists who discard ice altogether, or allow it to perform a very subordinate part.

According to them, waves of translation produced the erratic deposits. Mr. Hopkins of Cambridge, reasoning from the experimental deductions of Mr. Scott Russell on the properties of waves, has shewn that there is no difficulty in accounting for a current moving at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, if paroxysmal elevation of the bed of the ocean, amounting to one or two hundred feet be granted,—that a current of twenty miles an hour would move a block of 320 tons, and that a very

moderate increase of velocity would be capable of effecting the transport—beneath the sea—of the largest blocks which have any where been found in the erratic deposits. By such waves of translation, produced by a rise of the floor of the arctic ocean, while the regions of Europe now covered with the erratics lay beneath the sea, Sir R. Murchison explains the transport of the great mass of the erratic matter, and supposes the blocks derived from Norway and Sweden to have been floated on ice, but he does not assert for these waves of translation power to waft such blocks to the situations where they are now found, if the land were then above the level of the sea. On the other hand, Professor H. Rogers of Pennsylvania, dissatisfied with the explanation of the grooved and polished surfaces having been produced by the agency of grounding icebergs, and arguing against the permanent submergence of the American continent from the general absence of marine shells, except in certain localities, and at comparatively low levels, has appealed to the enormous erosive power which a thick and ponderous sheet of angular fragments of rock would possess if driven forward, at a high velocity, under the waters of a deep and general inundation, excited and kept in motion by an energetic upheaval and undulation of the earth's crust, during an era of earthquake motion. Such agency he conceives would be adequate to produce all the results which the erratic deposits present, to rip off the outcrops of the harder strata, to grind down and strew wide their fragments, to polish and groove the surface, and, gathering energy from resistance, to sweep over the highest mountains.

Having once advocated similar views, we have observed, during a more extended study of the erratic deposits, so many indications of successive deposit, as appear incompatible with such an origin, and to render necessary a resort to some other explanation than that of violent and transient action, or even a long series of such paroxysmal action, to account for the peculiar character of the erratic tertiaries, even now that waves of translation, moving huge blocks beneath the sea, have been proved to be in accordance with the laws of dynamics. To waves of translation, even thus limited, and to the motion of semifluid masses of mud down an inclined plane, as suggested by Mr. Mallet, this important objection occurs, that such movements of the ocean bed as they suppose, if admitted as geological agents, must have happened repeatedly during the formation of the stratified rocks; whereas the facts which we are called upon to explain are confined to a peculiar epoch.

Those who invoke most largely the aid of marine ice for the formation of the erratic tertiaries, appear to confine their views too much to the action of icebergs floating from northern regions into our latitudes at the same average annual rate as at present, and under existing conditions of climate, and to think only of the *elevation* of a seabed thus strewn with erratic blocks. This is a part, but only one part of the history, and applicable to the upper rather than the lower erratics. The action of shore ice on *sinking* land, the effects of an arctic climate in modifying ordinary atmospheric and marine action, the nature of a littoral deposit of an arctic sea, and the point in geological time at which the transport of erratic blocks commenced, have not received the attention which they deserve The two opposite characters present in the erratic tertiaries, those by which they differ from the other tertiary strata, and those by which they resemble them, as well as the peculiarities by which the upper and lower erratics are distinguished from each other, appear to be best explained by the theory which connects the gradual advance of an arctic climate southwards, during the subsidence of pliocene land, with its retreat northwards during a subsequent period of elevation,—the subsidence and re-elevation commencing in each case from the north. The submergence of of pliocene land is not a mere hypothesis. It is proved by the forest of the Norfolk coast, rooted on the mammalian crag, and covered by the erratic tertiaries. It is proved on the western side of the island by the pleistocene deposits of the vicinity of Cefn Cave in Denbighshire, which have entered it through a fissure in the roof, and cover the mammalian remains deposited in hollows in the irregular floor, where they are mixed with river pebbles and fragments of wood thrown in when the Elwy flowed at a different level.

The narratives of the polar voyages furnish incidentally, and solely with reference to the navigation, many instructive details respecting the modifications of marine and atmospheric action, produced by an arctic climate, with which we may advantageously compare the peculiarities exhibited by the erratic tertiaries. We learn from those narratives that an extreme paucity of shells is one characteristic of the seas of such high latitudes as Melville Island and the northern coast line of the American continent: and our examination of the erratic deposits shews shells to be most abundant in those beds which belong

to their commencement and their close. The intermediate position is marked by such an absence of them, over great areas, and through a great depth of strata, that it has been used, as we have said, by Professor Rogers as an argument against any but transient marine action. We would ascribe it in part to the greater rigour of the climate during the middle period, or period of greatest depression. We learn also from the polar voyages, that the ice is fixed to the coast during the greater part of the year; and that during the brief summer its motions are extremely irregular, and influenced more by winds than by tides. We are told how it suddenly drifts with the wind into the offing, and as suddenly returns, in the course of a few hours, grinding against the coast, or stranding upon shoals, and thus furnishing machinery for that peculiar polishing and scratching of rocks and detritus, which characterize the errratic tertiaries. We learn, too, that these capricious motions of the ice are subordinate to a strong under-current flowing steadily from the north. We find what might have been expected in seas loaded with ice, and consequently free from breakers, that mud, which in ordinary cases is a deep water deposit, is in the seas of high northern latitudes characteristic of the vicinity of land, and of situations in which sand and shingle would accumulate under milder climates. Of the soundings in the voyages of Parry and Ross, in which the nature of the bottom is stated, we find that from seventy to eighty per cent. are on mud or mud and stones, the exceptional cases being in the comparatively open seas of Davis's and Behring's Straits.

With regard to the atmospheric action of an arctic climate on the land, we read numerous descriptions of surfaces covered for miles to the depth of a foot and more with angular fragments detached from the rock on which they lie—of blocks constantly rolling from the face of cliffs, and accumulating in a talus at their base,—and of large upright masses, rising like pillars and stacks of chimneys from frost-shaken rocks resembling loose walls, and surrounded by heaps of their own ruins.

The land thus strewed with angular fragments is covered with snow from October to May. On the commencement of the thaw the partially-melted snow freezes into a cake of ice. In some situations, and in cold summers, this is the utmost extent of the thawing process. As the snow continues to melt, the beds of ravines, dry at other times, become suddenly filled with furious torrents, of shorter or longer duration, as the land in the vicinity is high or low. High land, from the greater accumulation of snow, supplies an incessant flow of water during the whole of the short summer; while, on low land, the streams run themselves dry in less than six weeks, and the surface of the ground becomes parched and cracked with drought. Can machinery be devised better calculated than this for the production of the peculiar characters of the till or boulder-clay?

We have mud depositing near the shore, angular detritus produced in abundance on the land and ice, in which it would be imbedded during the early part of the thaw. It might slide thus, set in ice, down slopes, and be floated over level surfaces, making its passage to the sea by successive stages, presenting different surfaces at different times to the polishing and scratching action of small fragments frozen into the ice; and, finally, it might be hurled into the sea, still set in ice, so as to preserve the scratches unobliterated by being rolled in the bed of the torrent. The greater portion of the marine ice melts during the summer. There are situations, however, where, during a succession of cold seasons, it remains fixed to the coast for several years. Whether thus fixed, or grinding against the coast during its fickle summer motions, it must receive a vast quantity of detritus. It would receive it in various states, some polished and scratched in the manner above described, some more or less rolled in the torrents which hurried it into the sea, some abraded by the wash of the sea over the ice. Heaps of the angular debris of such rocks as the softer slates, the chalk, and the oolites, would be borne from different parts of the coast, and drifting about in the melting ice, would be dropped, as we find them in the boulder-clay, in some cases side by side, in large unmixed masses, in others, in detached fragments, dispersed through the mud.

Regarding the boulder-clay as a littoral deposit, the sinking of the land, during its formation, will explain the greater altitudes at which it occurs in the interior than in the coast. As the subsidence continued, the previous coast line, broken by islands and promontories, would be converted into an open sea, in which boulders and heaps of detritus from remote quarters would still continue to be occasionally dropped. The most recent portions of the upper erratics would therefore differ from the lower, in part from being formed in a more open sea, and in part from the mitigated rigour of the climate at the close of the glacial period. When the amount of depression reached to

about two thousand feet, only the summits of our higher mountains would remain above the sea as small scattered islands, which, on the commencement of the movement of elevation, would be left as masses of frost-shaken rock, surrounded by heaps of their own angular ruins, the very conditions which our mountain peaks now exhibit. As the elevation continued, large portions of the sand and gravel of the upper erratics would be removed from higher to lower levels, forming terraces of rolled materials, in the situations where we find them, bordering the great lines of drainage at various heights. Large areas of the lower erratics would be exposed by the denuding process, and would be partially covered by outlying patches of the upper sand and gravel; while along the great lines of drainage, the two would be almost entirely removed, and the subjacent rocks exposed. Out of these combined operations would arise all that irregularity of distribution which appears to be one of the prevailing characteristics of the erratic deposits. Our higher mountains would be clothed with glaciers both during the subsidence and elevation. Those of the latter period, as suggested by Mr. Darwin, may have assisted in clearing the great valleys of the marine deposits, and may have left those deep grooves on the rocky surface which conform to the course of the valleys.

The contorted state of Cromer Cliffs have long presented difficulties to which the narratives of the polar voyagers appear to offer a satisfactory solution. The conditions to be explained are remarkable, and preclude the idea of their having resulted from a force acting from below. The contorted strata consist of laminated beds of the upper erratics occupying hollows in the boulder-clay. Beneath them are strata of crag and chalk, in their original horizontal position. There are also many serious objections to the contortions having been caused by the ploughing action of grounding icebergs. Sir Edward Parry found, however, a stratum of compact blue ice fixed ten feet below the water for several miles along the coast of Melville Island, the remains, as he supposed, of floes driven on shore by the heavy pressure of large ice fields, and remaining fixed in the viscous mud. To ice thus fixed and covered with marine deposits, afterwards laid dry by elevation, he attributed the phenomenon of underground ice in cold countries. Laminated beds of the upper erratics, accumulated over such masses, would subside, as the ice melted, on the return of a milder climate, into the cavity which it had previously occupied, and the walls of clay bounding the cavity being squeezed together, under the pressure of three or four hundred feet of strata, acting laterally in the vicinity of the cavities or weak places, like the creep in coal mines, would produce, with the aid of irregularities in the upper and under surface of the ice, every variety of contorted strata which the cliffs of the Norfolk coast exhibit.

If the gradual submergence of the land proceeded from north to south, the erratic deposits would be the deepest in the northern parts of the island, and at some southern point, where the climatal conditions precluded the formation of boulder-clay as a littoral deposit, the upper erratics would overlap or extend beyond the lower. Here, again, the theory is the expression of facts, for the boulder-clay does not extend beyond the northern confines of the valley of the Thames; but the chalk and eocene tertiaries, south of that river, are covered with thin beds of a peculiar subangular gravel, which may be considered as a modification of the upper erratics of the northern district, though some geologists, in the absence of marine remains to define the age of this gravel, refer it to an older portion of the tertiary era.

The history of the pleistocene epoch does not terminate with the elevation of the erratic tertiaries; neither are their accumulation and denudation the only operations which have modified the influence of the rock formations on the soil. In every district to which our observations have extended, tabular hills, up to an elevation of somewhat less than one thousand feet, are covered with a thin film of soil, of different composition from the bed on which it rests, whether that bed belong to the erratic, tertiaric, or to older strata exposed by denudation. On clays it is more sandy, on sands more clayey than the subjacent bed. It deepens from less than six inches, on summits and at the heads of valleys, to four or five feet and more near the coast. It is composed, in some cases, of finely divided matter, forming a deep loam. It contains, in others, alternating seams and collections of fragments derived from different neighbouring formations which imply aqueous transport. In others it is wholly replaced by angular or very slightly worn debris. In some cases it abounds with large angular fragments, which must have required for their transport forces of greater intensity than ordinary atmospheric action. It is not a mere talus, for it is spread over table lands, as well as at the base of cliffs. It is the principal cause of those variations of soil within small areas, and without corresponding changes in the mineral character of the

rock on which they rest, which are found, whenever reduced to order by mapping them, to be dependent on contours. The geologist who first drew attention to this deposit called it the "warp of the drift," or "erratic warp," from a belief that it was formed by the last wash of the erratic sea on the emerging land, and from its resemblance, in low situations, to the deposit left by muddy waters in the process of warping land. Phenomena, however, were discovered by more extended observation, which indicated the lapse of a considerable interval of time between the desiccation of the bed of the erratic sea and the formation of this warp; and during the interval the country appears to have been repeopled by many of the large pachyderms which had flourished there before the submergence of the erratic block period. Estuary and freshwater beds, formed on the denuding surface of the erratic deposits, and containing exclusively living species of shells, associated with bones and teeth of the elephant, rhinoceros, horse, and a species of bos, are covered in West Norfolk by this deposit, which fills pipes, furrows, and cavities excavated in the freshwater beds. It extends, of variable depth, to the summit level of the district, filling similar excavations, in whatever beds it is in contact with, whether they belong to the erratic or to older formations. Similar deposits cover the mammalian gravel of the ancient wide-spread alluvium of the Thames, and are found in the district south of it, holding the same relative position to the subangular flint gravel of that district, which they hold to the undoubted upper erratics north of the Thames. It has recently been described in some parts of the southern district by Mr. Austin, under the name of "head," as a subærial accumulation, the result of atmospheric agency of a peculiar kind. If we understand his paper rightly, this was the melting of snow. It has also been described by Sir R. Murchison, in a paper recently read before the Geological Society, but not yet published, as it exists in other portions of the same district, under the name of "angular flint breccia of the southern counties," and attributed to anomalous marine action—the bursting over the land of waves analogous to those of earthquakes. His descriptions apply to the upper part of the bone bed of Dr. Mantel, at Brighton, which is based on an ancient beach containing marine remains, with rolled pebbles of granite, and other crystalline rocks. Similar pebbles have been found beneath the mammalian deposits of the valley of the Thames. This alone would be an indication that they accumulated after the desiccation and denudation of the bed of the glacial sea; for whatever proofs the red and mammalian crag may afford of the commencement of an arctic fauna, the true erratic phenomena of the transport of granitic fragments do not begin till after that period. There is, however, independent evidence, first pointed out by Dr. Buckland, that the valley of the Thames, unlike those of Norfolk and Wales, was excavated after the transport of the gravel of the Midland counties, which we regard as belonging to the latter portion of the erratic period.

The attention of geologists is now strongly fixed on these questions, and we may hope that the superficial deposits will receive more careful investigation than has yet been bestowed on them. With regard to that deposit, which one eminent geologist attributes to anomalous atmospheric action, another to anomalous marine action, and which others assert to have resulted from the decomposition *in situ* of the rock on which it rests by ordinary atmospheric action, all we contend for is, that it is an aqueous deposit of some kind or other on which the distribution of soils in a great measure depends. We do not attempt to define the nature of the agencies which produced it, beyond this, that if marine, they differed from ordinary marine action—if atmospheric, they differed from ordinary atmospheric action; that they produced phenomena different from those which, in the lower erratics, we have traced to the action of shore ice, and different from those which, in the upper erratics, we have traced to the action of ice floating in open seas.

The practical questions in the Geology of Agriculture, connected with the pleistocene deposits, are independent of questions in theoretical geology respecting their origin. In whatever manner they may have been formed, the extensive areas which they cover, the great elevation to which they extend, their frequently great depth, and the mixture which they contain of matter derived from a great variety of rocks, are unquestionable facts, which render them of the utmost importance in an agricultural point of view. The state of our knowledge respecting the distribution of soils is disgraceful to an age when so much is doing in the application of science to agriculture. Having lately endeavoured to compile, from agricultural authorities, a map of the soils of England, for comparison with maps of the strata, we were compelled to abandon the attempt from want of materials. The only resources are the maps, on a very small scale, attached to the Reports of the Board of Agriculture, and they resemble fractions,

most of which require reduction to a common denominator, while some are incommensurable, from want of a uniform nomenclature. Foxbench, rammel, woodland, clum, clunch, cledge, keale, pinnock, hassock, stone shatter, malm rock, hazel, black hover, and bear's muck, with red land, black land, and white land, are some of the wild flowers which we have culled from the fields of agricultural nomenclature. Each of the last three terms is applied to the soils of more than one geological formation, and the white land of one county is often geologically the black land of another. We found Arthur Young, the Secretary to the Board, complaining, as well as other reporters, of the loose and indefinite manner in which the common terms, sand, loam, and clay are used in different districts, and different parts of the same district, everything stronger than the average quality of a sandy district being called clay, though it may scarcely, with reference to composition, deserve the name of sandy loam. Whether the agricultural districts described accord with geological areas, or are independent of them, we are invariably told of the numerous and intricate variations contained in every area assigned to any given description of soil. Districts of clay, sand, and loam are laid down, with the reservation, that though those are the prevailing characters in each, the cases of exception are nearly as numerous as those of the rule; and in most counties a "district of various soils" is formed, comprising not unfrequently the larger portion, in which the variations are said to be so numerous and intricate, as to defy classification.

The oolites and the chalk are the strongholds of those who derive soils exclusively from the rock below by ordinary atmospheric decomposition, *in situ*, and who found on that assumption another, that the composition of the soil and the rock are identical. If, however, we trace these strata through the maps and reports of the Board of Agriculture, or the more recent essays in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, it will be found that, though soils on the chalk ought by hypothesis to be white and calcareous, non-calcareous sands, loams, and clays alone are described, and those of any colour but white, from Flamborough Head till the counties of Cambridge, Beds, and Herts are reached. Even there these chalky soils are stated to be confined to steep escarpments and lofty summits, so that they occupy but a small portion of the area allotted to chalk on geological maps. In Buckinghamshire, the variations of soil on the chalk are described as so numerous that scarcely a single parish can be characterized as consisting of one description. It is the same in the western counties, and on the North and South Downs of Kent and Sussex. Even in Hampshire and Wiltshire, where the broad, elevated platform exists, which Pennant named the *patria* of the chalk, we find white and calcareous soils confined to steep escarpments and to the higher and sharper ridges. Some of the surveyors by whom the reports were drawn up, expressly referred the numerous variations of soil on the chalk to elevation and forms of surface. The author of the Report on Wilts attributes them to diluvial action, and combats the doctrine of their formation by ordinary atmospheric erosion. This was Mr. Davis of Longleat, an eminent land agent, who, when he heard Smith explain the relation subsisting between the agriculture of a district and its geological structure, exclaimed, "That is the only way to learn the true value of soils." The advocates of the substratal origin of soils get rid of the calcareous matter of the chalk by solution in the rain water, and suppose the sands and clays which cover it to be its silicious and aluminous particles left behind, as upon a filter. If this were true, the composition of the chalk ought to vary with the composition of the soil, which it does not; added to which the surface soil exhibits these alternations of deposit and mixture of the matter of different formations, which we have already noticed as proofs of aqueous transport.

The oolites present a greater extent of soils, whose chemical and mineral characters accord with those of the rock on which they rest, than most other formations; but the Cotswolds of Gloucestershire and the Eastern Moorlands of Yorkshire attain that elevation at which the effects of the superficial deposits on the soil ought to approach their minimum, and even there the agricultural writers notice the varying quality of the soil within small areas. On the plains of the new red sandstone and the lias, which are so extensively covered with deep erratic accumulations, the relation of these to the variation of soils is sufficiently conspicuous. A recent agricultural writer, Mr. Bravender, a land-surveyor in extensive practice, in the lias district, declares that the fertility of certain parts of it, and the sterility of others, depend, not upon their belonging to the upper or lower lias, but on the presence or absence of a diluvial covering. In the more broken region of the Yorkshire coal measures, Mr. Charnock, another eminent practical authority, ex-

pressly refers the variations of soils to contours.

We require, then, in agricultural geology, a more definite nomenclature and classification of soils, based on their composition, as sands, sandy loams, loams, clay loams, clays, marls, &c., according to the proportion of sand separable by washing, and of calcareous and vegetable matter which they contain. A concomitant classification is also required, which shall shew their geological relations, dividing them into local, alluvial, and erratic sands, loams, &c., as they are derived, exclusively, from the rock on which they rest, as they have been deposited by existing rivers and estuaries, or have been formed by operations of the erratic period. The geological relations of soils can only be learned by laying down their variations on maps, for comparison with maps of the strata. But who will undertake the task of constructing those maps of soils and subsoils, by which alone these questions can be solved? It is too laborious, and yields results too slowly, to be attractive to amateur geologists. The Government Geological Survey of England and Wales has proceeded on the old system of ignoring all superficial deposits except the alluvial; and if the error of neglecting Agriculture has been discovered, the Survey of South Britain is too far advanced to leave much hope that its Directors can retrace their steps. They will certainly not retrace them, unless maps more adapted to the present wants of agriculture are demanded by the landed interest, which manifest much apathy on the subject. Agricultural associations, central and local, appear little disposed to apply any portions of the immense funds which they raise by subscription to such an undertaking. It will, therefore, be left to private enterprise. Individual exertion and private enterprise produced the first map of the strata of England, which was waited for in vain, so long as it was expected from the patronage of the Government or of the wealthy landowners. Whether private enterprise will produce the first map of the surface geology remains to be seen.

As regards Scotland, the case is more hopeful. There, the Ordnance Topographical Survey can only be said to have commenced in detail; the map of one county, on the six-inch scale, having just been published, with the contour outlines, or lines of equal elevation above the mean sea level. In Scotland we have recently obtained as an act of tardy justice to our remonstrances, a larger share of the funds appropriated to that department, which had chiefly been absorbed by the English and Irish Surveys. The Geological Survey of Scotland should be commenced immediately. It should proceed, *pari passu*, with the topographical Survey, and include the geology of the surface as well as that of the substrata. Scotland well knows how to appreciate the value of science in its application to agriculture; and the Highland Society was an early encourager of the labourers in the field of geological research.

ART. V.—*An Introduction to the New Testament; containing an Examination of the most important Questions relating to the Authority, Interpretation, and Integrity of the Canonical Books, with reference to the latest Inquiries.* By SAMUEL DAVIDSON, LL.D., D.D. 3 vols. London. 1848–51.

THE mode in which God has given the oracles of the New Testament to the world is a striking proof that "His ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts." Had man been left to form his own conjectures as to the manner in which divine truth should be communicated, his wondering mind must have perplexed and betrayed itself in the multiplicity of its abandoned hypotheses, and its anxious and endless balancing of probabilities. What plan shall be most in unison with God's dignity and man's collective tastes and desires? Shall the sky be cleft, and the voice of love clothe itself in the terrible majesty of the seven thunders? Or if the scenes at Sinai are not to be repeated—if God is not to "speak with us, lest we die," shall His substitute and messenger array himself in the starry plumage of those bright and burning Essences which encircle the throne? Or if, from want of community of nature, the presence of an unembodied spirit should alarm us, and his trembling audience could gather no sympathy from his countenance—if, for such a reason, a human ambassador should be employed, with what supernatural lustre shall he be enveloped, and with what unearthly prerogative shall he be vested? If God's own Son is to leave His bosom and descend to our distant earth, shall not heaven pour forth all its hosts robed in immortal youth and beauty, and shall not the sky trim all its lamps in honour of that night in which such "a man-child is born" into the world? And if, upon his removal, others should act as his heralds, must not their language be such as had never been yoked to human thoughts, or been soiled

by egress from human lips? If, for the permanent instruction of the world, the essential truths of their message are to be written, shall there not be among these earnest and responsible authors huge labour and long consultation in order to secure uniformity, so that at length, every truth being discussed, and every word being weighed which is to be introduced into the proposed volume, there shall be no discrepancy, nor even the semblance of variation? If, in a treatise so elaborated, there be any allusions to nature, surely they must be in the terms of scientific precision, lest philosophers should be scandalized; and there must be no hard sayings and rasping imputations in it, lest persons of delicate and virtuous susceptibility should be shocked and affronted? And, in fine, might it not be concluded that there must be some external virtue about such a book which shall instantaneously prove its origin—some electric influence that might gleam on the eye that mocked it, and flash upon the hand that touched it with rude and indecent assault? Now, were we to judge from the kind of opposition so often made to the Bible, and from the curious and contradictory charges so frequently arrayed against it, we should not hesitate to affirm, that it has been tried, not on its own intrinsic merits, but by those proud and vague preconceptions which we have briefly sketched. Those opposed to revelation do not in these days take Scripture as it is, and humbly examine its credentials; but presuming that a book from heaven must be composed and published in such a form as their anticipations would suggest, they reject the Bible, as being out of all unison with their theism and ethics—with their notions of what God is, and how God should proceed in the disclosure of Himself and his counsels.

But the method of divine revelation is beyond the limit of human analogies, as well as out of the sphere of ordinary calculation, and it is not to be judged of by our ideas of propriety and expediency. Our knowledge of God is not sufficiently profound and ample to enable us to determine how he shall act. All our expectations only mock us. We find ourselves at fault in every conjecture with regard to plan, style, and arrangement. Thus, the New Testament is a book of remarkable simplicity of structure. It is a collection of seven-and-twenty separate and independent tracts. These tracts circulated singly for a long period, and in various countries, ere by the pious wisdom and foresight of the Church, they were gathered together and bound up into a volume. The Apostles at an early epoch separated to their several fields of foreign labour, and when a few of them did happen to meet again, it was not to concert measures for literary publication, but to discuss questions of discipline, organization, and missionary enterprise. With one exception—in itself an imitation of ancient prophetic oracle—the style of the New Testament is reduced to the two simplest and commonest forms of human speech—*telling a story and writing a letter.* The gospels and epistles made up the book. The four gospels are but brief biographies, quiet, earnest, unaffected sketches,* and twenty-one books are letters—the fruit of easy and familiar correspondence—and sent to various churches from the pressure of peculiar circumstances. About the book there is no literary ambition, no exaggeration, nothing meretricious in form or pretension. The telling of an honest tale about the man Jesus, and the writing of a letter of counsels and suggestions, are works which admit of no embellishment or ornamental appendages, for clearness and impressiveness are their prime beauty and first distinction. The radiance that now illumines our path to immortality, comes like its brightest emblem, through a colourless atmosphere. And the book possesses no abnormal means of self-defence against vulgar insolence and sceptical caricature. Voltaire's motto† was indeed daring and profane—a blasphemous reference to Him who is the Alpha and the Omega of the New Testament, and yet that watchword was not traced in letters of hell-fire on his impious forehead. This collection of biographies and epistles relies for its defence and circulation on the power of its evidence, and the adaptation of its truths. It deals with men as possessed of reason and immortality, while it arrays before them its "great cloud of witnesses." In all those respects, man's expectations as to the history, character, contents, and power of the Book, are utterly contrary to the reality—apparent folly is found to be consummate wisdom—seeming weakness is strength. Truly "the weak things of the world" astonish us by their power. Strange it is that the life of Him who descended from his father's bosom to ransom a guilty world—who spake as never man spake, for he

* The "Acts of the Apostles" is properly a second part of Luke's Gospel. The title, however, is rather inappropriate. Few of the Apostles are mentioned in it—and others who were not Apostles, such as Philip, Silas, and Barnabas occupy a prominent place.

† Ecrasez l'infame.

thought as never man thought, and loved as never man loved—who is presented to us as the model-man, the incarnation of perfect virtue—strange it is that his life should be written four times and by such a quaternion—first, by a petty officer of Roman inland revenue, then by a literary friend and follower of the man who had the hardihood to deny all knowledge of his master—again by a physician of pagan extraction, who was not even an eye-witness, and lastly by a Galilean fisherman. And the majority of the letters were composed, not by a member of the original apostolic college, but by a scholar trained in all the subtleties of Rabbinical lore, whose first position toward the new cause was that of a restless and malignant persecutor—himself a "Hebrew of the Hebrews," and yet especially magnifying his office as the "Apostle of the Gentiles." Those letters often written in a dungeon, and sent in all directions, to Corinth, Ephesus, Philippi, and Rome, were in course of time interchanged and copied from the perishing autographs, and gradually gathered into one volume.* What more unpretending than all this? What more unlikely as the varied organs of a divine revelation—as if its Author had proposed to mock the expectation, and baffle the ingenuity of such as presume to "think Him altogether such an one as themselves."

Still more, the language employed in the New Testament is a peculiar and inferior dialect. It is not a pure tongue: it has not the pictorial euphony of Isaiah, nor is it the lucid and musical diction of Xenophon. It is a broken speech—Hebrew in essence and Greek in dress, Hebrew in spirit and Greek merely in body, drapery, and costume. That Greek has not the grace and elegance of classic times, for it was learned by those who used it in Palestine, not from books, but from conversation. In a language at which Plato would have sneered for its barbarous structure, and which Demosthenes could not have interpreted in its Hebrew idiom and allusions, were these books of the New Testament composed. Besides, the people with whom the volume originated were reckoned a poor and fanatical race by their enlightened neighbours. The wisdom of the world had not dawned upon them, neither the sciences of Egypt nor the philosophy of Greece had visited them; but Babylon had oppressed them, geographers had scarcely noticed their narrow strip of territory, and Rome had now laid her iron hand upon their dispirited and divided cantons. Ere these books were collected together, their capital, with its magnificent fane, was overthrown, and thousands upon thousands of the tribes butchered or enslaved. And are men of such a language, such a race, and such a country, to be the pioneers of universal civilisation and spiritual worship? What contempt is poured on Grecian eloquence and Roman majesty!

Now if we group together these peculiar literary elements, the style and language, the age and country of the sacred penmen, their personal obscurity, and, with one exception, their previous want of mental culture, the utter absence of premeditation and concert, their employment of the homeliest methods of composition, and their apparent unconsciousness that they were writing for all men and for all times—if we study those strange characteristics, we cannot but feel that the whole enterprise, so foreign to the circle of man's familiar operation, and so distant from the range of his likeliest conjectures and forethought, must surely be ascribed to Him who is "wonderful in counsel and excellent in working."

For those books did not pine and perish in the shades of their native obscurity. With every drawback in origin, structure, language, and authorship, they have now won their way to unparalleled ascendency. No volume ever commanded such a profusion of readers, or was translated into so many languages. Such is the universality of its spirit, that no book loses less by translation—none has been so frequently copied in manuscript, and none so often printed. King and noble, peasant and pauper are delighted students of its pages. Philosophers have humbly gleaned from it, and legislation has been thankfully indebted to it. Its stories charm the child, its hopes inspirit the aged, and its promises soothe the bed of death. The maiden is wedded under its sanction, and the grave is closed under its comforting assurances. Its lessons are the essence of religion, the seminal truths of Theology, the first principles of Morals, and the guiding axioms of Political Economy. Martyrs have often bled and been burnt for attachment to it. It is the theme of universal appeal. In the entire range of literature, no book is so frequently quoted or referred to. The majority of all the books ever published have been in connection with it. The Fathers commented upon it, and the subtle divines of the middle ages refined upon its doctrines. It sustained Origen's scholarship and Chrysostom's rhetoric; it whetted the penetration

* Often named by the collective title ὁ ἀπόστολος—though the title was sometimes especially applied to the Pauline letters.

of Abelard, and exercised the keen ingenuity of Aquinas. It gave life to the revival of letters, and Dante and Petrarch revelled in its imagery. It augmented the erudition of Erasmus, and roused and blessed the intrepidity of Luther. Its temples are the finest specimens of architecture, and the brightest triumphs of music are associated with its poetry. The text of no ancient author has summoned into operation such an amount of labour and learning, and it has furnished occasion for the most masterly examples of criticism and comment, grammatical investigation, and logical analysis. It has inspired the English muse with her loftiest strains. Its beams gladdened Milton in his darkness, and cheered the song of Cowper in his sadness. It was the star which guided Columbus to the discovery of a new world. It furnished the panoply of that Puritan valour which shivered tyranny in days gone by. It is the magna charta of the world's regeneration and liberties. Such benefactors as Francke, Neff, Schwartz, and Howard, the departed Chalmers, and the living Shaftesbury, are cast in the mould of the Bible. The records of false religion, from the Koran to the Book of Mormon, have owned its superiority, and surreptitiously purloined its jewels. Among the Christian classics it loaded the treasures of Owen, charged the fulness of Hooker, barbed the point of Baxter, gave colours to the palette and sweep to the pencil of Bunyan, enriched the fragrant fancy of Taylor, sustained the loftiness of Howe, and strung the plummet of Edwards. In short, this collection of artless lives and letters has changed the face of the world, and ennobled myriads of its population. Finally, and to show the contrast, while millions bid it welcome—the mere idea of its circulation causes the Pope to tremble on his throne, and brings fearful curses from his quivering lips.

And here, were it our present purpose, we might raise an argument from all these momentous considerations in favour of the divine origin and authenticity of the New Testament. These characteristics are cogent proofs of infinite wisdom and condescension. Taking the book as it is presented to us, its genuineness is clearly stamped upon it. It is precisely such a book in style, language, and structure, as you might expect in such circumstances—eight honest and ardent men, either giving a plain narrative, or writing letters of sympathy and warning. Had these Gospels been artistic compositions, and the language in which they are written more rhythmical and elegant, and had these letters been polished dissertations, the strength of the Christian evidences would have been weakened in proportion. But the New Testament is such a volume as the mind relishes, for every one likes the tale of a wondrous life, and prizes highly the letters of eminent worth. And therefore the Gospels are given it, and there is spread out before it this rich and genuine Cardiphonia.

Our immediate object, however, is with the literature of the New Testament. The conservation of the text was the earliest work of the Church—its duties was to have copies of the inspired volume for study and exposition. Hesychius, Lucian, and Origen, were principally employed in this department. The defence of these oracles was also a prominent labour; for the Jew contradicted and blasphemed, and the heathen cavilled and persecuted. Christianity having at length triumphed over its antagonists, exposition then became the absorbing work, and it has bequeathed to us the luxuriant homilies of Chrysostom, the erudite exegeses of Jerome, and the massive and didactic treatises of Augustine. The mediaeval schoolmen were bewitched with the spell of Aristotle, and their theology assumed the form of keen and subtle dialectics. They felt not as they should the soothing influence of the blood of Calvary, and certainly their teeth were set on edge with its gall and vinegar. It was only at the Reformation that the sound and learned interpretation of Scripture delivered itself from ascetic bondage. The Reformers felt that the Bible must be studied in its own tongues, apart from scholastic ingenuities and ecclesiastical tradition, so they commenced in earnest vigour to master the sacred languages, and published various forms of help for the study of Scripture. These publications chiefly referred to hermeneutical investigation, comprising a discussion of the nature of New Testament Greek, the style of the various books, and the general help which the critic gets from philology, geography, and Oriental antiquities. "Introduction," in the technical sense of the term, was a later fruit of Biblical research, and the appropriate name has now supplanted the ancient *Clavis*, *Critica Sacra*, *Thesaurus*, and *Apparatus Biblicus*. This study has been to a great extent confined to Germany, and is associated with the names of Michaelis, Bertholdt, Jahn, Eichhorn, Haenlein, Hug, De Wette, Guerike, and Schott.

Introduction, *Isagoge, or Einleitung*, is a special form of Hermeneutics, as its name implies. It *leads in* the student to the special characteristics of each sacred book, noting its age, authorship, style, genuineness, integrity, and contents, the place of its pub-

lication, and the circle of readers for whom it was intended, with any peculiar textual, chronological, or exegetical difficulties that may occur in the treatise. Such a work demands ripe scholarship and extended research. Our own country has done little in this province of labour, from the days of Walton to those of Harwood, Marsh, and Hartwell Horne. The voluminous work of the last named author has so far accomplished its object, in awakening a taste for such studies. In fact, as a native production, it has stood slone. Its contents, however, are rather bulky and promiscuous: it aimed at too much, and the excerpts, of which it is to a great extent made up, are not always selected from the best and most accurate sources. But the book has now fallen to some extent behind the science. It might be relieved of a great load of superfluous matter; but it must remain a monument of zeal and diligence, and the number of editions a book of such a price has gone through, proves that it did meet the wants of the age. If Mr. Horne's discrimination had been equal to his research; if his book had been less a miscellany, and more the independent result of personal study; if, instead of having heaped into his garner an incongruous mass of cockles and wheat, and thistles and barley, he had contented himself with a few ripe sheaves and tempting first fruits, his volumes would have been yet more welcome, and would have met with a still wider and more cordial reception.

The author of the work which has given birth to these prefatory remarks was well qualified for his task by his previous pursuits. His two volumes on "Criticism" and "Hermeneutics" were an excellent preparation for successful labour in this special department. His present work bears abundant marks of careful elaboration, even to excessive minuteness. Some opinions of very trfling moment are formally and solemnly refuted. The fly is broken upon the wheel. We think that this is the main fault of the performance. While, of course, weighty objections, weighty in themselves, on account of their authors, or the adverse effect they have suddenly produced, must be decisively dealt with and disposed of, there is no use in gathering together the frivolous and vexatious whims of captious and eccentric learning, and solemnly proceeding to set them aside. They would soon subside of themselves into merited oblivion, the little dust raised by the wings of the moth is soon quieted again. Not a few of the erudite vagaries of this minor sort have their only chance of remembrance or immortality from the place they occupy in the pages of Dr. Davidson's "Introduction." But we are bound to give the work our highest commendation, as an honour to our country, and a munificent contribution to the cause of sacred literature. We commend it for its fulness, erudition, and honesty, its vast research and persevering labour, its immense amount of accurate and useful information, and its chivalrous defence of the Gospels and Epistles against every form of assault which the mythical ingenuity and morbid subjectivity of Teutonic criticism can invent.

The origin of the four gospels and their relation to one another have been matters of keen disputation. Did the evangelists borrow from a common source, or did they make use of one another? If they took their materials from a common source, was it a written document, or merely a collection of floating traditions? Or if they borrowed from one another, which is the first gospel? Has Mark taken from Matthew and Luke, or Luke from Matthew and Mark? There are remarkable verbal coincidences in the gospels—how shall we account for them? These three gospels (for the Gospel of John comes not into comparison) have many points of resemblance, and when we compare, in some places, Matthew with Mark, Mark with Luke, and Matthew with Luke, the parallel passages, in any of the two collated gospels, are numerous and striking. The hypothesis of a written document, out of which the three evangelists served themselves as they pleased, is utterly preposterous. However ingeniously Eichhorn, Marsh, and Gratz, may find the original of the three synoptical gospels in a Protevangelium written and retouched from time to time, and altered by the taste and constitutional sympathies of each of the three biographers who selected their materials from it; the whole hypothesis is unwieldy and cumbrous—no such document was ever heard of in ancient times—and the very idea of its existence appears to involve a high improbability. Why, if it ever existed, did it not take the first rank, and render the treatises extracted from it unnecessary? The parent gospel must surely have been as highly venerated as any of its offspring. But till it sprang from the fertile brain of Eichhorn, no one ever heard of it. Nor is it by any means clear that the three synoptical evangelists made use of one another. Such a thing might, indeed, account for some similarities, but how then shall we explain the numerous discrepancies in structure and arrangement, or what reason shall we assign for so many gospels? The truth is, that the whole inquiry is to a

great extent superfluous. The phenomena of resemblance among the three gospels are neither so uniform nor so striking as to necessitate the formation of such theories. Let three honest and intelligent men write the life of a friend and teacher, let it be their object to present a faithful literary portrait, and let it be considered necessary to such fidelity that a special account of his more remarkable sayings be given, and that the scenes and results of his most striking actions be described. Now, where might we expect similarity in three such biographies? Plainly when they record the sayings of their common Master, and when they describe the peculiarity of his most famous deeds. The case stands precisely so with the gospels. Real and direct similarity is found principally in their records of Christ's lessons and conversations. How could it be otherwise? If the three reports of their Master's teaching be faithful, need it surprise us that verbal slmilarity or identity is everywhere observed? Would not each strive to give the very words, or at least the general phraseology? Fidelity, therefore, required similarity in such simple and unadorned narratives; and if many of the addresses of Jesus were in the shape of replies to previous questions—were in short brief conversations—then we should expect equal similarity in the recital of the words, as well of inquirers as of disputants; for such verbal coincidence is almost identical with truthfulness. In reporting the words of Christ and the words of others, the very idea of giving such *words* must create constant similarity. Now, in the Gospel of Matthew, the great majority of the instances of its agreement with Mark and Luke, occur in such recital of others' words, or the words of Christ, and so in respect to the other gospels. In the sections of simple narrative, where each evangelist was free to use his own diction, verbal similarity rarely occurs, except in the ordinary formulas which express common and daily acts, such as departures, journeys, embarkation, and temporary residence. Besides, the narrative part in these gospels is small in proportion to the other contents—about a fourth in Matthew, a half in Mark, and scarcely more than a third in Luke. If, then, three-fourths of Matthew, one-half of Mark, and two-thirds of Luke be filled with honest reports of the sayings of the great Teacher and of those with whom he came into contact, must there not be great and parallel similarity in their three statements? From the very nature of the case, then, we might expect no little verbal agreement, even more similarity than has actually occurred, for we meet with perfectly exact identity in a mere fraction of the gospels compared to the whole contents.* Why then should men have striven so restlessly to account by mere hypothesis for what must have been an anticipated and a necessary phenomenon?

It is plain that prior to the composition and publication of the canonical gospels, the early Christians must have possessed a pretty full and correct idea of the Lord's life and ministry. His career must have been a frequent and joyous theme of conversation and study. The discourses of the apostles must have often dwelt on the marvellous events of the life of the God-Man, reciting what he said and describing what he did, in order to prove his Messiahship, and by this means establish the faith, quicken the joys, and foster the hopes of the early converts. And the gospels must have embodied these memorabilia which were so familiar to the first Christians. Not that we can fully espouse the theory of De Wette, Olshausen, and others, who, without hesitation, trace to such a source the correspondences of the first three gospels. These coincidences need, as we have seen, no such explanation. Besides, not a few members of these first Christian communities seem to have reduced to a written form their reminiscences of apostolic instruction. "Many," says Luke, "have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us." These numerous authors seem to have comprised in their respective treatises what each one had caught and treasured up from the sketches given by the apostles, and from the general conversations of the believing brethren. That these sketches were brief, fragmentary, and without formal authority, is evident from their speedy disappearance. If they were correct brochures, then much of what they contained will be found in the canonical gospels. With these exceptions, therefore, that the three evangelists may have seen the earlier compilations of the "many," and that they must have embodied in their biographies much that was matter of common and current belief among the primitive churches, these histories of Jesus are separate and independent publications. Their testimony is that of witnesses to the same facts, without previous consultation; occasional sameness of language with occasional discrepance of arrangement, giving to their evidence the unmistakable stamp of intelligence and honesty, as that of men who could not be deceived themselves in cir-

* Norton's Genuineness of the Gospels, Vol. I.

cumstances so propitious to the formation of a right and mature judgment, and who were too pure and generous to be guilty of deceiving others.

And this quadriform biography of Jesus is full of wise and benignant adaptations. Each of the four writers has his own special end in view in the construction of his narrative. Each exhibits the significance of Christ's life according to a preconceived plan, and in order to enjoy a full and symmetrical view, all of them must be consulted. Fulness of conception is thus obtained. For example, in Matthew's Gospel a new star leads Chaldean star-gazers to the infant Jesus, and their own science instructs those heathen worshippers of the new-born King. But it would be strange if no spiritual minds in Judea could detect the Messiah in the Son of Mary, and so Luke shews, how an angel, one of the beings who appear so often in their early history, revealed the truth to the shepherds, and how Simeon and Anna welcomed the babe on his presentation in the Temple. Jew and Gentile alike are thus shewn to have an interest in him, and this completeness of view is found by a combination of the gospels.

The object of Matthew clearly is to prove that the Son of Mary is the promised Messiah, a species of proof specially intended and fitted to operate on Jewish mind. Chronological arrangement is not necessary to such an end. The first Gospel is constructed to shew that ancient prophecy is fulfilled in Christ. His sayings and actions are therefore skilfully grouped together, and each group is followed up by a reference to the Old Testament in the ever recurring formula, "that it might be fulfilled." The method of Christ's teaching and the substance of it; the splendour of his miracles and their peculiar nature; his eventful life, with its sorrows and sympathies, and his character in its combination of meekness and heroism, of grace and majesty—these are so presented in the pages of the first evangelist as to convince every unprejudiced reader of the Old Testament that its Messianic predictions are realized in Him who was born at Bethlehem in "the fulness of the time." This is a purpose perfectly intelligible and consistently executed. And there is no wonder that the first gospel should be designed to bear primarily on Jewish minds, as the founder of the new faith, with his early and immediate heralds, belonged to the Jewish people, and they possessed a common ground of appeal and argument in their own national oracles. This Gospel, in its structure and purpose, bears thus a distant resemblance to Xenophon's Memorabilia.

But a question naturally arises, if Matthew wrote for Jews, did he not write in the Jewish tongue? This subject has been long and warmly debated, some affirming that the original gospel was composed in Hebrew or Aramaean, and that either the author wrote a second copy in Greek, or that our present Gospel is an anonymous translation. Our own view is that the canonical Greek Matthew is the one original Gospel. Having carefully studied the evidence presented for an original Aramaean Gospel, we are compelled to say that the proof adduced appears to us to be essentially defective. Dr. Davidson devotes many pages to a statement and defence of the opposite view. He has indeed altered his opinion, having in his first published work advocated a Greek original.* We blame him not, we taunt him not, as others seem to have done, for changing his mind—we applaud his transparent candour and honesty, but we feel unconvinced by his arguments. His first thoughts on this subject are better than his second thoughts.

And first, the theory of a sole Aramaic original brings along with it consequences from which we instinctively shrink. We are not trying the question by dogmatic views—we are not refuting evidence by the negative power of polemics, but surely we are at liberty to point out conclusions which are not accidental, but essential and undeniable results. Dr. Davidson says,—"In the present version we have Matthew's genuine production. It may be questioned, indeed, whether it be in all respects *an exact* representation of the original—probably additions were made by the translator." Again he says, he admits "that the translator was under infallible guidance," but qualifies the statement by adding, that it was only "*virtual inspiration*" which was possessed by him. Now, these appear to us to be somewhat inconsistent conclusions. If the translator was under infallible guidance, then surely we have *actual* and not virtual inspiration; and it cannot be questioned that in such a case we must have an exact representation of the Aramaean copy. If, under that infallible guidance, he made additions to the original, he was virtually an evangelist as well as a translator. A good translator needs honesty and not inspiration; and how in this case can we distinguish the supplement from the original matter? But further, how know we that an anonymous

* Lectures on Biblical Criticism, pp. 352.

and unauthorized translator had guidance of any kind, save his own taste and sense of fidelity? The idea of his infallible guidance is only a desperate expedient in the crisis, to give the version some air of authority, and to save us from the natural conviction, that a version made, no man can tell where, when, or by whom, cannot possess inspired credibility. The anonymous historical books of the Old Testament, such as Kings and Chronicles, stand on a wholly different foundation. If the supposed Aramaean original had been preserved, the Greek version of Matthew would have been only on a par with the English or French translations of the same book; and does it gain any higher authority because the feigned original has been lost? Could the existence of an inspired and original Aramaean gospel be proved, we must take the theory, with all its consequences. We do not say that such results negative the theory; but surely a theory that undeniably leads to such consequences, involving really the question whether this be Matthew's actual gospel or not, must be looked on with distrust and suspicion. It is not because the so-called version is anonymous that we would doubt its inspiration, for there are several anonymous treatises in Scripture; nor do we reject it because it is a translation simply, for the Chaldee chapters of Ezra and Daniel would have been canonical though they had been given us in Hebrew —but because it is a version for whose fidelity there are no vouchers—no one testifying that he had compared the Aramaean with the Greek gospel, and no one being able to tell anything of its origin or publication. The Fathers forget not to tell us how the gospels of Mark and Luke, not being the composition of apostles, came into the Canon, but they are silent as to any apostolical sanction or patronage of a Greek translation of Matthew. Were we then forced to believe that an Aramaean gospel ever existed, we would be obliged to have recourse to the hypothesis of a double publication by the evangelist himself.*

Granting freely that Matthew wrote for Jews, there yet seems to be no valid reason to conclude that he was obliged for this purpose to write in Syro-Chaldaic. Even had he composed his gospel solely for Palestinian Jews, he was not obliged to use their Shemitic language. It has indeed been a debated point—what language was spoken in Palestine in Christ's time, and perhaps between the extremes of Pfannkuche* and Diodati,†—between the extreme of asserting that Aramaic was the only tongue, and the opposite extreme of maintaining that Greek had banished this ancient and national speech, the truth seems to be, that while Aramaic was the vernacular, and cherished as the mother tongue, Greek was extensively spoken, and all but universally understood. It was a tongue common to the Palestinian and Hellenistic Jews. It is said (Acts xxii. 2) of the mob in Jerusalem, when the Apostle Paul was about to address them, "when they heard that he spake to them in the Hebrew tongue, they *kept the more silence.*" They were prepared to hear a Greek oration, for they knew Paul to be a Hellenist, and they were able to understand it, but the Apostle's use of the national dialect created a deeper sensation, nay, its very employment on the occasion was an argument in itself, and "they kept the more silence." They could understand Greek, but they preferred the tongue of their ancestors; as the Scottish Highlander living among a Saxon population and freely using the English language, feels his heart warm to the sound of the Gaelic. There appears, therefore, no reason why Matthew should employ Aramaean for Palestinian Jews, and there is every reason why he should not employ it; but use Greek, a tongue of a wider diffusion, if he thought of the Jews of the dispersion, his countrymen scattered through the Empire. There was a church in Rome principally composed of Jews, and Paul wrote to them not in Latin, but in Greek, while the gospel of Mark, intended to influence the Roman mind, was also written in the tongue to which Hellenic influence and literature had given predominance and extension. Matthew being in the civil employment of Rome, could not have been ignorant of Greek—the general medium of intercourse with the higher ranks in the Italian metropolis. On the other hand, all the inhabitants of Palestine did not know Aramaean, for Justin Martyr, though a native of Neapolis, seems to have been ignorant of it. The usual arguments taken from passages in Josephus, conduct to the same results, to wit, that while Aramaean was the na-

* This is the theory of Whitby, Bengel, Guerike, Townson, Horne, Olshausen, Bloomfield, Schott, and Kitto.

* Ueber die Palästinische Landes-sprache in dem Zeitalter Christi.—In Eichhorn's Allegm. Bibliothek der Bibl. Literatur, viii. 472.—Pfannkuche in this Essay was indebted principally to a tract of De Rossi—Della lingua propria di Christo—Parma 1772.

† De Christo Græce Loquente—Neapoli 1767. Reprinted in London 1843.

tional speech, Greek was also of extensive diffusion.

Again, if there did exist an original Aramaean copy of this gospel, how came it to be lost—and lost at so early a period? Why did it never gain a place in the canon? What feeling of dislike could the early church entertain against it? Inspired writings, that is, writings given for the immediate occasion, and not designed for perpetuity may fall aside, but no canonical book has perished. That a gospel did exist, under the name of Matthew in the Aramaean tongue is evident from the concurrent testimony of antiquity, of Papias, Irenæus, Pantaenus, Origen, Eusebius, Epiphanius, and Jerome. Now had these men said that they had seen this gospel, and found it, on comparison with the Greek version, to have been the original and inspired document, we must at once have received their testimony. But Papias, the first witness, has been stigmatized by Eusebius as a simpleton,* and therefore in matters of criticism his judgment cannot be relied on. The man who could assert such sayings about a sensual and fantastic millenium, as are ascribed to Papias, was scarcely competent to prove a literary curiosity. The Ebionites or Nazarenes may have easily imposed on his credulity. Possibly, as the late Professor Hug† suggests, Irenæus took his report from Papias—a man whom he has mentioned with peculiar esteem. Origen was a practised biblical scholar; but he only states the tradition or generally received report, that Matthew wrote in Hebrew. Eusebius also as a faithful annalist, records the current notion, but in one of his commentaries he describes Matthew as deserting the rendering of the Septuagint, and translating for himself out of the original Hebrew. The meaning of his statement plainly is, that Matthew translated the words of the Hebrew into that Greek phrase in his gospel which Eusebius quotes. The testimony of Jerome is somewhat peculiar and scarcely consistent with itself. In one place he says, that "he did not know who translated the Chaldaic Gospel of Matthew into Greek;" but that he was permitted by the Nazarenes of Berea to take a copy. Then he says of this book which is also called the "Gospel according to the Hebrews," that he himself had lately translated it into Greek and Latin. It is manifest that Jerome had great doubts on the subject. He adds, "the majority call this the authentic Matthew." The case, therefore, stands thus, —Jerome possessed the Greek copy of our canonical Matthew, and had no doubt of its inspired authority; but he had heard that many believed that this book was originally written in Aramaean, while he himself had seen the so-called original, and had even translated it into Greek. What kind of Aramaic gospel must that have been which needed a second translation into Greek? If it had been the genuine original copy, then surely there needed no second translation, if our present Greek Matthew be an exact rendering. The inference is, that a gospel so different from our Greek Matthew, no matter whether it was named "according to Matthew," or "according to the Hebrews," must have been a spurious and clumsy composition. That it was very different from our Greek Matthew, is not only indicated by Jerome's translation of it, but also by the quotations taken from it, and preserved in the Fathers. The only Aramaic gospel known in those centuries was this Ebionite or Nazarene* forgery, abounding in silly legends and jejune sentimentality, and so far apart from the canonical Matthew that Jerome amused himself by translating it. It appears to us that this was the only Aramaean gospel ever extant —the only one referred to among those ancient writers, and that the treatise was the work of those Jewish sects. They claimed a special interest in Matthew's gospel as being particularly addressed to themselves, and they seem not only to have translated it into their vernacular tongue, but to have filled the version, if version it might be called, with spurious and puerile interpolations, some gathered from tradition and some created to suit and protect their doctrinal apostasy. These early Jewish factions with proverbial pride, seem to have thought that a gospel adapted to them, should have been composed in Jewish speech, and they quickly acted out their idea. The notion that if one wrote for Jews, he must write in their own language, was a general impression in other countries than Judea, and so the opinion gained currency that as Matthew wrote for Hebrews, therefore he wrote in the Hebrew tongue. The fact originated in the fiction, and the fiction assumed probability, nay, in the eyes of many became certainty, when an Aramaic Gospel was brought into actual circulation. This the only Aramaean Gospel that seems ever to have been known, was a treatise unworthy of its title, bearing

* *σφόδρα σμίκρος τὸν νοῦν*—Euseb. Hist. Eccles. iii. 39.

† Einleitung, ii. § 8. 4th Edition, 1847.

* The Nazarenes originally were a better class than the Ebionites; the former were orthodox Christians, but zealous "for the law,"—the latter were strictly Socinian in creed.

such a relation to the canonical Matthew as Marcion's impudent and heretical publication bore to the canonical Luke. So that our opinion is the more confirmed against the theory so firmly held and so learnedly argued by Professor Davidson. Our belief is, that our present Greek Matthew is the one original and genuine treatise of the Evangelist, and that the Aramaic duplicate was only a confused and translated imitation. It is not any dogmatic view of inspiration that has led us to this result, but a calm and candid investigation, whose simple results are briefly given in these preceding paragraphs. We know that we have reason to make such a disclaimer of mere deference to doctrinal theories of inspiration, because those who adopt a different view affirm that the believers in an original Greek Gospel are swayed by polemical prepossessions, and not by the fruits of genuine historical proof.

The Gospel of Mark appears, from the many brief explanations of Jewish phraseology and customs which occur in it, to have been written for foreigners. The old view, and one that has still some currency, viz., that Mark is the abridger or epitomator of Matthew, is palpably without shadow of foundation. Mark's treatise is shorter as a whole, but relatively longer than Matthew's. It does not contain so much matter, but its descriptions of incidents and scenes are proportionately longer and fuller than those of the first Evangelist. For example, the execution of the Baptist, with the accouut of the scene which led to the tragedy, occupies space in Mark nearly double of that allotted to it in Matthew. In Mark also is recorded more of the works than discourses of Jesus. The Roman mind, for which this Gospel seems to have been designed, was impressed more by deeds than opinions. It had not the Greek sense of beauty; but it could appreciate a life crowded with acts of goodness,—a career of busy enterprise, and a death of heroism and devotion. This second Gospel has, besides, all the vivid touches and natural sketches of an eye-witness. It embodies not only the descriptions of the Apostle Peter, whose "interpreter" * Mark was, but it would seem that the Evangelist was no personal stranger to many of the recorded incidents. The introduction into the narrative of the "young man" who saw the capture of Jesus, and fled in dismay, lest his own person should be seized, has in itself no assignable end or aim, has neither an essential nor subordinate connexion with the history; and the only probable explanation is, that the panic-stricken spectator was no other than the Evangelist himself.

The Gospel of Luke, basing itself on the authority of Paul, and being at the same time devoid of nationality, was intended to operate in a wide and catholic sphere. With its classical introduction and easy style, its fulness of delineation and symmetry of form, it comes nearer than its predecessors to our notions of a regular biography. It contains several sections and some beautiful parables not to be found in its two predecessors, and this matter, peculiar to itself, has an evident bearing on the relations of the new economy to the Gentile world. Theophilus, to whom the book is dedicated, and for whose instruction it was composed, seems to have been a resident in Italy; for in the "Acts" brief geographical explanations are appended to places mentioned in Judea and the East, but all the towns referred to in Italy are simply written, without any illustrative comment.

Quite different in tone and structure is the fourth Gospel, the production of the beloved disciple. It presupposes the existence of the previous three Gospels, for it has several allusions that cannot be distinctly understood without them. In the three synoptical Gospels Jesus appears, as in ordinary circumstances, a man whose divine glory flashed occasionally through its human disguise; but in the fourth Gospel he is exhibited as on the Mount of Transfiguration, "his countenance as the sun, and his raiment as the light," himself the "brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person." The thoughts of John cluster round the person of the Redeemer,—the eternal and almighty Word, the only-begotten Son. The object of his composition is thus stated by himself:—"These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that, believing, ye might have life through his name." This object is pursued with undeviating uniformity.* It is never lost sight of in any section. The glory of the Only-begotten shines in every paragraph. The union of Jesus with the Father, their mutual relations, their indwelling with believers, and the promise of the Spirit, are

* The term *ἑρμηνευτὴς* or "interpres," as indicating the relation in which Mark stood to Peter, seems to signify that he committed to writing the substance of the Apostle's oral discourses.—*Fritsche, Proleg. in Marcum.*

* Section after section occurs in which the Son ship or the Messiahship of Jesus is introduced as the belief of his friends or followers, or as his own avowal. Such is the testimoney of the Baptist, of Philip, of Nathaniel, the woman of Samaria, Simon Peter, and the blind man, &c.

prominent topics in this rich and radiant treatise. What fulness of meaning! You feel as if you were gazing into the unmeasured depth of the blue sky. It is lowering this Gospel to give it a narrow polemical design, as some critics have done, for it states the truth in such a manner as to come into conflict with every form of error on the person and work of the Messiah. Its subjective aspect is also very remarkable. It is the Gospel of the new life, the "hidden manna" of the spiritual existence. Looking at the blessings of the death of Christ as they exist in themselves and apart from us, we may call them pardon and holiness, but feeling them with us, as John did, we at once term them "life,"—his favorite vocable. That the Evangelist supposes his readers possessed of the three previous gospels is plain from many circumstances, such as the allusion in chapter iii. 24, &c. Much is therefore omitted which occurs in them, and the greater portion of the matter of this last and loveliest biography is supplemental. The composition of such a gospel was surely an appropriate work for him who had lain in his master's bosom and breathed his spirit, and who had, in consequence of a marked similarity of mental and spiritual constitution and susceptibility with his Lord, enjoyed the fruits of a pure and exalted friendship. Yet these characteristics of the fourth gospel—its ardour, pathos, elevation, and subjectivity, are the very reasons for which such men as Baur, Strauss, and Lützelberger, deny its authority and apostolical origin. The wasp collects its poison from the same flowers out of which the bee extracts its honey. On such a point we would far prefer the judgment of a rustic congregation in Scotland, to the united wit and wisdom of those continental destructionists. We have often heard plain men and women rise above their education and rusticity in speaking of the gospel of John, their tones mellowed, their hearts kindled, and their precious thoughts were conveyed in language of surprising elegance and power. Are not these which so speak Galileans? Yes; their "speech bewrayeth" them. They "are drunk with new wine"—the sneering critic might exclaim;—No, but the promise of Joel has rested on them. Sympathy with the Gospel of John is not the result of learned acumen. Books cannot give it—erudition cannot implant it—classical culture cannot command it—and theological training cannot be identified with it. It is not born of earth; "babes" have it, while, alas! "the wise and prudent" are strangers to it. Dr. Davidson's remarks on the authenticity of the fourth gospel are beyond value for their clearness and power, and we may remark generally that the correspondent portions of his "Introduction," such as his defence of the commencing sections of Matthew, and the last chapter of John, are among the most interesting portions of the first volume.

That so large a portion of the New Testament should consist of epistolary correspondence is a striking phenomenon; still it was natural and necessary in the circumstances. The early churches often needed counsel, warning and instruction. They had no written oracles to appeal to, and therefore the Apostles, as the living depositaries of inspired truth, were obliged to communicate with them in the form of "doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness." These letters are, therefore, the fervent outpouring of pastoral zeal and attachment. They are not abstract impersonal treatises—mere systems of theology. Like other letters they have their peculiar charm. They are written without reserve and in unaffected simplicity. Sentiments come warm from the heart without the shaping, pruning, and punctilious arrangement of a formal discourse. There is such a fresh and familiar transcription of feeling, so frequent an introduction of colloquial idioms, and so much of conversational frankness and vivacity, that the reader associates the image of the writer with every paragraph, and his ear seems to catch and recognise the very tones of living address. These impressions must have been often deepened by the thought that the letter came from "such an one as" Paul, always a sufferer, and often a prisoner. If he could not speak he wrote; if he could not see them in person, he despatched to them those silent messengers of love.

We have alluded to Paul as the principal letter-writer in the New Testament. When that change which passed over him with the shock of a spiritual earthquake, had subsided into resolute attachment to the new religion, what ardour and heroism were seen to be united in him—what a rare combination of intellect and heart, of enthusiasm and perseverance! Still with him there was no stoical abnegation of humanity—while he lived for the world he lived in the world. He shrunk from the scourge, and declared himself a citizen of Rome, and the shuddering expectation of a Roman dungeon suggested the warmth and comfort of a "cloak." The culture of the schools was in him "baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Words are often unable to convey his thoughts; they reel and stagger beneath the weight and power of his conceptions. And whe-

ther we turn to his alarmed appeal to the people of Lycaonia, where he was taken for the God of eloquence, to his Oration before the critics and judges of the Areopagus, or to his pleading at the bar of Felix and Agrippa—or whether we survey his letter to the Church in Rome in its fulness, profundity, and compacted system—or his Epistle to Corinth, so varied and magnificent in argument, so earnest and so persuasive in remonstrance and vindication—or the missive sent to Galatia, so vivid and startling in its surprise, indignation, or sorrow—or that to Ephesus, so opulent in thought, and exalted in sentiment, as if to compensate for the costly books of magic which had been given to the flames—or that to Philippi, so warm and exuberant in its congratulations to the first European city where the Gospel had been proclaimed—or that to Colosse, exposing the insidious assaults of a specious philosophy, which corrupted the purity and marred the simplicity of the Gospel—or his twin communications to Thessalonica, calm, affectionate, and consolatory—or those to Timothy and Titus, replete with the sage and cordial advices of paternal kindness, and long and varied experience—or the brief note to Philemon concerning a dishonest and fugitive slave, who had been unexpectedly brought to "the knowledge of the truth,"—or, the epistolary tractate addressed to the Hebrews, with its powerful demonstration of the superior glory and the unchanging permanence and spirituality of the New Dispensation—to whichever of these compositions we turn, we are struck with the same lofty genius and fervid eloquence, the same elevated and self-denying temperament, the same throbbings of a noble and yearning heart, the same masses of thought, luminous and many-tinted, like the cloud which glows under the reflected splendours of the setting sun, the same vigorous mental grasp which, amidst numerous digressions, is ever tracing truths up to first principles—all these the results of a master mind into which nature and grace had poured in royal profusion their rarest and richest endowments.

Similar in character are the other and catholic epistles of the New Testament—the epistle of James, so severe, lofty, and individualizing in its tone, so like the personal teaching of Jesus, as seen in the Sermon on the Mount—the two epistles of Peter, the very image of himself in warm impulse and aspiration, and so full of Jewish allusion and associations, quite in keeping with the spirit of Him who was "the Apostle of the Circumcision,"—the three Epistles of John, so redolent of love, "the bond of perfectness," and ever recurring to the necessity of a holy life as the true accompaniment and realization of an orthodox creed; and lastly, the brief chapter of Jude, a volcanic denunciation of Antinomian licentiousness and fruitless formalism. Many questions with regard to these writings fall to be discussed in a book of "Introduction,"—questions essential to the proof of their genuineness and the interpretation of their contents. Among such questions are the following,—the time, place, origin, and circumstances of their composition, the purpose their author had in view, and the character, history, and condition of the people to whom they were addressed. These topics are well and profoundly discussed in the second and third volumes of Dr. Davidson's work. We might instance as excellent specimens of critical argument, the proof that the Epistle to the Ephesians was not an encyclical letter, as Usher and others have supposed—the laboured reply to Schleiermacher's assault on the pastoral epistles, and the triumphant vindication, first, of the Pauline authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and secondly, of the canonicity and genuineness of the Apocalypse. We think, at the same time, that Dr. Davidson, like Olshausen, speaks too doubtingly of the Second Epistle of Peter, even though it was placed of old among the ἀντιλεγομενα, and we cannot feel the force of the reasoning by which he denies to Jude the rank and prerogative of an apostle. As to the first point, we hold with Hug, Guerike, and Thiersch, that the evidence is clearly on the side of a Petrine origin, and as to the second, we own that we cannot find conclusive argument in minor and hypothetical statements against the apostleship of Jude, "brother of James." The last question has no doubt several difficulties from which it is not easily disentangled.

We might now have adduced a few specimens to verify and illustrate our remarks. In simplicity of narrative what can vie with the account of our Lord's birth, life, death, and resurrection? As, when we gaze into a mirror we are not conscious of the reflecting surface that intervenes, so we feel in reading the gospels as if neither words nor language came between us and the scenes described. The personality of the evangelists themselves is concealed from our view in the shades of that glory which covers their pages. They never attempt to eulogize the Christ—no sentiment of admiration escapes them. They paint without labour a perfection which never had abode on earth but once, and that perfection is not dimly sketched in some abstract and shadowy

ideal, but is embodied in the actual man of Nazareth. They exhibit the perfect man, living, acting, speaking, loving, sorrowing, praying, suffering, and dying. What gleams of beauty, what strokes of nature, what touches of pathos in those parables! And these miracles are told without an exclamation of surprise, so familiar were the annalists with them. Sometimes they call them "wonders" or "signs," but the wonder-worker names them simply "works,"*—to him they were without effort. And in the Epistles what specimens have we not of almost every form of composition,—description, narrative, argument, oratory—bold invective and sudden apostrophe—antithesis and climax—the brief words of anger—the sad regrets of disappointed hope—the soft breathings of affection—the vehement outburst of self-vindication—the long and effective argument, often ending in an anthem—logic swelling into lyrics—the terse deliverance of ethical maxims, and the cordial greeting and kind remembrance of former friends. No wonder that Longinus adds Paul of Tarsus to a list of names, "which were the crown of all eloquence and Grecian genius." There are some passages in the Epistles to the Corinthians which have all the vehement and thrilling penetration of Demosthenes, and other sections in the same books, which, in elevation, imagery, and music, have no parallel, even in the Platonic dialogues.

We will not venture, in our limited space, upon the debated ground of the Apocalypse; not that we have not our own opinion pretty well fixed in opposition to extreme "praeterist," "futurist," and "continuist" interpreters. At all events, the great truth of this prose-poem is, that Christianity shall triumph over every antagonist, and gain, in spite of all opposition, an ultimate, glorious, and lasting victory. It is, in short, a pictorial sermon upon a very old text,—the seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent. This truth is presented in the changing lights and aspects of a gorgeous panorama, and clothed in the drapery of the old Hebrew oracles. The imagery of Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, is reproduced in new combinations, to symbolize and picture out the history, malignity, overthrow, and downfall of the enemies of the truth. Amidst the numerous expositions of this solemn and stirring prophecy, how few of them rest on a scientific basis, or take a comprehensive, consistent, and self-adjusting view of the vision as an organic whole. How many interpreters merely throw the shadow of their own times on the bright scenes and hieroglyphs of the mystic scroll. We cannot, however, refrain from saying, that much interesting matter will be found on this subject in Dr. Davidson's third volume, 120 pages of which are occupied with Apocalyptic discussions. The reader will find also no little information in the works of Luecke and Hengstenberg on this portion of Scripture. We only add, that Dr. Davidson's theory of the contents and structure of the Apocalypse, is more vulnerable on some points than he seems to imagine, and that he might perhaps have pronounced upon other hypotheses with less dogmatic and resolute depreciation.

Our sketch of the Literature of the New Testament has necessarily omitted many points, which, in other circumstances, might have been discussed. Works like those of Dr. Davidson open up a wide field for inspection and review. It would have occupied too much space to have entered into the question of the dates of the different books, and at what probable periods they were collected so as to form the Canon. Nor could we glance at the resemblances or contrasts with one another which the various treatises occasionally present—the similarity of Jude to Second Peter being so marked, and the supposed antithesis of James to Paul being so notorious, and yet so easily harmonized. We think it might be made exceedingly probable, that so far from James having had the Pauline doctrine of justification by faith alone in his mind, he wrote his epistle at a date considerably earlier than that of the Epistle to Rome, or to the Churches in Galatia.

Every thing about Scripture as well as in it commends it to our intelligence and faith. Our hope and prayer is, that we may always have among us enlightenment without sceptical levity, learning without erudite perversion and thorough research without its self-created difficulties and consequent aberrations. The Literature of the New Testament will then be subservient to its theology—the bright setting of the brighter jewel. If the life of Him depicted in these gospels were felt in vigorous pulsation among our Churches, and if they walked under the influence of the faith enforced—the truth illustrated, and the immortality portrayed in these Epistles, then would be the world's jubilee—"days of heaven upon earth."

---

* John xiv. 11.

ART. VI.—1. *Arctic Searching Expedition: a Journal of a Boat Voyage through Rupert's Land and the Arctic Sea, in search of the Discovery Ships under Sir John Franklin. With an Appendix on the Physical Geography of North America.* By SIR JOHN RICHARDSON, C. B., F. R. S., Inspector of Naval Hospitals and Fleets. 2 vols., with Plates and Charts, pp. 840. London, 1851.

2. *Voyage of the Prince Albert in search of Sir John Franklin; a Narrative of Every-day Life in the Arctic Seas.* By W. PARKER SNOW. London, 1851. Pp. 416.

3. *A Narrative of Arctic Discovery, from the earliest period to the present time, with the details of the measures adopted by Her Majesty's Government for the relief of the Expedition under Sir John Franklin.* By JOHN J. SHILLINGLAW. London, 1850. 8vo. Pp. 348.

4. *Sir John Franklin and the Arctic Regions,* &c. By P. L. SIMMONDS. London, 1851. Pp. 376.

5. *An Arctic Voyage to Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound in search of Friends with Sir John Franklin.* By ROBERT ANSTRUTHER GOODSIR, late President of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh. London, 1850. Pp. 152.

6. *A Series of Ten Coloured Views taken during the Arctic Expedition of Her Majesty's Ships Enterprise and Investigator, under the command of* CAPTAIN SIR JAMES C. ROSS, Kt. F. R. S., *in Search of Capt. Sir John Franklin, Kt., K. C. H., drawn by* LIEUT. W. H. BROWNE, R. N., late of H. M. S. Enterprise, *with a Summary of the Arctic Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin.* London, 1850.

7. *Voyages of Discovery and Research within the Arctic Regions from the year* 1818 *to the present time.* By SIR JOHN BARROW, Bart., F. R. S., An. æt. 82. London, 1846. Pp. 530.

8. *Observations on a Work entitled "Voyages, &c., within the Arctic Regions:* by SIR JOHN BARROW, Bart., ætat. 82." *Being a Refutation of the Numerous Misrepresentations contained in that volume.* By SIR JOHN ROSS, C. B., &c., Capt., R. N. 1846.

9. *The Franklin Expedition; or Considerations on Measures for the Discovery and Relief of our absent Adventurers in the Arctic Regions.* By the REV. W. SCORESBY, D. D., F. R. S., London and Edinburgh, &c., &c. London, 1850. Pp. 98.

10. *Log-Book of the Felix Discovery Vessel, commanded by* REAR-ADMIRAL SIR JOHN ROSS, C. B.; in MSS.

11. *Report of the Committee of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, to inquire into, and report on, the recent Arctic Expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin.* London, 1851. Fol. Pp. 200.

12. *Additional Papers relative to the Arctic Expedition, under the orders of Captain Austin and Mr. William Penny.* London, 1851. Pp. 370.

13. *Arctic Expedition; a Lecture delivered at the London Institution, Feb.* 6, 1850. By CHARLES RICHARD WELD, Assistant Secretary to the Royal Society. London, 1850. Pp. 48.

14. *Arctic Miscellanies, a Souvenir of the late Polar Search.* By the Officers and Seamen of the Expedition. 1 vol., with numerous Illustrations. London, 1851. Pp. 348.

SIX years and seven months have elapsed since Sir John Franklin and his devoted band quitted their native shore to explore the almost forbidden regions of the Arctic Zone, and if an ever watchful Providence has preserved them from its dangers, the days of another long year must be numbered before they can be embraced by their friends and welcomed by their country. But whether they return, or not return—whether they remain in their prison of ice, from which there is no escape, or have perished amid the storms and rigours of a polar winter—whether they have reached a more genial climate where the remnant of life can be spent without pain, or are doomed to drag out a weary existence under the united pressure of hunger and cold—ever looking for deliverance and never finding it—whatever be their condition, their adventures, chronicled, as they may yet be, by themselves, or painted by others in the lights and shadows of fancy, will ever be a subject of romantic interest, and their fate a source of unmingled joy or of deep lamentation.

Nor will it be in England alone that this interest will be felt, and this sympathy awakened. Nations whom political differences have estranged, and parties who, on every other subject are at variance, have, with united hearts, striven to discover the adventurous exiles, and as hope languished and despair succeeded, the general anxiety for their safety and return increased in the same proportion. He who sacrifices his life for his country, has but his countrymen to mourn his loss. He who makes the sacrifice for science and philanthropy is lamented throughout a wider sphere. The tears of the Old World and the New are shed over his tomb, and universal humanity bewails the departed sage. The fate of the Arctic traveller has therefore excited an

interest co-extensive with civilisation. Though the territory of ice and snow would have belonged to England, the problem of a north-west passage would have been solved for humanity; and though the glory of the deed would have illustrated but a British name, the mysteries of the polar regions would have been unveiled for the instruction of the world.

Influenced, doubtless, by these views, the Government of England have nobly discharged their duty in fitting out Expeditions by sea and by land, in search of Sir John Franklin. Private wealth has been liberally embarked in the same enterprise; and the sovereigns of Europe and the States of America have generously contributed their aid. Along every accessible meridian the polar regions have been approached, and though but slight traces of the wanderers have rewarded the labours of the past, we yet look forward, in the brightness of hope, to their discovery and their return. But whatever be the result of these noble efforts, the history of the Searching Expeditions will form one of the most affecting chapters in the annals of our race, and will stand in bright contrast with the chapter of war and of conquest. The poet will appropriate its romantic details, and the epic which emblazons the deeds of the pilgrim traveller lost and found, will be read with tears of joy when the tragedy of bloodshed has ceased to excite and to interest us. The white sail, which carries the bread and wine of the State to the shipwrecked crew, will be followed by the blessing of the good and the wise, while the red flag of the war-ship, on its way to destroy, will be pursued by the curses of every country but its own.

Before we proceed to give our readers an account of the different Expeditions which have been sent out in search of Sir John Franklin, we must remind them of the steps which had been previously taken, during the present century, to explore the regions which surround the pole. After the voyage of Capt. Phipps, who, in 1773, approached within 9° 12′ of the North Pole,* the question of a north-west passage had ceased to interest the public, and it was not till the year 1817 that Capt. Scoresby, jun., (now the Rev. Dr. Scoresby), in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, again attracted to it the attention which it deserved. This excellent and accomplished individual, to whom science owes many obligations, had observed, while navigating the Greenland seas in 1817, that about 18,000 square miles of the ice that covered them had disappeared within the two preceding years. The ice which had thus broken loose from the Greenland coast, floated round Iceland, filling the bays and creeks of the island, and drifting southward in icebergs and large floes till they reached the shores of Labrador and Newfoundland, and even found their way into the Atlantic. This letter was communicated by Sir Joseph Banks to his friends; and Sir John Barrow, whose name has been so honourably associated with Arctic discovery, took such an interest in the suggestion of Captain Scoresby, that he induced the Government to fit out an Expedition for the purpose of exploring Baffin's Bay, and inquiring into the probability of a north-west passage. The ships appropriated to this service were the Isabella, of 385 tons, commanded by Captain Ross, to whose care the Expedition was entrusted, and the Alexander, of 252 tons, commanded by Lieutenant W. E. Parry. The ships left the Thames on the 18th April 1818, and proceeding between the ice and the western shore of Greenland, they reached Waygat Straits, where they were detained, along with forty whalers, till the loosened ice set them free on the 20th of June. On the 17th of July the two ships were nearly crushed to atoms by the ice-floes which closed in upon them; and during a gale of wind which sprung up in the first week in August, they fell foul of each other, breaking their ice-anchors and cables, and crushing a boat in pieces; and when the fall of the masts was every minute eqpected, the sudden separation of the two ice-fields relieved them from their perilous position. On the 8th of August, when the gale had abated, Captain Ross observed an island, apparently uninhabited, though marked with small heaps of stone, which the Esquimaux raise over the dead. The inhabitants, however, appeared on the following day in their dog-drawn sledges, and the description of these "Arctic Highlanders" forms an interesting chapter in Captain Ross's volume.

In rounding the northern summit of Baffin's Bay, and sailing along the upper part of its western coast, Captain Ross passed Smith's Sound, Jones's Sound, and Lancaster Sound, which were discovered by Baffin, and through the last of which Captain Parry subsequently found a passage to the great Northern Ocean. Captain Ross gave the names of his ships, Isabella and Alexander, to the two capes which form the entrance to Smith's Sound, and he considered "the bottom of the Sound to be about eighteen leagues distant, but its

* In 1806 Capt. Scoresby, sen., reached the latitude of 81° 30′ within 8° 30′ of the Pole.

entrance was completely blocked up with ice." In passing Jones's Sound, on the shore of which Baffin had sent his boat, Captain Ross only remarks that it "answers the description given by Baffin, who discovered it." When the Expedition reached Lancaster Sound on the 30th August, "much interest," as Captain Ross states, "was excited on board by the appearance of this strait; the *general opinion however was, that it was only an inlet.* Captain Sabine, who produced Baffin's account, was of opinion that we were off Lancaster Sound, and that there were no hopes of a passage until we should arrive at Cumberland Strait;" to use his own words, there was "no indication of a passage—no appearance of a canoe—no drift-wood, and no swell from the north-west." Captain Ross likewise states, that the land was seen at the bottom of the inlet by *the officers of the watch*, and that he himself distinctly saw a high ridge of mountains, which he named after Mr. Croker, the Secretary to the Admiralty.

Although Captain Ross thus passed Lancaster Sound with the conviction that it was a mere inlet of the sea, yet it appears that Lieutenant Parry and others had entertained a different opinion, and that, from the nature of the swell, they "felt a hope that it might be caused by this inlet being a passage into a sea to the westward of it." This difference of opinion respecting the nature of Lancaster Sound gave rise to an angry discussion, in which Captain Ross was unjustly charged with an unreasonable desire to return to his family, at a time when he might have achieved the great object of his Expedition. Those who know this gallant officer, or who are acquainted with the noble and disinterested part which he has performed in the subsequent history of Arctic research, will have some difficulty in believing that a love of home had allured him from his duty, and that he had allowed his imagination to upheave a range of mountains as an excuse for his return. But whatever was the judgment of his rivals or his enemies, the Admiralty approved of his conduct by giving him promotion immediately on his return; "while no other officer was promoted, not even Parry, who commanded the second ship, and who was not only suffered to remain a Lieutenant, but was sent out the following year with two ships under his command on a similar expedition, still as Lieutenant."*

That Captain Ross formed an erroneous judgment on the subject of Lancaster Sound, and that the mountains which he believed he saw had no existence, is now placed beyond a doubt; but since that time similar mistakes have given rise to similar controversies; and while these mistakes, committed by navigators of the highest name, will defend the reputation of Captain Ross from the ungenerous allegations of his enemies, they will protect future commanders against the treatment he has experienced. Every traveller, whether by land or sea, is aware of the extreme difficulty of distinguishing mountains from clouds in particular conditions of the atmosphere, and we believe that there is not an officer in Her Majesty's Navy who has not experienced the same illusion. When Lieutenant Wilkes, the distinguished commander of the United States Exploring Expedition, was surveying what he calls the *Antarctic Continent*, he repeatedly approached the icy barrier which defends it, and he and all his officers distinctly saw the mountains which composed it. Nay, "*to remove all possibility of doubt, and to prove conclusively that there was no deception in the case, views of the same land were taken from the vessels in three different positions, with the bearings of its peaks and promontories, by whose intersections their position is nearly as well established as the peaks of any of the islands we surveyed from the sea.*"* After this distinct description of the Antarctic Continent, our readers will scarcely believe that Sir James Ross actually sailed over the mountains on the western side of this Antartic Continent, just as Captain Parry sailed over the Croker range in Lancaster Sound.†

* We quote the words of Sir John Barrow, (p. 53,) who would seem at this time to have had no influence at the Admiralty, though his friend Lord Melville was then at its head.

* Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition from 1838-1842, vol. ii. pp. 282-3. See our notice of this work, vol. viii. 215, 216.

† We cannot close this discussion without noticing, in terms of reprobation, the second chapter of Sir John Barrow's latest work, in which, throughout thirty-eight pages, he maintains an incessant attack upon Sir John Ross and the narrative of his first voyage. Even in the pages of a Review, where the critic claims the widest license, we have never read such a tissue of unjust and ungenerous criticism. Twenty-eight years had elapsed since the angry discussion on Lancaster Sound had ceased; and though the Board of Admiralty, of which Mr. Barrow was one of the secretaries, acquitted Captain Ross of every charge, we should not have greatly blamed any expression of triumph on the part of his opponent, when Captain Parry had proved that Captain Ross had been mistaken. But it is painful to perceive that such bitterness of feeling should have continued for so long a period, and should have been publicly expressed against a man who had, during that interval, acquired such high distinction as an Arctic discoverer, and in the very field from which his antagonist had gleaned his reputation. Unable, apparently, to induce

In the same year in which Capt. Ross circumnavigated Baffin's Bay, a voyage of discovery towards the North Pole was performed by Capt Buchan and Lieut, Franklin in the Dorothea and Trent. They were instructed to make the best of their way into the Spitzbergen seas, to endeavour to pass to the northward between Spitzbergen and Greenland, and use their best endeavours to reach the North Pole. Although this Expedition was not attended with success, many interesting facts were discovered connected with the physical geography and natural history of these northern regions. On the temperate shores of Spitzbergen they observed multitudes of animals of various kinds. The little auks (alca alle) appeared in flocks of nearly a mile in length, and so close together, that thirty often fell by a single shot. Capt. Buchan computed that the number of these birds which were on the wing at one time could not be less than four millions. In Magdalena Bay, the place of rendezvous, the most magnificent avalanches were witnessed; and also four glaciers, the smallest of which is 200 feet above the sea, and occupies the slope of a mountain. It is called the Hanging Iceberg, and looks as if the slightest impulse would precipitate it into the sea. A gun fired in the vicinity of this iceberg never fails to bring down one of these masses. On one occasion, when a gun was fired at the distance of half a mile, an immense fragment fell into the sea, when a wave rolled to the shore with such velocity as to wash a boat with its crew upon the beach to a distance of ninety-six feet. On another occasion, Mr. Beechy and Lieut. Franklin observed a portion of a berg tumble into the sea from a height of 200 feet, and produce such a wave as obliged the Dorothea, then careening at the distance of four miles, to aright by the release of its tackles. The weight of this iceberg, which stood sixty feet out of the water, and consequently 480 feet under it, was computed at 421,660 tons. While coasting along the eastern shore of Greenland, a violent gale compelled the Dorothea and the Trent to escape shipwreck by dashing into the "unbroken line of furious breakers, in which immense pieces of ice were heaving and subsiding with the waves, and dashing together with a violence which nothing apparently but a solid body could withstand, occasioning such a noise that the orders were scarcely heard by the crew." "The terrific grandeur of the effect produced by the collision of the ice and the tempestuous ocean" was indescribable. "Each person instinctively secured his own hold, and, with his eyes fixed upon the mast, awaited in breathless anxiety the moment of concussion. It soon arrived—the brig cutting her way through the light ice came in violent contact with the main body. In an instant we all lost our footing, the masts bent with the impetus of the crashing timbers from below, and bespoke a pressure calculated to awaken our serious apprehension. . . . The motion of the brig was so great, that the ship's bell, which in the severest gale of wind had never struck of itself, now tolled so continuously that it was ordered to be muffled." On the abatement of the gale, the ships got into open sea and arrived in the Thames on the 22d October, 1818.

The next Arctic Expedition, under Lieut. Parry and Lieut. Liddon, in the Hecla and Griper, the one a boat of 375 tons, and the other a gun brig of 180, left the Thames on the 8th of May 1819, provisioned for two years. In this successful voyage Capt. Parry discovered that Lancaster Sound communicated with the western ocean. Passing on through what he calls Barrow's Strait, his progress westward was stopped by detached floes of ice, and he was therefore induced to stand southward and examine an inlet about thirty miles across, which he named the Prince Regent's inlet, and which he traced southward to the distance of 120 miles, giving the name of Cape Kater to its

---

Captain Sabine to give a direct contradiction to Captain Ross's account of their conversation in Lancaster Sound, in which he gives Captain Sabine's words under inverted commas, Sir John Barrow refers to it in the following note:—"Without giving *a direct* contradiction to Commander Ross's statement regarding Captain Sabine's opinion of Lancaster Sound, it was thought better to leave that to Captain Sabine himself, to deal with it as he might think proper." It is not likely, after twenty-eight years' silence, that Captain Sabine should follow the advice. Captain Ross had called Lancaster Sound a dangerous inlet, which it might be one year and not another; and in contradicting this opinion of its danger, Sir John Barrow thus alludes to that noble and heart-rending episode in Captain Ross's life, when, after four and a half years' imprisonment, he and his crew, without food and clothing, were rescued by the Isabella:—"Nay, Ross himself had the courage—can it be called—'moral courage?' to revisit some years afterwards this horrible spot in a miserable kind of ship, (the Victory,) fitted out at the expense of a private individual, (Sir Felix Booth,) *for some purpose or other*, which ship, however, he left frozen up at the bottom of Regent's Inlet, and with great fatigue and difficulty succeeded in getting back to Lancaster Sound, and had the good luck to be picked up in this '*dangerous inlet*' by a whaler—the very identical Isabella which he once commanded."—*Voyage, &c.*, pp. 46. 47. In thus recording our opinion of this chapter, we grieve to add that the writer of it was an amiable individual in the eighty-second year of his age, and his victim about to enter upon his seventieth year.

extreme point on the east. Returning to Prince Leopold's Island, where he had been stopped in his progress to the west, he found an open sea, and discovered on the north a noble looking strait more than eight miles wide, to which he gave the name of Wellington Channel, an opening through which important discoveries still remain to be made. Pursuing a westward course, Capt. Parry discovered Cornwallis, Griffith, Lowther, Bathurst, and Byam Martin Islands, on the last of which the remains of Esquimaux habitations were found. On the 4th of September he crossed the meridian of 110° W. long. in the lat. of 74° 44′ 20″, which entitled the crew to the reward of £5000, which the Board of Longitude, by an act since repealed, had offered to the navigator who should penetrate so far to the westward.

After discovering Melville Island, the Hecla and Griper were hauled into Winter Harbour, on the south side of the island, where the bold and successful navigators remained for eight or nine months without the light of the sun, and under all the hardships of a climate where the thermometer had sunk to 55° below zero. Our limits will not permit us to describe the admirable arrangements by which Captain Parry provided amusement and occupations for his crew during their long imprisonment. It is enough to say that they were attended with the most complete success, and reflected the highest credit upon his taste and judgment. When the ice began to disappear, the Expedition pursued a westward course till it reached the meridian of 113° 48′ 29″, after coming within sight of Bankes' land, the farthest point to the west which has yet been discovered; but the state of the ice prohibited its farther advance, and about the middle of August it set sail for England, and reached Peterhead on the 30th October 1820.

Passing over the voyage of Captain Clavering and Captain Sabine, who were sent out in H. M. S. Griper, to measure the length of the pendulum in northern latitudes, we come to the second voyage of Captain Parry, in the years 1821, 1822, and 1823. The expedition, consisting of the Fury and the Hecla, Capt. Lyon, sailed on the 8th May 1821, and on the 2d July reached Resolution Island, at the entrance of Hudson's Straits. At the Savage Islands the ships were visited by many families of Esquimaux, remarkable for their filth and their immoralities; and after reaching Southampton Island, Captain Parry proceeded along the Frozen Strait to examine Repulse Bay, in which there was scarcely a piece of ice to be seen. Continuing to survey the coast till the young ice began to form, he was obliged to take up his winter quarters in a small island off the mouth of Lyon's Inlet, where the Expedition remained till the 8th July, when they were obliged to saw a passage through the ice. Finding it impossible to advance against one unbroken floe of ice, Captain Parry resolved to make a land journey, and by this means he was enabled to reach the *Strait of the Fury and Hecla.* The summer being thus fruitlessly spent, he was again driven into winter quarters, which he obtained at Igloolik, after cutting a canal 4343 feet long, through ice upwards of a foot in thickness. From this prison he was released on the 8th August, and finding that no benefit would be derived from the labours of another year, he turned his ships homeward, and arrived at Lerwick on the 10th October 1823.

With the view of finding a passage into the Polar Sea from the bottom of Prince Regent's Inlet, Captain Parry set out on his third voyage on the 19th May 1824, in the Hecla and in the Fury, commanded by Captain Hoppner. Having been detained in crossing Baffin's Bay, they were obliged to go into winter quarters at Port Bowen, on the east side of Prince Regent's Inlet. Warping out of Port Bowen on 20th July they proceeded southward as far as long. 91° 50′ and lat. 72° 52′, where the Fury was forced on shore, and so much damaged that it was necessary to abandon her with her stores. Her officers and men having been transferred to the Hecla, the Expedition returned home, and reached Sheerness on the 20th October 1825.

Omitting Captain Lyon's unsuccessful endeavour to reach Repulse Bay in 1821, and Captain Parry's fourth voyage in which he reached the 83d degree of latitude, after making a fruitless attempt to reach the North Pole in boats, we come to another class of Expeditions to reach the Polar Sea by land. These attempts were made in three successive journeys. The first in the years 1819, 20, 21, and 22, by Captain Franklin and Dr. Richardson, who travelled through North America to the Polar Sea and along the coast from Copper Mine River to Point Turnagain; the second by the same parties in the years 1825, 1826, and 1827, to the Mackenzie River, and from thence westward to the Return Cliff, and eastward to the Copper Mine River; the third in 1833, 34, 35, by Captain Back, who travelled through North America, and sailed down a river, now Back's River, never before navigated, to its estuary in the Polar Sea.

The first of these journeys was one of the most interesting and eventful that was ever performed by British travellers. Besides Captain Franklin and Dr. Richardson, the party consisted of Mr. (now Sir) George Back, Mr. Robert Hood, and John Hepburn, an English seaman. The dangers to which they were exposed, and the sufferings which they endured from cold and hunger, and other incidents even more exciting than these, give the most intense interest to Captain Franklin's narrative. After completing their voyage along the coast of the Polar Sea on the 26th of August, during which they had traversed 650 geographical miles, Captain Franklin resolved to proceed by Hood's River as far as it was navigable, and then to cross the barren grounds to Fort Enterprise. Their provisions were greatly reduced: Ten bags of pemmican had become mouldy and the beef uneatable, and on the 28th July they had provisions only for eight days. On the 3d of September a violent snow-storm obliged them to encamp, and at this juncture the last piece of pemmican and a little arrow-root were distributed for supper. The storm continued to rage for several days, and having nothing to eat, and no means of making a fire, they remained whole days in bed. With the thermometer at 20°, without fire, and with garments stiffened by frost, our travellers weak with fasting, were wholly unfit to proceed over ground covered with ice and snow. On making the attempt Franklin was seized with a fainting fit from exhaustion, and sudden exposure to the wind; but upon eating a morsel of soup he recovered. The *rock-tripe*, the *tripe de roche*, a lichen which grows upon the rocks, kept the party from starvation, though it only allays the pangs of hunger, and was nauseous to all and noxious to some. For some days they subsisted on singed hide and tripe de roche, and previous to setting out, the whole party ate the remains of their old shoes and whatever scraps of leather they possessed, in order to strengthen their stomachs for the fatigues of the day. The carcases of five small deer revived their drooping spirits after eight days' famine; but as this supply afforded them only two substantial meals, Captain Back, the most active and vigorous of the party, was sent forward to Fort Enterprise along with some of the hunters to give notice of the approach of the rest. Two of the party now unable to proceed were left behind, and "in this hopeless condition, with certain starvation staring them in the face," Dr. Richardson nobly resolved to make a last effort for the supply of the party. It had become absolutely necessary to cross the river as the nearest road to Fort Enterprise; but every attempt to carry their raft of green wood across the stream proved fruitless. In this emergency Dr. Richardson volunteered to swim across, carrying with him round his middle, a line by which the raft could be hauled over. In this state he plunged into the stream, but just before he reached the opposite bank his arms grew benumbed with cold, and lost their moving power. Turning on his back, he had nearly reached the shore, when his legs became powerless and he sunk beneath the current. By hauling upon the line he was again brought to the surface, and gradually drawn ashore in a lifeless state. Though reduced to skin and bone, and scarcely able to speak, he contrived to give some slight directions respecting the mode of treating him, and he thus gradually regained his usual strength, having lost, however, all sensation in his left side. Bones made friable by burning, and the putrid marrow of the back-bone of a deer which was so acrid as to excoriate the lips, was their next variety of food, and being thus reduced to the last degree of starvation, several of the men were unable to proceed. Dr. Richardson, Mr. Hood, and John Hepburn, remained to take care of them, and Captain Franklin, with eight persons, left them on the 7th October for Fort Enterprise, a distance of 24 miles. Two of this party were unable to proceed; other two were seized with dizziness and great debility, and these returned to Dr. Richardson's encampment where fire and rock-tripe were still to be obtained. One of them, Michel the Iroquois, alone arrived, but the other three were no more heard of. When the remnant reached Fort Enterprise, after supping upon tea and their shoes, they found the Fort desolate, without food, without provisions, and without the trace of a living animal. The bones and skins of several deer which they had formerly thrown away became now valuable food. Franklin tried to go to Fort Providence, but he fell between two rocks and was obliged to return to his companions, three of whom were unable to quit their beds, and continued to shed tears during the whole day.

After spending eighteen days in this wretched state, the party, seated round their evening fire, were startled by the sudden entrance of Dr. Richardson and Mr. Hepburn, each carrying his bundle. The absence of Hood, and Michel, and Perrault, and Fontano, excited their alarm. The two last had not been heard of, but Hood and Michel were dead.

The history of their death is a tragedy of

the deepest interest, and we cannot withhold it from our readers. Michel the Iroquois had become an object of suspicion. He had evinced an obstinate and refractory spirit, and circumstances occurred which rendered it probable that he had murdered both Belanger and Perrault. His manner and conduct, to the rest of the party, had undergone a marked change. He refused to hunt and to cut or carry wood for the fires. "There are no animals," he replied, when implored by Mr. Hood to give his assistance, "you had better kill and eat me." Soon after Dr. Richardson had read the morning service on Sunday, he went out of the tent and heard the report of a gun. Hepburn, who had been cutting down a tree at a short distance, called upon him in a voice of great alarm to come directly. Upon entering the tent he found Hood lying lifeless at the fireside, a ball having apparently entered the forehead. He was at first horror-struck at the idea that his friend, under the pressure of cold and hunger, had fallen by his own hand; but upon discovering that the ball had entered the back part of the head, and that the muzzle of the gun had been applied so close as to set fire to the nightcap behind, he had no doubt that Michel had done the deed. Though he was not charged with it, he repeatedly protested that he was incapable of committing such an act, and was anxious to learn if he was suspected of it. The victim of this savage deed was a young officer of distinguished and varied talents. He had borne his unparalleled bodily sufferings with patience and fortitude, and had calmly contemplated the termination of his life, by the peaceful surrender of it on a bed of sickness. Bickersteth's *Scripture Help* was lying open beside the body, as if it had fallen from his hand, when the assassin's blow had closed his eyes while resting on the sacred page. His body was interred amid a clump of willows, and returning to the fire Dr. Richardson read the funeral service in addition to the evening prayer.

Dreading, as they had reason to do, the vengeance of the savage murderer, it became necessary to keep a strict watch over his proceedings. He muttered threats against Hepburn, and, as if he wished to find an apology for new acts of violence, he alleged that the white people had killed and eaten his uncle and two of his relatives. It had now become quite evident that his intention was to kill Dr. Richardson and Mr. Hepburn, and they came to the conclusion that their only safety was in his death. Hepburn offered to be the instrument of it: but Dr. Richardson, convinced of the necessity of this dreadful deed, determined to take the whole responsibility upon himself, and he immediately, upon the approach of the Iroquois, shot him through the head with a pistol.

On the ninth day after this tragical event, viz. on the 1st of November, Peltier and Samandré died of exhaustion from hunger and fatigue, and had not a supply of provisions arrived from Mr. Back, on the 7th November, the whole party must have perished in a few days. Franklin, Richardson, and Hepburn, eagerly devoured "the dried deer's meat, fat and tongues," and though aware of the danger of yielding to their appetite under their peculiar condition, they could not restrain themselves, and suffered so dreadfully from indigestion, that they had no rest the whole night.

Mr. Back had been sent by Captain Franklin, on the 4th October 1821, to Fort Enterprise to obtain provisions. His companions were St. Germain, Belanger, and Beauparlant. They pursued their route, sinking up to the thighs in deep snow, encamping amid willows, and dining on the 4th day upon "an old pair of leather trowsers and some swamp tea." Though two slept together they trembled with cold in their beds. On the 6th Belanger fell two times through the ice, and was pulled out by their worsted belts fastened together. On the 7th they were so weak that they were blown over by the wind and drift; and, unable to proceed, they encamped in a clump of pines, where they had nothing to allay the cravings of hunger but a gun cover and a pair of old shoes. The exhausted travellers at last reached Fort Enterprise, but what was their surprise when they found it utterly desolate, without the Indians to help them, without food to keep them alive, and without the means of succouring the starving friends whom they had left. "For the moment, however, hunger prevailed, and each began to gnaw the scraps of putrid and frozen meat that were lying about, without waiting to prepare them. A fire was then made, and the neck and bones of a deer found in the house were boiled and devoured." They continued to subsist on burnt bones made palatable with a little salt, and scraps of old deer-skins and swamp tea. Beauparlant, with his head and limbs enormously swelled, died on the 17th October. Mr. Back was left alone with Belanger and St. Germain, and they continued to suffer from hunger, cold, and fatigue. On the 3d November, however, Akaitcho with his Indians arrived. Sledges laden with meat were despatched to Captain Franklin, and Mr. Back had the satisfaction

of learning on the 9th that his supply of food had reached and saved his companions at Fort Enterprise. On the 10th they proceeded on their journey, and arrived at Fort Providence on the 21st of November.

Having joined Mr. Back at Moosedeer Island, the survivors of the party arrived in safety at Fort Chipewyan, where they paid off the Indians and Canadians that accompanied them. They reached Norway House on the 4th, and York Factory on the 14th July 1822, having been absent above three years, and journeyed by water and by land upwards of 5550 miles.

After encountering such dangers, and suffering such privations, greater by far than those which war demands from its victims, it will scarcely be believed that time could cast them into oblivion, and that the very men—not one, but all of them—should, before three years had elapsed, not only brave, but even court the same dangerous service. The soldier who returns maimed and wounded from his campaigns, must again start at the call of duty, when his country is in danger: If he lives by war he must share its hazards: If he dies in battle it is but the death he coveted. It is different, however, with the intellectual hero, whose every hour is one of mental and bodily exhaustion, and who, under the bivouack of the midnight lamp, devours in thought the atoms of his brain, and works with a more fatal energy than the muscular hero who brandishes the cutlass or points the spear. But more fatal still, and more glorious too, are the achievements of those illustrious men who conjoin mental with bodily toil, and who, in the path of Arctic research and physical discovery, have abandoned the luxuries of home, the endearments of domestic life, and the society of rank, and wealth, and talent, which they enlightened and adorned. Among such men posterity will rank Franklin and Richardson, and Back, and the two Rosses; and while the men of the world will trace their history and mourn their loss, from whatever calamity that loss may arise, the Christian will admire their fervent piety, and patient resignation under suffering; while the bigot may learn, if he can learn, that there may be a Church amid the snow, and a service among the rocks, and that that spot is consecrated for His service wherever God shall place a human soul loving and fearing him, and recognising in the wilds around the greatness and glory of their Maker.

Towards the close of 1824 Captain Franklin became anxious to complete the exploration of the northern coast of America, and explained to the Government the plan of a second expedition for that purpose. In offering to execute the plan he was aware of the humane repugnance of the Government to expose their servants to the sufferings which he had endured, but he succeeded in shewing them "that in the proposed course similar dangers were not to be apprehended, while the objects to be attained were at once important to the naval character, scientific reputation, and commercial interests of Great Britain." Dr. Richardson and Lieutenant Back volunteered to accompany Captain Franklin, and, joined by Lieutenant Kendal, and by Mr. Drummond as botanist, they embarked at Liverpool for New York on the 16th February 1825, and arrived at Fort Chipewyan on the 15th July. After assembling on the Great Bear Lake River, which flows out of the western side of that lake into the Mackenzie River, they were instructed to descend the latter to the sea, and on their arrival at its mouth to divide themselves into two parties. The first of these parties, under Captain Franklin, was directed to proceed westerly, towards Icy Cape, on the entrance of Behring's Straits, where the Blossom, under Captain Beechey, was to meet them. The other party, under Dr. Richardson, was instructed to leave the mouth of Mackenzie River and to proceed easterly along the coast, till the reached the mouth of Copper Mine River.

With six men, and Augustus, the Esquimaux interpreter, Captain Franklin embarked on the 8th of August in the Lion. On the banks of the Mackenzie River they found much wood-coal, which was on fire as they passed, as Mackenzie had observed in his voyage. There occurred also layers of unctuous mud, similar to that which is found on the banks of the Orinoco, and which the Indians eat as food in seasons of scarcity, and at other times chew as a luxury. Its taste was milky, and its flavour not disagreeable, and Captain Franklin found it useful for whitening the walls of their dwelling. Near the entrance of the Bear Lake River they saw a remarkable limestone mountain, with various insulated peaks, and from whose lower cliffs there oozed out a dark bituminous liquid, which discoloured the rock. After a friendly visit from a well-dressed, good-looking, and good-natured tribe of Indians, who conversed and danced with Augustus, the party reached Whale Island, and though the water was still fresh, as Mackenzie found it, they were satisfied, as he was, that they had reached the sea.

Upon arriving at Garry Island, an incident personal to Captain Franklin occurred,

which if it excited at that period of his career but little interest, cannot now be recorded with indifference. When he was about to leave England, Mrs. Franklin, to whom he had been married only two years before, was at the point of death. During the struggle, on his part, between duty and affection, she heroically urged him as he valued her peace of mind and his own glory, to depart on the appointed day. She felt that her days were numbered, and that to close her eyes was the only act of tenderness which he could perform. The gallant sailor yielded to the stern command, and his wife died the very day after he had left her. She had made and presented to him, as a parting gift, a silk union flag, under the express injunction that it should not be unfurled till the Expedition reached the sea; and it was upon Garry Island that this tender obligation was to be discharged. Upon hoisting the silk union flag over the tent, which the men had in his absence pitched upon the beach, he could scarcely suppress his emotion as it expanded to the breeze; but feeling that he had no right, by the indulgence of his own sorrows, to cloud the animated countenances of his companions, he joined with the best grace he could command in the general excitement, and endeavoured to return with corresponding cheerfulness their warm congratulations, on having thus planted the British flag on this remote island of the Polar Sea.

On the 18th August, Capt. Franklin embarked with the view of going over to the western shore, and of reaching, if possible, the foot of the Rocky Mountains, but a gale, followed by violent squalls, induced him to re-enter the river, and to rejoin Dr. Richardson at Fort Franklin, which he reached on the 5th September. In this solitude they remained during a winter of between eight and nine months, which was spent in the usual manner, in hunting and fishing, in making scientific observations, and in arranging the objects of natural history collected by Dr. Richardson.

Our indefatigable travellers again embarked on the Mackenzie River on the 24th June, and on the 7th July they reached its mouth. Upon an island on the east side of the bay into which the river opened, they descried a crowd of tents with numbers of Esquimaux strolling among them. About 100 boats and nearly 300 men rapidly approached the boats of the Expedition, which had grounded about a mile from the beach. The sight of presents and the hopes of a lucrative trade, held out to them by Augustus, threw them into paroxysms of joy; but during the crowding of the boats, an accident occurred which threatened the most alarming results. The owner of a canoe which had been overset by one of the Lion's oars, was plunged into the water and in danger of being drowned; but though he was extricated from danger, taken into the boat, and wrapped up in Augustus's great-coat, he became exceedingly angry, though he soon recovered his temper when he saw around him many bales and articles which he coveted. The fellow asked for every thing he saw, and got angry when they were refused. In the mean time the people tried to get into the boats, and actually dragged the Reliance, which was afloat, to the shore. One of the Lion's men perceived that the native who had been upset had a pistol under his shirt which he had stolen from Lieut. Back, and when the thief saw that it had been noticed, he leapt from the boat, carrying with him Augustus's great-coat in which he had been wrapped. Two of the most powerful men now jumped into the Lion, and seizing Capt. Franklin by the wrists forced him to sit between them, and as he shook them loose two or three times, a third Esquimaux caught his arm whenever he attempted to lift his gun or draw his dagger. The three men, however, soon left him and joined the rest in a regular pillage of the Reliance, drawing their knives and stripping themselves to the waist. After a furious combat in which the Europeans dealt heavy blows with the butt ends of their musket, while the savages cut the clothes of their opponents with their knives, and tried to seize the daggers and short belts of the men, it became necessary to take stronger measures with them. When three of them were trying to disarm Capt. Franklin, Lieut. Back sent a young chief to his aid, who drove his antagonists from the boat; but as this did not succeed, Lieut. Back directed his men to level their muskets at the assailants, when the whole of them fled and hid themselves behind the drift timber and canoes on the beach.

When the boats had again stranded, several of the natives invited Augustus to a conference on shore. The bold interpreter had the courage to give them a lecture on their misconduct, and as if they had repented of what they had done, they offered to restore the articles which they stole, and actually brought back the camp-kettle and the tent which they had taken away. It appeared, however, from subsequent transactions, that no confidence could be placed in them, and that they had organized a plan for massacring the Europeans, and seizing upon their property.

Pursuing their voyage to the west, our

travellers reached within one-third of a degree of the 150th parallel of west longitude, and having encountered long continued gales and dense fogs, they set out on their return on the 18th August, and reached Fort Franklin on the 21st of September, having travelled a distance of 2048 statute miles, 610 of which were through regions not previously discovered. Dr. Richardson had returned from his eastern journey on the first of September, having, according to his instructions, traced the coast between the Mackenzie and the Copper Mine Rivers. The Expedition was obliged to spend a great part of another winter at Fort Franklin, from which its different chiefs set off in different directions,—Dr. Richardson in December, to join Mr. Drummond in collecting plants on the Saskatchawan River, and Capt. Franklin and Commander Back on the 20th February, to return to England.

After Captain Franklin's return in September 1827, nearly two years elapsed before any new attempts were made to prosecute the great discoveries that had already been made in the Arctic regions: but this interval was followed by one of the noblest and most successful Expeditions that has ever visited these inhospitable climes. Although many important discoveries had been made by *nine* preceding Expeditions, yet the leading object which they had in view had not been attained, and Government was no longer willing to devote the public money to the enterprises of science, or to the objects of commercial speculation. Their former zeal for Arctic discovery was apparently turned into hostility; for they not only resolved to repeal the North-West Passage Act, by which a reward of £20,000 was offered for its discovery, but they abolished the Board of Longitude, which had taken such an active part in the promotion of Arctic research. Mr. Barrow's influence over the Admiralty seems to have been now utterly extinguished; and in these acts of the British Government, unworthy of the British name, the lovers of science mourned over their last hope of developing the mysteries of the Polar Zone. The power of man, however, cannot arrest knowledge in its march. The indifference, and even the hostility of one mind, will chafe the insensibility, or rouse the energy of another; and the liberality of private wealth has often been called forth by the parsimony of the nation. The withdrawal of the prize of £20,000 induced an individual to embark as large a sum in the promotion of Arctic discovery. No sooner had Captain Franklin returned from his second journey in 1827, than Captain John Ross offered to the Duke of Wellington to take the charge of a new Expedition to the Northern Seas. His Grace declined the offer, but, "nothing daunted," the gallant Captain submitted his plans to Mr. Felix Booth, an opulent merchant, with whose munificence he had occasion to be acquainted. As the Act, however, offering the reward of £20,000 was still in force, Mr. Booth declined to undertake an enterprise which might be denounced as a commercial speculation. Captain Ross, therefore, again submitted to the authorities an improved plan of exploring the Arctic regions, which, as might have been foreseen, was unceremoniously rejected; and as if to crush forever all such expeditions, the North-West Passage Act was repealed. By this measure Mr. Booth's scruples were removed; and when no other motive could be imputed to him "than the advancement of the honour of his country, the interests of science, and the gratification of the feelings of a friend," he embarked with zeal and ardour in the scheme of Captain Ross. To the £17,000, or £18,000, advanced by Mr. Booth in the equipment of the Expedition, Captain Ross added £5000; and on the 23d May 1829, accompanied by his nephew, Mr. James Clark Ross, as second in command, he set sail in the Victory, a small steam-packet of 150 tons, destined to make the most important discoveries that have ever been made, and to endure the greatest hardships that have ever been endured, in the regions of ice and snow.

After examining Prince Regent's Inlet, Captain Ross visited the wreck of the Fury, and obtained possession of the valuable provisions and stores which Captain Parry had left with his ill-fated vessel. Thus enriched, he pursued his discoveries along a new line of coast, exposed to all the dangers which disturb the navigation of an icy sea. Having advanced 300 miles farther than any other Expedition, he was stopped by the ice on the 30th September 1829, and found excellent winter-quarters in Felix Harbour. A visit from a party of Esquimaux ushered in the year 1830, and afforded both amusement to the ship's company, and geographical information to Captain Ross. They furnished fresh provisions and articles of dress, and they accompanied Commander Ross in the four highly-interesting journeys in which he made important additions to our geographical knowledge, and planted the British flag on the Magnetic Pole of the Earth. Relieved from their winter quarters, the Victory put to sea on the 17th September; but they were once

more frozen in on the 23d, and cutting their way through ice, they reached Sheriff Harbour, as their winter residence for 1830–1, in the month of October. The Victory was again under sail on the 29th of August; but after advancing only four miles, she was frozen up in Victoria Harbour, to spend the winter of 1831–2. The severity of that winter was unusual. During 136 days the thermometer stood below zero. The health of the crew was affected; the Esquimaux no longer cheered and helped them; and the only hope which they could cherish was to abandon the ship and travel homeward in sledges and boats to Baffin's Bay, in the hope of finding some English whaler to conduct them to their native land. This perilous enterprise commenced on the 23d of April. The snow huts in which they slept were so small that it was impossible to change their position. The cold was 47° below zero. Their frozen meat required a saw to cut it. Their snow huts were often blown up with drift, and the snow storms frequently imprisoned them for whole days in their icy dungeons. Returning to the ship after carrying forward their provisions, they prepared the three boats of the Fury for their voyage to Baffin's Bay, each boat carrying seven men and an officer. Cheered by the first steps of their advance along the coast, they cherished the hope of effecting a passage across Prince Regent's Inlet, but the ice obstructed their march. The cold increased in severity, and the snow storms and freezing winds of September crushed the last of their hopes; and, resigned to the inexorable decision of the elements, our gallant adventurers returned to Fury Beach or Somerset House on the 23d of October, to spend the dreary winter of 1832-3, with less comfort than the three preceding ones, and with more solicitude about the future. Though provisions were still abundant, the health and spirits of the crew began to fail: The carpenter died:—Captain Ross's old wounds became troublesome:—Mr. Thom, the purser, was ill, and two of the seamen far gone in the scurvy. On the 8th June they left their winter-quarters, encumbered with three sick men and several that could scarcely walk. They were detained in Batty Bay till the 15th of August, and on the 17th, after advancing seventy-two miles, they took shelter from a gale twelve miles west of Cape York. On the 19th they were only eighty miles from Possession Bay; and being detained by a gale from the 20th to the 25th, they rowed across Navy Board Inlet, where they found a harbour.

At four in the morning when all were asleep, the look-out man, David Wood, reported a sail in the offing. The boats were launched and signals made, yet the ship kept its southward course. Another sail was reported at ten o'clock, but she was fast leaving them, when a calm allowed the boats to gain so rapidly upon the ship, that at eleven she hove to, and lowered a boat, which rowed to their own. It was the boat of the *Isabella* of Hull, Captain Humphreys, which Captain Ross had once commanded! The mate in command would not believe that he was Captain Ross, who, as he maintained, had been dead two years. His identity, however, was soon proved, and the forlorn crew of the Victory was received on board by Captain Humphreys with a hearty seaman's welcome. We wonder that the artist's pencil has not delineated this interesting scene. Dressed in the rags of wild beasts, and starved to the very bone, the gaunt and grim looks of the unshaven crew formed a strange contrast with the well-dressed and well-fed men around them. The contrast, however, was but for a moment. The processes of washing, dressing, shaving, and eating, were all intermingled, amid interminable questions, on the one hand, respecting the adventures and fate of the Victory, and, on the other, respecting the politics and news of England—the interesting events of four long years.

Thus rescued from a snowy grave, Captain Ross reached London on the 19th October,—laid at the feet of the King the British flag that had waved over the magnetic pole, and received £5000 from the House of Commons, and the order of the Bath and knighthood from a grateful sovereign. Foreign nations added fresh honours to his name, and posterity will retain in its undying memory the deeds of the hero whose wreath of glory no blood has stained, and whose badges of honour have not been steeped in the widow's and the orphan's tears.*

* In giving an account of this Expedition, certainly the most interesting on record, Sir John Barrow refuses it the usual title of *An Arctic Voyage*, and places it alone under the head of *Miscellaneous*. He "dispenses with any further notice" of Captain Ross's Narrative than by giving the title of it, "with the multifarious personal distinctions, &c.," chiefly because "it was a private speculation, not authorized by any branch of the Government." So careful, indeed, is Sir John not to countenance the work, that he tries to collect its substance from the "Report of a committee of the House of Commons which preceded its publication," and from this Report he culls a variety of passages, which he assails with the most virulent invective, and the most unmanly and unchristian abuse. If Sir John has a friend interested in his reputation, we would advise him to reprint his book, omitting every passage in which the name of Captain Ross occurs.

The long detention of Captain Ross in the Arctic regions had naturally led to the belief that he had perished. Captain Back, who was then in Italy, having learned from England that apprehensions were entertained of the safety of his friends, the two Rosses, hastened home in order to offer his services on an Expedition in search of them. His offer was accepted, and leaving Liverpool, with Mr. King as surgeon and naturalist, on the 17th February 1833, he reached in good time the eastern shore of the Great Slave Lake. Setting out to discover the source of the river which was to convey him to the sea, he was obliged to cross lakes, rapids, rivers, and frightful cataracts, till he reached a lofty hill, from which he saw beneath him the splendid lake, which he called Lake Aylmer, and out of which he was informed, one of the branches of the desired river issued. He immediately approached the main stream, but as August had nearly expired, he returned to Fort Reliance, from Slave Lake, as his winter quarters. Here famine and cold again assailed him. The Indians were starving. Nine had fallen victims, and others were on the eve of perishing, when their old chief Akaitcho came to their relief. Captain Back's party were put upon greatly reduced rations, but they were supported by the hope of beginning their intended journey. When engaged in preparing for it, a messenger arrived with a packet containing the welcome intelligence of the safety of Captain Ross. On the 7th June our traveller left Fort Reliance, and succeeded in descending Back's River, (the Thlew-ee-choh,) which, after a violent and tortuous course of 530 geographical miles, through a bare and iron-ribbed country, with no fewer than eighty-three falls, cascades, and rapids, pours its waters into the Polar Sea in latitude 67° 11′ north, and longitude 94° 30′ west. Captain Back intended to complete the survey of Franklin beyond Port Turnagain, but the want of food and fuel compelled him to return, and he reached Liverpool on the 8th September 1835, after an absence of two years and seven months.

Our limits will not allow us to do more than notice Captain Back's expedition in 1336–7, to promote geographical discovery in the neighbourhood of Repulse Bay. He left Chatham in the Terror with 73 men on the 14th June, 1836. On the 5th of September they were firmly fixed in the ice, and on the 13th they were near the Cape Comfort of Baffin. About the end of November they were compelled to take up their winter quarters for nine months at least *on a floating floe of ice*, the ship being actually cradled in the ice for four successive months, and dragged about utterly helpless, always in motion, and constantly threatened to be crushed to atoms, when every soul on board must have perished. On the 11th of July the Terror burst from its icy bonds, and was gently sliding down to the water. She remained, however, on her beam ends till the 14th, when she suddenly righted, to the inexpressible joy of the crew. The whole of this voyage was of such an extraordinary character that history has recorded nothing parallel to it. The Terror, however, crazy, broken, and leaky, was brought safely back to Lough Swilly, and Captain Back on his return received the honour of knighthood from his Majesty.

The terrible disasters which marked the expedition of Sir George Back again damped the ardour for Arctic research. For nearly eight years the north-west passage seems to have vanished from the day-dreams of Sir John Barrow, and this intrepid advocate for its existence has at last asserted that the present expedition of Sir John Franklin is likely to be the last. Among the motives by which it seems to have been prompted, and we have no doubt it took the lead, was the fear that two foreign powers who had fleets in the Pacific, might covet the moral triumph of accomplishing what we had begun, and of finding through the Polar Seas the shortest passage for their homeward bound ships then in the Pacific. But whatever were the motives of Government, it was a noble enterprise, and will ever be regarded in all its parts as an honour to the British name.

The Expedition under Sir John Franklin consisted of the Erebus, and the Terror commanded by Captain Croizier. These vessels had returned from the Antarctic Expedition of Sir James Ross; and the Terror was the same vessel which we have just brought back from Repulse Bay with Captain Back. The crews of the two ships were 138 in number, and the expedition sailed from Sheerness with three years' provisions, on the 26th of May 1845, accompanied by the transport Baretto Junior, containing extra stores to be discharged in Davis' Straits. The expedition arrived at the Whale Fish Islands on the 4th of July, and it was seen on the 26th July by the whaler, Prince of Wales, in latitude 74° 48′ north, and longitude 66° 13′ west, moored to an iceberg, and waiting for an opening in the great body of ice which occupies the middle of Baffin's Bay. On the 22d of July

In the Pamphlet No. 8 of our list of books, Sir John Ross has made an able and triumphant reply to this attack.

Mr. Robert Martin, of the whale ship Enterprise, was along-side of the Erebus and Terror in latitude 75° 10′ north, and longitude 66° west. Sir John Franklin told him that he had provisions for *five* years, that if necessary he could make them last *seven*, and that he had got several casks of birds salted. Mr. Martin also states that on the 26th or 28th two parties of Sir John's officers dined with him, and told him that they expected to be out four or five, or perhaps six years. On the following day, the 27th or 28th, he received a verbal invitation to dine with Sir John, but, the wind having shifted, he was obliged to decline the invitation, and proceed on his voyage. He, however, saw the ships for two days more, that is, till the 29th or 31st. Since that time no intelligence whatever has been received from the expedition, though six years and eight months have elapsed since its departure.

Until the autumn of 1847 no anxiety was felt for the safety of the expedition, but when that year closed without any intelligence from it, the public mind became highly excited, and the Government was roused to organize a searching expedition for the purpose of discovering and relieving it. It now became a matter of deep consideration how such a search could be most effectually made, and the opinions of the most competent individuals were taken and laid before the Admiralty. Following, as he would doubtless do, his official instructions, it is not difficult to trace his probable course. He was directed to proceed with all despatch to Lancaster Sound, and after passing through it, to push on to the westward in the latitude of 74° north, without loss of time, or *stopping to examine any openings to the northward* till he reached Cape Walker in 98° of west longitude. He was then to use every effort to penetrate to the *southward* and *westward* of that Cape, and to pursue as direct a course to Behring's Straits as circumstances would permit him. He was warned too, not to pass by the western extremity of Melville Island, until he had ascertained that a barrier of ice or some other obstacle closed the *southward* and *westward* route. It was therefore the opinion of Sir James Clark Ross, and also of Dr. Richardson, that the expedition had been involved in the ice, or shut up in some harbour on the coast of North America, south or south-west of Melville Island, or as Sir James Ross states in latitude 73° north, and longitude 105° west. The searching expedition was therefore fitted out, for a simultaneous search, in three divisions, proceeding from three different quarters. The Herald, under Captain Kellet, and the Plover under Captain Moore, left England in January, 1848 for Behring's Straits. Sir John Richardson was directed to explore the coast of the Arctic Seas, between the Mackenzie and the Copper Mine Rivers, and the shores of Victoria and Wollaston Lands, opposite to Cape Krusenstern; and Sir James Clark Ross was sent through Lancaster Sound, to search both shores of of that extensive inlet, and Barrow's Strait, and then proceed to the westward.

During the year 1848, the Herald, Captain Kellet, and the Plover, Captain Moore, never reached their destination, the Plover from her bad sailing, and the Herald from causes with which we are not acquainted. In 1849, however, Captain Kellett in the Herald, after examining Wainwright's Inlet, despatched Lieutenant Pullen to the Mackenzie River, and on standing along the margin of the ice, he discovered a group of islands on the coast of Asia, in lat. 71° 20′ N., and 175° 16′ W., with extensive and very high lands to the north of them. Captain Moore in the Plover failed in all his attempts to penetrate to the eastward, and was obliged to winter in Norton Sound. Captain Pullen, with Mr. Hooper as mate, and twelve men, performed the coasting voyage to the Mackenzie River in two 27 foot whale boats. He was conducted past Point Barrow by the pinnace of the Hecla, and the Royal Steam Yacht Club schooner, the Nancy Dawson, owned and commanded by Mr. Shedden, a mate of the Royal Navy. This adventurous and generous individual came to prosecute the search for Sir John Franklin at his own expense, and though far gone with consumption, he gave most efficient assistance to Captain Pullen. He was anxious to have left provisions at Refuge Inlet, where he had waited a month for this purpose; but he could not do it without the knowledge of the natives. He succeeded, however, in depositing a large cask of flour and one of preserved meats on another small inlet at lat. 71° 7′. His kindness to the crew in the boats was most generous, supplying them with everything which his vessel could afford, and following them with considerable risk. About two months afterwards, he reached Mazatlan, where he fell a victim to his great exertions in the cause of humanity. It is an important result of this adventurous voyage in open boats from Wainwright's Inlet to the Mackenzie River, that no traces of the missing Expedition were found between these two points of the American coast; and that the

Esquimaux, with whom Captain Pullen communicated, had neither seen the ships nor their crew.*

But though the Expedition to Behring's Straits failed to effect the object it had in view, its labours have been far from fruitless. On the 15th August 1849, Captain Kellett had attained the longitude of 170° 10′ W., and on the 16th he discovered an almost inaccessible island of granite rising 1400 feet above the sea, with a range of high land behind it which was seen by every one of the crew. They were anxious to hoist the union jack upon the island, but constant snow-storms compelled them to leave it and clear the ice-pack. Captain Moore, whose track lay farther eastward, saw elevated peaks to the north of him, and Baron Von Wrangell had before observed high land from Yakan. Combining these facts, Captain W. H. Smyth, the distinguished President of the Royal Geographical Society,† is of opinion that this land is called Tikigen, inhabited by a race called Kraihai, with a coast line trending nearly parallel to that of Northern Siberia, which was discovered in 1762 by Serjeant Andreyev, in his Expedition of discovery to the Icy Sea; and he therefore considers it "far from improbable that a continuous coast line may extend from the vicinity of New Siberia in the west to the vicinity of Bank's Land in the east." "In the event," he continues, "of such an hypothesis proving correct, it will be obvious that should Franklin have succeeded in penetrating through, and to the west of, Wellington Channel, the interposition of this track would preclude all possibility of his bringing his ships again so far south as to reach Behring's Straits, unless the course were greatly prolonged westwards, or the Wellington Channel again traversed."

The Expeditions under Sir John Richardson and Mr. Rae have also returned without any intelligence respecting the missing vessels, though with much interesting information respecting the regions they visited. As Sir John's course lay through a country which he had previously travelled over and described, he was naturally led to make the personal narrative as brief as possible. After descending the Mackenzie River, they entered its estuary on the third August 1848, and sailing along the coast they reached Cape Krusenstern on the 29th of August. Passing Basil Hall's Bay on the 31st, they reached Cape Hearne. In poling them along and dragging them over the floes of ice, the boats were much shattered, and finding that they could not advance further in the present condition of the ice, without pulling the boats to pieces, and running the risk of losing all their stores and provision, they encamped about eight miles from Cape Kendall which bore south-west. Upon viewing the sea from the high ground, and ascertaining that no traces of open water were visible in any direction, Sir John, after consulting with Mr. Rae, resolved to leave the boats at this place, though still at some distance from the Copper Mine River, and commence their overland march. On the 1st and 2d September they were occupied in preparing the packages for the march, consisting of thirteen days' provision of pemmican, and all their necessary implements and objects of natural history. These loads were divided among the men, Mr. Rae voluntarily resolving to transport a package nearly equal to the men's in weight, while Sir John distrusting his own powers of march, restricted himself to a fowling-piece, ammunition, a few books, and other things thrust into his pocket.

Having read prayers, they set out on Sunday the 3d September, and after encountering snow-storms and dense-fogs, and marching in frozen clothes, wetted in crossing the streams, they reached their winter quarters in Fort Confidence on the 15th September. On the 17th, being Sunday, Sir John read prayers to a congregation of forty-two persons, and returned thanks to the Almighty for their safe return. The long winter at Fort Confidence was spent in great comfort, and being almost hourly occupied in meteorological and magnetical observations, Sir John and Mr. Rae had no lessure for ennui. On the 7th May they commenced their journey southward, and arrived at Fort Franklin on the 13th of the same month. Discovering the Bear Lake River, Sir John reached Fort Resolution on the 11th July, Norway House on the 13th of August, and landed at Liverpool on the 6th November 1849, "after an absence of nineteen months, twelve of which had been passed in incessant travelling." The personal narrative of this distinguished traveller occupies the first ten chapters of his first volume, and the 15th and 16th of the second. The two remaining chapters of the first volume, and the 13th and 14th in the second, contain interesting ethnological notices, with coloured drawings of the four aboriginal nations seen by the Expedition,

* The testimony of the natives cannot be trusted. Captain Kellett says that the coast "is alive" with stories concerning the missing crews, and that "the Esquimaux are ever ready to exercise their ingenuity by inventing a story."

† Address at the anniversary meeting 21st May 1850—Pp. 29, 30.

namely, the Eskimaux, the Kutchin or Loucheux of Sir N. Mackenzie, (a tribe not previously described in English, though known by name,) the Tinne or Chepewyans, and the Eythinyuwuk or Crees and Chippeways. The principal part, however, of the work is devoted to the physical geography of North America. The narrative chapters abound in new and valuable facts respecting the geology, natural history, and physical geography of the regions through which the author passed; and in an Appendix of nearly 300 pages, he has treated, in five sections, of the physical geography of the country, its climatology, the geographical distribution of plants north of the 49th parallel of latitude, the insects and the language of the country. Although Sir John Richardson did not accomplish the main object of his journey, we trust that the country will appreciate the value of his scientific labours, and mark with their highest approbation that continued devotion to the interests of humanity and knowledge which led him at the age of sixty-one, to leave a wife to whom he was newly married, and a family that was dear to him, and expose himself a second time to the privations and dangers of an Arctic journey. Already honoured, and already rewarded with a lucrative Government appointment, he had no motive to impel him but that of affection for his friend, and no object to secure but the advancement of knowledge.

Previous to leaving Fort Confidence, Sir John Richardson, in virtue of the authority given him, drew up instructions for the Expedition of Mr. Rae, which set out on the 7th June, 1849, and consisted of a boat's crew of six persons, viz. two Orkney men, two Cree Indians, an Eskimaux, and a Canadian. Its object was to examine the adjoining shores of Wollaston and Victoria Lands, which the state of the ice in Dolphin and Union Straits rendered inaccessible in 1848, and should it reach Banks' Land, to erect signal columns, and deposit memoranda on conspicuous headlands for the guidance of the co-operating Expedition under Sir James Ross. Mr. Rae succeeded in reaching Cape Krusenstern on the 30th July. Here they met a party of Eskimaux, who had been in company with the natives of Wollaston Land during the winter, but none of them had seen Europeans, or ships, or boats. On the 19th of August, when there was the appearance of open water seaward, they pushed through a closely packed stream of ice, narrowly escaping more than once being *squeezed*, and were able to use their oars. Though they had pulled more than seven miles, they were still three miles from Douglas Island when they reached a stream of ice so rough and so closely packed that they could neither pass over nor through it. A thick fog came on, and the ebb-tide carrying them fast to the south-east, they were compelled to return to the main shore on the 20th; and as the fine weather had broken up, Mr. Rae was obliged to abandon all farther hope of crossing to Wollaston Land. They commenced their homeward journey on the 26th August, and reached Fort Simpson on the 26th September. Unfortunate, and to a certain extent unsuccessful as these three Expeditions have been, under Sir J. Richardson, Capt. Pullen, and Mr. Rae, it seems almost certain that the missing Expedition has not touched upon any part of the American coast between Behring's Straits and Cape Krusenstern, with the exception of the Wollaston and Victoria Islands, which remain to be examined.

The third branch of the Searching Expedition under Sir James Ross consisted of the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, two magnificent ships built for the occasion, the one of 470 tons and seventy men, and the other 420 tons and seventy men. Each ship was provided with a launch fitted with a steam-engine and screw, capable of propelling it five knots an hour. Provisioned for three years, the ships sailed on the 12th May 1848. Having reached in safety the Danish settlement of Upernavick on the west coast of Greenland, they quitted it on the 13th July on their way northward to Melville Bay, where a barrier of ice prevented them from crossing Baffin's Bay. After much anxiety a heavy breeze from the N. E. on the 20th August enabled them to bore through a pack of ice, and make the land S. of Pond's Bay. From this point they rigorously examined the coast to the north, and also the north shore of Barrow's Strait, making nightly signals, erecting beacons and flagstaffs, and depositing cylinders with information for the guidance of Sir John Franklin, directing him to make for Port Leopold, where a depot of provisions was to be found, and where the Investigator was to be left during the winter. Sir James therefore pushed on to Port Leopold, which he reached on the 11th September, notwithstanding the dense pack of ice which stretched from Cornwallis Island to Leopold Island. Owing to the very remarkable quantity of ice which occupied Barrow's Strait at this period of the season, no attempt was made to proceed farther west, and both ships having entered Port

Leopold, the mouth of the harbour was that very night sealed up by the advance of the main pack to the land.

Thus secure in excellent winter quarters at the junction of the four great channels of Barrow's Strait, Lancaster Sound, Prince Regent Inlet, and Wellington Channel, it was hardly possible that any party after abandoning their ships could pass along the shores of any of these inlets, without indications of the proximity of the Expedition. Among the various means of conveying this information, was the employment of the white foxes that had been caught in traps set for the purpose. As these animals when in search of food traverse extensive tracts of country, Sir James "caused copper collars, upon which a notice of the position of the ships and depots of provisions was engraved, to be clenched round their necks, and then set them at liberty again, with the hope that some of these messengers might be the means of conveying intelligence to the crews of the Erebus and Terror." In April, and the early part of May, Sir James himself, with a party from his own ship, and Lieut. Barnard with a party from the Investigator, made several short preliminary journeys, carrying out on sledges small depots of bread, meat, fuel and skins, fifteen miles westward, as far as Cape Rennel, while Lieutenants Robinson and Brown did the same southward, as far as Elwin Bay. Although most of the party suffered severely from being blinded by snow drifts, they were yet ready for a longer and more serious journey.

With forty days' provisions, and with tents, blankets, &c., lashed upon two sledges, Sir James Ross and Lieutenant M'Clintock, and twelve men, set out on the 15th May to explore on foot the west coast of North Somerset. Captain Bird, with a large fatigue party of thirty men, accompanied them only for the first five days, as his presence with the ship would be more beneficial to the service. Passing along the northern shore of North Somerset as far as Cape Bunny, they observed that the whole space between it and Cape Walker to the West, and Wellington Channel to the North, was occupied with very heavy hammocky ice, while to the South it appeared more favourable for travelling. They therefore traced all the indentations of the coast till the 5th June, when the consumption of half their provisions, and the reduction of the strength of the party, compelled them to return. During the day's rest, which was necessary for the lame and the feeble, two of whom were obliged to be carried on sledges, while three others had scarcely strength to walk, Sir James with two men, proceeded to the extreme South point in sight, about nine miles from the encampment. This point is situated in latitude 72° 38′ and longitude 95° 40′ W., where a very narrow isthmus separates Brentford Bay of the Western Sea from Creswell Bay of Prince Regent's Inlet. As the magnetic pole discovered by Sir James in 1832 was then situated 70° 5′ 17″ of North latitude, and 96° 46′ 45″ West longitude, he was now within 2° of its former position. A visit to this pole, which Sir James anxiously desired, would have enabled him to determine the velocity of its motion. During this journey every person but Lieutenant M'Clintock was on the sick list, and many of them were frostbitten: even Captain Bird's party was knocked up before it returned. Before the the two parties separated, they were charged by an enormous bear, which walked boldly up to them, and was only checked in its advance by an *attempt* to fire at him. All the guns missed fire but Lieutenant M'Clintock's. The ball struck the bear, but the animal merely scratched his head with his paw, stopped within fifteen yards of his enemies, and then turning his back upon them, walked off with a contemptuous air.

Sir James Ross returned to the ship on the 23d June by the same way he went, and with only one day's provisions left. During his absence Captain Bird had despatched three different exploring parties, commanded by Lieutenants Robinson, Barnard, and Brown. Lieutenant Robinson, with eight men, examined the western shore of Prince Regent's Inlet. At Fury Point they found the provisions of the Fury in a high state of preservation, and Sir John Ross's Somerset House standing in good order. In a tent erected inside of it, and cheered with fires, it was necessary to leave two of the men who were too much fatigued to go any farther. Lieutenant Robinson pushed on to Creswell Bay, about twenty-five miles distant, with the remainder, and deposited in a cairn its usual contents. Returning to the wreck of the Fury he packed up his moveables, and reached the Investigator after an absence of three weeks, and with only one day's provisions. The party under Lieutenant Barnard, consisting of himself, Dr. Anderson, and four men, proceeded to the north shore of Barrow's Straits, as far as Cape Hood, where they fixed a beacon and deposited notices. They failed, however, in their attempt to advance farther to the West. A fatigue party under Mr. Creswell accompanied Mr. Barnard to Leo-

pold Island, where they bivouacked for the night.* This party witnessed a very natural, and at the same time an easy mode of descent from a height of 700 feet. A bear squatted himself down on his hams, slid from top to bottom at railway speed, steadying himself with great judgment by his paws in his rapid descent. The third exploring party consisted of Lieutenant Brown and four men, with a fatigue party composed of Mr. Court and four seamen, who accompanied them about 100 miles, crossed Prince Regent's Inlet to a place called the Peak, a remarkably peaked hill, upon which they erected a conspicuous cairn, and made the usual deposits.

About the middle of August the ice began to waste away along the shores, but it was not until the 26th of that month that the Expedition succeeded in getting clear of the harbour, after having cut a canal through the ice rather more than two miles in length. Before quitting Port Leopold, Sir James had a house built with their spare spars, and covered it with their housing cloths. He left in it twelve months' provisions, and other necessaries, together with the Investigator's steam engine and launch, which, having been lengthened seven feet for the purpose, is capable of carrying the whole of Sir John Franklin's party to the whale ships, or themselves, should any calamity befall them in their progress westward.

Thus liberated from the ice, Sir James Ross proceeded towards the south shore of Barrow's Strait, in order to explore Wellington Channel, and extend, if possible, his researches to Melville Island; but when they were within twelve miles of the shore, they encountered the fixed land ice; and a strong wind arising on the 1st September, the ship was closely beset in the loose packs, sustaining severe pressure for two or three days. At this time the temperature fell to zero, the whole body of ice was frozen into a solid mass; their rudder could not be unshipped for some days, and when it was done, it was so twisted and damaged, and the ship so much strained, as to increase the leakage from three inches in a fortnight to fourteen inches daily. Here the Expedition seemed to be fixed for the winter. A west wind, however, drove the whole body of the ice eastward, at the rate of nine miles a day, and, thus completely fixed in the centre of a field of ice fifty miles in circumference, they were carried along the southern shore of Lancaster Sound, the ships, which were about a mile distant, keeping up their communication solely by signals. After being thus driven about 240 miles, the great field of ice, as if by some unseen power, was rent into innumerable fragments, and their release almost miraculously effected. On the 25th September, after having crashed through the ice for thirty-six hours, the ships got clear of the pack, exchanged cheers of congratulation on their narrow escape, turned their prows towards England, and after passing gigantic icebergs, from 100 to 300 feet high, and from a quarter to half a mile in length, which often threatened them with destruction, they arrived in England in the beginning of November 1850.

On the 26th May 1849, the North Star, of 500 tons, James Saunders master and commander, left the Thames with orders and supplies to Sir James Ross, and also to deposit provisions at various points on the south side of Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait, but particularly at Whaler Point, at the entrance of Port Leopold. In the beginning of July the ice across Melville Bay was perfectly impassable, and in consequence of this delay Mr. Saunders was making his way up the east side of Baffin's Bay, while Sir James Ross, on his return, was engaged in the ice on its west side. Unable to cross to Lancaster Sound, the North Star drifted with the ice the whole of September, and on the 30th of that month she was providentially driven into Wolstenholme Sound, where there was a pool of open water. There, in North Star Bay, she wintered in lat. 76° 33′ N., and long. 68° 56′ W.,—the most northerly position in which any vessel had ever before been imprisoned. During *ten* long months she remained in this intensely cold region, when the thermometer in February, the coldest month, was *twice* down to 63½° and and to 64½° below zero; and it was not till the 1st August, 1850, that she was taken out of the cove and able to pass Baffin's Bay. On the 8th of the same month she examined Possession Bay, and being prevented by the heavy land floes of old ice from depositing provisions at the proper point, she left her cargo in Navy Board Inlet, and Wollaston Island, and returned to England on the 30th September, 1850.

In the year 1849, when the most sanguine of Sir John Franklin's friends began to despair, the desire of discovering or relieving him increased in a high degree. Lady Franklin had, in 1848, offered a reward of £2000, and in 1849 one of £3000, to those who might afford effective relief to the miss-

* This account of the labours of these four parties is taken from interpolations made by some of the officers, in the official account of the Expedition republished in the United Service Gazette.

ing Expedition. On the 23d March, 1849, her Majesty's Government offered £20,000 for the same object; but as most of the whalers had sailed before that time, they could not, without authority, have departed from the usual fishing-ground. Private individuals opened their hearts and their purses in the same noble cause, and a generous sympathy for the Arctic heroes was practically felt in the two great Empires of the Western and the Eastern World.

When Sir James Ross returned to England, the Admiralty resolved to send out new Searching Expeditions, and the Enterprise and Investigator, under Capt. Collinson and Capt. Maclure, were commissioned to proceed to Behring's Straits, to proceed to the western extremity of Melville Island, to winter there, and to search for the lost ships in the spring of 1851. These two vessels separated in the Pacific, and the Investigator, though an inferior sailor, succeeded, by the choice of the best route, in reaching Behring's Straits and passing Point Barrow, fifteen days before the Enterprise. The Investigator was last seen on the 5th August, 1851, by the Plover, in lat. 70° 44′ N., and 159° 52′ W., standing to the north under a press of sail. The Enterprise, which reached the ice only on the 16th August, in lat. 72° 40′ N., and long. 159° 30′ W., was not able to penetrate it, and finding that it could not make Cape Bathurst, a distance of 570 miles, during the rest of the season, returned to Hong-Kong to replenish her provisions, in order to make another attempt in the summer of 1851, and to remain in the most eligible position for affording aid to the Investigator. Capt. Maclure, in his last dispatch, speaks in the highest terms of the qualities of his ship, and we look forward with much hope to its service in the Arctic Seas.

While the Enterprise and Investigator were to approach Melville Island from the west, the Resolute, under Capt. Austin, and the Assistance, under Capt. Ommaney, 500 tons each, with a complement of 60 men, together with the Pioneer and Intrepid as steam-tenders to the two vessels, were commissioned to approach the same point from Lancaster Sound. Capt. William Penny, an active and experienced whale fisher, who had visited Lancaster Sound in the Advice whaler in 1849 along with Mr. Goodsir, and who, since the age of 12, had been employed 28 years in the whaling-trade, was also engaged in the search by the Admiralty, who placed under his command the Lady Franklin, of 230 tons, and the brig Sophia as a tender. These ships sailed on the 12th April, 1850, nearly a month before Capt. Austin's, carrying a crew of 49 picked men, and provisions for three years. Having been prevented by the ice from approaching within 25 miles of Jones' Sound, which he was instructed to examine, he continued his voyage to Lancaster Sound and Wellington Channel. Previous to the 23d August, Capt. Penny landed at Beechy Island, and *discovered three graves and other satisfactory evidence that Sir John Franklin and his party had wintered there.* Soon after this, Mr. Snow of the Prince Albert, a ship despatched by Lady Franklin under the orders of Capt. Forsyth, R. N., went on shore at Point Riley to examine a flag-post erected by Capt. Ommaney, and found there a note stating that he had landed on the Cape on the 23d August with the officers of the Assistance and Intrepid, and had found *traces of an encampment, and collected the remains of materials which evidently proved that some party belonging to her Majesty's ships had been detained there. Traces of the same party had been found on Beechy Island.* Capt. Austin, after seeing these articles, was of opinion that "the bay between Cape Riley and Beechy Island had been the winter quarters of the Expedition under Sir John Franklin in 1845–6, and that there was circumstantial evidence to prove that its departure was somewhat sudden." Capt. Ommaney, in his replies to the Arctic Committee (Nov. 12, 1851).* says that the graves were those of *three young men*, from which he infers that the crew were not in perfect health, adding the supposition that *the preserved meats were of an inferior quality.*† The bower-rope and other articles were carefully examined by Sir J. Richardson and Sir E. Parry. The rope had been made at Chatham *subsequent* to 1841. A fragment of canvas had the Queen's broad arrow painted upon it, and the five rings of stones observed by Mr. Snow, had been used for the erection of as many tents, and the slabs in the centre of each were probably stands for magnetic instruments. As there were no traces of smoke or remains of burnt wood, these tents are supposed to have been erected, one for each ship, for making the monthly term magnetical observations, which would take place on the 29th August, 1845—the fifth tent being for the protection of the observers.

* Report of the Arctic Committee, 1851, p. 171. Snow's *Journal*, &c., pp. 312-321.

† The recent discovery that certain contractors had, on an extensive scale, supplied the Navy with preserved meats in a putrid state, and had even filled the tin cans with the vilest garbage, renders this supposition a highly probable one, and gives rise to conjectures of the most distressing kind.

At this interesting period, August 1850, a squadron of no fewer than *ten* searching vessels was assembled in Lancaster Sound —the Resolute and Pioneer, the Assistance and Intrepid, the Advance and Rescue from the United States, the Felix under Admiral Sir John Ross, the Lady Franklin, the Prince Albert, and the North Star, and though none of them accomplished the main object they had in view, they have ascertained that the missing Expedition has neither been lost nor now exists, in the extensive shores which they searched, and while they have added greatly to our geographical knowledge of the Arctic regions, they have made most important magnetic and meteorological observations, which cannot fail to throw much light on the climatology of the globe.

It is no easy task, within the narrow limits of an article of this kind, to give anything like a satisfactory notice of the proceedings of these various ships in the seasons of 1850 and 1851; and if our readers find it less interesting than they expected, they must ascribe it to the brevity of the narrative, and not to the interest of the subject. We left the Expedition under Captain Austin at Beechy Island, in Barrow's Strait, contemplating the interesting relics of the missing Expedition. After searching the neighbourhood of Beechy Island, and the east coast of Wellington Straits, as far as Cape Bowden, beyond the 75th parallel of latitude, the Resolute and Pioneer were enabled, by a movement of the ice, to reach the western shore on the 5th September. After various attempts during the rest of the month to get farther west, Captain Austin's two ships, with their tenders, fixed their winter quarters at the south-west end of Cornwallis Island, under the shelter of Griffith's Island; while Captains Penny and Stewart in the Lady Franklin and Sophia, wintered in Assistance Harbour.

We have already had occasion to mention an Expedition under Rear Admiral Sir John Ross. When this distinguished commander, on his return from Stockholm, saw Sir John Franklin in 1845, he told him that if he did not return in 1847, he would volunteer to go in search of him. In fulfilment of this promise, Sir John went to the Admiralty in 1847 with the plan of his expedition; but the secretary, after taking it in to the Board, returned with the message, that as they had already consulted Barrow, Parry, and others, they would not trouble him on the subject, and he was accordingly excluded from all their committees of consultation. In April 1850, when the public mind was so highly excited on the subject of the missing Expedition, Sir John Ross, at the advanced age of 73, again volunteered his services; and, by the liberality of the Hudson's Bay Company, who contributed £500, and other subscriptions, he was enabled to equip the Felix schooner, of 120 tons, for the arduous service he had undertaken. He took with him his own yacht the Mary, as a tender; and he was accompanied by his friend Capt. C. Gervans Phillips, R. N., and Mr. Abernethy, who had been his ice-master in his great expedition. With a picked crew, his vessel sailed from Loch Ryan on the 23d May, and reached Holsteinberg on the 23d June. Sir John landed on the 24th, under a salute of nine guns; and, having engaged Adam Beck as an interpreter who understood the Esquimaux language, he set sail on the 30th June. He reached the Whale-fish Islands on the 5th July, where he took in water and coal; and passing northward through Waygat Straits, and in company with the Prince Albert, he overtook, on the 10th August, the four ships under Captain Austin.

On the 13th August, both Sir John Ross and Capt. Ommaney observed off Cape York three Esquimaux upon the ice, and having communicated with them through the medium of Adam Beck, and John Smith, steward of the Prince Albert, who knew something of the Esquimaux language, they obtained the following startling intelligence:—"That in the winter of 1846, when the snow was falling, two ships were crushed by the ice, a good way off in the direction of Cape Dudley Digges, and were afterwards burned by a fierce and numerous tribe of natives; that the ships were not whalers, and that epaulettes were worn by some of the white men; that a part of the crew were drowned; that the remainder were some time in huts or tents apart from the natives; that they had guns but no balls, and that being in a weak and exhausted condition, they were subsequently killed by the natives with darts or arrows." Deeply impressed with the importance of this narrative, Captain Austin resolved to inquire into its credibility, and obtained from the Lady Franklin the regular Danish interpreter, Peterson, whom she had on board. This interpreter gave a totally different translation of the Esquimaux statement, calling Adam Beck a liar, and intimidating him into silence; but no sooner was Beck left alone, than he *re-affirmed his version of the story, and stoutly maintained its accuracy.* Neither Sir John Ross nor Captain Austin believed in Beck's story

after Peterson's contradiction of it, and the Arctic Committee also discredit it; but after Beck had voluntarily made a deposition* before a Greenland magistrate, affirming it in all its particulars, Sir John gave it implicit credit; especially after the Danish resident at Godhaven had declared his belief of it, on the ground that Beck had been brought up as a Christian by the Moravians, and that he had never known a person so brought up tell a lie.†

On the 16th and 17th of August, the Felix in tow of the Assistance and Intrepid crossed Baffin's Bay, and on the 22d they were off Admiralty Inlet. Crossing over Barrow's Strait, Sir John Ross went to Barlow Inlet, on the west side of Wellington Sound; and, after rounding Cape Hotham, he went into winter quarters in Assistance Bay, on the south side of Cornwallis Isle, along with Captain Penny's ship on the 13th September. Sir John took with him *four* carrier pigeons belonging to a lady residing in Ayrshire, with the intention of liberating two of them when he went into winter quarters, and other two when he discovered Sir John Franklin. He accordingly despatched one of them in a balloon at 6.30 P.M. on the 3d October, and at 6 o'clock on the 4th‡ he despatched another. Each pigeon was placed in a basket suspended to the balloon, and by the contrivance of a slow match, the pigeon was to be liberated at the end of twenty-four hours. One pigeon made its appearance in the dove-cot in Ayrshire on the 13th October, which was believed to be one of the pair carried out by Sir John. It therefore performed a journey of about 2400 miles in seven days, or about 343 miles a day. In the beginning of August the Felix escaped from the ice, and arrived in England about the end of September.

Another Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin left England on the 5th June 1850, in the Prince Albert, Captain Forsyth, a clipper ship of about ninety tons, with a crew of twenty men, and Mr. N. P. Snow acting as clerk. The expense of this expedition was about £4000, of which £2500 was contributed by Lady Franklin. Though she was the last vessel that left England, she was the first to return, and therefore brought home the first intelligence of the traces of the missing Expedition that had been discovered on Beechy Island. Captain Forsyth, in the Prince Albert, proceeded up Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait, and went farther into Prince Regent's Inlet than Sir James Ross had done in 1849. He searched even Fury Beach, but being unable to land, he returned and entered Wellington Channel, examining the coast as far as Point Innis. Failing to discover any traces of the missing vessels, he resolved to return to England, and having examined several portions of the coast, he arrived at Aberdeen on the 22d October.

In 1849, on the 6th of April, Lady Franklin made an affecting appeal to the President of the United States, imploring him to assist in the discovery of the missing Expedition. Mr. Clayton, in the President's name, entered very warmly into her views, but the season was too far advanced to do anything at that time. Lady Franklin made a second appeal to the President, when she learned that Mr. Henry Grinnel, a wealthy merchant of New York, had fitted out, at an expense of £5000 or £6000, two brigantines for the purpose of discovering the missing vessels. He offered them for this purpose to the American Government, who accepted them as a part of the navy of the United States, and equipped them for the Expedition. These two vessels, the Advance of 144 tons, and the Rescue of 91, were placed under the command of Lieut. De Haven, who had accompanied Captain Wilkes in his Exploring Expedition. They left New York on the 24th May, 1850, provisioned for three years, and on the 7th July they were so beset in the pack ice as to make only 21 miles in 21 days. Passing Cape Melville a strong easterly breeze carried them across Baffin's Bay to Admiralty Inlet, where they fell in with Sir John Ross and Capt. Penny. Their resolution was to push on to Melville Island and Bankes' Land, and to winter wherever they might chance to be, in the pack or out of the pack. Mr. Snow, who followed in their wake with what he calls "our own little barkey," while they were dashing recklessly on through the streams of heavy ice, running off from Leopold Island, speaks of the Advance as most extraordinarily qualified to resist pressure, her bow being one solid mass of timber from the foremast, her deck doubled, filled, and again lined round, while her cabin had, in addition, a sheathing of cork. On the 25th August, after examining the cairn at Cape Ri-

* Beck's depositions were sent by the Hudson's Bay Company, (to whom Sir John Ross gave them), to Copenhagen to be translated, but the translation has not yet been received. It has been confidently stated that Peterson was afraid of having the truth told, and told the Esquimaux boy, that if he said the crew were murdered, he would be killed also.

† Mr. Snow, in his very interesting Voyage of the Prince Albert, has given a minute and full account of the affair of Adam Beck in his 16th and 17th chapters.

‡ Sir John Richardson says the pigeons were despatched on the 6th or 7th. We have given the dates from the log of the Felix.

ley, the Advance proceeded to Cape Hotham, to meet her consort the Rescue. They were afterwards beset in ice on the 4th September, five miles north of Cape Spencer, and they were last seen by Capt. Austin on the 13th September, standing to the eastward, and probably on their return to America.

We come now to give an account of the very interesting proceedings of Capt. Austin's Expedition in the winter and spring of February 1851. Dr. Scoresby, in the 3d chapter of his admirable and seasonable volume on "The Franklin Expedition," has described the different plans of search which it would be advisable to adopt, and these plans have, so far as it was in their power, been successfully followed by the travelling parties sent out by Capt. Austin. After the ships were well fixed, several parties started on the 2d October to establish depots of provisions for their future use, but from the violence of the weather they succeeded only in placing them on Somerville Island and Cornwallis Island. On the 17th October, when Capt. Penny arrived at the Resolute, the spring operations were agreed upon, Capt. Penny having undertaken the complete search of Wellington Strait. The winter was spent cheerfully and healthfully in every species of exercise, instruction, and amusement, an account of which will be found in the "Arctic Miscellanies,"—a work which will be perused with a high degree of interest by many classes of readers, and which evinces, in a striking manner, the intelligence of British seamen.

The searching parties, divided into *limited* and *extended* parties, were conducted by Captain Ommaney to an advanced position on the Ice off the N.W. of Griffith Island, where tents were pitched, and every thing closely inspected by Captain Austin. There were in all 14 sledges, manned by 106 officers and men, and provisioned, for some 40 and others for 42 days, with an average dragging weight of 205 lbs. per man. On the 15th the men proceeded to the sledges, and having joined in a prayer for protection and guidance, they started on their respective courses. Both the limited and extended parties returned without any traces of the missing expedition; the limited parties, between the 27th April and the 19th May, and the extended ones between the 28th May and the 4th of July. In the former, eighteen men suffered from frostbite, and one of them, George Malcolm, Captain of the hold of the Resolute, a native of Dundee, died at his post of exhaustion and frostbite. The extended parties returned in safety and good health, after being out respectively 48, 58, 60, 62, and the Melville Island party 80 days, during some portion of which period they were detained in their tents by heavy drift, with the *temperature falling as low as* 69° *below the freezing point!* It is not easy, without a chart, to describe the extent of discovery which we owe to this Expedition, but some idea of it may be formed from the following Table:—

Along South Shore.

	No. of crew.	Days out.	Miles travelled.	Miles of Coast newly discovered.	Old Coast.	Extreme Points reached. N. Lat.	W. Long.
Capt. Ommaney,	6	60	480	205		72° 44′	100° 42′
Lieut. Osborn,	7	58	506	70	10	72° 18′	103° 25′
Lieut. Brown,	6	44	375	150		72° 49′	96° 40′
Along North Shore.							
Lieut. Aldrich,	7	62	550	70	75		
Lieut. M'Clintock,	6	80	760	40	215		
A. R. Bradford, Esq.	6	80	669	155	90		

In the reserve and hydrographical parties Lieutenant Mecham searched seventy-five miles of old coast on the south shore, and Mr. M'Dougall ninety-five miles of new, and twenty of old coast on the north shore. In Lieutenant M'Clintock's journey of eighty days the thermometer was never lower than 36° below the freezing point. He encountered herds of musk oxen on Melville Island, and could have shot two-thirds of them had he chosen. His party was sometimes detained forty hours by south-east gales, in a space of 8 feet 8 inches long, and 6 feet 8 inches broad; and as it was necessary to cook in the tent, the vapour speedily condensed, and *descended in a shower of pure snow*, penetrating and wetting the fur robes and clothing. They found at Bushnan Cove the articles left there by Captain Parry, remarkably unchanged in strength and colouring. Upon the singular sandstone rock at the entrance of the harbour they cut the date 1851, near the inscription recording Sir E. Parry's visit. Beneath the rock a hare had

taken up its residence, and was constantly and fearlessly feeding about, within a few yards of their tent.

Captain Penny's Expedition to Wellington Strait set off on the 17th of April, and his different parties had returned on the 25th of June, very important discoveries having been made by Captain Penny himself, by Captain Stewart, and Dr. Sutherland, and by Messrs. Goodsir, Marshall, and Manson, extending the geography of Wellington Strait and Queen's Channel beyond the 77th parallel of latitude, and terminating on the east with Cape Sir John Franklin, and on the west by Cape Lady Franklin.

On the 11th August Captain Austin's ships were removed from their winter quarters, and on the 12th unexpectediy reached those of Captain Penny. Having considered the directions and extent of their search, Captain Austin came to the conclusion that Sir John Franklin had not gone to the southward or westward of Wellington Channel; and having received Captain Penny's written opinion, of date 11th August, that Wellington Channel required no further search, as everything had been done which the power of man could accomplish, he resolved to abandon all farther search in these directions, and to return to England, where he arrived on the 1st of October, 1851.

Notwithstanding the great harmony which seems to have subsisted among the numerous officers who were entrusted with the charge of the searching Expeditions, an unfortunate dispute has arisen between Captain Penny and Captain Austin respecting the exploration of Wellington Channel. In a letter to the Secretary to the Admiralty, dated September 15th, 1851, Captain Penny states, that having discovered open water leading out of Wellington Channel, he requested Captain Austin to give him the Sophia steamer to go up the channel, and wait to see if the ice would clear away, and that Captain Austin declined the request. Captain Austin, on the other hand, denies that he was ever asked for a steamer, and that Captain Penny ever gave him the slightest reason to hope that either trace or rescue was to be obtained by sending a steamer up Wellington Channel. On the contrary, he produces a letter from Captain Penny in answer to a question from himself, whether Captain Penny was satisfied with his own examination of Wellington Channel? "Your question," replies Captain Penny, "is easily answered. My opinion is, Wellington Channel requires no further search. All has been done in the power of man to accomplish, and no trace has been found. What else can be done?" With this decisive opinion from the person best fitted to give it, Captain Austin returned to England. Captain Penny, however, reconciles his letter with his previous application for a steamer, by saying, when examined by the Arctic Committee, *that Wellington Channel was searched, but not beyond Wellington Channel*, thus supposing that Captain Austin could understand that the continuation of Wellington Channel to the north-west was not Wellington Channel. In this letter of the 15th September, already referred to, Captain Penny had made the same distinction between the upper and the under channel, by speaking of "the *strait leading north-west* out of Wellington Channel, which I have for the present named Queen Victoria Channel;" but it is worthy of remark, that in a letter written three days previous to the other, and addressed to the Lords of the Admiralty, he makes no such distinction, calling the upper part by the same name as the lower part. "Your Lordships are aware," he says, "that *I have discovered that the course of Wellington Channel lies north-west a distance of sixty miles beyond the point which I reached.*" Now as he says that he asked for a steamer to go up *the Channel*, and as he declared that *Wellington Channel* required no farther search, how was it possible that Captain Austin could understand that he meant anything but the *whole Channel*, upper as well as lower? But, independently of this, Captain Penny admits that "*there was undoubtedly a barrier of ice at the entrance of Wellington Channel at the time he applied for the steamer*," and we cannot understand how, under such circumstances, Captain Austin could have been justified, either in giving a steamer, or in taking one himself, upon such a hopeless errand, and at such a late season of the year, even if he had understood Captain Penny's distinction between the upper and the under Channel. We therefore concur in the decision of the Arctic Committee, that Captain Austin acted wisely in not making any farther search in Wellington Channel.*

Those who have friends in the missing ships will be glad to hear that, beside the Expedition to Wellington Sound, now fitting out by Government, under Sir Edward Belcher and Captain Kellet, other two, and perhaps a third, from America, at the expense partly of Mr. Grinnell, are about to be employed in the same cause. In conformity with the views of Lady Franklin,

* The official inquiry into this matter occupies a great part of the Blue Book, No. 11 in our list.

at whose risk the journey is undertaken, Lieutenant Pim, R.N., has gone to St. Petersburg, for the purpose of making a land journey from the mouth of the Kolyma river to New Siberia to search for Sir John Franklin. The Russian Government, however, with whom he has been in communication, has pointed out the impracticability of the scheme; but has, at the same time, generously offered to give every assistance in any well organized plan that is likely to be attended with success. The difficulty, almost insuperable, of travelling to the place of his destination, through the immense wilderness of Northern Siberia, among uncivilized tribes, scarcely subject even to Russian authority, does not seem to have been anticipated by Lieutenant Pim or his counsellors. In Admiral Wrangel's journey through the same regions, although only one-third of the length of that proposed by Lieutenant Pim, he was obliged to employ fifty sledges and 600 dogs, with provisions for each sledge of from fifty to seventy salt herrings a day; so that the Expedition of Lieutenant Pim would require what could not be obtained without the complete ruin of the natives, who require the use of their dogs, namely, from 1200 to 1500 dogs, and provisions in proportion. The agents of the Russian Government have, at the same time, distinctly stated it as their opinion, that Sir John Franklin has not been shipwrecked in the Icy Sea, north of Siberia, otherwise some information of the event must have been conveyed to the Imperial authorities by the natives.

Another Expedition of a more plausible character, and the result of private liberality and enterprise, is at present fitting out by Captain Beatson, who has long been of opinion that Sir John Franklin has passed to the north of the Parry Islands, and that he has been prevented from getting southward by a chain of islands extending far to the westward, and probably a continuation of the Parry Islands. Captain Beatson, therefore, believes that Sir John Franklin is somewhere to the north of Behring's Straits, and certainly not far to the eastward. Influenced by this opinion, he has purchased a vessel, to be commanded by himself, and which is now preparing for the Expedition. It is a schooner of nearly 200 tons, but capable of carying a much larger quantity. She is to be fitted up with separate engines of eight horse power each, with three separate boilers. This vessel is to be accompanied by a steam launch of five horse power. The ship is to be provisioned for *five* years, and her crew is to consist of fifteen men and himself. Captain Beatson had intended to take another smaller screw steamer as a tender, and of far greater power, but he has not found himself able to do this. He intends to leave England about the end of February 1852, to proceed directly to the Sandwich Islands, and having taken in coal, to enter Behring's Straits by the middle or end of July. He then makes for the open water seen by Wrangel, and should he not succeed in getting so far along the coast, he proposes to employ the spring (before the breaking up of the ice) in attempting to reach the land seen by Captain Kellet from Herald Island, and thus to perform one part of the scheme proposed by Lieutenant Pim. The Royal Geographical Society, to whom this plan was submitted, by its distinguished president, Sir Roderick Murchison, propose to raise subscriptions in aid of Captain Beatson, and we are sure that the money of the rich and the prayers of the poor will be liberally devoted to such a noble and generous enterprise.

With the copious and valuable materials now before us, we may come to some reasonable conclusion respecting the course followed by Sir John Franklin, and the probability of his being discovered if he and his party are still alive. We believe, and it is the belief of almost all the distinguished naval officers, that Sir John Franklin did not follow a western course past Melville Island, or a south-western one by any of the inlets that lead to the American shore. This opinion is confirmed by the extensive and unavailing search which has been made in these directions. The existence of his first winter quarters in 1845-6, at Beechy Island, at the eastern entrance to Wellington Channel, renders it highly probable that his course was along that Channel; and if it was, that he would either emerge into the polar basin, if one does exist, or would push his way westward to Behring's Straits, or eastward round Greenland, if it is an island, and does not reach the pole. The new Expedition that is now fitting out by Government, under Sir Edward Belcher and Captain Kellett, will certainly have for its main object the examination of Wellington and Queen Victoria Channels; and as it is the opinion of Captain Penny and all his officers that the missing Expedition took that route, it becomes an interesting inquiry to ascertain what is the degree of probability that it may still be discovered, and that the gallant crews of the Erebus and Terror are yet alive. If the ships have been frozen up in perpetual ice, and their crews prevented from returning for want of food, or the means of transport, there can

be little doubt that travelling parties at least from the new Expedition, may trace them either to their prisons or their graves; but if they have escaped from the Wellington Channel into a polar basin or into other channels to the east or to the west, the Expedition will probably return without accomplishing its object, while our hopes of the safety of the missing ships will be greatly increased.

The grand problem for our solution, then, is the existence of a polar basin or of an open sea extending to the pole. Captain Ommaney has declared "that he has no faith in the theory of a polar basin," and placing against this the opposite naval opinion of Captain Osborne, that he had observed various facts which "go far to prove the existence of a northern basin or polar sea," we enter upon the discussion of the subject as a great and scientific question which science alone is capable of solving. We have more than once had occasion to state to our readers the undoubted fact that the pole is not the coldest part of the globe, and that there are two poles of maximum cold, one in the new world, somewhere near Melville Island, and another on the opposite meridian in the old world. It is demonstrable, from the observations of Captain Scoresby and others, that the mean temperature of the North Pole does not exceed 10° * of Fahrenheit, whereas the mean temperature of Melville Island is, according to Sir Edward Parry, 1° or 2° below zero,† or 11° or 12° below that of the pole. But as the temperature of 10°, though derived from a formula expressing accurately the diminution of temperature from the equator to the polar regions, may be considered only as a probable assumption, we shall arrive at the same conclusion by taking the results of actual observation. Captain Scoresby found, from many years' observation, that the mean temperature in latitude 78° in the Spitzbergen seas was 17° Fahrenheit, whereas Captain Parry found the mean temperature in latitude 74½° at Melville Island, to be 1° or 2°—where we should have expected it to have been above 17°. If this then be the law of temperature in different meridians, Sir John Franklin, in ascending Wellington Channel, would necessarily pass into a warmer climate, where an arctic winter would lose much of its horrors, and where a more genial temperature would foster animal life, and supply him, not only with materials for food, but even with the elements of luxury. Though barriers of ice or other causes may prevent him from retracing his steps by Wellington Channel, or by any other southward course, he may be carrying on his explorations in new regions contiguous to the place of his entrance into the polar sea, or even extending them, if his vessels are preserved, into new regions far to the east or west of the meridian in which he entered it.

Such are the hopes which we fondly cherish, that our distinguished exile and his gallant crew are still preserved to their friends and their country. Yet it is but a hope—a faint hope, too, to which we cling with failing grasp, and with bitter tears. Time has worn it to a shadow—evanescent to the eye of Reason, yet looming brightly on the horizon of Fancy. Still we must not despair. When Hope quits the earth, she often alights again embalmed and invigorated amid the prayers of the faithful. In the chronicles of the ocean, when the wrecked mariner has been cast among its raging billows, an unseen hand has often guided him to a happy shore; and in the annals of mortal suffering, when hearts have sunk and hands have failed, a meteor ray has often flashed upon the soul, and an arm of strength been commissioned to deliver. In asking, then, with the poet,—where are the friends whom we mourn? Let us accept of the consolation which he offers, when it shall appear that God has not aided the efforts of the resolute:—

"Where is he?—where? silence and darkness dwell
About him; as a soul cut off from men:
Shall we behold him yet a citizen
Of mortal life? Will he return to tell
(Prisoner from Winter's very citadel
Broken forth) what he before has told, again,
How to the hearts and hands of resolute men,
God aiding, *nothing* is impossible?
Alas! the enclosure of the stony wave
Is strong, and dark the depths of polar night;
Yet One there is Omnipotent to save.
And this we know, if comfort still we crave,
Into that dark he took with him a light—
The lamp that can illuminate the grave." *

In the application of the public money to Expeditions of Discovery, or, indeed, to any object above vulgar apprehension, the counsellors of the State are exposed to the double taunts of ignorance and faction. In authorizing the recent Searching Expeditions, however, they yielded to the united voice of science and humanity, and neither the bitterness of party, nor the illiberality

* See *Edinburgh Transactions*, vol. ix. pp. 206, 207.

† See this Journal, vol. iv. p. 235.

* The Poles, a poem in 20 stanzas, in "Hours and Days." By Thomas Burbidge. London, 1851.

of the utilitarian school has ventured to impugn the wisdom and generosity of their conduct. The time, doubtless, is not far distant when the call of humanity must subside, and when science must stand alone at the bar of the Treasury, to plead the cause of Arctic discovery. It is painful to think that a Government could exist in England with whom such a cause should require an advocate; and more painful still that those who rule the destinies of a great maritime nation should grudge the miserable pittance which the State owes to advancing knowledge and civilisation. If God has given man the earth as a freehold, and dominion over its life and its luxuries, it is doubtless the duty of His viceroy to explore his domains, to draw the tribute which they offer, and to send back blessings in return. If human reason has been commissioned to explore the planetary and sidereal regions, it is doubly bound to search the planet which is its home—to develop the laws of its structure, and to unfold the mysteries of its birth. "Could the body of the whole earth," says Addison,* "or indeed the whole universe be thus† submitted to the examination of our senses, were it not too big and disproportioned to our inquiries, too unwieldy for the management of the eye and hand, there is no question but it would appear to us as curious and well contrived a frame as that of the human body. We should see the same concatenation and subserviency—the same necessity and usefulness—the same beauty and harmony *in all and every of its parts as that we discover in the body of every single animal.*" Since the expression of this noble thought, which its author considered as new,‡ nearly a century and a half has been devoted to the study of the rocks, the air, and the ocean—the osteology, the lungs, and the circulation of the giant earth. We have surveyed the integuments of its equatorial, and its tropical, and its temperate regions. We have studied its internal commotions, its respiratory organs of gas and of fire—its voice of thunder and of tempest—its daily and its yearly movements,—but we are still ignorant of the structure of its brain, and of the organs of sensation which it animates. It is beneath its cap of snow and its crown of ice that we have yet to discover the poles of its magnetic force, the haunts of its cold, and the focus of its auroral beams. There, too, we may find new types of the human kind, and new forms of animal and vegetable life, thriving in summers without darkness, and in winters without light. Let Expedition, then, follow Expedition till we have surveyed "the whole body of the earth." It is man's duty to complete the survey of the planet which he owns. Reason demands it of him as a tribute to the All-wise; and Revelation calls upon him to discover the secrets of His wisdom, and make known the marvels of His power.

Work Science, work, plumb ocean, scale the sky!
And beyond earth look on for praise on high.
BURBIDGE.

* Spectator, No. 543.

† Like the human body to anatomical observation.

‡ "I have been particular," says Addison at the end of his paper, "on the thought which runs through this speculation, because I have not seen it enlarged upon by others."

SINCE the preceding Article was printed, we have received farther information respecting the Searching Expeditions, which cannot fail to interest our readers. The ships of the American expedition, when on its return in 1850, drifted into Wellington Channel, and being there involved in the drift ice, were again carried out of it into Lancaster Sound, and along the west side of Baffin's Bay, nearly to Hudson's Straits. They never got clear of the ice during the whole winter, and were frequently on the point of destruction, *the crews having several times left the ships, and returned to them again when the crisis was over.* From this floating prison of ice the ships were disengaged in spring, and after a fruitless attempt in summer to resume their search in Lancaster Sound, they returned to the United States.

In the spring of 1851, Mr. Rae succeeded in crossing the ice, from the mouth of the Copper Mine River to Victoria Land. Having examined the shores of Wollaston Land, he proved its connexion with Victoria Land, and he traced it westerly and northwards to *within 220 miles of the north coast of Banks's Land.* He intended to resume his search in summer if the ice broke up sufficiently to permit him to cross in his boats. He is now on his journey home, and in two months hence we may expect to learn what he has accomplished.

It appears by a letter from Captain Moore of the Plover,* that the pack ice in Behring's Straits has this year extended 160 miles farther south than in either of the two previous summers. His own progress was stopped by it in lat. 70° 34′, and long. 169° west; and he fears that the *Enterprise* will be unable this year to make any progress eastward.

* *Times*, Jan. 17, 1852.

A new plan of search, on scientific grounds, has been just proposed* by Mr. A. Petermann, who thinks *that the wide opening between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla most probably offers the easiest and most advantageous entrance into the open navigable Polar Sea, and perhaps the best route for the search after Sir John Franklin.* This proposal proceeds upon the supposition generally received, that Sir John has emerged from Wellington Channel into the Polar Sea. Adopting this supposition, we consider the proposal liable to grave objections of a scientific character. The best meridian by which we can approach the Pole is doubtless *that by which it has been most nearly approached*, and that is by the meridian between Greenland and Spitzbergen. Along this meridian Captain Parry, on the 23d July 1823, approached within *seven degrees and a quarter of it*, while Phipps had come within 9° 12′, and Scoresby within 8° 30′ of it. This meridian, too, is the warmest on the globe, and that in which each isothermal line recedes farthest from the Equator. Mr. Petermann supports his views, as we do ours, (see page 486,) by the fact of the existence of a pole of maximum cold about Melville Island, though he has not mentioned by whom that pole was discovered. The following opinion of Sir John Barrow will have some weight with those who have not looked at the question in its scientific bearings :—

"The theory of Meyer, which Leslie has adopted, and on which has been constructed a formula for ascertaining the mean temperature of the globe, has now been found to assign a much less degree of cold to high latitudes than actually exists. It makes, for instance, that of the North Pole 32°, and of the parallel in which Captain Parry passed the winter 36°, being therefore erroneous by fully as many degrees. Sir David Brewster came to a conclusion much nearer the truth. The ingenious Humboldt, in his memoir on Isothermal Lines, had shown that, in high latitudes, the difference of temperature in the same parallels of the old and new world is very considerable, not less than 13° of Fahrenheit in the parallel of 50°, and 17° in that of 60° higher in Europe than in America. He has also shown that the isothermal lines decline under the eastern meridians of Asia. It had, indeed, long been known, that during the season of the fisheries the temperature of the Spitzbergen Seas, in the latitude of 80°, is higher than that of 70° in Baffin's Bay. On these grounds, and from comparing the thermometric curve of 17° in 78° of latitude on the meridian of Spitzbergen, with that of 65° on the meridian of Melville Island, Sir David Brewster, in a paper of great interest and ingenuity, observes, unless we suppose that the climate of these regions is subject to no law, we are forced to conclude that the Pole of the Globe is not the coldest point of the *Arctic* Hemisphere, and that there are *two points of greatest cold* not many degrees from the Pole, and in meridians nearly at right angles to that which passes through the West of Europe.

"The exact position of these Poles is not ascertained; but Sir David Brewster thinks they are situated in about 80° N. latitude, and 95° E., and 100° W. longitude, or the one 5° to the north of Graham Moore's Bay, and the other 1° to the north of the Bay of Taimura near the north-east cape."*

* *Athenæum*, Jan. 17, 1852.

Art. VII.—*Memoir of Edward Copleston, D.D., Bishop of Llandaff, with Selections from his Diary and Correspondence.* By William James Copleston, M.A., Rector of Cromhall, Gloucestershire, and late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. London, 1851.

Associated as is the name of Copleston with the revival of learning at Oxford, and with the progress of that academical reform which dates from the beginning of the present century, the announcement of the publication of his biography is at once invested with peculiar interest. We forget and forgive the zeal with which an overstrained loyalty to his *alma mater* betrayed him long since into the palliation of those defects which he, at the same time, strove so manfully to remove, and regard him rather as one of those faithful and diligent pioneers, who, hoping against hope, and struggling against difficulties, cleared the thickets, and removed the obstructions which time, and neglect, and prejudice, and ignorance, had accumulated in that ancient seat of learning. Of his contemporaries, Whately, Senior, Macbride, and others, still survive, to enter into the rich fruit of those labours, in the burden of which they bore a part; but Eveleigh, Cyril Jackson, John Duncan, Arnold, and other noble spirits of the first half of the nineteenth century, now live only in institutions into which they breathed a new energy, in the intellectual life, which still has to buffet with impediments to its free development in the old English universities,—and in the recollection of the few like-minded contemporaries, to whom their memory is sweet. No wonder, then, that we opened, with lively anticipations, a memoir of one of these leading spirits, and

* *Quarterly Review*, 1821, vol. xxv. Dr. Scoresby has taken the same view of the subject in the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*.—Art. Polar Regions, vol. xviii. p. 15.

that the promise of "extracts from the diary and correspondence" of the late distinguished Provost of Oriel College, beguiled us into an expectation, less of a mere biographical outline of the professed subject of the memoir, than of an insight into the private thoughts and feelings of those other eminent men, mostly now gathered to their fathers, whose names we have been wont to connect with that of Copleston. Possibly, in this calculation, we were not uninfluenced by what is recorded of Pope, that his example, and perhaps assistance, produced the letters of Gay, and Bolingbroke, and Swift; and we thus relied on the promised "correspondence" as likely to afford us that kind of autobiography of Copleston and his contemporaries, which individuals gradually and insensibly compose in the course of their letters, and which have this advantage over professed "memoirs," that they exhibit the sentiments and feelings of the writers, contrasted with, and of course connected by, those of their friends and intimates.

With these feelings we turned to the Memoir of one whose name thirty years ago was so deeply connected with the minute details of academical work in Oxford, who was head of Oriel College when it was styled by Sir James Mackintosh "the school of speculative philosophy in England," and who was himself the associate of some of the most remarkable writers and leaders of opinion whom England has known in this century. We confess that we have laid down the book with feelings of disappointment. But our sense of the interest of the subject urges us to a brief review of a work which, on account of its name, naturally enough falls within the scope of our critical labours, even although we find it necessary to indicate deficiencies, rather than to express satisfaction with the information which is here conveyed to us.

To be candid, we think we discern throughout its pages something like a systematic reserve, arising possibly out of absence of sympathy with the ecclesiastical and political sentiments of the Bishop, and a disposition to exhibit him only in such a light as accords with the predilection of the writer. We have the portraiture of an ideal character, and that somewhat commonplace, created by the selection of parts of an historical one, and the alteration of the proportions which existed between those parts in the original subject. We may truly say that we have but the *disjecta membra* of one who was certainly, in his day, the "grande decus columenque rerum Oxoniensium;" and did we not rely on some private sources of information, we doubt whether we could succeed in constructing out of the imperfect remains, scattered about at random, any very distinct image. In tracing the narrative, therefore, we shall hope to render good service by indicating some of the particulars in which we believe that the biographer has sinned against his subject, the chasms which appear to us to require to be filled up, and the inaccuracies, which seem to impose on some survivor of the Bishop's acquaintance the task of giving to the world a more ample and correct biography.

The Memoir commences with the birth of Edward Copleston, son of the clergyman of Offwell, Devon, in 1776. His father was descended, through a junior branch, from the ancient stock of Copleston of Copleston, in the same county, settled in Dorsetshire; and it was a favourite occupation of the subject of this biography, in his *horæ subsecivæ*, to trace out the links which connected him with the family whose name he bore. Amongst its members was another Provost, who presided over King's College, Cambridge, at the period of the Restoration, and of whom a *memento*, in the form of a silver-gilt cup, presented to him as Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, is, we are told, still preserved in the family. Of the early boyhood of Edward, no record seems to have been preserved, and we are brought, *per saltum*, to the period of his election to a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in his sixteenth year; while, as early as 1793, we find him reciting his poem, "*Marius in tugurio Ruinarum Carthaginiensium*," in the Sheldonian Theatre, on occasion of the installation of the Duke of Portland as Chancellor of the University.

The circumstances of his election to a fellowship of Oriel College in 1795, are spoken of as remarkable; for "whereas, in ordinary cases, the candidates present themselves and solicit permission to be admitted to the lists, here, in this case, after examination of a number of competitors, among whom young Copleston was not included, the provost and fellows of Oriel College, it is said, sent for him to C. C. C., and invited him to be chosen into their Society." This is scarcely accurate, or consistent with the terms of an extract from Archdeacon Williams's obituary notice, where the latter states, that "as he left the scene of election, one of them (the fellows) bade him recollect that he owed his preferment to *free competition* and merit alone." The real facts were as follows: There was a vacancy in one of those few fellowships at Oriel which are in the first instance limited to par-

ticular counties, in case any well-qualified candidate (*idoneus*) from those counties presents himself. Of this qualification the Statutes constitute the existing electors the judges. Now it has been, and still at the time we are writing is, usual in most societies at Oxford to *lower* the standard of qualification to the attainments of the county candidates; and to this abuse of endowments is to be traced, to a great extent, that decline of learning which, towards the middle of the last century, had reached its climax. To an abandonment of the practice, on the other hand, may be attributed the lead which the society of Oriel College took, and possessed for a considerable period, and which it still partially retains. It was to a rejection of the county candidates, in application of this principle, after examination, as unfit, that the future provost and bishop owed his election; not that he was invited to be chosen, strictly speaking, but to present himself as a candidate for examination. By noon, however, on the same day, he was elected.

Academical honours now descended thick upon him. In 1796 he obtained the English essay prize on the subject of agriculture, for which he received the thanks of the Agricultural Society, communicated through Sir John Sinclair. He was subsequently appointed to the responsible office of College tutor.

We could have wished for fuller notices than the present Memoir contains of this period of the bishop's life, for according to the concurrent testimony of his friends and pupils, it was as a College tutor that his influence was most extensively felt, and the somewhat commonplace and tedious details of his declining years, which clog the Memoir, very inadequately compensate us for the absence of information at the more important periods of his life which preceded. The omission is the more inexcusable, as it has given an opportunity for a recent criticism which is undeserved, and which can only be justified on the supposition that all that was to be known of Dr. Copleston was contained in the Memoir given by his relation. Yet a close inspection of the meagre "correspondence," which he has here and there interspersed, might have suggested inquiries such as would have led the writer to vindicate the subject of the Memoir from the remark, that he had not imparted anything like "a tone to the age by his labours." The criticism which we refer to is in terms confined to "literary" labours indeed, but obviously tends to exclude Bishop Copleston from the list of those benefactors to their generation who have given an impulse to thought, and guided the intellectual tastes of their contemporaries.

This we believe to be untrue. Were the remark confined even to his work as an author, he can hardly be said to have lavished the stores of long study and severe thought on subjects too ephemeral to command the attention of succeeding generations, much less has he many competitors in the pregnant thought, compact reasoning, and felicitous illustration with which he arouses the minds of those with whom he lived and for whom he wrote. But it is still less true when applied to his labours in that not less effective sphere of influence, of which the results endure long beyond the memory of their prime movers. "College tuition," writes a well informed correspondent and contemporary of Dr. Copleston, "was after all his *forte*; his clearness in explaining, his patience with humble efforts, his power of calling forth whatever a man had in him, to the surprise of all parties—in all this he was the best tutor in Oxford, far the best in his day, never exceeded since. His mind during that portion of his life was in its full vigour; the exercise of his faculties was more variable later in life."

The letter of an old Orielite, Mr. Hughes, also bears strong testimony to the Bishop's powers of conveying information and disciplining the intellect, and describes the "manly and practical habit of mind which pervaded his lectures," with much enthusiasm. To him, in common with his successor in the tutorship, Mr. Davison, (author of those able treatises on Prophecy and on Sacrifice which bear his name,) Mr. Hughes attributes the most extensive influence, both on the minds of the Oriel student, and the tone of the common room at Oriel, which he describes as at the time uniting their society with that of Whately, Arnold, and other congenial spirits, and rivalling the conversational reputation of Trinity College in the sister University.

With these facts before us, which we have been at some pains to collect, we are disappointed at the absence from this volume of any epistolary or conversational intercourse with either Davison or Arnold, and of any traces of the degree of sympathy or coincidence of opinion between them, on points of educational, social, or political interest, although this may conceivably be partly owing to the absence of any considerable degree of intimacy between them and the provost. With respect to the third name in Mr. Hughes's letter, we have heard it remarked that no stranger could learn from the Memoir alone what warm and close intimacy, extending

through half a century, had existed between the Archbishop of Dublin and Dr. Copleston, or that during a large portion of that time the most unrestrained intercourse had been carried on, in relation to nearly all the great subjects, literary, ecclesiastical, and political, which have agitated various sections of society during the period.

The Archbishop, from his college intimacy with Dr. Copleston, might have been able to furnish something of interest as regards the influence exerted by the latter on the minds of his college pupils and contemporaries in lectures or conversation. In a letter given (p. 103) Dr. Whately confesses his obligation to send a copy of every production of his pen, as to a "kind of lord of the soil," in acknowledgment that from the Bishop he derived the main principles on which he had acted and speculated through life !*

Might not Davison and Arnold have derived similar inspiration from Copleston in their best days, of which such imperfect records are given in this volume? We have at heart our suspicions that the *genuine* features, which under extensively diversified combinations of character and temperament, belong to what has been styled "The Oriel School," (and we include in it, with Whately, Davison, and Arnold, the names of Hampden, Hawkins, Newman, Hinds, Powell, Pusey and others,) are attributable in no small degree to the guidance of their Provost, and the enthusiasm by which he unconsciously kindled the taste for common studies, which have led to such varied and even opposite results.†

Mention is made of the Bishop's first introduction (in 1799) to his pupil and friend in after life, Lord Dudley and Ward, and there is a reference also to a volume of correspondence between him and the Bishop, published by the latter after the former's decease. No use apparently is made of these by the biographer. It is also stated that a second volume was intended, and is even now "waiting to see the light." The biographer should have at least informed his readers that Dr. Copleston's intention to give to the world a second volume, was frustrated by an injunction, obtained from the Lord Chancellor by Bishop Philpotts and Lord Lyndhurst, who, for some reason which, like the correspondence itself, is shrouded in secrecy, objected to trust Dr. Copleston with publishing his friend's reminiscences.

We must pause for a little to consider Dr. Copleston's connexion with that important event in the history of University Reform—the passing of the examination statute at Oxford in 1800. Of the precise share which the Bishop had in procuring its adoption, we are nowhere distinctly informed in the Memoir itself, but in the obituary notice by Archdeacon Williams of Llandaff, which we have already quoted, we find the following:—

> "To him mainly we owe the introduction of a real and searching examination, instead of that which has become a mockery and a delusion—to him, the emulation excited by honourable distinction, which has bent many a spirit to intellectual and ennobling pursuits, for this, his College, his University, the realm of England, owes much to Edward Copleston. He *planned and matured* that course and system which has formed and fashioned for usefulness her rising youth." (P. 222.)

Archdeacon Williams, whom we think we recollect at Oriel about twenty years after the transactions here noticed, may perhaps be pardoned any inaccuracy in recording them, and we readily condone the exaggeration of an *éloge funèbre*, but as matter of biography and of history, we must say that such a statement is hardly fair to the memory of Provost Eveleigh, and makes us regret the want of an Antony Wood, to note down from year to year, the sayings and doings of the leading actors on that not altogether unimportant stage—the University. More just is the remark of Mr. Hughes, that Copleston's practical "wisdom had won an influence for him

* Scarcely less decisive is the language of the Prefatory Dedication of the Archbishop's "Elements of Logic," addressed to Dr. Copleston, when Dean of Chester, in which he speaks of the latter, "not merely as having originally imparted to him the principles of the science (of Logic), but also as having contributed remarks, explanations, and illustrations, relative to the most important points, to so great an amount, that he could hardly consider himself as more than half the author of such portions of the Treatise, as were not borrowed from former publications." Surely, if the language of this preface is not to be taken as mere compliment, the impulse given to logical studies, both throughout Europe and in the New World by the Archbishop's celebrated Work, as it is here generously shared with, is at least partly attributable to his Provost.

† Strictly speaking, this influence, if we are right in attributing as much to Dr. Copleston, was exercised *indirectly*, since a few of those we have named stood actually in the relation to him of pupils. Davison and Arnold were undoubtedly never literally *taught* by him, the one having been elected from Christ Church, the second from Corpus. Hampden and Powell were originally of Oriel, but not while Copleston was tutor. Hinds, the present liberal and distinguished Bishop of Norwich, was a private pupil of Whately's, and a kind of grandson of Copleston.

beyond the walls of his college, in which he was known to enjoy the intimate confidence of the excellent Provost [Eveleigh] *one of the most strenuous originators* of the present system of classes and honours." We are assured that Dr. Copleston has been often heard to speak of the long and difficult struggle, protracted to *more than twenty years*, after which at length the statute was carried, and this renders it obvious that the "planning" the system is referable to a date, when the subject of the "Memoir" was not more than six years of age.* The correction which, on the authority of one of the Bishop's contemporaries, we are enabled to make, is of some weight in reply to an inference of the biographer that "there was, fifty years ago, existing, in the Universities, a power capable of overcoming that *vis inertiæ* which attaches more or less to all long-settled institutions—capable also of effecting against that force very decided and fundamental changes." Was it not "then seen," he proceeds to ask, "that the leading of a few powerful minds sufficed, without any impulse from without, to bring about a revolution in academic life, not less distasteful to a great number, in its beginning, than salutary in its results?"

We unhesitatingly say in reply to such an appeal, that the history of the passing of the statute, which came into operation in 1802, is not encouraging; and if it is intended, as it seems to be, for an argument against present interference *ab extra*, with a view to academical changes, the precise facts of the case lead inevitably to the opposite conclusion. Such, in all probability, *was* the conclusion at which the Bishop's own mind had arrived. "I am not able," remarks his biographer, "to refer to any written sentiments of Dr. Copleston upon the subject of a Commission of Inquiry into the State of our Universities, nor would I venture to ascribe to him any precise opinion as to the expediency or propriety of such interference. But it would be wrong to withhold here what will be in the recollection of many of Dr. Copleston's friends—namely, that he would sometimes express strongly and freely his regrets, that some of our collegiate societies had not done more towards meeting the educational demands of the age."—(P. 8.)

Now, on this subject, there *are* extant some "written sentiments," which, occurring as they do in a work (The Replies to the Edinburgh Review), which most will admit to be a somewhat chivalrous defence of *alma mater*, are on that very account the more emphatic as an expression of opinions, which he is understood to have entertained on the subject later in life. . . . In these "Replies" he apologises for, rather than justifies, the inaction of the University of Oxford, by the fact, that it has no existence (practically) except as a "congeries of foundations, each of which has its own peculiar statutes, regulating its own internal affairs, but confining its benefits by a great variety of limitations," so that many qualifications for fellowships, &c., are enjoined, "quite foreign to intellectual talents and learning." Such was the plea of Copleston, the advocate and controversialist of thirty years since—a plea obviously put forth with more of rhetorical tact than force of conviction. In the same "Replies," he even admits it to be at least open to discussion whether the amelioration of a system is or is not a greater good than the maintenance of founders' wills, and lays it down as absolutely unquestionable that the Legislature *should* interfere with such wills, when they contain provisions *injurious* to the public, adding, that to the voice of the public we ought [as a university] always "to answer with respect, and to render an account, if called upon, of our proceedings."—(Appendix, p. 343.)

We commend this last statement to the special consideration of those who at Oxford are now resisting public opinion, as it is expressed in the recent exercise of the royal prerogative, and to refer them to the fact that, with respect to close foundations, the champion of Oxford as it was, would only stipulate for the preservation of the interests of the present holders of Fellowships, while he abandons the defence of the foundations themselves as actually obstructive of, and tending to paralyze exertion. [Appendix, p. 341.] But on this subject of University Reform, we need not anticipate the evidence of the forthcoming Report of the Commission of Inquiry.*

* In point of fact, Provost Eveleigh of Oriel, Parsons, Master of Balliol, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, and Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ-Church, were the three most influental promoters of the scheme.

* While speaking of the Bishop's replies to the Edinburgh Review, we would take the opportunity of setting the author of the "Memoir" right with respect to another controversial piece of Dr. Copleston. "The sly pungency of a *jeu d'esprit* from his pen," remarks Mr. Hughes, "published about the same time, under the title of *Hints to a Young Reviewer*, was also considered to have found a joint in the armour of the *Edinburgh Review*, a journal at that time standing alone in its own peculiar department, and assuming a tone of domination in English literature only to be paralleled by the more modern assumptions of Cardinal Wiseman as the director of English religion."—(P. 28.) It will scarcely be believed that the said *jeu d'esprit* had no refer-

We pass over the brief notices given in the "Memoir" of the Bishop's "Prælectiones," as Professor of Poetical Criticism, the last of which he delivered in 1812. They are marked by much elegant Latinity, and shew considerable classical learning and refined taste. What follows is of some historical interest. In the narrative of the academical events of 1809, to which we allude, too little stress indeed is laid on the circumstance of the Bishop being at that time, and long after, a strenuous advocate of Catholic emancipation. How strenuous, we should hardly have collected from the "Memoir," which, moreover, altogether omits to inform us that, at this period, the Bishop published a pamphlet (which the biographer leaves out of the list of his works) in answer to Mr. Croker, of New College, Oxford, in which he strongly urges the removal of Catholic disabilities.

In describing the contest for the University Chancellorship in this year, when the honour of succeeding the Duke of Portland was contested by Lords Grenville and Eldon, and the Duke of Beaufort, the author of the "Memoir" observes,—

"The recent agitation of the 'Catholic' question had created great excitement, and raised a strong feeling in the University against Lord Grenville, as an avowed friend to 'emancipation.' It should be remembered, too, that Lord Grenville was at this time deprived of Court favour, and excluded from the Cabinet, so that the chances were apparently much against him. Nevertheless, Mr. Copleston espoused with generous enterprise the cause of that candidate, of whose moral and intellectual qualifications he was best assured."

And he adds that,—

"Notwithstanding all the weight of official influence, and all the strength of old Tory prejudices arrayed against them, *he and his friends* succeeded in placing Lord Grenville in the vacant chair."—P. 25.

This gives an incorrect impression. In the first place, it was well known that the Prince of Wales warmly espoused Lord Grenville's cause, and that his friend Mr. Tyrwhit was sent down to watch the progress of the election, which was carried on through the night, without intermission, lawyers having expressed a doubt of the legality of adjourning Convocation. Without disparagement, therefore, to the subject of the "Memoir," we must observe that in the passage we have quoted, too much is said of the impartiality and disinterestedness of the Bishop; and, on the other hand, too little of the impulse given to his exertions by the strength of his convictions in favour of emancipation. Besides, the result, though doubtless aided by the energy and perseverance of Lord Grenville's friends, (Dr. Copleston among them,) was greatly to be attributed to the supporters of the Duke of Beaufort, who kept open the poll, though his Grace was lowest on it; and not a little to a prevailing persuasion that Lord Grenville's success at Oxford would make him Prime Minister.

An extract from the "Diary of the Bishop," a few years before, illustrates the great versatility of Copleston's mental powers, as enabling him successfully to engage in subjects so different and uncongenial as poetical criticism and financial calculation. He notes the fact of his having been continued in the bursarship of his College (Oriel) during six years, and having obtained the consent of the fellows to a plan for improving the revenues, by borrowing fines, instead of taking them from lessees, on renewals, and increasing the reserved rents instead. Whence he succeeded in trebling the rents of the College, liquidating its debts, and procuring better tenants for the estates. He was at this very time engaged, as Professor of Poetical Criticism, in the composition of his *Prælectiones*, in the work of a college tutor, and soon after, in controversial defence of the Oxford system of study, against an attack, which, whether at the time exaggerated or not, will now be admitted on all hands to have resulted in a beneficial ventilation of the subject of university reform. Pamphlets on finance, much quoted at the time by practical men, both in and out of the House of Commons, coincident in view with the theories of Huskisson and Ricardo, also came from his pen.

The subsequent events of the Bishop's life, as a fellow of a college, were, principally, his resignation of his tutorship in 1810, the termination of the decade of his Prælectorship of Poetry in 1812, and (if there is no error in the statement) his refusal of the headship of Magdalen Hall in 1813. In 1814 he was elected Provost of Oriel, on the unanimous requisition of his society, the names of Davison, Whately, Keble, and Hawkins appearing among the requisitionists. Shortly after, he received the distinguished honour of a Doctor's degree by diploma, on the proposal of Dr. Hughes, Principal of Jesus College.*

erence whatever to the Edinburgh Review, but to an article in the British Critic on the poems of Mant! It is hoped that such mistakes as these will not find their way into any credited collection of the "Curiosities of Literature."

* Curiously enough, the Bishop, in a letter published in the Memoirs, and addressed to his old

In 1821, we find him publishing the "*Inquiry into the Doctrines of Necessity and Predestination*," a work which, at the time of its appearance, attracted considerable notice, and which may be described as an attempt to trace the difficulties which are imputed to the Calvinistic scheme chiefly to the equivocal use of words; and here again we involuntarily recur to the influence of Dr. Copleston's peculiar cast of mind on the speculations of more than one theologian of eminence of the present day, and on the prevailing distaste discernible for logomachies. In a letter to Archbishop Whately, written three years afterwards, there is given, (p. 100,) a favourable judgment of Davison's work on Prophecy, of which the seventh discourse pleased the Bishop less than the rest of its contents, chiefly, as it would seem, on the ground of its rejection of the solution, which, after Archbishop King, he had proposed of the difficulty concerning prescience.

Before we quit the subject, we must notice a pleasing correspondence between Sir D. K. Sandford, the late eminent Professor of Greek at Glasgow, and two years previous, an unsuccessful aspirant to a vacant fellowship at Oriel, and the Provost, which arose out of the Professor's perusal of this work.

"*College of Glasgow, December* 22, 1823.

"Sir,—Though I have too much reason to fear that a letter with my signature may not be acceptable to you, I cannot refrain from giving the simple expression of my gratitude for a very essential service you have rendered me. My mind, (as I suppose, at some season or other, must be the case with all serious thinkers on religious subjects,) had been much agitated by the mysterious questions of predestination and election. Till lately, I confess with shame, I had not read your book on this topic. Its recent perusal has put an end to my doubts and hesitations—I hope for ever. The very work which, when unknown to me, I dared to mention in a slighting manner, has thus, under Providence, been the happy instrument of removing all my hesitations, and yielding peace to my disquieted thoughts. You will, perhaps, receive with indifference this tardy atonement for former petulance and error. But great will be my satisfaction if to the other members of the University, with whom my sincere confession of a heavy fault has reconciled me, I shall be enabled to add the name of Dr. Copleston.—I am, with much respect, your most obedient humble servant, D. K. Sandford."

"*Oriel College, December* 28, 1823.

"Dear Sir—It was far from a feeling of indifference with which I read your letter. A testimony so frank and so powerful to the usefulness of a treatise, must naturally give its author sincere pleasure. But besides this, I should be sorry and ashamed to be thought insensible to the kindness of your communication. Whatever pain may have been caused by any former exercise of your pen, be assured that this letter has had all the healing influence you could have intended or desired. In common with your academical friends, I had always admired your talents, and this proof you have given of a generous heart, makes me hope that I may hereafter be included in that number, and that some time or other I may have an opportunity of testifying my esteem in person.—Believe me, dear Sir, your's faithfully and sincerely, E. Copleston."

A biography of a distinguished theologian, from which but a faint idea can be gleaned of his opinions on controversial points of theology, or on those great ecclesiastical questions now in a course of solution, is surely a coming short of the subject; and any sentiment of delicacy in referring to them, though an excellent reason for devolving the task of writing on others, will hardly be accepted as a satisfaction by the possessors of the "Memoir." We think, however, that the avowed approbation of the Archbishop of Dublin's work, entitled "The Kingdom of Christ," contained in a letter of the Bishop's, (p. 195,) justifies us in regarding the friends as agreed on most questions *purely* ecclesiastical; while there are evidences of considerable divergence of opinion on those mixed questions of religion and of politics which each was compelled to examine from a different point, and with different opportunities.

Resuming the thread of the "Memoir," we find Copleston advanced to the Deanery of Chester by Lord Liverpool in 1826, and sixteen months afterwards promoted to the See of Llandaff, by Lord Goderich, then Premier. In his new position we find him speaking (in 1828) unpremeditatedly, as appears from his diary, in defence of the repeal of the Corporation Test Acts. His speech was in reply to the Earl of Eldon, and was his first parliamentary effort. From this period to that of his decease, in October 1849, he appears to have ceased applying his mind with any intensity of exertion to subjects not involved in the discharge of his office. The "Diary and Correspondence," indeed, present occasional proof that the Prelate cherished recollections of the pursuits of the College Fellow, and delighted, from time to time, in that kind of intercourse with the friends of his youth, to which he has applied the Homeric phrase of ὁμηλικη ἐρατσίνη—in renewing the ardour of his earlier days, and not un-

college friend, Darnell, attributes this act of respect to the President of his former college, Corpus. But our information is express to the fact, that the proposal came from the Principal of Jesus.

frequently, by word or by epistle, reviving something of the polemic spirit, as he dealt with subjects of classical or archæological interest; but the records of his Episcopate, creditable as they are to the conscientious character of the Bishop, and to the desire of progress which was visible through his academic life, afford few traits on which we can afford to detain our readers. It is with Copleston, the scholar, the theologian, the philosopher, and the academic that we have to deal, and we naturally revert to the place which witnessed and experienced the fruits and the energy of his best years. What were his sentiments on the important movements, religious and educational, which have disturbed the once still waters of Isis, and have attracted the attention of thoughtful minds throughout the civilized world? A crowning defect of the work which we have been reviewing, is its almost total silence as to the degree and kind of interest taken by the Bishop of Llandaff in those stirring transactions which have brought the University, the scene of the triumphs of his youth, and of the honour of his mature age, prominently before the civilized world. If the late appearance of the "Memoir" is to be attributed to its author being occupied in considering (like Phocion) what he could omit, it is to be regretted that his deliberations should have resulted in the retention of whole pages of a diary, which records with minute and uninteresting exactness his travels from Llansaintfraid to Abergavenny; while no one would guess that the Bishop of Llandaff cast more than passing glances, *much less took a singularly active part*, in watching and counteracting the movements of a religious party, which found tis *nucleus* in his own society, and almost under his own presidency. To its leader, John Henry Newman, there are, if we mistake not, but two allusions throughout the "Memoir,"—one in a letter of the Bishop to his nephew, expressive of personal regard towards Newman, but hinting a dissent from his opinions on matters of academical and ecclesiastical concern, and especially from the views asserted by the founder of Tractarianism, (unless to Mr. Rose and Mr. Keble must be assigned that appellation,) in a recent pamphlet on Suffragan Bishops.

Of the Oxford party, generally, he thus writes to Mr. P. Duncan in 1842:—"I am pleased, and I hope you are, with the wise and temperate answer of the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, to the Anti-Tractarian laymen. That folly (he evidently means Tractarianism) is also on the wane, and when mystical divinity has had its run, perhaps the other purposes of life, for which our faculties were given us, will begin to receive due attention at Oxford. For the last two years, I understand Oxford has exhibited a practical example of the Caliph Omar's maxim—"burn the books—if they are in accordance with our faith, they are useless—if against it, they ought to be destroyed." This passage proves, indeed, that the Bishop had miscalculated the effect of the action of the University Convocation two years previous, of which he had been a strong advocate; we refer to the condemnation of the author of "The Ideal Church," Mr. Ward of Balliol College, which had been followed by the secession of Messrs. Oakley, Newman, and others, from the communion of the English Church. To his share in that proceeding, which took place early in 1842, and to his support of the Regius Professor of Divinity, Dr. Hampden, when he attended for the last time in his place in the Convocation House the same year, and recorded his vote for rescinding the politico-ecclesiastical *privilegium* passed against the Queen's Professor in 1836, in opposition to Dr. Philpotts, who appeared in the majority on that occasion, no allusion is made. We were anxious to see what more important acts of the Bishop had drawn off the biographer's attention from these not insignificant events. How does the author chronicle the Bishop's life in that year? He omits it entirely from his record! "Finding nothing," he observes, "of particular interest to record for some space, I may at once present the reader with the following letter," (p. 182,) and so he passes on from 1841 to 1843! What should we think of a life of the Duke of Wellington, which omitted all mention of the lines of Torres Vedras, and the battle of Waterloo?*

We have now said enough to indicate to our readers some grounds for drawing the conclusion that Bishop Copleston's life is replete with incidents and associations, entitling him to the posthumous privilege of a

* We must not here omit reference to a correspondence which has just appeared, and which is decisive of Bishop Copleston's views on the much-controverted appointment of Dr. Hampden, now Bishop of Hereford, to that See. Writing to the Bishop, who collected signatures to the Episcopal Address to Lord John Russell in the opposition to that important nomination, Dr. Copleston denounces the measure as unjust to Dr. Hampden, asserts that at the time of their publication he had read Dr. Hampden's Lectures, thought the Oxford censure of them unmerited, refused to join in the proposed act of hostility, and finally assisted at the consecration of the new Bishop. The latter fact is alone noticed in the Memoirs. (See *Fraser's Magazine* for December.)

"vates sacer," and that the work before us is by no means calculated to meet the claim. Enough, indeed, is brought before us by his relation to excite curiosity, and stimulate the desire of a more ample "Memoir." The valuable paper of Sir Thomas Phillips appended to the volume, may supply materials for a record of Dr. Copleston's Episcopate, a period of his life marked by much urbanity and benevolence. But it is in his connexion with that University in whose temple of fame he has found a niche, that we desiderate a fuller portrait of the Bishop. A university reformer as he was, at a time when it implied no small share of goodness of heart, forbearance often difficult to one of his keen and susceptible temper, and above all, singleness of purpose, to maintain and improve an advantageous social position at Oxford, with avowed purposes of reform;—a literary man, of whom Sir James Mackintosh spoke "as the only writer of our time who had equally distinguished himself in paths so distant from each other, as classical literature, political economy, and metaphysical philosophy,"—singularly fortunate in the galaxy of eminent men in Church and State, into whose society it was his fate to be thrown, and whose minds he contrived greatly to develop:—of keen and ready wit, the counsellor of economists, and the delight of scholars—the late Provost of Oriel possesses personal claims enhanced by those of literature, and of the great educational questions of the day, on the pen of some survivor, unswayed by any of those incapacitating circumstances, which are admitted to have pressed on the compiler of the present sketchy and imperfect record.*

Art. VIII.—*Wesley and Methodism.* By Isaac Taylor. London, 1851.

The works by which Mr. Isaac Taylor has gained for himself so high and so pure a reputation, were almost all published before we commenced our critical labours, and in consequence we have not hitherto had an opportunity of expressing the very high estimate we have formed of their excellence and value. The popularity of Mr. Taylor's works, indeed, has not been much aided by the efforts of the periodical press. He can scarcely be said to be identified with any section or party in the religious world. He has animadverted freely upon the views and practices of the different Churches, and of the various ecclesiastical sections in our community. He has thus forfeited to some extent the cordial backing, and the too often indiscriminate commendation, of mere partisans and of their literary organs. But notwithstanding this, he has succeeded in achieving for himself a very high and well-merited reputation, and has long exerted an important influence upon the minds of thinking men, both in Great Britain and in the United States. He is now one of our most voluminous writers, and he has discussed in his various works almost all the topics that occupy the thoughts, and are likely to influence the conduct, of those men amongst us who are fitted to advance the highest interests of the community. We do not, any more than the other literary organs of public opinion, concur in all Mr. Taylor's views; but we have no hesitation in expressing our conviction, that there is no living author who has brought so fine a combination of distinguished talents and extensive acquirements to bear upon the inculcation of important principles—principles which it greatly concerns the Churches of Christ, and all who have any influence in the regulation of ecclesiastical affairs, to understand and to ponder.

His new work, "Wesley and Methodism," is quite worthy of the high reputation he enjoys, and contains much matter well deserving of the deliberate consideration, not only of the Methodist body, but of all the other sections of the Church of Christ. It is marked by great ability, discrimination, and eloquence, and, so far as we can judge, by a great deal of fairness and impartiality. Methodism has never made much progress in Scotland, and its history and results have not perhaps attracted so much attention among us as their importance deserves. We fear that there are not a few even of the ministers in Scotland, who scarcely possess so much acquaintance with Methodism as Mr. Taylor's work assumes, and who, on this account, are but imperfectly qualified to appreciate and relish it. We would esteem it one beneficial result of its publication, if it should lead many in Scotland to resolve on acquiring a fuller knowledge of one of the most interesting and important religious movements which the history of the Church presents to our contemplation. We have neither leisure nor space at present to discuss the important questions

* We see it stated that Bishop Copleston's common-place Book was (by his desire) transmitted to his friend the Archbishop of Dublin. No doubt the Archbishop would be rendering good service by giving to the public such portions of it as have not yet appeared. They would probably form an interesting volume.

which are raised in Mr. Taylor's work, or suggested by its statements, and we shall attempt only the humbler task of giving our readers a brief summary of what the work contains, accompanied by such observations as may most obviously present themselves to those who occupy a somewhat different *stand-point* from that of either Mr. Taylor or the Methodists.

The general object of Mr. Taylor's work is to present such a view of Methodism, in its history, character, and results, as shall bring out the lessons, both for guidance and warning, which it is fitted to suggest to the Methodists of the present age, and to the other Churches of Christ. The Methodist will probably question the accuracy of some of his representations of their principles and practices, and they will certainly dispute the soundness of some of his leading conclusions: but we think they will scarcely deny that the work is written in a fair and kindly spirit, and gives to Methodism and its founders as large a share of commendation as could reasonably be expected from an independent thinker, who is not himself a member of their body. It is divided into four parts, entitled respectively, "the Founders of Methodism," "the Substance of Methodism," "the Form of (Wesleyan) Methodism," and "the Methodism of the Time coming."

The first of these divisions occupies not much less than one half of the volume, and presents a singularly interesting and discriminating, and often eloquent, view of the character, qualifications, and labours of those who are honoured by God to be the great instruments of the revival of true religion in England in the eighteenth century. The largest space is given of course to John Wesley, but we have very interesting notices also of his brother Charles, of Whitefield, Fletcher, Coke, and Lady Huntingdon. We believe that the sketches which Mr. Taylor has drawn of these worthies are very accurate, and that he has done full justice to every one of them. We must give some extracts concerning John Wesley and Whitefield:—

"Oxford at once brought out the robustness of Wesley's intellectual structure. To speak of that ability which enabled him, with ease, to make himself master of any subject to which he directed his attention, is saying little; for the same may be affirmed of hundreds of men of whom the world hears nothing after they have won for themselves their academic status. Wesley was thus almost intuitively master of all arts—or of all but the highest, to which the predominance of secondary faculties bars the way. Many facts characteristic of himself, and of the system he gave to the world, are explicable on this ground of that energy of the intuitive reason which precludes the philosophical faculty. Yet this intellectual characteristic in Wesley is not to be spoken of with regret, if we are thinking of the work he was to accomplish; for it is certain that while the power which was his characteristic fits a man to lead and command others, the philosophic faculty, its opposite, shews itself to be a peremptory disqualification in any one who would sway the multitude. The mass of men follow, or think they follow, the well-forged chains of reasoning which logicians deal in; and they delight to find themselves ferried over a stream they could never have forded, and safely landed upon some irrefragable conclusion. The very populace like to be reasoned with, and to be forcibly driven in upon a definite doctrine; but no graces of illustration, no powers of oratory, ever avail to induce the crowd to think, or to tread the bottom of a subject.

"Yet in speaking of Wesley as a master of technical logic, we must screen him at once from the imputation of ever having played the part of a scholastic sophist, or wordy wrangler. The high tone of his mind, and the thorough seriousness which belonged to him, and his reverence for truth, and, afterwards, his religious awe, forbad him to engage as gladiator in any disputation. Such an imputation he resented warmly. Many indeed were the sophisms (logically compacted) which he himself bowed to, but never did he defend one, the fallacy of which he secretly discerned.

"Writers who, of late, have spoken of Wesley's want of the philosophic faculty—a topic easy to enlarge upon and illustrate—have, as if by way of compensation, allowed him the praise of being an accomplished logician. And so perhaps he was, or seemed to be, while dealing, from the moderator's chair, with scholastic sophisms. But it is inaccurate, or unphilosophical to make the logical faculty, that is to say—an expertness in technical reasoning, the intellectual contrary of the philosophic faculty. In that order of mind to which Wesley belonged, it is the irresistible force, or one might say, the galvanic instantaneousness of the intuitions, which forbids and excludes the exercise of the abstractive and analytic power. With him the grasp of what he thought to be a truth, was so sudden, and so spasmodically firm, as ordinarily to preclude two mental processes to which minds of a higher order never fail to submit whatever offers itself for acceptance as a verbal proposition or conclusion,—namely, *first*, a ridding the terms, so far as may be possible, of the ambiguities that infest language; and *secondly*, the looking through the medium—the verbal proposition, into the very midst of the things so presented. Wesley's habits as a logician stood him in some stead as to the first of these processes; but he scarcely seems to have been capable of that equipoise of the mind which the second demands."—Pp. 23-25.

"Wesley took his position upon the field of the world—the friend of man, the enemy of nothing but sin. On this ground he has a claim to be regarded with reverent affection and admiration, which is as valid as that of any of the

worthies to whom a place has been assigned among the benefactors of mankind. The very inconsistencies that mark his progress (when properly considered) do but enhance his demand upon our sympathies. If, indeed, as heartless writers have affirmed, he had been nothing better than an ambitious plotter—the builder of a house in which he should rule and be worshipped—no such inconsistencies would ever have come to the surface, or would for a moment have made him halt on his path. Unquestionably it was from the want of a plot at the beginning, and from the lack of ambition, as he went on, that he found himself compelled to yield, once and again, to the instances of some who seem to have been deficient in neither.

"As a field preacher, the courage, the self-possession, the temper, and the tact (and the same praise is due to his brother) which he displayed, places Wesley in a position inferior to none with whom it would be reasonable to compare him. After setting off from the account his constitutional intrepidity, his moral courage was that which is characteristic of a perfect benevolence, and which, in the height of danger, thinks only of the rescue of its objects. When encountering the ruffianism of mobs and of magistrates, he shewed a firmness as well as a guileless skill, which, if the martyr's praise might admit of such an adjunct, was graced with the dignity and courtesy of the gentleman."—Pp. 49, 50.

"It was under the guidance of the broadest principle, as well as at the impulse of the most expansive charity, that he had gone forth upon the field of the world as an evangelist preaching repentance. On the broadest principle also it was that he laid the foundation of the institution which was destined to conserve the fruits of his preaching; and if, on such a foundation as this, he had raised a superstructure more free than it was from admixtures of perishable matter—if he had somewhat better understood human nature, and had on some points less misunderstood Christianity, this INSTITUTE, which was so ably administered for forty years by himself, could scarcely have failed to secure for itself a paramount position in England, and it might have planted itself territorially upon the ruins of a then dilapidated and almost deserted Church."—P. 75.

"But how then are we fairly to put at rest that disquiet which the spectacle of Wesley's own Wesleyanism generates? To some extent relief may be obtained by looking to the evidence, presenting itself on every side, in proof that this leading spirit—the soul and life of the system—was not so gifted with the reflective faculties as that a comprehensive grasp of human nature could have been possible to him. His earnestness, therefore, and his thorough persuasion of the greatness and the infinite moment of the work he had in hand, and his peremptory mode of thinking, would lead him to drive his theory, with a reckless impetuosity, over the enclosures of human affection. He sees, he hears, he comprehends nothing, exterior to the one object of his errand in a world of ungodly men. Wesleyanism did indeed effect a recovery from sin and ruin for myriads of human beings, and in its triumphant course of beneficence it 'led captivity captive:' nevertheless, in this riding forth to conquer, there was some destruction made of what is genuine and precious."—P. 81.

"Once and again the writer has professed his entire faith in Wesley's simplicity of purpose, and his freedom from personal vanity or ambition: it was from no such vulgar impulse that he bequeathed '*Wesleyan* Methodism' to his people. But, exempt he was not from the autocratic sentiment, from the Founder's self-esteem, from that—infatuation one must call it—which works as an irrepressible energy in the bosom of every man who is born to invent, to originate, to lead the way, to govern, to FOUND. In the view, or in the feeling of the Inventor or Founder, the product of his mind, the ripened fruit of long and painful cogitation, the scheme, the system, the mechanism, which has filled his thoughts, waking and sleeping, from year to year, has become as a whole, and in each of its parts, even the smallest, identical with his own personal consciousness: to exscind any part of this whole is the same thing as to amputate a limb, or to pluck out an eye. The vulgar will persist in taking this strong feeling for vanity or arrogance: but it is not so; it is an illusion to which almost the loftiest and the most vigorous minds have been subject." P. 207.

Whitefield was inferior to Wesley in point of talents, and he founded no scheme or system that survived himself; but the singular beauty of his character, the astonishing extent and variety of his evangelistic labours, his extraordinary powers as a preacher, and the remarkable success with which he was honoured in the conversion of sinners, must ever invest him with a peculiar and surpassing interest. Our readers, we are sure, will be gratified by the perusal of the following extracts concerning him:—

"Whitefield must be allowed to occupy the luminous centre upon the field of Methodism. Besides his personal claim to this distinction, which we think is clear, there is a ground on which those who would award this position rather to Wesley, might be content to relinquish it in his behalf; for, if it be true that *his* ministerial course furnishes peculiar evidence of the reality of the Gospel which he preached, and of the presence of Him who 'worketh all in all,'—if it be true that Wesley's glory was, as one may say, an effulgence of Christianity itself, the same may more emphatically be affirmed as to Whitefield, whose natural endowments were fewer, and whose success as a preacher of the Gospel was not less, perhaps greater.

"Whitefield's natural powers and gifts were indeed extraordinary; nor is it known that the same have been possessed in a higher degree by any one; but then they were of that sort which, if they had been exercised in any secular line, could have won for him nothing more than an epheme-

ral reputation and its immediate worldly recompense. His name as an orator might have a place, casually, on some page of the annals of his time; but no faculty did he possess which could have given him a permanent renown among the distinguished men of his age, whether in the senate, at the bar, or as a popular leader; much less could he have secured a lasting fame in the walks of literature or science. But Wesley might no doubt have earned a great reputation either in the senate or at the bar.

"The endeavours that have been made to give a sufficient reason for Whitefield's power over the thousands that crowded around him—while the true and the principal reason is rejected, or is put out of view—are quite futile. His natural gifts, although extraordinary, were yet limited in their range, and were employed upon subjects that move the human mind from its very depths, when they move it at all; but they so move it only when an energy works with the word which no orator, however gifted, can command, and which, again and again, the most perfect pulpit oratory has wholly failed to engage on its side.

"If Whitefield had possessed any one of those higher intellectual endowments which might be named as an adequate cause of the unexampled effects produced by his preaching, we of this age should be reading his sermons with delight; but in fact they have sunk out of all recollection—they are never read. Neither the imaginative nor ratiocinative power did he possess in more than an ordinary degree; and as to the fascinations of his voice and manner, a five years' popularity, if resting on *this* basis alone, would have been its utmost term. All instances that might properly be adduced in such a case show this. But Whitefield, with the Gospel message, and that only, on his lips, drew thousands around him, go where he might; and he did so from the first year of his ministerial career to the very last.

"No preacher, whose history is on record, has trod so wide a field as did Whitefield; or has retrod it so often, or has repeated himself so much, or has carried so far the experiment of exhausting himself, and of spending his popularity, if it could have been spent; but it never was spent. Within the compass of a few weeks he might have been heard addressing the negroes of the Bermuda islands, adapting himself to their infantile understandings, and to their debauched hearts; and then, at Chelsea, with the aristocracy of rank and wit before him, approving himself to listeners such as the Lords Bolingbroke and Chesterfield. Whitefield might as easily have produced a Hamlet or a Paradise Lost, as have excogitated a sermon which, as a composition—a product of thought, would have tempted men like these to hear him a second time; and as to his faculty and graces as a speaker, his elocution and action, a second performance would have contented them. But in fact, Bolingbroke, and many of his class, thought not the hour long, time after time, while with much sameness of *material* and of language, he spoke of eternity and of salvation in Christ.

"The same subjects, in the same phrases, held the ear of men in the same manner from the date of his first sermon in St. Mary de Crypt to that of his last in New England, a period of thirty-four years. The crowds that thronged the churches of Bristol or London, at his first appearance, were constituted, for the most part, of the constant frequenters of churches and meeting-houses, and they were persons upon whose thickened organs of hearing sermons enough had beat, from Sunday to Sunday, from their youth up. But then from these congregations he passed to Moorfields and Kennington Common, and there found the reckless savages of civilisation: thence he went to Kingswood, where he encountered a ferocity, wild, robust, and unused to simulate civility. From Kingswood one might follow him across the Tweed, and find him preaching the same Gospel in the midst of a people too fully instructed 'in the right ways of the Lord' to have anything to learn, one might suppose, from this raw teacher, who knew nothing of the 'Solemn League and Covenant,' and who had received Episcopal ordination! Yet so it was, that alike noble wits, Kingswood colliers, and seceding congregations, broke down before Whitefield! Floods of tears moistened cheeks, rough and smooth; and sighs, suppressed or loudly uttered, gave evidence that human nature is one and the same when it comes in presence of truths which bear upon the guilty and the immortal, without distinction."
—Pp. 97, 98.

"The history of Whitefield's ministry is in a word this—the Gospel he proclaimed drew men around him, in dense masses, at the moment when he commenced his course; and it was the Gospel, not the preacher's harmonious voice, not his 'graceful action,' not his fire as an orator, that gave him power over congregations to the very last. No intellectual faculty of a high order lent him its aid in sustaining this popularity.

"Let those who think they may succeed in such an attempt undertake the task of searching among things real, or among things which it may be possible to imagine, until they find objects (other than those constituting the Christian system) upon the ground of which such a man as Whitefield could have gathered thousands around him—keeping always close to his topic—and could hold them in his hand, time after time, and could do so through a course of four and thirty years.

"If we were to speak of that phase of evangelic doctrine which Whitefield, as distinguished from Wesley or others, adopted, it must not be pretended, in his behalf, that he reached his position by any legitimate process of induction, or that he won it as a theologian. He came into it by a process more emphatically legitimate; that is to say, by the simplicity and amplitude of his perceptions of spiritual objects. He felt, if he could not prove it, that that sovereign grace whence the redemption of the world took its rise, must be the one law of the Christian system, and the only principle of harmony among doctrines, seemingly antithetical; and he held that this law must be applicable, not merely to the Gospel abstractedly, but to each individual instance in which it takes effect upon the human heart. He felt that this one principle, as it was the spring of Christianity itself, must neither be abated, nor be made subordinate to exceptive rules, nor be subjected to cautionary restrictions. It must be held entire, or abandoned wholly. Whatever those misinterpretations were which might be put by others upon

the first principle of Christianity—Sovereign Grace—Whitefield's childlike structure of mind compelled him to exult in, and to preach it."—Pp. 101, 102.

"Nor, perhaps, could a paragraph be produced from Whitefield's works, indicative of what might be called a philosophic breadth of view in relation to religion; yet practically, all that such a breadth could imply was his own. His ministerial standing-place was always high raised above middle walls of partition; nor could he, in any instance, be induced to render worship to the idols of intolerance and bigotry. As to those partitionments within which soulless religionists are content to be penfolded, he walked over them unconsciously; nor could he be made to understand how 'precious' those things were upon which he thus trampled. 'Gentlemen, I hope you will settle these matters to your own satisfaction,' said he among zealots,—'my business is to preach the Gospel.' But this breadth, this greatness, was not with him the product of philosophy, or the prompting of a powerful intellect; nor was it liberalism, nor was it indifference: it was the greatness of the Gospel, well lodged in a large heart."—P. 105.

"And now is it not time that the world should deal righteously with itself as to its ancient quarrel with one like Whitefield? The world has a long score to settle in this behalf, for it pursued him, from first to last, with a fixed and furious malignity; and even now, where Wesley is spoken of with fairness, and perhaps with commendation, a line of reluctant praise, coupled with some ungracious insinuation, is the best treatment Whitefield can obtain after he has been eighty years in his grave! No one can dare to say that his life was not blameless; and that his intentions were benevolent is manifest. His temper was not arrogant; for meekly he received rebuke, and patiently he endured so many revilings. It was with the courage of a noble nature that he confronted violence; and with the simplicity of a child that he forgave injuries. Yet among those who by their flagitious vices and outrageous crimes have the most deeply sinned against society, it would be difficult to find a wretch upon whose guilty pate has been showered so much rancorous abuse as, year after year, was heaped upon the head of the love-fraught, self-denying, and gentle-natured Whitefield. There is a mystery here which 'philosophy' should do its best to clear up; or, not succeeding in this endeavour, should ingenuously acknowledge that as, on the one hand, it can give no intelligible account of Whitefield's motives, so neither can it show reason for the world's hatred of him."—Pp. 108, 109.

Mr. Taylor's views of the founders of Methodism, considered collectively, are compendiously exhibited in the two following passages, in the substance of which few fair and competent judges will refuse to concur:—

"But with what order of men is it that we have now to do? Let it be confessed that this company does not include one mind of that amplitude and grandeur, the contemplation of which, as a natural object—a sample of humanity—excites a pleasurable awe, and swells the bosom with a vague ambition, or with a noble emulation. Not one of the founders of Methodism can claim to stand on any such high level; nor was one of them gifted with the philosophic faculty—the abstractive and analytic power. More than one was a shrewd and exact logician, but none a master of the higher reason. Not one was erudite in more than an ordinary degree; not one was an accomplished scholar; yet while several were fairly learned, few were illiterate, and none showed themselves to be imbued with the fanaticism of ignorance.

"Powers of popular oratory were among them such as to set them far out of the reach of rivalry with any of their contemporaries, in the pulpit. Not one was a great writer; but several of them knew how to hold the ear of men with an absolute mastery. As to administrative tact and skill in government, the world has given them or (their chief) more praise than they or he deserved, while baffled in its own perplexed endeavour to solve the problem of Methodism, in ignorance of the main cause of its spread and permanence. Apart from the gratuitous supposition of a profound craft, as the intellectual distinction of Wesley, 'what intelligible account shall we be able to give of Methodism?' No credible account can be given of it by aid of any such supposition, nor until the presence of causes has been recognised, of which the philosophy of such persons knows nothing."—Pp, 16, 17.

"It would not be easy, or not possible, to name any company of Christian preachers, from the apostolic age downward to our own times, whose proclamation of the Gospel has been in a larger proportion of instances effective, or which has been carried over so large a surface, with so much power, or with so uniform a result. No such harvest of souls is recorded to have been gathered by any body of contemporary men, since the first century. An attempt to compute the converts to Methodistic Christianity would be a fruitless, as well as presumptuous undertaking, from which we draw back; but we must not call in question, what is so variously and fully attested, that an unimpeachable Christian profession was the fruit of the Methodistic preaching in instances that must be computed by hundreds of thousands, throughout Great Britain, and in America.

"Until the contrary can be clearly proved, it may be affirmed that no company of men of whose labours and doctrine we have any sufficient notice, has gone forth with a creed more distinctly orthodox, or more exempt from admixture of the doctrinal feculence of an earlier time. None have stood forward more free than these were from petty solicitudes concerning matters of observance, to which, whether they were to be upheld or to be denounced, an exaggerated importance was attributed. None have confined themselves more closely to those principal subjects which bear directly upon the relationship of man to God—as immortal, accountable, guilty, and redeemed. If we are tempted to complain of the unvaried complexion of the Methodistic teaching, it is the uniformity which results from a close ad-

herence to the very rudiments of the Gospel. Uniformity or sameness of aspect, as it may be the colouring of dullness and of death, so may it spring from simplicity and power; but can it be a question to which of these sources we should attribute that undiversified breadth which is the characteristic of Methodism?

"To dispute the claims of the Methodistic company to be thus regarded, on the ground of any errors of an incidental kind that may have attended their teaching, or of the follies or delinquencies that may be chargeable upon any of them, individually, would be a frivolous as well as an ungenerous mode of proceeding. Need it be said that these Methodists were men 'of like passions with ourselves?' and such too, were those who, in the Apostolic age, carried the Gospel throughout the Roman world, and beyond it. Taken in the mass, the one company of men was as wise as the other—not wiser—as holy, not more holy. If it be affirmed that the Christian worthies of some remote time were, as a class of men, of a loftier stature in virtue and piety than these with whom we have now to do, let the evidence on which such an assumption could be made to rest be brought forward: this can never be done; and the supposition itself should be rejected as a puerile superstition."—Pp. 130, 132.

Such were the men who founded Methodism, and they were honoured to do a great and important work. Religion was at a very low ebb in England when Wesley and Whitefield began their labours. Their preaching was made instrumental in converting many thousands in all parts of the country, and in training up a large body of men in the midst of us who have given unequivocal evidence of living under the pervading influence of Christian principle. Methodism was carried to the United States, and has become the largest of the religious denominations of that great and growing country, numbering there now 6000 ministers, and above a million and a quarter of Church members. The Methodists, too, have been eminently liberal, active, and successful in the work of Missions to the Heathen, and in every quarter of the globe have been honoured to bring many to the knowledge and belief of the truth as it is in Jesus. Such have been the direct results of the labours of the founders of Methodism; while they have also exerted a most important influence, indirectly, in promoting the advancement of true religion, both in the Church of England, and among the English Non-Conformists. The rise of Methodism in England thus forms a most important era in the history of the Church of Christ, and few who are competent to judge of it, will hesitate to adopt the substance of the views which Mr. Taylor has put forth as to its true standing and influence:—

"In attempting to treat a subject such as the one before us, a choice must necessarily be made among the three assumptions following:—

"1*st*. It may be said that Christianity being true in the sense of this or that Church, Methodism ought to be rejected as a spurious development of it; and that its founders should be solemnly denounced as schismatics and enthusiasts.

"Or, *secondly*, that neither Christianity nor Methodism being true in its own sense; but both true in the much abated sense of the recent spiritualizing philosophy, therefore while both alike may claim some kindly regard, neither of them is entitled to any submission.

"Or, *thirdly*, that Christianity being true, without abatement, in its own sense, Methodism, as a genuine development of its principal elements, must be religiously regarded as such; while yet it may be open to exception on many grounds, as the product of minds more good and fervent than always well-ordered.

"This last supposition is then our ground; and in assuming it, while we use the liberty it allows, we yield without fear to the consequences it draws with it, be they what they may.

"These consequences are momentous; for we cannot allow Methodism to have been a genuine development of the principal elements of Christianity, without admitting it to take a prominent place in that providential system which embraces all time, and which, from age to age, has, with increasing clearness, been unfolding itself, and becoming cognizable by the human mind. So far as Methodism truly held forth Christianity, it was a signal holding of it forth: for a more marked utterance of the Gospel has occurred only once before in the lapse of eighteen centuries; and that, at the Reformation, was not less disparaged than this by a large admixture of the errors and inconsistencies of its movers or adherents.

"Christianity, given to the world at once in the ministry and writings of the Apostles, has, from the first moment to this, held its onward course under a system of administration inscrutable indeed as a whole, or as to its reasons, and not yet entirely occult. On the contrary, at moments, Heaven's economy has seemed to receive a bright beam, as through a dense cloud, making conspicuous, if not the *motives* of the Divine government, yet the fact. The Reformation is held by Protestants to have been such a manifestation of the providence of God in restoring the Gospel, and in proclaiming it anew among the nations; and thus the events of the sixteenth century brought out to view that which is always *real*, whether visible or not—namely, a divine interposition—maintaining truth in the world, and giving it a fresh expansion from time to time. In perfect analogy with the events of the Reformation were those which attended the rise and progress of Methodism.

"What may be the relative value or importance of these two courses of events is not a question we are now concerned with; and it may easily be allowed that the former surpassed the latter in importance; but that the one, as well as the other, was a marked development of the scheme which is moving forward towards the subjugation of the human family to the Gospel, is here confidently maintained."—Pp. 9-11.

Since Methodism has been so highly honoured, and has been the means of accomplishing so much good, it becomes important to inquire what were the peculiar features or elements of the system to which, under God, its efficacy and success are to be ascribed. These subjects Mr. Taylor discusses in the second and third parts of his work. Methodism may be regarded, 1*st*, as a mode of preaching the Gospel, or of teaching Christianity; and 2*d*, as a scheme of organization for training men to the successful prosecution of all Christian objects. Its peculiarities, in the first of these aspects, are set forth under the head of "the Substance of Methodism," and in the second, under the head of "the Form of (Wesleyan) Methodism."

"Methodism," as Mr. Taylor says, "was not a new theology or a polemical affirmation of dogmas contravening, or adding to, that system of belief which had been embodied two centuries before, in the articles and confessions of the several Protestant churches." Whitefield was a Calvinist. Wesley was an Arminian, and his followers, comprehending the great majority of those who, down to the present day, have ranked under the name of Methodists, have adhered to his theological system. Mr. Taylor does not enter into any details upon theological subjects, though he indicates plainly enough that he is fully alive to the superficial and inconsistent character of Wesley's theology. In the history of theology as a science, or as a system of doctrines, Methodism does not occupy a place of much importance. The controversies to which in this aspect it gave rise, turned almost wholly upon the questions which had been long discussed between Calvinists and Arminians, and discussed on both sides by far greater men than any whose efforts were called forth upon that occasion. Neither Wesley and Fletcher who defended Arminianism, nor Hill and Toplady who assailed it, were capable of making any valuable additions to what had been produced upon both sides of this controversy by the great divines of the seventeenth century.

In a theological point of view, the only question of much interest raised by the history of Methodism, is this, whether it be possible for a large body of men to maintain for a length of time a profession of Evangelical Arminianism, as distinguished from Calvinism on the one hand, and from Pelagian Arminianism on the other. The Arminianism of Wesley is essentially different in its substance, as well as in its spirit, from that generally professed by the Church of England divines of last century, the divines of the school of Whitby and Tomline. Wesley's theological views coincided in almost every particular with those of Arminius himself. The theological system of these two eminent men comprehended the doctrines which have been usually regarded by Calvinists as taught in Scripture, concerning the entire depravity of man's moral nature, regeneration and sanctification by the Holy Ghost, and gratuitous justification by faith alone. But though these doctrines were maintained by Arminius, they were generally rejected by his immediate followers, and they have been commonly denied, or very much explained away, by the Arminians of the Church of England, who have usually embraced the theological system of Episcopius, Curcellaeus, and Limborch. The general idea of Arminianism, as developed in the history of theology, is, that it implies a maintenance of the doctrines of the divinity and atonement of our Saviour, in opposition to the Socinians, and a denial of the peculiar doctrines of Calvinism, in regard to absolute election to eternal life, insuperable grace in conversion, and the certain perseverance of believers. But there is a very marked distinction between two different classes of divines—to whom in common this general description applies, and who may all in consequence be correctly enough called Arminians—according as they adopt Calvinistic or Pelagian views with respect to original sin, regeneration, and justification. This distinction is so important that it ought never to be lost sight of, and it is commonly, and accurately enough for practical purposes, expressed by calling the one class Evangelical, and the other Pelagian Arminians. The doctrines held in common by Calvinists and Evangelical Arminians, with respect to original sin, regeneration, and justification, may be said to constitute, along with those of the divinity and atonement of our Saviour, the fundamental and most essential principles of the scheme of revealed truth. It can scarcely be disputed that these doctrines occupy a higher platform in the Scriptural system of truth, than the peculiarities of Calvinism. But we think it can be proved, that the doctrines by which Evangelical are distinguished from Pelagian Arminians, can be held *consistently* by none but Calvinists, and it is on this ground that we are constrained to regard the theology of Wesley as superficial and inconsistent. The sounder and more Scriptural the views of Arminians are in regard to original sin and regeneration, the more inconsistent does their scheme of doctrine become; and the more easy it

is to shew, that if they would fully and consistently follow out their own principles, they must admit all the peculiarities of Calvinism. Arminianism is essentially a system of compromise. Evangelical Arminians ought in consistency to be Calvinists, and Pelagian Arminians ought in consistency to be Socinians. We reckon it a thing greatly to be deplored, that Wesley was led to misapprehend and to reject Calvinism; and we regard it as an unspeakable blessing to the world, that he was led to adopt and to preach the views which have been generally held by Calvinists with respect to original sin and regeneration, and that these views are still faithfully proclaimed by all his followers.

Pelagian Arminians have never been honoured by the head of the Church in promoting the spiritual welfare of their fellow-men, and this reason is obvious, because they reject or disregard the most fundamental doctrines of the scheme of truth which has been revealed to us for our salvation. Even the doctrines of the divinity and atonement of our Saviour, though professedly held by them, are practically disregarded or left out, and exert scarcely an influence upon their ordinary presentation of Christian truth for the personal instruction of men. It is far otherwise with the Anti-Pelagian or Evangelical Arminians of the school of Arminius and Wesley. Not only do they treat the doctrines of the divinity and atonement of Christ as real and vitally important truths, but they proclaim views which are in substantial accordance with the Word of God, with regard to the moral state and condition of man by nature, the ground on which men receive forgiveness and acceptance, and the process and the agency by which they are restored to conformity to the divine image. On all these subjects, and they are the most important which are brought before us in the Sacred Scriptures, Wesley and his followers have always inculcated views which Calvinists admit to be accordant with divine revelation, and it is because they faithfully and earnestly proclaimed these, the most fundamental of all truths, that they have been honoured with such undoubted and extensive usefulness in promoting the spiritual welfare of their fellow-men. Of course we believe that the extraordinary success of Wesley and his followers was vouchsafed to them, not because of their Arminianism, but in spite of it; but no reasonable and intelligent Calvinist, who is competently acquainted with the practical results of Wesleyan preaching in England, in the United States, and in heathen lands, will have any hesitation in applying to this great movement the general principle indicated in the statement of the Apostle Peter. (Acts xv. 8, 9.). "God which knoweth the hearts bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as unto us; and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith."

We have said that the most interesting question of a theological kind, suggested by Wesleyan Methodism, respects the probable permanence, or lengthened duration, of its peculiar system of doctrine. Evangelical Arminianism we hold to be an inconsistency, and on this general ground we think it improbable that it should be maintained in purity by any church or community for a succession of generations. According as a deep and vivid rense of religion has flourished or decayed among Arminians, their opinions should tend, and in the past history of the Church ordinarily have tended, either towards Calvinism or Pelagianism. The immediate followers and personal associates of Arminius, sunk greatly below their master, in the scale both of piety and of orthodoxy, and Arminianism has too generally exhibited this tendency. Nothing similar to this, however, has yet occurred in the history of Wesleyan Methodism. Wesley's Evangelical Arminianism, as well as his zealous and devoted piety, has continued unchanged among his followers, down to the present day. This is an unusual, if not an unprecedented spectacle in the history of theology, and we cannot but contemplate it with a feeling of deep interest and satisfaction. But we cannot persuade ourselves that this state of things will last. The influences that tend to bring it to a termination, are, we think, too powerful to be permanently counteracted. If deep and vital piety should continue to flourish among the Methodists, as we believe it has hitherto done, they can scarcely fail to approximate to a more consistent view of the scheme of revealed truth, and to abandon their strong prejudices against the peculiarities of Calvinism. If true personal religion should generally decay among them, then they will infallibly, in spite of every precaution, and of all legal restraints to which their founder by his "Deed of Declaration" has subjected them, sink down into Pelagianism.

But though there was nothing new in the substance of Methodist theology, there was much that was rare and peculiar in the spirit of the men who preached it, and in the special objects to which they applied it. This Mr. Taylor develops under the head of the Substance of Methodism. He illustrates here what he calls the four "Elements

of Methodism," viz., 1. The waking up in men's minds of a vivid sense of their relationship individually to God and eternity; 2. Of a consciousness of the relationship of God the father of spirits to the individual spirit; 3. A vivid presentation of a personal redeemer as an all-sufficient Saviour; and 4. Evangelical philanthropy. In the illustration of these four elements of Methodism, there is much that is true and beautiful, and well fitted to be useful to those who are called upon to apply Christian truth for the benefit of others. Some of the statements contained in this part of the work are perhaps rather vague and indefinite, and they have not suggested to us any particular topics for comment or animadversion, but we would strongly recommend it to the careful perusal of all who are engaged in the work of the ministry, or preparing for entering upon its duties.

There was one feature in the preaching and labours of Wesley and his associates, to which Mr. Taylor has not prominently directed attention, but which eminently characterized them, as indeed it has done all successful Ministers of the Gospel; we mean, a deep and constant realization of the great end of preaching and the ministry, producing a real and earnest desire to accomplish this end, and a confident expectation of seeing it effected as the result of their labours. Ministers are exposed to the temptation, and too often yield to it, of coming greatly short in preserving this state of mind and feeling. They frequently fall into the habit of preaching as if it were a mere duty which they must discharge because it is incumbent upon them, with a view chiefly, if not exclusively, to the exoneration of their own conscience, while they have scarcely anything like a real active desire, or confident expectation, that sinners should be converted by the truths which they proclaim, and manifest little anxiety about the visible fruits of their labours. It was not so with Whitefield, Wesley, and their associates. They had devoted themselves wholly and unreservedly to the great work of the conversion of sinners, they made this the real business of their lives, they adopted the means best fitted as means to effect it, they used these means with unwearied activity, and then confidently expected, what they supremely desired, that men through their instrumentality should be turned from darkness to light. This is the spirit by which the preachers of the gospel ought to be ever animated. It eminently distinguished the founders of Methodism, and this was undoubtedly one leading element of their success.

The third part of Mr. Taylor's Work is devoted to an exposition of "the form of Wesleyan Methodism," and this is done under four divisions, in which it is considered, 1. As a scheme of evangelical aggression; 2. As a system of religious discipline and instruction as towards the people; 3. As a hierarchy, or system of spiritual government; and 4. As an establishment, or body corporate related to civil law and equity.

While the preceding part of the work contains much matter admirably fitted to be useful to ministers of the gospel individually, especially with reference to the function of preaching, this part contains much that is fitted to afford valuable instruction to churches or Christian societies, with reference to their constitutional organization, and their arrangements for prosecuting Christian objects. Under the first of these heads, the procedure of the founders of Methodism is set forth chiefly as an example which it would be well for ministers to imitate. Under the second, while there is something brought forward for imitation, there is much also that is fitted to operate as a warning.

The leading topics discussed in this third part, are, itinerancy in the ministry, class meetings, the relation of Wesleyanism to right principles of church organization, and the legal restraints which Wesley imposed permanently upon the society which he founded. These subjects are all treated with great philosophic discrimination—with much soundness and accuracy of judgment—and, so far as we can judge, with much fairness and impartiality of spirit.

On the important subject of an itinerant as compared with a fixed ministry, Mr. Taylor is of opinion, that an itinerant ministry was a matter of necessity in the circumstances in which Methodism commenced, that it contributed greatly to diffuse and strengthen the Methodistic movement, that it has some advantages as compared with a fixed ministry, that it may almost always be employed with benefit as a supplement to a more permanent arrangement, that when so employed it should be exercised by the most eminent men the body can furnish, but, that in general, in all ordinary circumstances, and with reference to the community at large, the advantages of a fixed ministry, of a body of men who are truly and permanently pastors of flocks, greatly preponderate. The following extract brings out some of Mr. Taylor's lead-

ing views on this topic. It is rather long, but the subject of which it treats is very interesting and important, the views it represents are, we think, very wise and judicious, and they are developed with much beauty and eloquence.

"Any one who, endowed with some natural faculty and fluency of utterance, has made the experiment, will have found it far from difficult to acquire the power of continuous and pertinent speaking, upon familiar topics—especially upon religious topics—and so to hold out for a thirty or forty minutes, or more; and if this habit of speaking be well husbanded, and kept always within the safe enclosures of conventional phrases, and of authenticated modes of thinking, this preacher may be always ready to ascend the pulpit—in season and out of season. His sermon, or his set of discourses, is, in fact, the glib run of the mental associations upon worn tracks—this way or that, as the mind may chance to take its start from a given text.

"This sort of mindless facility of speaking proves a sore temptation to many a located minister; and its consequence is to leave many a congregation sitting, from year to year, deep in a quagmire. Better than this, undoubtedly, would be itinerancy,—far better is a frequent shifting of monotonies, than a fixedness of the same. But such an admission will not avail to establish the principle that this shifting system is in itself good; or that it ought to be regarded in any other light than as a necessary expedient, allowed under peculiar circumstances, or, (which would be far better, and *indeed* good,) as a method, or system, supplementary to a located ministry. Thus used, and put in act, as we have already ventured to say, by the most accomplished and highly reputed ministers of a Church—by its chiefs and its doctors, everything that is auspicious might be looked for as its consequence.

"This, however, is *not* the Wesleyan itinerancy,—it is not as thus equipped that the Founder sent forth his ship upon its transit of the great deep,—his preachers were, all of them, to be itinerants; and as movement was the law of his own existence, bodily and spiritual, so——this manifestly was his feeling—must perpetual movement be the law and the practice of his Institute; but if so, then must we not accept the double conclusion that Wesleyanism is an economy for a time; and that the Christianity it teaches will always be immature and superficial, precisely defined—not merely in a horizontal direction, that is to say, as to its bordering upon other systems—but not less sharply shaped *beneath* and *above*, or toward those heights and depths which it is the part of devout meditation to explore.

"When, as we have now done, the whole amount of its probable, or even possible advantages, are freely allowed as the recommendations of an itinerating ministry, liberty may fairly be taken for placing these advantages in contrast with those of a settled or located ministry. We must not be told, to deter us from attempting such a comparison, that these happy and important results of a fixed pastoral residence are far from being uniformly realized: does an itinerant ministry always, or in a larger proportion of instances, reach its own point of ideal perfection?

"The permanently located Christian minister, if he be not broken down by over-much pastoral labour, and if conscientious in the devotion of his whole energies and time to his high calling, will, in the first place, find leisure, more or less, for perpetually extending, and for *retaining* also, his acquisitions as a Biblical expositor, and for availing himself continually of that influx of critical apparatus which, from year to year, is laid at his feet by the unwearied industry of accomplished scholars—German especially. If *this* advantage may now, by some, be set at a low price, the time is coming which will teach the rising ministry a serious lesson, on this ground, and will convince them that any such disparaging opinion of Biblical accomplishments involves nothing less than a fatal inobservance of the present tendencies of opinion.

"Grant it, that signal industry and an unquenchable thirst of knowledge, may enable an *errant* biblical scholar to prosecute his studies; but, man for man, taken alike, has not the resident scholar, with his own treasures—his Lexicons and his Commentaries, and his idolized folios, in their own places, on their own shelves, in his little study—the blessed place of his converse with all minds and with heaven—has not this settled minister and student an advantage which his brother, the like-minded itinerant preacher, will sigh to enjoy?

"Yet this is only the beginning, only the preparation—only the apparatus of a full ministerial acquaintedness with those inexhaustible treasures of thought which invite our advance when the Book of God opens before us the portals of eternity! Even if it might be alleged concerning any passing period of time, that habits of profound meditation are rarely cherished, and that, at any such time, the pulpit does not give evidence leading the reflective hearer to suppose that a soul-deep communion with that which is unseen and eternal has much been sought after, or has actually been enjoyed by preachers; even should it be so, it will remain certain that a life of intense meditation, grounding itself upon exact biblical scholarship, and observant always of the *written* revelation, that a life of *heart-thoughtfulness*, a life the product and issues of which will impart force and freshness to public services, and will supply nourishment to hungry souls—such a life of industrious biblical rumination can scarcely be possible, except under the conditions of a tranquil ministerial fixedness. If ever again the habit of counting the days of the week until Sunday comes, is to grow up in congregations, (not a giddy eagerness for the intellectual luxury of a fine sermon,) if sermons are to be remembered beyond the moment when the foot reaches the last step at the church-doors, if it is to be thus with us, preachers must not be those who shall have it to say, at the close of a weary life of labour, that, in the service of the Gospel, they have travelled half a million of miles!

"But the people, if indeed they are to know what that store of blessings is which Christianity

holds ready to bestow upon themselves and upon their families, must have near them always, not preachers merely, but pastors; and if the man of incessant journeyings may become a pastor, such as the people need, then also may oaks, in full growth, be had from a nursery ground, and set down before your window. We must have been used to trifle with our own souls, and we must have become regardless of the spiritual welfare of our families, children, and servants, if we have not often desired those influences, for ourselves and for them, which a Christian minister, not a sermon-maker, but a pastor, may shed around him. But shall he do this who has been 'two years on our station,' and who will be gone the next, and who, while he stays, is called upon to despatch countless public services, and to rid himself well of a thousand formalities of office? This will not be: 'Do men gather grapes of thistles?' The vine, laden with ripened clusters, is a plant that loves its own spot, clings to its wonted holdings, sends its fibres throughout its own plot of soil, and may not be torn up, and set elsewhere: the vine draws its sap from the ground it knows, and yields its juices to those who keep it.

"What we are now thinking of, as the fruit, the fruit most of all precious, of the pastoral office, when sustained through a course of years by a resident minister, is not the frequency of domiciliary religious visits in the families of his congregation, nor the pointedness, the fervour, the faithfulness of those instructions which this shepherd of his flock may address to assembled families, or to youths in vestry classes; it is not that species of service which may be acquitted in so many hours of each week, and which may be duly entered in the columns of a register; it is not this, but it is that which, beyond every other means of religious influence, and beyond all other means put together, is felt and known to be effective in diffusing a Christian temper, and in securing Christian conduct, within the circle where it is found. It is the exhibition, from year to year, of fervent consistent piety, in its aspects of wisdom, meekness, self-command, devotedness, in the person of the loved and revered father of his congregation—the man who is greeted on the threshold of every house by the children, and whose hand is seized as a prize by whoever can first win it—the man who is always first thought of in the hour of domestic dismay or anguish—the man whose saddened countenance, when he must administer rebuke, inflicts a pain upon the guilty, the mere thought of which avails for much in the hour of temptation. It is the pastor, an affection for whom has, in the lapse of years, become the characteristic feature of a neighbourhood, and the bond of love among those who, otherwise, would not have had one feeling in common.

"If it be said, pastors such as this are not found on every side among resident ministers, we grant it; yet some such, in their various degrees of excellence, *are* found, and may always be found within a Church which fixes its ministers in their spheres; but it is not within the range of possibility that Christian eminence *of this species* can be nurtured, or can find its field of exercise under the stern and ungenial conditions of an itinerant ministry.

"May we not safely adopt aphorisms such as these: First, where there is no itinerancy, there will be no aggression on the irreligious masses, no wide spread of the Gospel; and again, this,—where there are no resident pastors, there will be no CHURCH, no deep-seated Christian love, little diffused reverence, little domestic piety, and much more reliance will be placed upon means of excitement than upon means of influence; regulations, established orders, conventional usages, will take their course, but those impulses and motives which supersede law will scarcely be known."—Pp. 239–245.

One important question discussed under this head, and frequently adverted to in the course of the volume, is the probable permanence of the Wesleyan Institute. Mr. Taylor is very decidedly of opinion that Methodism, in the form which Wesley gave it, and which it still bears, is not fitted or destined for permanence. In this conclusion we feel ourselves irresistibly constrained to concur with him; while, at the same time, we can cordially sympathize in the feelings with which he contemplates the prospect of its probable dissolution.

"If, in fact, a free and unprejudiced criticism of the Wesleyan Church system should seem to issue in throwing a shade of doubt upon the perpetuity of the body, in its actual integrity, and present form, the writer must take his place among those who would entertain any such forebodings with extreme reluctance, and would witness the fulfilment of them with a lively and profound regret. One must be strangely insensible toward that which touches the most momentous interests of mankind, and be accustomed to regard the well-being of our fellow-men under the very narrowest aspects, not to be dismayed at the thought of the breaking up, the suspension, or the alienation, of those means of good which, up to this time, have been effective to an incalculable extent toward millions of men. How can a Christian-hearted man take his course, on a Sunday morning, through the streets of a manufacturing town, and not fervently desire the undamaged continuance, and the further extension, of Wesleyan Methodism?"—Pp. 204, 205.

Ever since we became acquainted with the constitution of Wesleyanism, we have been convinced that, notwithstanding all the extraordinary skill with which it was organized, and the great apparent compactness which it has exhibited, it would not last for any great length of time without being remodelled; and we have been much interested in finding some vague notions upon this subject, which had long floated in our minds, brought out by Mr. Taylor with admirable wisdom and eloquence. The main grounds on which we have been shut up to the conclusion that Methodism, in the form which Wesley impressed upon it, will not have a very lengthened existence, are

these:—1*st*, The inconsistent character of its theological system, a point on which we have already dwelt at as great length as our limits admit of. 2*d*, The want of a fixed ministry. An itinerant ministry, however well adapted to certain conditions of society, and however valuable as an appendage to a different system, tends powerfully, as we think Mr. Taylor has shown, to a position of inferiority to a fixed ministry of regular pastors,—inferiority in several respects, fitted to co-operate with other obvious results of itinerancy, in diminishing the influence of the system to which it attaches, and undermining its hold of men's minds in a country such as ours now is. We can scarcely conceive of the possibility of an itinerant ministry keeping possession permanently, or for a succession of many generations, of a large community in a civilized and peaceful country. The principles of human nature seem to preclude this; and we know of nothing, either in the authoritative constitution of the Christian Church, or in the general obligation to promote Christian objects according to circumstances and by all lawful means, that warrants or requires us to aim at resisting and counteracting, in this respect, the tendencies of natural principles and social influences. Wesley, in his Deed of Declaration, has strictly tied down the Conference, to appoint no minister to officiate in any one of the chapels of the connexon for more than three years successively, and this provision seems to have been regarded by some of the ablest of his successors as of very doubtful wisdom, so far as concerns the permanence of the body. This feeling is, we think, intimated, not very obscurely, in the following extract from Watson's Life of Wesley, chap. xii.:—"In this important and wise settlement of the government of the connexion by its founder, there appears but one regulation which seems to controvert the leading maxim to which he had always respect, viz., to be guided by circumstances in matters not determined by some great principle. I allude to the proviso which obliges the Conference not to appoint any preacher to the same chapel for more than three years successively, *thus binding an itinerant ministry upon the societies for ever.* Whether this system of changing ministers be essential to the spiritual interests of the body or not, or whether it might not be usefully modified, will be matters of opinion; but the point ought, perhaps, to have been left more at liberty." (Watson's Works, vol. v. p. 260.)

3*d*, The leading ground on which Mr. Taylor bases his conviction that Wesleyan Methodism, in its present form, will not have a very protracted existence, is embodied in the position, that it is not, in its constitution and arrangements, *a church.* We believe this position to be true in itself, and quite adequate to support the conclusion which Mr. Taylor deduces from it. This position, as maintained by Mr. Taylor and ourselves, is of course essentially different, in the meaning attached to it, in the grounds on which it is based, and in the spirit in which it is advocated, from the common unchurching doctrine of Romanists and High Churchmen. The principle of these men is, that a church consists of, or at least is constituted and characterized by, its office-bearers, and that no society is entitled to the name of a church unless it has a threefold order of office-bearers, bishops, priests, and deacons, all deriving their official authority by an unbroken series of ordinations from the Apostles. With these views we have no sympathy. We believe them to be inconsistent with the doctrines of Scripture, the dictates of common sense, the testimony of history, and the voice of experience. We are persuaded that Wesley and his successors, the Wesleyan ministers of our own day, are just as fully authorized to preach the Word, and to administer the sacraments, as any other ecclesiastical functionaries in Great Britain. We believe that Wesley was as well entitled to make bishops as Luther was, and that the men whom the Methodist and his associates appointed in that character for the United States, were just as good bishops as those whom the Reformer and his friends appointed for Denmark. Mr. Taylor, indeed, in a striking and important passage, adduces the case of Methodism as conclusively fatal to the High Church view of Prelacy and apostolical succession.

"Yet there is one plea on the ground of which, if it be valid, the Methodistic company might be cast down from the place of honour which is now claimed for it. This grounnd of exception is that occupied by those who, with strictness and consistency, hold the doctrine that, apart from the line of episcopal ordination, unbroken in its descent, there is and can be no Church, no ministry, no sacraments, no salvation. It is much to be desired that those who profess thus to think would take up the case of Methodism, and deal with it thoroughly, flinching from no consequences toward which their theory may lead them. The instance is every way well adapted to such a purpose; nor does it offer any colour of evasion, nor admit of any way of escape from the one conclusion which the premises demand, if those premises be valid. The conditions of this very definite case preclude an evasive reply, such as this—'We cannot tell whether Methodism was from Heaven or of men.' Neither Wesley's episcopal ordination, nor Whitefield's, could, on the ground of the 'historic succession,' carry with it

a power of ordination; and certainly it could not excuse or palliate their insubordination, as presbyters of the established Church. It is not as if Methodism had sprung up in some remote quarter of Christendom, where it could not have connected itself with the Apostolic line, or where ignorance, on questions of this sort was involuntary. Nor is it as if Methodism had been a revival, taking place within a body which claimed for its ministry a high ecclesiastical ancestry, so that its original irregularity was shrouded by the mists of centuries. Methodism took its rise in the very bosom of the Apostolic succession; and it was carried forward by men who were fully informed as to all subjects bearing upon the course which they pursued. The offence—if an offence—was committed in broad day, by men with their eyes open; and these men had cut themselves off from the benefit of pleading an abstract conscientious opinion, analogous to that of the Presbyterians or Independents: they declared themselves Churchmen and Episcopalians.

"On every side, therefore, this Methodistic problem is clearly defined; and the more we think of it, the more exempt will it seem from ambiguities, or ways of escape. No one who is accustomed to pursue principles with logical severity into their consequences, will deny that the Apostolic-succession theory, such as it has been enunciated and defined of late, must either break itself upon Methodism, or must consign Methodism and its millions of souls to perdition, in as peremptory a manner as that in which the Church of Rome fixes its anathema upon heretical nations.

"No doubt there are more than a few sincere, seriously-minded, and kind-tempered persons, holding this theory, who would find themselves wanting in the nerve and hardihood required of them, on an occasion like this, when challenged, by the clearest rule of consistency, to take their places, as spectators, while men, such as Wesley, Whitefield, Fletcher, with millions of their proselytes and spiritual progeny, are to be sent down alive into the pit! The one precise ground of this auto da fé should not be lost sight of. Let it be stated:—the Methodistic preachers, even if they held some questionable subsidiary notions, yet professed, in the most decisive terms, their adherence to the doctrine of the Three Creeds: therefore they were not heretics. They declared their approval of the Thirty-Nine Articles: they threw themselves upon the Book of Homilies: they frequented the liturgical worship of the Church; they partook of its sacraments; they acknowledged its orders.

"It can never be thought a Christian-like act to consign masses of men to perdition on the mere charge of enthusiasm, or of some extravagance in behaviour. As to the general good conduct of the Methodistic converts, it is not pretended that it was not fully equal to that of other men—reputed Christians. Nevertheless, there remains this one ground of exception against the Methodistic body, which the Apostolic-succession theory brings forward, and which it must continue to bring forward and insist upon. Whoever, while he holds this theory, flies off from its application in a case so flagrant and so thoroughly unambiguous as this, implicates himself in the sin of schism, and comes within range of that anathema to which he has not the conscience and the courage to respond."—Pp. 132–134.

We have expressed our conviction that the present Wesleyan ministers are as fully authorized to preach the word and to administer the Sacraments, as any ecclesiastical functionaries in this country. This, however, is ascribing to them merely the power of order (*potestas ordinis*), which does not include the whole of the power or authority usually ascribed to ministers, even in the limited and strictly guarded sense, in which alone true Protestants concede power or authority to ecclesiastical office-bearers. There is, in addition to this, the power of jurisdiction (*potestas jurisdictionis*). This implies the right of exercising a certain limited and ministerial, *i. e.*, not lordly, authority over a certain flock or society of professing Christians. From the way in which Wesleyan ministers are appointed to their stations, *i. e.*, merely by the authority of the Conference, there might be reasonable ground for doubting, whether they legitimately possess a power of jurisdiction over the societies they superintend. The principle on which this doubt might rest is, that there is good ground for maintaining the position, that ecclesiastical office-bearers have no legitimate right to exercise any authority over a particular Christian flock or society, unless that flock or society has consented to the formation of that relation between the parties, on which the right to exercise authority is based. This position has been conceded by some of the most distinguished defenders of the Church of England. Thus Hooker says, (Eccles. Pol., B. VII., Sect. 14), "The power of order I may lawfully receive without asking leave of any multitude, but that power I cannot exercise upon any one certain people utterly against their wills." If this principle be true, as we think it is, it ought to be carried into effect, and the only reasonable and honest provision for carrying it into effect, is to make the consent of the Christian flock or society an indispensable preliminary to a minister exercising any pastoral authority over them. It is true that Wesleyan preachers usually assume the character rather of evangelists or missionaries, than of pastors properly so called. But it is also true, that they are really the bishops or overseers of Christian societies, and that they claim and exercise over these societies all the legitimate authority of pastors, not only preaching the word and administering the Sacraments, but exercising discipline, or admitting to, and excluding from, the

society and its privileges. Hooker's principle, therefore, is applicable to them, and there is nearly as much difficulty in shewing that it does apply to them, as in shewing that it applies to the clergy of the Church of England. The way in which Hooker gets over the difficulty, as applicable to the Church of England, is sufficiently amusing and ridiculous. It is, that the people's "ancient and original interest (in the appointment of their pastors), hath been, by orderly means derived unto the patron, who chooseth for them." We do not know whether our Wesleyan friends would be disposed to substitute the Conference for the patron, and to allege that the people's "ancient and original interest" in this matter "hath been by orderly means derived unto" that body, "who chooseth for them." But we think a much more plausible defence of the position, both of Anglican and Wesleyan ministers, is to be found in the consideration, that in many cases the people, though their consent was not asked beforehand, as it should have been, have virtually and practically consented afterwards to their exercising pastoral authority. This is, of course, a very defective and unsound state of matters constitutionally. But the consideration we have stated is sufficient, in the case of the Wesleyans generally, and of *some* ministers of the Church of England, to save us from the necessity of denying the validity of their right to exercise pastoral authority over the Christian societies which they superintend.

We may admit, then, that Wesleyan ministers are legally entitled to exercise the power of jurisdiction as well as the power of order, to exercise ecclesiastical discipline, as well as to preach the word and to administer the Sacraments. We admit also, that Wesleyan societies fulfil the scriptural and Protestant definition of "the visible Church of Christ," as given in the 19th Article of the Church of England—viz., "A congregation of faithful men in the which the pure word of God is preached, and the Sacraments be duly administered according to Christ's ordinance;" and that, of course, they are fully entitled to the character, and to all the ordinary rights and privileges, of Churches. As we have no hesitation in making these admissions, it can be only in a very limited and peculiar sense that we adopt Mr. Taylor's position, that Wesleyan Methodism is *not* a Church. He, too, would concur in these admissions, and he denies to them the character of a Church, only in the very limited and peculiar sense that is consistent with them.

In explaining this point, we do not need to refer to the question, which has been so largely discussed between Romanists and High Church Prelatists, on the one side, and true Protestants on the other, as to what is the proper scriptural definition or description of the Church, for we have already admitted that, tried by this standard, Wesleyan preachers and societies are entitled to all the rights and privileges of Ministers and Churches. We have to refer merely to Wesley's leading object in constructing his Institute, to the position which he wished it to occupy in relation to the Church of England, and to some features of the formal organization which these causes impressed upon it, and which it still retains. It is certain that Wesley originally did not wish or intend his Institute to be a distinct Church, but merely a supplement or appendage to the Church of England, and that he was led on gradually by unforeseen circumstances, especially by his extraordinary success, and the violent opposition he met with from the Church, to modify his plans and arrangements. For a long time, even after the societies under his care had become very numerous, he would not allow his preachers to assemble their people during the ordinary hours of public worship on the Lord's day, and to the last, he refused to give them a general permission to administer the Sacraments. The people who joined him he wished to remain still members of the Established Church, to attend upon her worship, and to receive sealing ordinances in her communion. This is the position still maintained by that section of his followers who call themselves Primitive Methodists. They continue to avow that they do not constitute a distinct Church, and maintain that they are members of the Church of England. Wesley's great object was "the conversion of the ungodly." His plans and arrangements were directed to the accomplishment of this object, and then to that of affording to those who joined his society, advantages for growing in grace, for adorning their profession, and for promoting the interests of religion, additional to those they might possess as members of the Church of England, and attenders upon her ordinances. He did not intend to form a distinct or separate Church, and, in point of fact, he did not do so. He does not seem to have ever reached any convictions, which appeared to him to make it men's duty to disapprove of the constitution of the Church of England, or to separate from her communion. He does not appear to have ever investigated the question—What is the scriptural constitution and organization of

the Church? *with the view and for the purpose* of bringing the conclusions he might be led to form upon this subject, to bear upon the regulation of his own Institute. When the extraordinary success he met with in converting sinners, and in forming them into societies, suggested to him new plans and arrangements, he seems to have considered only, whether they were lawful in themselves and expedient at the time, without trying them by any higher standard, or contemplating them in connexion with more permanent results. In this sense, Wesleyan Methodism, under its founder, was not a Church, and did not profess to be a Church, but only an Institute, regulated in its arrangements by present and temporary circumstances, and supplementary to the Church of England, for promoting the Christian good of the community.

We have no disposition to object to Wesley's plans and arrangements, on the ground that they are unwarrantable and incompetent, because not expressly sanctioned by Scripture, and all the less would we object to them on this ground, because he did not profess to be organizing a Church, according to the scriptural standard. We have somewhat higher views than Mr. Taylor seems to entertain, of the extent to which the constitution and organization of the Church are determined in Scripture, and made imperative upon Christians. But we have no sympathy with those whom he describes (p. 216) as entertaining "the belief, that no means or devices, intended for securing the maintenance of visible Christianity, or for effecting its spread, can be lawfully employed, other than those which are verbally and specially defined in the Scriptures." We can concur in the ridicule which he pours upon systems professedly based upon this principle, under the designation of "Text-made Churches," and "Churches of Texts," though really we are not aware that this belief has ever been professed to such an extent, or by such persons, as to make it worth while to expose it. The plans and arrangements of Wesley were, in their general character, quite warrantable and competent; and as he did not profess to proclaim or impose them as a part of the scripturally determined constitution of the Church, they ought to be judged of as human expedients, just by their apparent soundness and wisdom, by their fitness to promote, temporarily or permanently, the interests of true religion. Mr. Taylor has applied this test to them, and has shown, we think, in several important instances, that, however naturally they arose out of existing circumstances, however well fitted they might be to exert for a time a wholesome influence, they were not adapted for all times and conditions of society, and were not likely to take a permanent hold of the minds of men. Human wisdom is incompetent to devise permanent arrangements, adapted to all times and circumstances. Divine wisdom alone is adequate to this, and we enjoy the guidance of divine wisdom in this matter, only in so far as the constitution and arrangements of the Church or Christian society have been determined in Scripture, and in so far as we have rightly understood and applied the indications given us there of the way in which the Christian religion is to be promoted. This principle does not preclude the adoption of many plans and arrangements of a subordinate character, which may seem fitted, at the time and in the circumstances, to operate beneficially. But these, of course, are the results merely of human wisdom, they are likely to partake largely of imperfection, and they are most unlikely to be fitted for permanence. Wesley did not profess to be organizing a Church upon a Scriptural basis. His Institute was the product of his own wisdom and sagacity, and must be subject to the fluctuations and instability of all merely human things. Independently of this general consideration, and independently of the actual over-sights and errors which Mr. Taylor has pointed out in some of Wesley's arrangements, we reckon it a sufficient proof that he had not wisdom and sagacity adequate to devise a permanent Institute, that, while he did not profess to be organizing a Church upon a Scriptural basis and in accordance with Scriptural directions, he adopted such stringent measures for giving it permanence by means of legal provisions, by subjecting the tenure of the whole property of the connexion to the perpetual maintenance of his own opinions and arrangements.

There have indeed been some changes introduced into Wesleyan Methodism since the death of its founder. These changes we believe to have been judicious and necessary. They have broken off the peculiar relation which Methodism occupied during Wesley's life to the Church of England, but they have not given it a full and proper Church organisation. The principal changes which have been introduced are, the general authority given to all Wesleyan preachers to administer the Sacraments, the practical extension of the authority, both in ecclesiastical and in secular matters, which Wesley vested in the "legal hundred," to all the ministers of the connexion, and the admission of laymen to a prominent and influential place, by means of committees, in

the management of the financial affairs of the body. These changes were all good and right, and they have tended, we doubt not, to preserve Wesleyanism in vigour and efficiency till the present day. But though Wesleyanism has thus ceased to occupy the position of a mere supplement or appendage to the Church of England, and now supplies to its people all Church ordinances and privileges, it has not yet even professed to adopt a complete Church organisation. The Conference, in introducing these improvements, did not profess, any more than Wesley had done, to be following fully even what they themselves regarded as the intimations of Scripture, as to the way in which a Christian Church ought to be organized and regulated. Wesleyans of course believe that there is nothing in their arrangements which Scripture condemns, and nothing which is not warrantable, right, and useful. But, if we do not greatly misunderstand the matter, they do not contend that Wesleyanism embodies all the principles and provisions which Scripture sanctions as applicable to a Church. Some leading Wesleyans have always, we believe, been Episcopalians in their theoretical views of Church government, and yet British Methodism has no prelates. They would probably allow the scriptural authority of the office of deacons, but they have no such functionaries. Some of them, we presume, would admit that the Christian people, by themselves or their representatives, had much more prominence and influence in the apostolic and primitive Churches, than they are allowed to have in Methodism. These different considerations seem to shew, that Wesleyanism, even yet, scarcely professes to be a scriptually-organized Church, and if so, it must be, in respect to its organisation, a device of human wisdom, and therefore not destined to perpetuity, not fitted for permanence.

In treating of Wesleyan Methodism "as a hierarchy or scheme of spiritual government," Mr. Taylor brings out some very important views in regard to the fundamental principle of the organisation, which vests the whole real control of the society in the ministers, and excludes the Christian people from any recognised or effective influence in the management of its affairs. We quite agree with him in thinking that such a constitutional arrangement is utterly indefensible in theory, and that, though it may be somewhat modified in practice, it must operate injuriously upon the permanent influence of the body. We believe this to be the most ominous feature in the constitution of Methodism, and we cannot but fear that, unless it be essentially modified, it will bring about its dissolution.

While we concur in the substance of Mr. Taylor's views upon this point as affecting Methodism, and think them deserving of serious consideration, we are somewhat surprised at his attempt to shew that the principles on which he condemns Methodism do not apply to the Church of England. He seems to think that that Church enjoys, in the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown, and in the control which Parliament and public opinion exercise over the regulation of its affairs, a very good substitute for the preserving and strengthening influence, which the position assigned to the Christian people in the Apostolic Church is fitted to exert. This is really too like Hooker's "derivation unto the patron by orderly means" of the people's "ancient and original interest" in the appointment of their pastors. The supremacy of the Crown, and the control of Parliament, cannot be said to form a constituent part of the constitution of the Anglican Establishment as a church; but rather to be accidents superinduced upon it, which the Church has submitted to from necessity, rather than approved of from choice, and which those of its own members, who have had right notions of the principles by which a Christian church ought to be regulated, have regarded with jealousy and dislike. The proper ecclesiastical constitution of the Church of England as thoroughly excludes the Christian people from their rightful place, and as fully vests all ecclesiastical power in the clergy as Wesley's Deed of Declaration does. No real benefit can accrue to a church, as such, from the unwarrantable introduction of the Crown and the Parliament, as a compensation for the unwarrantable exclusion of the Christian people from the place they are entitled to occupy. These influences may have, in point of fact, contributed to strengthen and preserve the Church of England. But they could strengthen and preserve it, not as a church, but only as a great secular corporation. It is impossible that they can have contributed to strengthen its legitimate influence as a church, upon the understandings, the consciences, and the affections of Christian men.

We have now explained the peculiar and very limited sense in which we concur with Mr. Taylor in believing that Wesleyan Methodism is not a church; and the *only* inference we draw from this position is, that unless it be materially modified in its constitution and arrangements, it is not likely

to have a very protracted existence. Indeed, we are of opinion generally, that Wesleyan Methodism bears about it all the marks of having been raised up in Providence to serve most important and useful purposes *for a time*, but that it does not exhibit indications of permanence, and that it carries within it the seeds of dissolution. We have the highest respect for the piety, the wisdom, and the ability of the venerable men who, in our day, have chiefly regulated the administration of the affairs of Methodism. Their successors will have a difficult and perplexing part to act. We earnestly hope they may be wise men "who know the times, and what Israel ought to do."

The fourth and last part of Mr. Taylor's work is entitled "The Methodism of the time coming," or of the future, and he could not have given a more distinct intimation of the high place he assigns to Methodism as a great religious movement, than by describing under the name of a New Methodism, yet future, the mode of teaching Christianity, which he considers best adapted to maintain the cause of true religion against its now formidable enemies, Romanism or Ritualism, and Pantheism, and to revive and diffuse a deeper interest in divine things. Our space prevents us from considering the interesting subjects which are discussed under this head, or quoting any of the important views which are here enforced. We can only say that it presents some considerations well worthy of being seriously pondered, concerning the strength and formidableness in the present day, of the two great adversaries of true Christianity, Romanism or Ritualism, and Pantheism, singly and in combination, and concerning the best way of preparing to encounter them. We meet, indeed, occasionally with a certain vagueness of statement which we find it rather difficult to penetrate, especially in regard to the character and amount of the changes which it will be necessary, in the coming generation, to introduce into the mode of representing, expounding, and applying Christian truth. Sometimes Mr. Taylor scouts the presumption and folly of expecting, that the friends of true Christianity are to resist their opponents and to revive and strengthen their cause, by getting up a new mode of explaining and applying Christian truth, more fully adapted than any that has yet been employed, to the tendencies and spirit of the age. And in all that he says to this effect we cordially concur. But sometimes he writes almost as if he thought that some new mode of representing Christianity was necessary and practicable. A deeper study of this part of Mr. Taylor's work might perhaps enable us to perceive the harmony of his statements upon this subject; but the harmonizing principle, if there be one, does not appear upon the surface, and certainly it has not occurred to us.

There is one view set forth by him in unfolding the Methodism of the future, which we believe to be very just and very important. It is in substance this, that the most essential objects to be aimed at in the training and preparing of ministers for the time coming, so far as concerns the furnishing of their understandings, are, that they should be thoroughly established in sound views of the Inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures, and then, should be fully equipped with everything that may be necessary for fitting them to prove against all gainsayers, that the doctrines which they inculcate upon men, are indeed sanctioned by the infallible standard of truth. This view we think pre-eminently deserving of the immediate and serious attention of all the Churches of Christ.

We have given, we fear, but a meagre view of the contents of this important and interesting work, and an inadequate impression of its value and excellence. But we have now only space again to commend it earnestly to the perusal and study of our readers.

We are delighted to learn from the preface to this work, that Mr. Taylor is preparing a similar one on the Non-Conformists of the past age. We trust he will ultimately embrace in his plan some of the other leading sections of the ecclesiastical world; for we are satisfied, that there is no living man who is better entitled and qualified to speak with authority and effect to the churches of our day.

Art. IX.—*Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education*—1850-51.

We intend, in the present article, to produce a novelty—an argument on the Educational question, without statistics and without an original scheme of National Education. Candid readers will, we doubt not, duly appreciate our consideration; more especially in the former portion of our pledge. We shall abstain from statistics; *first*, because we believe we can serve our present purpose without them; *secondly*, because we know of no statistical

foundation which is not far too sandy for our building; and *thirdly*, because, if trustworthy statistics were to be found, they could not be exhibited within the compass, and consistently with the interest, of a short Article; they must either be selected and therefore imperfect and inaccurate, or else so full as to be tedious, so very well worth studying, that no one would have the patience to study them.

We have no great faith in figures, as bearing on the argument for or against a National system of education. By far the soundest are those contained in the Privy Council Minutes. As far as they go, we shall rely on their results, as having been well and impartially sifted. But they are gathered from a comparatively small number of the school in Great Britain, and each Inspector obviously knows by personal observation little or nothing of the school-constellations which lie beyond the limits of his system, not to say beyond the reach of his own orbit. On the other hand, we do not need them. The broad facts, which are really important, lie on the surface, and literally he who runs may read, if he can but realize the fact that the proper subjects of education are not abstract boys and girls, ranged tabularly by scores and hundreds on paper, but living, playing, fighting, crying, ragged, dirty, godless, boys and girls, swarming unpicturesquely and quite irregularly, in the streets and alleys through which his daily calling may bid him run or walk. Here is an example in point. We read, not long ago, an article—one of many—in the *Leeds Mercury*, in which the editor endeavoured, as far as we could see with complete success, to prove that in Leeds there were actually under education as large a proportion of the whole population as the most ardent philanthropist could claim;—nay, if memory do not deceive us, the proportion was a very little *exceeded*—there was rather more education in Leeds than philanthropy expected or desired! Statistics were triumphant. We walked, the same day, through some of the lower streets of Leeds. Schools were on every side of us, in full operation. But, unshamed by arithmetic, children, in every sense uneducated, jostled us at every corner, and all too painfully asserted for themselves that existence as a class, which figures had triumphantly disproved. So it is everywhere. We are surrounded by palpable evidences of the fact that, from whatever cause, vast numbers of our nation are growing up unnurtured and untrained.

We need *more* education: we also need *better* education. For this, as for the former postulate, it is enough for us to appeal to general consent; the consent of those qualified to judge—Aristotle's φρόνιμοι or right-thinking men. Even here in Scotland, there are few such who will deny, even apart from reference to figures, that the old parochial system has not kept pace with the times—that what was good for the dull and docile days of our fathers is altogether insufficient for the restless spirit of our own.

There may, perhaps, be found, lingering in old manor-houses, or in grass-grown villages innocent of railways, some few admirers of the good old days of ignorance, who will admit all that we have assumed, and say, "So much the better, if only men would be content to let the venerable relics of pristine ignorance alone." There were many, in ancient days, who blamed Prometheus for his rash gift of heavenly fire. But with these we have nothing to do. They will not read what we write. The title of our article will be enough to scare them away.

Our ground is thus cleared by the assumption of these three postulates.—There is not enough of education.—There is too much of bad education.—There is great need of good education. In other words, many children are untaught, many more are very badly taught, all ought to be well taught.

There is a temptation to stop and moralize—to consider how it comes to pass that the world should, on this subject, have slept so long, and should at last, in this our day, be so suddenly wide awake. Few years have gone by since a practical zeal in popular education was enough to stamp any man as *eccentric*, an *enthusiast*, a sort of monomaniac. Now, it is in many circles, male and female, the fashion of the day; and, like other good things in fashion, incurs some risks from its very popularity. How comes this?

Again, what will come of all this? The progress of knowledge is hurrying us along a path of transition at a pace too rapid for accurate forecasting of its results. This only is clear, that many of the old bonds of society are relaxed and relaxing: we are quitting our traditionary mooring ground; shall we find, in untried waters, another anchorage as safe?

But we must not be beguiled into metaphysical politics. We are writing for that large class of readers who are not intimately conversant with the actual state of the practical question, and who have lately found themselves in a manner compelled to form a judgment, with a very misty conception of what has been already done. Such persons form, we believe, even now, the majori-

ty of those by whom the question must ultimately be considered. And we have so strong a reliance on the common sense of the British people, that we look forward with no small eagerness to the time when the real state of the case being generally known, the people shall themselves be competent to pass their judgment upon it. Controversy will be cut short, when it is taken out of the hands of mere theorists.

Meanwhile, we are yet far from this auspicious resting-place. Nor do we aspire on this occasion to act as guides towards it. A humbler part will content us for the present—the part of a well-painted finger-post, pointing backward and forward, shewing where we are, whence we have come, which way we should go. Our aim is simply to describe, fully but briefly, the sort of work actually done in the last few years in the field of popular education—to view the contributions already made towards the rough materials of our future edifice.

Most persons are aware that, in the year 1846, important changes took place in the relations of Government to the cause of Popular Education. Up to that period, its functions had been confined to the administration of a very limited grant, applied chiefly in aid of the erection of school buildings, and to the institution of inquiries into the actual character of existing schools. Out of these inquiries, the present system has gradually arisen.

They brought to light facts too stubborn to be resisted, and too important to be passed by; year by year, accumulating evidence rivetted the conviction that school-building and school-supporting were nearly useless, until far more sufficient guarantees were provided for the *quality* of the instruction communicated. Sceptics, if any such there be, are referred for ample proof to the earlier volumes of the Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education, from 1840 to 1845.*

Yet it might have been long before this growing conviction bore its practical fruit, but for the presence at the Council-office of a most earnest and untiring friend of the cause in the person of the late Secretary of the Committee. To Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, then J. P. Kay, Esq., the country stands mainly indebted for the conception and organization of the present system. And, whatever defects may be found or imagined in its machinery, and though many doubts and suspicions have from time to time assailed its author, it is a proud thought for him now in his retirement, that, if the Giant Idol, Ignorance, is to fall, he may boast of having thrown the first effectual stone against her. (See Mr. Watkins' Report for 1847. Min., vol. ii. pp. 209, 210.)

It would be unjust at this point, to pass without notice, the famous pamphlet of Dr. Hook. His statistics were, no doubt, assailed with even more than the usual success in such warfare, and most of his suggestions have been superseded by the system introduced by Government in the course of the same year, 1846. But it would be difficult to overrate the effect produced on the minds of thoughtful Englishmen by the adhesion of so staunch a high-churchman to the cause of unrestricted education. A cloud of replies, vindications, and explanations, followed in the train of Dr. Hook's Letter to the Bishop of St. David's; most of them contained more or less of valuable matter; all of them served at least to prepare the way for the development of the Government scheme.*

Since 1846, besides building grants, the aid of the Committee of Council has been afforded towards the apprenticeship of pupil-teachers—the training of masters and mistresses—the augmentation of their salaries—and the purchase of school-books, fittings, and apparatus. It may perhaps give a livelier picture of the actual working of the scheme, in its bearing upon the improvement of the quality of education, and on the position of the schoolmasters, if we endeavour to follow the course of some one supposed recipient of aid, from the chrysalis state of the candidate for apprenticeship to the close of the first successful flight of the butterfly—the first year of prosperous management of a school.

Suppose us, then, *first*, in a quiet village school. There is a stranger there, eyed suspiciously from many quarters, with such looks as an experienced lamb might be supposed to cast, on its first introduction to the "collie," while yet uncertain of the nearness of his relationship to the wolf. The stranger is a Government Inspector of schools, one of the staff of *skilled labourers*, by whom the machine of education is worked. These gentlemen are appointed by the Queen on the nomination of the Lord Pre-

* See especially the Minutes for 1844, vol. ii. Reports of Mr. Cook, Mr. Watkins, and Mr. Gordon.

* The most valuable, probably, of these pamphlets, was that entitled "Some Remarks" on Dr. Hook's Letter;—published anonymously, but known to be written by the Rev. C. Richson, the father (or foster-father) of the "Manchester Scheme" of the present day.

sident, but always with the concurrence of the proper representatives of the religious body to whose schools each Inspector is to be sent. Thus, for the Church of England, the assent of the Archbishop of the province is required; for the Established Church of Scotland, that of the General Assembly's Education Committee, and so on for each denomination.* Up to the present date, there have been appointed, for the Church of England *twelve*, with two assistant Inspectors; for schools in England, not in connexion with the Established Church, *three;* for Scotland, *two;* and for the Roman Catholics of Great Britain, *one;* in all *eighteen*, besides the two assistants, exclusively of those employed in visiting workhouse schools in England and Wales.

Their original duty was that of simple inquiry into all points connected with school accommodation and instruction. It will be found fully detailed in the Minutes for 1839-40, p. 32, or on p. 27 of the semi-official pamphlet of 1847; "The School in its relation to the State, the Church, and the Congregation."† As the system advanced, however, the nature of the Inspectors' office was very materially modified. Every school receiving aid from Government in the shape of an annual grant depends, in great measure, on the Inspector's report, for each year's continuance of such aid. No money is ever paid till he has visited and reported; and if his report be unfavourable, it will in all probability be withheld. So that these officers now serve, not merely as the Council's *eyes*, by which they can look into every corner of the land, but in a certain indirect and figurative sense as its *hands* also, through which it dispenses its pecuniary bounty. We say *indirectly;* for, strictly speaking, the Inspector has still no power but that of observing and reporting what he sees. Only, his opinion—formerly a *naked* voice—is now armed with certain golden arguments, very potent in their persuasiveness.

The time has nearly passed away when this office was regarded with jealousy. All the older discussions,—by which we mean those of ten years' date, (opinions on this subject have but a short season of youth)—are strongly marked by deep-rooted suspicions of the purpose and tendency of the interference of the State. Churchmen of every shade, voluntaries of every hue, bristled up in self-defence; zeal and earnestness, as well as pride and prejudice, standing erect, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." The waters were scarcely hushed after the storm raised by Sir James Graham's bill: the heavy ground-swell shook with no gentle violence the good ship "Popular Education." But the ship rode bravely, and the angry waves have almost subsided. If, now and then, in the month of May, we hear the low growl of a strong sou'-wester, the shock is hardly felt. In other words, though there still linger, in more than one direction, extreme parties, who try hard by dint of energetic lungs and active pens to make up for lack of strength and argument, yet the nation, and the churches of the nation, are really *satisfied* that the system is fairly and honourably administed, with no covert design, or unconfessed scheme of "centralization." It is impossible, we think, for any candid man to read the Inspectors' reports, as published in the Minutes from 1846 downwards, without a strong feeling that these men are thoroughly in earnest, and are doing very heartily a work for which, for the most part, they are very fit. And almost as impossible, we believe, in nearly every district, to be conversant with the feelings of those most nearly interested in the prosperity of schools, without finding continued traces of their influence for good. To explain by word of mouth the complex sentences of State-papers—to answer questions too simple, and meet doubts too unfounded, for official correspondence—to suggest the modes of adapting general provisions to the specific exigencies of a locality—to stir up the slumbering, to encourage the timid, to cheer the desponding by the best cordial, sympathy—to act as the connecting link between the far-seeing theorist and the room-bound practical man:—these, and a hundred offices like these, over and above the red-tape duties comprised in the letter of the bond of their appointment, it is the privilege and pleasure of most if not all her Majesty's Inspectors to discharge. With success, we believe, almost everywhere; though of course in various degrees, as original talent, still more, length of experience, draw the line between man and man.*

But we forgot. We left our Inspector in the school-room,—the cynosure of wondering eyes,—wondering whether any traits of humanity soften the terrors of his official frown. Let us suppose, for the present, the

* See Minutes for 1846, p. 17.

† See also Minutes for 1844, p. 22.

* It will be observed that we pass by the *vexata quæstio* of "Management Clauses." No controversy, we conceive, ever was more childish or unprofitable. Those who may wish to understand it are referred to the Minutes of 1846 (p. 25), 1847 (p. lxvii).

examination of the *school* concluded. There remains the examination of the candidates for apprenticeship. The necessary qualifications may be represented in a supposed series of questions and answers. Here then, are (say) ten boys drawn up before the Inspector: it is for him to advise the local managers as to their choice of candidates. The questions may run thus:—How old are you, my boy? Twelve, sir, last August. Too young, we fear. And you? Sixteen last April. As much too old! And you? And you? Thirteen, fourteen, &c. &c., to the end of the row. The list is reduced by two: None can be apprenticed under thirteen or above sixteen years of age. To proceed:—What is your name? No reply! A little louder, if you please; he is rather deaf. Deaf? a disqualification!—One more off the list: None can be apprenticed who have any serious physical defect. Next come inquiries as to character: what reports from master, clergyman, &c.? This boy? Good. And this? Passable. And this? The cleverest boy we have, but very difficult to manage—a little given to improper language, and not over honest. Let him stand back; there is no chance for him: None can be apprenticed whose moral character is not good. Then follow queries as to parent's character:—What is this lad's father? Not the best of characters, unfortunately—a decided drunkard. Does he live with him? Yes. Then his chance is also at an end: None can be apprenticed whose home is not such as to promise, at the very least, freedom from decidedly evil influence. So the ten are reduced to five; who are found to be of the proper age, and to be physically, morally, and domestically qualified. But the number in ordinary attendance is only 120: you can only have three pupil-teachers: pupil-teachers are allowed in the proportion of *one* to every *forty* scholars. Perhaps the two least desirable are withdrawn; or possibly the managers may prefer a fair competition, and take their chance of the three winners in the race. Anyhow, they are now ready to set to work. An easy sentence or couple of sentences written from dictation—twenty or thirty words of simple parsing—three or four sums in the four first rules of arithmetic—and the first stage of the formidable ordeal is past. Their papers, duly signed, being safely lodged in the Inspector's custody, they are once more drawn up before him, to exhibit their powers of reading, as well as their knowledge of geography, weights and measures, and (in Church of England schools) Scripture and the Church Catechism. In geography their knowledge need not extend beyond a tolerably clear notion of elementary principles and facts.*

We have been thus minute in the details of this first examination, in order to bring clearly out the real standard for apprenticeship. There was a very general impression a few years ago—and it has not yet entirely disappeared—that our modern educationists were inclined to become worshippers of the goddess of Reason—that is, to exalt to undue pre-eminence mere *intellectual* proficiency. It has, again and again, been loudly asserted, that nothing would be looked to but cleverness; the most woful pictures have been drawn of the race of schoolmasters who were thus to be reared—hard and dry sciolists, rich in smatterings of many branches of knowledge, poor in the moral training of the heart, the conscience, the affections. We beg our readers to mark, in the sketch just drawn, the strictness of the inquiry into moral fitness, as contrasted with the very lenient standard of knowledge. No signs as yet, we think, of any desire for the culture of head without heart—intellect without moral habits.

One point remains to be inquired into—the ability of each candidate as a teacher. In many, perhaps most, cases, this has already been ascertained; for, in point of fact, it hardly ever happens that a school is so rich in candidates, or an Inspector in time, as is assumed in the sketch we have drawn. Usually, the maximum number of candidates have been selected by the managers before his arrival; and one object kept in view in the examination of the school is to watch the teaching powers and dispositions of these young pedagogues in germ. Perhaps, however, on our principle of writing for the least informed among our readers, we ought here more distinctly to explain the genus, properties, uses, and general natural history of that newly discovered animal, the pupil-teacher. Neither the term, nor the thing signified, we may observe, was absolutely new at the date of the publication of the Minutes of August 1846.† But it is certainly from that date that it has been generally known as a leading instrument in the educational machinery of our day.

Briefly, the pupil-teacher is an apprentice to the trade of school keeping. Late in the

* See Minute (of August 1846) respecting the Education of Pupil-Teachers and Stipendiary Monitors; and Mr. Brookfield's Report, (Min. 1848-9, vol. ii. p. 63, and 1850, p. xxix.)

† See Min. for 1844, p. 66, and vol. ii. pp. 183, 227.

day—far too late for our well-being—we have found out that there is such a trade—that to train the minds of children requires skilled labour as truly as to cut out a coat or mend a shoe. It is acknowledged, with more or less strength of conviction, that teaching is a science and an art, not to be picked up by accident by every broken-down tradesman, maimed artisan, cast-off footman, or stickit minister. Here, indeed, in Scotland, we have known, for at least three centuries, that a man cannot teach who has not himself been fairly taught. For that piece of information, as well as for the completeness of our parochial agency for the purpose, we thank John Knox and our reforming ancestors. In England, even so much as this has hardly yet been fully recognised. But, even in Scotland, fifteen years ago, it would have been generally taken for granted that any, or almost any, man of fair ability and competent knowledge, might, without any special preparation, assume at once the office of schoolmaster. Few would have recognised the necessity of such *professional* studies as are required from the student of law, medicine, or theology. *Given* an educated man; take a hundred boys, shut him up with them in a room, with a fair assortment of books, &c.; leave the first fermentation to subside—in a month's time you have a schoolmaster after the approved receipt of our fathers. We cannot afford space to descant upon the absurdity of this notion. It has passed, or is rapidly passing, away among ourselves, as it has long ceased to be heard of in the more advanced of the continental nations. Before 1846 many scattered educationists—let us do honour, as among the very foremost, to David Stow—had firmly grasped the now obvious truth, that the judicious management, morally and intellectually, of the minds of children, is simply one of the hardest tasks a man can undertake, and one which peculiarly needs previous professional training to avoid the most perilous mistakes. It requires the solution of some of the most difficult problems in the science of mind, with this penalty on unskilfulness, that each failure may peril in no small degree the prosperity of an immortal soul.*

With this view, then, in the *first* place, the pupil-teacher system was devised, to begin, in good time, specific training for the office of schoolmaster, securing at the same time a thorough personal education of the future teacher. It combines with this object a *second* hardly less important. It had long been felt that it was impossible for one master or mistress, except in a school of very limited numbers, either to teach or to control *properly* all the children put under his charge. The monitorial system was an expedient to meet this evil, an expedient valuable to a certain extent, and which will still linger for a while in the by-ways of education, but soon, we hope to be consigned in every school aspiring to be good, to the grave of all partial improvements.* That it is a help in maintaining order—that it increases the amount of daily instruction—that it gives the master more opportunity of teaching the higher branches thoroughly, without neglecting the younger children—all this we admit. We admit also that, in peculiarly skilful hands, it might now and then be made serviceable for something more than this. It has been so seen here in the city of Edinburgh. But, on the whole, it is plain that the very utmost that can be expected from a child taken in turn out of the ranks, is to teach intelligently a given lesson, and to display some activity in securing the attention of his class. Education, properly so called, requres more than this of the instructor; the Government expect more, and in a large proportion of instances receive more, from their pupil teachers. These differ from mere *monitors*,—in *age*, in *position* in the school, and consequent *authority*—in the *regularity* of their attendance—and, more than all, in having chosen the profession of a teacher, and in giving themselves to it as the business they have to learn. The effect of these distinctions we shall see more fully in the sequel: we return for the present to our Inspector in the school-room.

It depends partly on himself in what way he will ascertain the qualifications of the candidates, in respect of skill and temper, as teachers. Some Inspectors make this a distinct part of the examination, setting them to teach for the express and avowed purpose of testing their gifts. Others prefer letting the school take its usual course, and so viewing the teaching as nearly as may be in its ordinary form. Each method has its advantages, the greater ease and naturalness of the candidates under the less alarming ordeal being balanced by the greater distinctness of the impressions elicited by the other. In whichever way the trial is made, the points chiefly attended to are the power of fixing attention, and apparent liking for the employment. Mere

* See, on this subject, Mr. Moseley's Report on Training Schools, Min. for 1850, pp. 40-42.

* See Mr. Cook's Report, Min. 1844, vol. ii. p. 139.

showiness would not tell for much; while, on the other hand, large allowance would be made for nervous timidity, or (what is quite possible) nervous forwardness. The Inspector looks, not for really good teaching, which is unattainable in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, but for good capacity of learning how to teach. Hitherto, probably, in many districts it has hardly ever happened that a candidate whose knowledge was sufficient has been rejected, except in very extreme cases, for inaptness as a teacher. As the system takes root, and the standard rises in all points, such instances will become less rare.

Suppose, now, the examination ended, and the school dismissed. The Inspector may possibly intimate, before leaving the school-room, the report which he intends to make to the Committee of Council. That report we shall assume to be favourable, as far as the performances of the day are concerned. He may probably have to point out a mistake or two in spelling or grammar—possibly a blunder in arithmetic. But, if he is able to affix the mark "F" or *Fair* to each portion of the paper, and to report favourably on the *vivâ voce* examination, the candidate may sleep that night in peace, with visions of indentures floating in his dreams.

The state of the school may call for some remarks, and recommendations. We assume for the present that the Master or Mistress holds a certificate of merit: the meaning of the term we shall hereafter explain. Meanwhile, it dispenses with the necessity of ascertaining his or her fitness to instruct a pupil-teacher. Possibly, however, the discipline is defective—the school is too noisy—there is a want of attention to order; too common a complaint against old-fashioned schools, more especially if they be Scottish. Probably, the stock of books is defective: here the tables are turned, and though neither side of the Tweed has had much to boast of, the Southern certainly has on the whole lagged farthest behind. Bibles, Testaments, the History of England, published by the Christian Knowledge Society, with a few bundles of pseudo-religious easy reading books for younger classes, constituted ten years ago the stock of a large majority of our schools.* Again, the Inspector's eye is directed towards the desks—either lumbering and unwieldy, or fixed to the wall, as if for the express purpose of effectually removing those who sit at them from the control of the teacher's eye.* Or his eye wanders to roof and windows—he suggests the idea of ventilation:† a new idea, obviously—if the master does not shiver at the sound, he is evidently not of the true old-fashioned school. The floor seems damp; what is the nature of the drainage? A profound mystery, in all probability, if the building is twenty years old. These, with a few *et ceteras*, furnish the managers with food for practical thought. Should the state of things, on any of these points be *very* bad, it will be the Inspector's duty to decline to certify that the school is fit to receive pupil teachers. If the deficiencies are moderate, he points out the means of remedy. Government aid is ready towards repairs,‡ fittings, or books and apparatus;§ but always on the principle of helping those who can and do help themselves.

In course of time, if all go smooth, comes the official sanction to the apprenticeship. Waiving the legal forms, which will be settled in a week or two, we hasten to salute our young friends as pupil-teachers of the first year.

It might fairly be asked at this point, whether the standard of this first examination is not really too low to serve as a discriminating test. There is much force in the objection. Practically, we believe, the subsequent steps would be more easily taken, if the first were somewhat more arduous. Much, however, may be urged in reply. We may be reminded of the influence of nervousness, rendering it certain that very few of these unpractised examinees will be able to come up to their ordinary standard. Again, there were many prejudices to be overcome, and in the outset of the scheme it was most important that the error, if any, should be on the side of leniency. But the most decisive reply is also the least encouraging. Even with the existing standard, properly qualified pupil-teachers are with difficulty to be obtained, more especially in those places where they are most needed, the densely-populated manufacturing districts. For this fact two causes may be assigned; the small number who are still at school when they reach their thirteenth birth-day; and the high value of juvenile labour after that age. On the former point, we must content ourselves with referring to the reports of the Inspec-

* See Mr. Moseley's Report, 1844, (Minutes, vol. ii. p. 250.)

* Ib., p. 238, Mr. Bellairs; Min. for 1847, p. 208, Mr. Watkins.

† See Minutes, 1844, p. 131.

‡ Min. 1850, p. lxix.

§ Min. 1847, pp. xvi and ccxxxvi.

tors.* The latter may require a few words of explanation.

The stipends paid to pupil teachers are:—

At the end of the	1st year,	£10	0	0
"	2d "	12	10	0
"	3d "	15	0	0
"	4th "	17	10	0
"	5th "	20	0	0

If apprenticed at thirteen, these payments are probably rather more than could, in most states of trade, be earned at the same age by factory labour. But then, factory wages are ready money payments: the pupil-teacher's stipend is both deferred and contingent; contingent on his own conduct, on his progress, on the faithfulness of the teacher, the state of the school finances from which a first-rate teacher's salary has to be provided —so contingent, in short, as to bear a much lower *present value* than employment at wages nominally a little less.

From these causes, the ranks of candidates are very much thinned. It is often necessary to seek for them among those who have left school, and who of course do not return with the gloss of their attainments as bright as when they left it. All this should be borne in mind in judging of the actual working of the system. It is not unimportant in its bearing on the practical questions on which probably the next Parliament will pronounce.

The pupil-teacher, having fairly entered on his first year of apprenticeship, begins at once to consider the examination which will meet him at its close. For full particulars we refer the reader to the Minutes of 1846. We shall suppose the circling seasons to have run their courses, and to have brought us once more to the period of the examination. For the sake of variety we shall now conduct our young friend to a *collective* examination, and shall also take the liberty of supposing him to belong to the Church of England.

A *Collective Examination* is held in populous towns, with the view of saving time, by assembling in one room the pupil-teachers and candidates from all schools within reach, and so in one day disposing of the *paper-work* of a whole district.† It is generally conducted by means of printed questions. We hope we do not commit a breach of confidence by presenting our readers with a few specimen of questions really proposed. We combine in one view those given to candidates of each of the five years of apprenticeship.

First Year.

1. What is the cost of 279 articles at 4s 9½d. each?

8. Parse the sentence "These three men were at last the only survivors."

10. Name, and state the position of the chief Seaports of Great Britain.

19. Prove from Holy Scriptures and the Apostles' Creed, the Divinity of our Lord.

Second Year.

1. Write the heads of a Lesson on Glass, or Trees, or the Leopard, or the Mediterranean Sea.

10. Explain the construction of the sentence "The period which James passed in Denmark was one of unusual tranquillity."

20. Name some places in Judea, and relate events with which they are connected in Holy Scripture, before the revolt of the Ten Tribes.

Third Year.

6. In money transactions with other persons, state what accounts must be kept, and why?

7. Explain the terms "Friction," "Momentum," "Pressure," "Equilibrium."

18. Give the derivation of "Concord," "Subtle," "Interest," "Atmosphere," "Adversary."

26. Give an account of Simon de Montfort or Edward II.

29. Quote some prophecy from Holy Scripture respecting John the Baptist, and show its fulfilment.

Fourth Year.

1. Write an account of the organization of your school, and show what use you make of the black board.

2. What is the interest of £19, 19s. 11d. for one year at 4¾ per cent. per annum?

8. How many yards of carpeting 2 feet 9 inches wide, will cover a room that is 24 feet in length and 16 in breadth?

33. Write out the Fifth Article of our Church, on the Holy Ghost, and prove it from Holy Scripture.

Fifth Year.

1. Write a short essay on the position and duties of a teacher.

3. Divide $1-x^2$ by $1+x+x^2+x^3$.

9. Make a field-book for any six-sided field.

11. What parts of speech may be used as the subjects and predicates of propositions? Give instances.

20. With what events in English History is the town of Calais connected? Give dates.

The numbers prefixed may serve to show that these are mere samples of 20 or 30 in each year, from which each candidate was to select not more than 3 on each subject, or about a dozen in all. Many subjects are here entirely omitted in each year: for example, we have quoted no question on geography in the third year, none on gram-

* See, particularly, Mr. Cook's Report, Min. of 1850, p. 175; Mr. Bellairs, pp. 201, *seq.*; Mr. Watkins, p. 264; Mr. Tinling, p. 343; Mr. Norris, p. 622.

† Min. 1846, p. 35; and Mr. Watkins' Report, (1850, p. 269.)

mar in the fourth, nor on Scripture in the fifth.

On the *first-year* questions, no discussion is likely to arise. It will be seen that they test knowledge only, not requiring as yet any such skill in the art of teaching as can be exhibited on paper.

In the first question of the *second* year, this subject is introduced, and is henceforward a very important part of the examination. The "Heads of a Lesson" is a term very suggestive of the kind of training they are intended to receive. It is a very new idea in any but infant schools. Those who wish to see its exact meaning may well study Mr. Stow's "Training System," Miss Mayo's "Lessons on Objects," or some excellent specimens of "Notes" in Mr. Mitchell's report.*

Grammar is usually found the most perplexing subject, for this best of reasons, that comparatively few teachers have really clear conceptions of its nature. If by this term we are to understand a string of dry rules and stereotyped examples, an artificial arrangement of complex forms, with no apparent connexion with the practical usages of language,—if the object be to burden the memory with arbitrary laws clothed in terms studiously pedantic; then certainly there are but two useful lessons such as Science can impart to the child,—the lesson of patience under undeserved misfortune, and the lesson of blind faith in the wisdom of its seniors and superiors. But, if we are to show the fitness of words to be the symbols of thoughts,—if we are to analyze each grammatical rule, and prove that its technicalities are only Common Sense dressed up for company,—if we are to convince the child that grammar is not *invented* but *discovered,* and that its own little head contains the original of all the hard book-words which seem so many instruments of torture; if, for older students, we are to draw out the connexion between the history of our nation and the history of our language, and throw on each page the light which shines on it from the other;—then may Grammar become, instead of the most repulsive, the liveliest lesson of the school-room. We know of no better ten minutes' test of the intellectual state of a school, than a common-sense examination on the elements of English Grammar. It will never be well taught till those who are to teach it know more than a very litte of some Grammar besides English. At present, moreover, there is no work—not even Latham's or Bromby's—which in all points fulfils the conditions of a proper manual. There is perhaps too wide an interval, on this subject, between the requirements of the first year and those of the second.

Geography, in like manner, may be a mere string of names, verified on a piece of canvas called a map. Or it may be the rudiments of a true science—the account of man in his various homes, the physical circumstances which surround him, as well as the historical events which have affected his condition.

The fourth year introduces us to the black board, an article of school apparatus which plays so important a part that, along with parallel desks, it may almost be styled the *symbolum* of the new régime. Too often, we fear, the true answer to the question would be, "We write sums on it for the children to copy," or, "We work sums on it with the class," and that is all. Under a skilful master it becomes the right hand of the teacher. Every lesson is more or less represented to the eye—the "Notes" or "Heads" of lessons are often reproduced in the gradual working out of the subject with the class; geography is frequently taught by outline sketches; and in a variety of ways besides, the board serves both as an assistant and as a check to indolence.

On all these subjects, it is most interesting to watch, from year to year, the development of the mind under sound and skilful training. We commend it to the attention of true votaries of "the proper study of mankind." We mean especially the progress of the teaching-power,—the maturing of the raw efforts of the boy or girl candidate into the really artistical performance of the superior pupil-teacher. High specimens are still, unfortunately—from defects both of material and of workmanship—too rare; but fair approximations to high excellence may easily be met with.

We hope our readers' nerves have not sustained a shock on meeting with Mechanics and Algebra—(there would now also be some Euclid)—among these questions. We may remark, however, that these subjects are confined to male candidates. The Council do not patronize Bloomerism. Euclid and Algebra are plainly necessary in any course of thorough mental training, more especially for those who are hereafter to teach Arithmetic. If any reader doubts this, we assign him this penance for his skepticism;—to explain to an intelligent child the *reason* of the rule for extracting the Square Root: this done, proceed to the Cube Root. The old-fashioned *dominie* has always been fond of Arithmetic, and after his fashion has generally been comparatively successful in teaching it. But the result has been almost always

* Appendix B, Min. pp. 418, *seq.*

mere practical dexterity. In a large majority of cases, the children remain ignorant of the simplest principles. They may be working sums in Interest, and not really understand Numeration.* A good example is the Rule of Three, as commonly worked, compared with the improved methods.

With respect to Mechanics, we have more doubt. As now taught, it seems to us to be a matter of pure *cram;* nor do we see how it is possible to make it otherwise, if it is to be learnt without previous acquaintance with the mathematical principles on which it is based. So, too, of Mensuration apart from Geometry. The smattering of *practical* knowledge is of small account—not to be set against the evil of lowering the intellectual tone of Education.

The scriptural questions are fair samples of examinations, on the whole,—both fair and searching. They are confined to Church of England schools: in others, the managers make on this subject their own report. Some might wish that this were otherwise, and are by no means sure that the real feeling of the country would oppose the change. But, no doubt, the Government chose the prudent course.

Besides the subjects here indicated, there are others—such as vocal music, drawing, and in girls' schools—needlework—on which a report is made according to the circumstances of each case. On the latter subject, the Inspector is, we believe, bound to return his opinion; what special training he may have passed through in order to qualify him for the task, we have of course no means of ascertaining. In general, we suppose, a jury of ladies are consulted.

Immediately after each of these examinations, the annual visit of the Inspector is paid to the school; the reports of master and managers are carefully considered—the progressive skill in teaching watched with eyes as progressively critical—and finally, the annual report sent up to the Council-office, on which hang suspended the stipends of the master and pupil-teachers. After some weeks of hope deferred, they receive their sentence; perhaps an intimation that grammar must be attended to, or that spelling is defective—possibly a refusal to continue their Lordships' sanction to the apprenticeship, with or without, as the case may be, the payment of stipend for the past year. This, however, is hardly ever withheld, unless in cases of moral delinquency, or where previous warning has been given of the necessity of improvement on a specified subject.

Supposing him to have passed unscathed through all these perils, his next plunge is into a competition for a *Queen's Scholarship.* This term denotes an exhibition of £25 or £20 a-year, according to the degree of merit, given for one year to deserving pupil-teachers after the close of their apprenticeship, to enable them to complete their professional education at one of the normal or training schools. Each is at liberty to choose any one of these institutions; but only a limited number of Queen's Scholarships is granted to each training school. The examination is conducted along with that of the students already in residence for certificates of merit. The question-papers for the past year will be found in the Minutes.* If successful, the *emeritus* pupil-teacher develops into the Queen's Scholar, a student free of expense in the training school of his preference. How far his studies there, theoretical and practical, may eventually be carried, it is hardly yet possible to foresee. The present year is the first in which any large number can have entered as Queen's Scholars. Hitherto—in England at least—the training schools have for the most part laboured under the disadvantage of having to work on materials almost too rough to receive a polish, even from the keenest tools and the most finished workmanship. They will now, for the first time, have a fair opportunity of really training as teachers those who have elsewhere acquired the rudiments of knowledge. In the execution of this task, there are, of course, not only degrees of success, but differences of theory and of plan. It would be invidious to particularize, nor could we do so with advantage, without entering at large into a discussion of the whole principles of the art of teaching. This our limits forbid. We may, however, be allowed to say that among the things most perfect in their kind, we should reckon the Gallery Lesson system, as taught by it author, Mr. Stow, in the Glasgow Normal Seminary, and, to a certain extent, at the Cheltenham Training Colleges. In skilful hands it is a most powerful instrument, both of discipline and of instruction. Its danger is its very attractiveness: the teacher is apt to grow so fond of it, as to shrink from the drudgery of the more mechanical modes of instruction. Yet it is obvious that, for the purpose of teaching the art of reading, and other mere ὄργανα of education properly so called, the sympathy of numbers is almost valueless and the Gallery therefore an unsuitable instrument. We believe that, as a general rule, the teachers trained under this system have far more than average success in moral tone and the cultivation of the habit of thought, with rather less than average

* See Mr. Moseley's Report, (Min. for 1847, p. 6.)

* Vol. i. pp. 62, 128.

success (among trained teachers), if judged by the accuracy of their children's acquaintance with the ordinary rudiments of education.

Be this as it may, our trained student after a year or two of residence in the Institution, comes forth a very different being from even the best of untrained teachers. It will be most convenient for our purpose to suppose him to be prevented by some cause—say illness at the time of examination—from obtaining a certificate before taking charge of a school. He shall have one which has not previously been under inspection—which has to be completely reorganized. His first point will be *drill*—then, order in its higher sense—then, the still higher kind of discipline which rests upon an improved moral tone. A few weeks will accomplish the first—will go far towards the second—and lay the foundation for the third. For it is here, quite as much as in the direct imparting of knowledge, that the difference is seen between the skilled workman, even of moderate ability, and the unskilled labourer, even of very superior powers. Order being established, our schoolmaster has breathing-time to look to other matters. He wants new books and apparatus—suggests to his managers the desirableness of applying for a Government grant—is encouraged to make out his list—and (all due forms being complied with) sees himself at the end of the first quarter fairly supplied with his needful tools. So far good. But his numbers are increasing—he needs a gallery, pupil-teachers, and if possible a class-room; obtains perhaps the first, and permission to prepare candidates. The day of examination arrives, but brings with it a trial for our master's pride. Not having a certificate, it will be necessary for him to be examined, to prove his competency to instruct pupil-teachers. Few teachers, probably, have submitted thus to sit down, side by side with their scholars, without an inward vow that no efforts should be wanting on their part to obtain the magic parchment which shall raise them above this very galling necessity. That it is no small evil thus to lower the status of the teacher, can hardly be doubted. But it is not easy to provide a remedy, while the present system of certificate lasts, or indeed under any system which allows of pupil-teachers under imperfectly trained masters and mistresses.

Our friend, however, obtains his certificate at the next examination. We make but one remark—on the mode adopted to test his powers as a teacher. He is required to give a short lesson to a class, in the presence of the Inspector, on a subject of his own selection. On the evidence so afforded, the Inspector pronounces judgment. We very much doubt the soundness of this operation. A teacher can be fairly judged of only in his own school; and, even then, the true proof of his success is to be sought rather in the results than in a supposed sample of his manner—or, at the very least, in both these combined.

The certificate, when obtained, may be of various degrees of merit. Let it be of the second division of the second class,—the middle point of the nine grades. In that case the master becomes entitled to a yearly payment from Government of £21, 10s. in augmentation of his salary; provided that he receives from the managers not less than £43, of which one half must be raised by voluntary contributions. In Scotland, all payments by heritors above the legal minimum are reckoned as voluntary contributions.

We believe this to be the least successful part of the scheme of 1846–7. It gives too much to the lucky candidate at one examination, and too little to the persevering energy of years. It apportions Government aid, not according to the want of places, but according to the scholarship of the teacher. Lastly, it leaves in the cold shade those places which are really too poor to purchase its aid, or in which what wealth there is, is in unfriendly, or careless, or niggard hands.

This brings us at once to the practical view of our subject. The preceding sketch, however imperfect, may tend to establish the fact of the great change that has been wrought in our educational condition and prospects within the last five years. We see every reason for maintaining all the main features of the pupil-teacher system. Testimony is almost unanimous as to its success. It is equally so on the fact, that the disease for which it was to be the remedy has a seat which we have not yet reached. Two great evils are yet untouched—want of money, and want of children. Vast masses are still uneducated, or educated so partially as to receive little or no benefit: the most necessitous districts lie shivering within sight of the Council's central fire, forbidden by stern poverty to approach and warm themselves. What is our remedy?

According to the published summaries for 1850, the number of schools receiving annual grants was, in that year,—

In England and Wales—		
Church of England Schools,	1141	
Protestant Dissenters,	250	
Roman Catholics,	64	
carried forward		1455

Brought forward,		1455
In Scotland—		
Established Church,	126	
Other Denominations,	131	
Roman Catholics,	5	
		262
Total,		1717

The following is the condensed summary of the statistics of that year, including all schools actually inspected, whether receiving annual grants or not:—

	Schools.	Children.	Cert. Masters or Mistresses.	Pupil Teachers.
Church of England,	1662	157,690	568	3086
Protestant Dissenters,	282	39,888	126	850
Established Church of Scotland,	92	7,209	31	150
Free Church, &c.,	128	12,833	78	218
Roman Catholics,	99	7,769	27	167
	2263	225,389	830	4471

It is hardly necessay to point out the inferences to be drawn from this table. They all point in one direction—the exceedingly small progress which has yet been made, in proportion to the whole population of the country. Nor is the rate of advance more encouraging. The building grants made in the same year are only 232 towards the erection of schools to accommodate 29,848 children. Allowing for the increase of population, we must be losing instead of gaining ground, year by year. Again we ask, What is our remedy?

We do not think that a very large number of new schools is required, or that there is any great difficulty found in erecting them under the existing arrangements. It is the burden of maintaining them in efficiency for which some relief is demanded. The Dean of Hereford tells us that all schools—at least, all agricultural schools—may be made self-supporting.* Mr. Norris seems inclined to confirm the Dean's testimony.† We believe them both, with the amendment of the word "all" into "many more than are supposed." Much might be done with such men as Mr. Dawes to do it; but, could he multiply himself till he filled all Britain with Daweses, the complaint of poverty, though greatly diminished, would still in its degree be true.

Mr. Baines of Leeds tells us that voluntary exertion is able to do all that is required. Our reply is simple: *Do it.* We shall be convinced when we see it done; and in the meantime we may provide for the contingency of failure.

There remain, before the *English* public, two schemes only with apparent prospect of success. Both owe their origin to that fruitful mother of schemes—Manchester. The one—propounded by the Lancashire Public School Association—contemplates united instruction, without specific religious teaching. The other—commonly known as the Manchester Local Bill—sacrifices union in order to secure religious education.

For *Scotland*, the only plan which has been fully matured, is that embodied in Lord Melgund's Bill of last session. In its leading features it approaches pretty closely to the Lancashire or secular scheme.

It is not our purpose at present to enter into the details of any of these proposals. We regard them all as still in embryo, and feel satisfied a really comprehensive and satisfactory measure has yet to be matured. Should the first weeks of the session, contrary to present appearances, find leisure for a full educational discussion, and should any well-digested measure be really before Parliament, we may, perhaps, in another Article, consider the details of its provisions, as a complement to the present historical sketch of recent progress in this department. Meanwhile we close with a few prolegomena on leading principles, which seem to require for their application nothing but an enlightened comprehensiveness of mind, and an honest determination to rise superior to party interest and local controversies.

One point is generally conceded: there must be an educational rate for England; and for Scotland, a re-adjustment of existing provisions. We do not dissent. The necessity is urgent. But we would very strenuously contend against a rate so laid as to supersede the payments by parents for their children's education. Free-schooling is, in our view, an unmitigated evil. Another evil which should be carefully guarded against, is the needless multiplication of schools. It is easy to see that, in this matter, competition is a worse than doubtful advantage. The possibility of having more than one good school in a locality is restricted within certain limits of population.

We are not sure of the *necessity* of having schools in England denominational, or that no common ground can be found for a co-operation of religious parties in a national education. On the other hand, we do not

* See his most interesting pamphlet, "Suggestive Hints," &c.; also, the Reports on King's Somborne School,—especially Mr. Moseley's for 1847, (Min., vol. i. p. 7.)

† Min., p. 630.

feel that denominational schools are an unmixed evil. What we lose in unity, we perhaps gain in definiteness of religious teaching and impression. It is not improbable that both objects might, in a wise spirit of conciliation, even in England, be combined. If thinking men in the middle classes are agreed on any point, it is to repudiate any primary education which is not by some means associated with religion.

In Scotland there is an obvious evil in multiplying schools on the ground of religious divisions, in which the same standards are universally to be taught. Still greater would be the anomaly of establishing a non-religious education for a people nine-tenths of whom are prepared for religious co-operation in popular education.

The things chiefly needed in both countries are of a practical nature. We must secure, for example, the appointment of teachers properly qualified. This ought not to create any serious difficulty. The Normal seminaries should be the key-stones of the arch. The subject of separate Female schools will also become very important when the plea of poverty is removed. Mixed schools, with all their merits, are in our eyes objectionable; not on the ground of danger from the association of boys and girls, but because the female mind, morals, and manners, cannot be rightly moulded except under female influence. Industrial Schools must soon, both in England aud Scotland, acquire a far higher degree of importance than they have yet received. Hitherto, the anxious endeavours of Government to ingraft industrial occupations on ordinary school-work, have not, we think, been very successful. Even at the best, it is too like "playing at gardening," to produce very solid results. It may deserve attention, whether some system of regulated *half-time* agricultural labour might not do more towards implanting industrial habits. "Ragged Schools" ought no longer to be isolated from the general Educational system. Both their own well-being, and that of the non-ragged class, demand that their efficiency be extended, their finance prosperity secured, and their management carefully guarded, so as to occupy their proper field without encroaching on the territory of the self-supporting school. Night-schools for adults are indispensable in large towns, and most desirable in the country. Their inspection is a little difficult, but the difficulties *must* soon be overcome, if the education of the people is to be really a national interest.

On the whole, we have good hope that the recent discussions on this subject of Popular Education, though tedious, will not be unproductive. Scotland especially seems called, as she has often been before, to march in the van of civilization. Her people are already united under one doctrinal banner, however much divided on minuter points of difference. It will be strange if there is not wisdom enough, or mutual forbearance enough, found among us to take advantage of this most important fact. If jealousies and suspicions keep separate those whom Providence is drawing together, a deep stain will rest on our national character. We know of nothing so nearly resembling the case as the dispute for the post of honour between the Clans at Culloden, in the very presence of the enemy. *Our* enemy is full in view. Vice and Infidelity watch for the signs of dissension in our ranks. But we are no "false wizard" to sound the hoarse note of evil augury. We are full of hope; for we are full of faith in the common sense and religious sincerity of the English, and still more of the Scottish people. When next we address our readers on this topic, we trust to be able to congratulate them on the accomplished harmony of parties on some comprehensive measure. Meanwhile, we have to apologise for a very imperfect sketch of past progress; reminding them at the same time of the humble office which we undertook. We hope that the directions on our "finger-post" are at least distinct. May we soon be able to add the information, *how far they are from home!*

ART. X.—1. *Œuvres de Louis Napoléon Bonaparte.* Paris. 3 tom. 8vo.
2. *Des Idées Napoléoniennes.* Par L. N. BONAPARTE. Paris.

WHEN we wrote of France last May—of the difficulty of its task, the instability of its government, and the perplexity of its path—hopeless as we then were of a successful issue, we could scarcely have anticipated that in seven short months that Government would be overthrown once more, that task abandoned in despair, that path more dark and intricate than ever. Within three years from the expulsion of the Orleanist dynasty by a knot of fanatical Republicans, both victors and vanquished in that sudden struggle have been suppressed by a military despotism: the polity they had joined in constructing has been violently swept

away, and France has again become a *tabula rasa* for constitutional experimentalists. We wrote thus in May,—

"The Revolution of February—being (as it were) an aggressive negation, not a positive effort, having no clear idea at its root, but being simply the product of discontent and disgust—furnishes no foundation for a Government. Loyalty to a legitimate monarch; deference to an ancient aristocracy; faith in a loved and venerated creed; devotion to a military leader; sober schemes for well understood material prosperity;—all these may form, and have formed, the foundation of stable and powerful Governments: mere reaction, mere denial, mere dissatisfaction, mere vague desires, mere aggression on existing things—never.

"To construct a firm and abiding commonwealth out of such materials, and in the face of such obstacles as we have attempted to delineate,—such is the problem the French people are called upon to conduct to a successful issue. Without a positive and earnest creed; without a social hierarchy; without municipal institutions and the political education they bestow; without a spirit of reverence for rights, and of obedience to authority, penetrating all ranks,—we greatly doubt whether the very instruments for the creation of a republic are not wanting. A republic does not create these—it supposes and postulates their existence. They are inheritances from the past, not possessions to be called into being by a fiat. They are the slow growth of a settled political and social system, acting with justice, founded on authority and tradition, and consolidated by long years of unshaken continuance."

Viewed in our imperfect light, and from our field of limited and feeble vision, the sun in his wide circuit shines down upon no sadder spectacle than France now presents to the gazing and astonished world. Rich in material resources, but unable to turn any of them to full account; teeming with brilliant talent and clear intelligence, but doomed to see the talent prostituted and the intelligence abortive; prolific beyond any other country in theories of social regeneration and impossible perfection, yet fated beyond any other to wallow in the mire of the past, and to re-tread the weary cycle of ancestral blunders; unable to reduce into wholesome practice any one of her magnificent conceptions; unable to conduct to a successful issue any one of her promising experiments; ever building houses of cards, which every wind of passion sweeps away; ever re-commencing, never ending; the loftiest and most insatiable of aspirants, the most paltry and laggard of performers; assuming to lead the vanguard of civilisation, but for ever loitering in the rear, for ever acting as the drag. Such is the aspect of France to eyes yet shrouded in the flesh, and darkened by the fears and frailties of humanity. To higher and wiser witnesses,

> "Who watch, like God, the rolling hours,
> With larger, other, eyes than ours,"

who gifted with a deeper insight, and purged from our dazzling and misleading sympathies, can see through the present confusion to the future issue—it may be that all these convulsions and vicissitudes are but the struggles of Chaos to form itself into Kosmos, the throes and efforts of a new birth. Each apparent failure may be an essential step in the process of ultimate achievement; each backslider may be a *reculer pour mieux sauter;* each shattered hope, over whose ruin we have mourned, may have been built upon a false foundation; each seemingly fair and promising construction, which we repine to see destroyed, may have been an obstacle to something sounder and more solid in the distance; and the late apparent annihilation of all that past toil and sacrifice had gained, may be, when viewed aright, an indispensable pre-requisite to greater and more permanent acquisitions—not the ebb of progress—only the receding wave of the advancing tide.

Let us endeavour to arrive at a clear notion of the actual situation of affairs, by a rapid glance at the defunct Constitution, and the conduct of the Assembly and the President respectively.

The destruction of the Constitution inaugurated in 1848 has surprised no one; the peculiar mode and time of that destruction has surprised nearly everybody. From the outset it was evident that it was not made to last. The Republic itself was a sudden and unwelcome improvisation. It was *imposed* by the violent agents of the Revolution, and was never cordially accepted by the intelligence, the property, or the experience of the nation. When the Convention met, the Republican form of government was *proclaimed*, not deliberated on nor chosen. The constitution, the work of this Convention, bore upon it the stamp of the circumstances under which, and the body from which it emanated. It was concocted by a combination of parties who had all of them ulterior aims, and whose ulterior aims were at variance with one another. The Republicans were anxious to make it as purely democratic as possible. The Constitutionalists desired to make the Assembly supreme, both over executive and people. The Imperialists wished to prevent the return of the Bourbon Branches. The Or-

leanists and Legitimists wished reciprocally to destroy each other's hopes. But all parties, dreading lest their rivals should, by caprice or accident, be recalled and entrusted with the executive authority, concurred in reducing that authority to a minimum. The Constitution had many faults; this was probably its chief one. It would be unreasonable to demand from a scheme concocted to meet the wants and satisfy the exigencies of a passing crisis, and with the cannon of the barricades yet ringing in the ears of its fabricators, either the maturity of reflection which characterizes the productions of patient reasoning, or the thorough understanding of human passions and requirements, which can only be obtained by long practice in political affairs; or that happy conformity with national tastes and manners, which belongs only to institutions which have grown up in the course of ages, and have become firmly rooted in the soil. Few of those who joined in the construction of it regarded it with hope; fewer still with admiration or real satisfaction. To some it was a work of desperation; to others a pilot balloon; to nearly all an expedient to feel their way out of an embarrassing position. Between the various and hostile elements which contended for the mastery in France, the Constitution was not a permanent peace, but merely an armistice, a hollow truce. From the first hour that it was promulgated no one had faith in his durability; and perhaps the wisest provision which it contained was the clause which anticipated the probability and prescribed the mode of its revision.

A powerful and long-established Government—skilful and unscrupulous, and as resolute in denying the most reasonable demands of the constitutional opposition, as the wildest clamours of the Socialists—had been overthrown by a popular outbreak. A period of strange misrule had succeeded, in which the more worthless of the working classes and their leaders reigned almost supreme. The first attempt at return to that state of order and repression which the very life of society demanded, had been met by the desperate insurrection of the 15th of May, which gave a glimpse of the fearful fate which hung over Paris, and the other great cities of France, if the arm of the executive should be for one moment paralyzed or shattered. Scarcely had this been expressed, and the capital been rescued from the "*douze heures de pillage*" which Blanqui had promised to his followers, when the same warning was repeated in still more awful tones. The three days' battle in the streets, which only the concentrated energy of a most resolute Dictator was able to determine in favour of the cause of property and law; when Cavaignac was preparing to blow up a whole quarter of the city rather than run the risk of a defeat; when the issue appeared so doubtful, and the case so threatening, that he even meditated withdrawing his army into the country, and concentrating his forces for a prolonged civil war; when the skill and desperation of the insurgents was such, and compelled such terrible severity, that to this hour it is not known how many perished, and some estimate the number at 10,000; this terminated the series of impressive lessons which should have shown the contrivers of the Constitution what was needed, and in what direction their fears and precautions ought to lie. But while the ears of every one yet tingled with the frightful denunciations of the defeated insurrectionists; while the heart of every one yet beat at the thought of the horrors they had barely escaped, through the dangerous but indispensable resource of a military dictatorship; they devoted their entire attention to weakening and hampering the executive power which had just, and with difficulty, saved them;—to a situation and necessities almost unheard of in the world till then, they opposed ideas and plans whose impotence and inadequacy had been fully proved by reiterated failures.

It was clear that what France demanded from the Constituent Assembly, was the establishment of a supreme power truly and efficiently executive, and a representation really national,—a government sufficiently strong to satisfy the craving *need of being governed*, which all Frenchmen feel by a secret instinct, and have been accustomed to by long generations of a bureaucracy,—and competent to wield with a firm and masterly hand, the stupendous administrative sceptre which the centralization organized by Napoleon had bestowed on France; and a legislative Assembly which should give to the various elements which constitute the real permanent majority, to the summary of all the feelings, opinions, and interests of the nation, an easy, natural, and regular predominance, proportioned to their respective worth and weight. How did it discharge this double task?

For fifty years France has been covered with the columns and arches of a most majestic administrative edifice, constructed by a master hand, which strikes the imagination by its grandeur, and charms the eye by the uniformity and regularity of its arrangements. The central power, seated in

the capital, radiates to the remotest corners of the land, embraces everything in its glance, grasps everything in its hand, exerts everywhere its mischievous stimulus or its stern control. It asks advice from local bodies, but gives them no power, and permits no interference. Even where it respects private rights, it paralyzes personal freedom, and weakens individual responsibility; it keeps everything and everybody under surveillance and in leading strings. A system of direct taxation, strictly levied, gives it an acquaintance with all fortunes; an organized system of state education opens to it an entrance into all families. Nothing, either in the domain of thought or of material interests, escapes its interference; everything looks towards it; everything reposes upon it. From one end of the country to the other, every one of the 37,000 communes into which it is divided, and every one of the 36,000,000 of people who inhabit it, keep their eyes steadily fixed upon the head quarters of the motive power; await their signal from its will; imbibe their inspiration from its breath. The tremendous weapon of authority thus given to the central government, the fearful burden of responsibility thus concentrated upon a single head,—hard to be wielded and oppressive to be borne even by royalty secure of its position, accustomed to command, aided by prestige, and protected by inviolability,—the new Constitution placed in the hands of a novice, renewable every four years; chosen by the mass to-day, re-confounded with the crowd to-morrow; chosen by one party, and consequently the antagonist and the destined victim of all other parties; the butt of a thousand intriguers, and driven to counter-intrigues for his defence; superintended with a hostile vigilance by the most unsatisfiable and imperious of masters; viz., a single, numerous, inexperienced, divided, and factious assembly, seldom suspending its sittings, and having always a committee of "detective police" to watch him during its short vacations. A dictatorship in the hands of a puppet! Supreme power in the hands of one who is watched and treated as a public enemy! A most subtle, complete, and universal organization, created by the fiat, and designed for the purposes of an iron and imperial will, yet confided to the management of a transient, ill-paid officer, bound hand and foot to the caprices of a popular assembly! The President was expected, out of a salary of £25,000 a-year, to fill with *éclat* the position of Representative Chief of a nation fond of splendour, of gaiety, of hospitable show. He was expected to keep the cup of supreme power ever at his lips, but never to do more than taste it. He was to be a great monarch without monarchical permanence, without monarchical veto, without monarchical inviolability. He was carried up to a pinnacle from which he saw all authority, all grandeur, all dominion within his reach, and as it were his appointed inheritance, and then was bidden peremptorily to descend from the giddy eminence, and to turn away his gaze from the alluring prize. Restored for a moment to the imperial throne, and grasping the reins of the imperial chariot, he was expected to still every throb of imperial ambition. Selected by a people accustomed to be much and energetically governed, needing to be so, clamorous to be so, and entrusted therefore with the power of a Cæsar or a Czar, he was expected to be the submissive slave of a debating club of vestrymen, quarrelling among themselves, and elected by far fewer numbers than himself.

Such was the executive power in France as defined and inaugurated by the new Constitution: was the legislative body more wisely organized? It was perhaps scarcely to be expected that a people just broke loose from all rule, fresh from a triumphant struggle with established authority, fought in the name of the exciting watch-words of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, should admit any aristocratic element into the new system they were framing; but why should they have deprived themselves of that mighty influence in the scale of order and stability which, as all history shows, is afforded by a second Chamber! There are many ways of constituting an Upper House without making it either a Council of Nominees, or a Senate of Hereditary Peers. It might be elected simply by a higher class of electors, or as in Belgium, require higher qualifications for its members. It might, as in Sardinia, be composed of men selected from among literary, judicial, scientific, and military notabilities. It might be chosen by different districts and for different terms from those of the Lower House, as in the State of New York, or might be obtained by a double election, as in the Federal Union of America. There are so many modes in which an effective and valuable second Chamber might be obtained, that the French had no excuse for rejecting it on the ground of difficulty. But the Assembly being resolved to retain the supreme power in its own hands, was unwilling to be in any way checked or fettered, or compelled to an unwelcome degree of deliberation. It therefore cast away,

almost without the compliment of a discussion, the suggestion of a second Chamber, with all the obvious advantages that might have flowed from such an arrangement, and substituted a most clumsy and incautious scheme for preventing hasty or inconsiderate changes in one direction only,—by enacting that, however faulty their new Constitution might prove, it should be in the power of a small minority to prohibit its amendment. They required a majority of *three-fourths* to legalize a revision. They tied their own hands in the one case, in which, as it happened, it was peculiarly desirable to leave them free. Every thing else was stamped in moveable types: the hasty and unmanageable Constitution was alone stereotyped.—It was, perhaps, scarcely to be expected that, in a Constitution springing from a revolution which, if not made by the masses, was at least promptly seized upon by them, any other system than that of universal suffrage should have been adopted. But three things these lawmakers might have done which they did not: they might at least have left the discussion of the matter free; they might have respected the principle, once adopted, when it pronounced against them as well as when it spoke in their favour; and they might have surrounded its exercise with all the wise precautions and judicious arrangements which could mitigate its dangers and render it the *bonâ fide* expression of the nation's will. Instead of this the convention hastily passed a law early in 1848, placing the principle of universal suffrage under the protection of the tribunals—making it penal to question or discuss it—treating the exposure of its evils and its dangers as sedition and treason. In the next place, as if conscious that their successors would desire to undo their clumsy workmanship, they violated the principle they had laid down, setting universal suffrage, or the government of the majority, at defiance, by enacting that, where the Constitution was in question, the many should bow to the decision of the few. Consider for a moment the full extent of this grotesque and insolent absurdity. Every Republic, and the Republic of 1848 more nakedly than any other, is based upon the will of the majority. It is their sole recognised foundation. An absolute monarchy rests upon the divine right of kings. An hereditary aristocracy rests upon the superior claims and powers of special families. A theocracy rests upon direct religious sanction. But republics sweep all these away. The Republic of 1848 ignored and denied them all. Hereditary right, constitutional legality, established institutions, equilibrium of power,—it sacrificed all to the blind worship of THE MAJORITY. No sooner, however, had it done so, than it turned round upon the nation, and said: "The majority is omnipotent, and its authority unquestionable, only to authorize us and to sanction our decrees: we pronounce it powerless to negative or change them. So long as a minority of one fourth supports our constitution, so long that constitution shall be inviolable." The majority of the nation, by the voice of the majority of its representatives legally elected, demands a change in the form of the government. The minority steps in and says, "No! there shall be no such change—neither to-day, nor to-morrow, nor ten years hence, so long as one-fourth of the people or their deputies object to it. We, the few, will control and govern you, the many." And the men who held this language and considered this proceeding just, are the republicans *par excellence!* The democrats are the oligarchs. The very men who thus contended for the permanent right of the few to bind the many, were the very men who sprung out of the victory of the many over the few,—whose position, whose very existence, was the creation of the principle they thus repudiated! The Constitution which declared itself inviolable and unchangeable, even by a large majority, was the very Constitution which was found to be so intolerable that a large majority insisted upon altering. Were they to retain and obey a bad law, because that law itself forbad them to repeal it? Whence could any body derive a right to make such an enactment? With what decency or justice could a constituent assembly, itself the offspring of the victory of the majority over the minority, enact that in future the minority should bind the majority?

If the principle of universal suffrage was thus slightly respected even by those who asserted it most loudly, the arrangements for carrying it into practical operation were marked with no extraordinary sagacity. Out of the seven or eight million of voters who found themselves endowed with the franchise, a very large proportion consisted of the peasantry of the rural districts, little cognizant of political affairs, and little interested in party strife. Numbers of them would have no idea how to vote: numbers of them would not care how they voted: numbers more would not wish to vote at all. The rock on which universal suffrage is almost always wrecked is, the ignorance or the indifference of the great mass of the electors. Thousands of the peasantry never stir from home; hundreds of thousands know no one beyond the limits of their own commune,

and never hear the names of obscure or intriguing political aspirants. If, therefore, it were desired most effectually to confirm their indifference to the elections, and to embarrass them in their choice of a candidate, and utterly to confuse their comprehension of the whole transaction, no better scheme could have been devised than to make them vote by *departments* instead of by *arrondissements*, or by *communes*,—and to call upon them to elect at once, not one man, whom they may chance to know, but a whole list of ten, fifteen, or twenty, the names of nearly all of whom they probably never heard of, and of whose respective qualifications they cannot form the most remote conception. A plan like this was sure to throw the virtual choice into the hands of clubs, or knots of political agitators, who would *exploiter* the great body of the electors for their own purposes and interests; and was likely to end in the great mass of the people retiring from the exercise of the suffrage in carelessness or disgust. One of the chief evils, indeed, of universal suffrage is, that it never does, and rarely can, give the actual sentiments and wishes of the numerical mass of the population. Those interested in political strife vote; those who are sick of it, or indifferent to it, abstain from voting. Among the working classes this is particularly the case. There is the peaceful industrious artisan, loving work much, independence more, and his family most of all, living aloof from the turmoil and passions of the public world, and whose leisure is spent by the domestic hearth, and in the society of his wife and children. And there is the artisan who considers himself enlightened, who frequents *cafés*, who reads newspapers, who heads processions, who mans barricades, to whom haranging is far pleasanter than honest labour. To the first, a day lost at elections is a nuisance and an injury, a supper or a breakfast wanting, diminished wages, an unfinished job, scantier food or clothing for his children or himself. To the second it is a joyful holiday, a noisy spree, a positive indulgence, possibly an actual gain of more than he would have earned in a week by steady industry. The result is, that the first man, whose vote would be of real value and meaning to the community, never gives it: the second whose vote is worthless and a deception, records it on every occasion; and the nation is as far as ever from having gathered the real feelings and opinions of its citizens. In times of excitement and of novelty, such as the first general election, or the choice of a President, this evil is not so much felt; but so strongly was it beginning to be feared, that one of the last proposals laid before the late Assembly, was for making it penal to abstain from the exercise of the franchise,—for inflicting a fine on all who neglected to record their votes.*

Such being the Constitution imposed upon France, but never submitted to the country for ratification, what has been the conduct of the Assembly elected under its auspices? Its whole career has been one series of intrigues against the President, of squabbles amongst its members, of assaults upon the liberties of the nation, of violations of its trust, and of decisions which gave the lie to its origin and its professions; and it has done more to sicken France with the very name and principle of representative government than any elected body since the days of the National Convention. It was elected under a Republic; it was appointed to consolidate and perfect the Republic; it commenced life by swearing allegiance and fidelity to the Republic;—yet it was composed in great part of Orleanists, Bonapartists, and Legitimists, who made no secret either of their actual views or of their ulterior designs. Probably not more than 250 members were at any time genuine republicans at heart. The Orleanists visited Claremont, and intrigued for the return of the exiled House. The Legitimists avowedly received their directions from Wiesbaden, and kept steadily before them the interests of the Count de Chambord. The Bonapartists openly sighed after the Imperial *régime*, and took their orders from the Elysée. The members of the Mountain alone were faithful to their trust: they stood to their colours, though conscious that the country was against them, and combined with each of their antagonists in turn to defeat and embarrass the others. A sadder, more factious, more disreputable spectacle a free country has seldom seen. They turned round almost immediately upon the constituents who had elected them. They abolished universal suffrage by 466 votes to 223, and disfranchised three millions of electors. They sent an army to crush the Republic of Rome, then fighting so gallantly for its existence, by 469 votes to 180. They handed over the primary instruction of the nation to the clergy by 445 votes to 187. They enacted laws and sanctioned proceedings against the liberty of the press, severer than Louis Philippe had ever ventured upon. By compelling every writer to sign his name to each article in the journals, they struck a fatal blow at both the influence and the independence of journalism. They sat nearly in permanence, and kept the nation in perpetual hot water. Whenever they adjourned for a short holiday, they left a committee of watch-dogs to overhaul every act of the executive. Their ques-

* For this sketch of the vices of the Constitution, we are greatly indebted to two *brochures* by M. Albert de Broglie.

tors attempted to gain the command of the army. And, finally, at the moment of their dissolution, they were discussing, and were expected, by a factious combination, to pass a law ("on the responsibility of the executive") which would have virtually transferred the whole power of the state into their hands.

While the Assembly were thus conspiring against, violating and discrediting the constitution to which they owed their existence, and which they had sworn to maintain, the conduct of the President had scarcely been one whit more patriotic or more honest. From the first day of his inauguration, it was evident that he was determined to be re-elected—by a revision of the Constitution, if that could be obtained; if not, in defiance of the Constitution. It is even probable that he aimed, not only at a prolongation, but at an increase of his power. For this he flattered the army; for this he removed and appointed generals and prefects; for this he played into the hands of the priests; for this he joined the conservative majority in enacting the law of the 31st May; for this he joined the republicans in demanding its repeal. Every action betrayed his patient, plodding, and unscrupulous ambition. But on the other hand, he had shewn always such sagacity, and often such dignity; his language and bearing were moulded with such unerring tact to suit the tastes and fancies of the French people; and his personal objects, as far as they were seen, were felt to harmonize so much with the apparent interests of the country, that a strong feeling had grown up among nearly all classes in his favour. His popularity rose as that of the Assembly declined. While reputation after reputation among public men had sunk or suffered shipwreck,—while every other statesman had gone down in general estimation,—while Cavaignac had lost much of his prestige, and Lamartine had been utterly extinguished, and Thiers had been discredited, baffled, and unmasked, and even Guizot had failed to make any progress towards the redemption of his fame,—the character of Louis Napoleon gradually rose, from the first day of his election; every step, whether his own or his opponents', contributed to confirm his popularity and consolidate his power. He suffered his rivals and antagonists to exhaust and expose themselves by their own violence; and keeping strictly within the limits of his prerogative, he "bided his time," and came out victorious from every struggle. Previous, therefore, to the *coup d'état*, there had gradually grown up among all classes of Frenchmen, a conviction that the destinies of the nation would be far safer, and its character far higher, if confided to a man who, whatever were his faults, had at least shewn that he possessed a definite purpose and a firm will,—than if left in the hands of a body of men who had manifested no signs of a lofty and decorous patriotism, who had regarded all questions of public policy, foreign and domestic, only as they could be turned to their own private or factious advantage, and who had permitted the sacred banner of the commonwealth, entrusted to their keeping, to be torn by the animosities, and soiled by the passions of party.

Indeed, it is not easy to exaggerate the discredit brought upon themselves, and upon the very theory of Representative Government, by the proceedings of the leaders of the various political parties in France. Chosen by a suffrage almost universal, bound to their constituents by the closest ties, and returning to them after only three years' tenure of office, it might have been anticipated that, if only from selfish considerations, they would have steadily devoted themselves to study the real and permanent interests of the country, and would have co-operated heartily and zealously with the Executive in devising and carrying out schemes for rendering France peaceful and prosperous at home, and powerful and respected abroad. It might have been hoped that their labour would have been earnestly directed towards developing the vast resources of the country, and securing to its industry the freest and most favourable action; that everything calculated to raise and improve the condition of the masses would have had their first and most sedulous attention; and that, above all things, they would have striven hard and have sacrificed much for the maintenance of that silent internal harmony, which is the primary necessity of a nation's life. It might have been expected that they would have regarded every question of foreign policy, first, in its bearings on the special interests of France, and secondly, in its bearings on the progress elsewhere of that freedom which they had just re-conquered, and of which everywhere they were the professed defenders. Instead of this, party politics, not social philosophy, occupied almost their whole time; and external action was dictated by a desire to gain the support of this or that section, to destroy this rival, or discredit that antagonist; till their entire career became one indecent and disreputable scramble.

The result inevitably was an increased feeling on the part of the public, first of indignation, then of disgust, latterly of sickened and most menacing indifference. Menacing, that is, for popular leaders and representative assemblies;—for the people—weary of watching the objectless and petty

squabbles of their chosen legislators, and disheartened by finding that the rulers they selected for themselves treated them no better, and served them no more effectively, than the rulers who had been imposed upon them—began to turn their attention on their own private affairs, and to discover how much more they could do for themselves than Governments and Assemblies could do for them. Since they had trusted more to themselves and less to Parliaments, they had prospered comparatively well. Trade was spirited, and industry was thriving and increasing. The political storms which used to agitate all ranks began to pass nearly unheeded over their heads; for they perceived how paltry and inconsequential they were. They put their own shoulders to the wheel, instead of calling on the gods above to help them; and all the noisy quarrels of the great Olympus fell, as by magic, into their genuine insignificance. An idea had already dawned upon the French, that an Assembly which had done so little for them was not of much importance to them; and that if they could prosper in spite of its scandalous dereliction of its duties, and its selfish abuse of its powers, they might perhaps prosper even were it non-existent. A wholesome lesson, possibly, for the people, but a fatal one for demagogues and orators.

When a people has thus begun to look after their private affairs instead of discussing affairs of state, and to act for themselves instead of calling on their rulers to act for them, only one thing is needed to insure their welfare—viz., that the Government should bring them and secure them tranquillity and order. If it will do this, they ask no more: if it does not do this, it abnegates its paramount and especial function; it becomes to them a nuisance, not a protection—"a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." Now, few Englishmen are aware, though it is no novel information to a Parisian, to what an extent Frenchmen had come to look upon the Assembly in this light. The constant series of moves and stratagems of which the history of that body was made up, kept the nation in a perpetual state of excitement, expectation, and turmoil. They never knew what would come next. They were constantly on the *qui vive* for some new explosion. So long as the Assembly was sitting, there was incessant agitation and wild unrest; and thousands would thankfully have paid the Members their 25 francs a-day not to sit at all. Peace—comparative peace—came with prorogation; but the sessions were felt to be deplorably too long, and the vacations piteously too few. So that the body which ought to have been the shield and safeguard of the nation, the guardian of its interests, the protector of its rights, had come to be regarded as a plague, a mischief, and an enemy. Only when it ceased to sit, did France begin to breathe freely.

The plain truth is that no nation—not even the French—can bear to be for ever in hot water. Ceaseless political agitation is an element in which neither material prosperity, nor moral well-being can live. If it seemed hopeless to find the needed tranquillity in freedom and republicanism, who can wonder if many lost faith and heart, and began to cast a sigh after the calm despotism which beckoned to them out of the softening haze of the past, or towards that which loomed gradually out of the uncertain future. France, for many months back, had echoed in her heart of hearts the words of that touching inscription on the Italian tombstone—*implora pace*. Wearied with achievements which had led to nothing, and victories which had been crowned by no enduring conquests, and trophies, dearly purchased, but barren of the promised consequences—her whole desires were fast merging into the one succinct petition of the grand old warrior of Carthage, who—harassed by perpetual warfare, broken by family afflictions, and thwarted by an ungrateful State—closed a public life of singular glory and of bitter disenchantment, with the simple prayer, comprised in so few words, yet full of such melancholy pathos:—"*Ego, Hannibal, peto pacem!*"

Such was the state of feeling in France, and such the relative position of the contending parties, immediately previous to the *coup d'état*,—and it is important thoroughly to fix this in our minds, in order to comprehend the full meaning of the President's attempt, and the explanation of the manner in which it was received by the nation. On the one side stood Louis Napoleon, who had far surpassed all expectations formed of him from his discreditable antecedents, and had risen higher day by day in public estimation, who had shown consummate knowledge of the temper of the people, and supreme tact in dealing with it—who had finally taken his stand on the broad basis of universal suffrage—who had long foreseen and been preparing for the inevitable struggle—and with strange sagacity and patience had, as the phrase is, given his opponents "rope enough to hang themselves." On the other side stood the Assembly, on the eve of an election, yet seemingly intent on showing how unfit they

were to be re-chosen,—pointing, as their sole titles to popular confidence and a renewal of their trust, to millions of constituents disfranchised—to the revision of a clumsy Constitution demanded by the people but refused by themselves—to the freedom of the press, through their means, trampled under foot—to France, through their intrigues, rendered light as a feather in the balance of European power—to her gallant army, through their connivance, engaged in the degrading employment of restoring a miserable Pontiff, and enslaving an emancipated people—to a sacred trust, perverted to the purposes of a low ambition—to the very name of a representative assembly, through their misconduct, covered with ridicule and shame.

What the President did we need not relate here; how he dissolved the Assembly, abolished the Constitution, imprisoned deputies and generals, appealed to the people, and extinguished all resistance with unsparing severity,—all this is known to every one. The degree of his criminality in this daring usurpation will be differently estimated by different men according to the view they may take as to the wishes and interests of France, the urgency of the crisis, and the reality of the alleged and indicated intention on the part of the Assembly to have forestalled and deposed him. On the one hand, it is unquestionable that if he had waited till the Assembly had passed the bill, (on executive responsibility,) which they were then considering, he would have been wholly in their power. If he had allowed matters to go on as they were till the election of May, a popular outbreak and a deplorable convulsion would have been almost inevitable; for matters had been so arranged that both the legislative and presidential elections would take place at nearly the same time, under a disputed electoral law, and when all the powers of the State were in a condition of paralysis and dissolution. The greatest contest ever known in a representative system was to take place round the dying bed of an expiring President and an expiring Assembly; and the president sure to be chosen was a president ineligible by law,—Moreover, Louis Napoleon might plead that *he*, as well as the Assembly, was elected by universal suffrage; that the Assemby had ceased to be in harmony with their constituents, while he had not; that when two co-ordinate powers, equally chosen by the people, disagree, the only mode of deciding the dispute is by an appeal to the authority from which both emanate; and that all he did was to make that appeal *arbitrarily*, which the Constitution denied him the power of doing legally.—on the other hand, it is equally undeniable that the act which he has perpretated bears, on the face of it, all the features of a great crime. The Constitution which he has violently suppressed, bad as it was, was the deliberately framed Constitution of his country, and was the one which, knowing all its faults, he had sworn to maintain and obey. The liberties which he has so ruthlessly trampled under foot, were the liberties which he had sworn to respect and to watch over. The blood which he has shed was the blood of his fellow-citizens, and ought to have been precious in his eyes. The oath which he has broken was an oath solemnly tendered and often voluntarily re-affirmed. Therefore, if he is to be forgiven, he must sue out his pardon from the future. Nothing can palliate his crime, except its being the last. Nothing can excuse his seizure of power, except the patriotic use he makes of it. In the meantime we are not anxious to hold the balance or to cast the lot between the guilty President and the guilty Assembly. We adopt the words of Victor Cousin on a different occasion,—"je renvoie, donc, les extravagances aux extravagans, les crimes aux criminelles, et je détourne les yeux de ce sang et de cette boue,"—and, from the sickening and idle task of awarding the palm between two worthless combatants, we turn to consider the prospects, the feelings, and the fate of France under the new régime. Power illegally seized, is sometimes legally sanctioned. The crimes of individual ambition are often overruled by Providence so as to work out the welfare of nations.

In the first place, Louis Napoleon's usurpation has been since ratified and sanctioned in a manner which, after every reasonable deduction has been made on account of the circumstances of the polling, leaves no ground whatever for doubting that it was approved by the nation. Whatever some of our English journals, in their anger and amazement, may say as to the probability of the returns having been falsified, no man in France believes that any thing of the kind has been done, to any important extent at least. The total adult male population of France is as near as can be ascertained, nine millions, and of these we can scarcely reckon fewer to be disqualified from various causes than half a million. This would leave 8,500,000 as the total number of electors under universal suffrage. Of these in round numbers seven millions and a half have voted for Louis Napoleon, and 700,000 against him, while 300,000

have abstained from voting. There can be no doubt that some voted in ignorance of the facts of the case; some in an overweening fear of the Socialists; some because, though no friends to Louis Napoleon, they saw no alternative between him and anarchy. It is impossible to affirm, that an election which has taken place while all newspapers were suppressed or garbled, while all public meetings and other facilities for forming and circulating opinion were proscribed, while the principal political chiefs were in durance, and while many departments were under martial law, can be considered as a fair one. We believe that Louis Napoleon has done himself serious injury and injustice by thus enabling his antagonists to assert, without the possibility of disproof, that votes have been tampered with, coerced, or obtained by fraud. But when every allowance has been made, we do not believe, and we think no man in France really believes, that the late poll does not give the fair and genuine result of the sentiments of the vast numerical majority of the nation. As to the feelings of the middle classes, we are left to gather the truth from a variety of indications. The great and continued rise in the French *rentes*, which, notwithstanding the foolish insinuations of some ignorant journalists, was perfectly *bonâ fide;* the equivalent advance in the price of railway shares; the increased price of most kinds of goods; the immediate and marked revival in nearly all branches of trade; the issuing of orders which had been long suspended, all concur to intimate the warm approval of the *coup d'état* by the industrial, commercial, and financial classes of France. All our own private foreign correspondents, whether enemies or friends of the President, confirm this conclusion. All agree in representing the state of anxiety and uncertainty in which they had long been kept as utterly intolerable; most express confidence in the wisdom of Louis Napoleon's future rule and its suitability to France; all speak of the satisfaction felt at the revolution being nearly universal among all who have anything to lose, or anything to gain by honest and reputable means. The majority of the press we presume to be hostile, as also most of the politicians of France. The opinion of the Legitimists and that of the Orleanists appears to be divided. On the whole, however, it cannot be denied that France has elected Louis Napoleon with hearty good will, and anticipates much from his government.

In considering this matter, it is important that we should divest ourselves of our insular prejudices and habits of thought, and inquire not what we should feel under such circumstances, but what Frenchmen would be likely to feel; not what *régime* would be suitable for England, but what *régime* is best adapted for France. We must bear in mind that our notions of freedom and policy are utterly at variance with theirs—that our *beau idéal* of a perfect Government is diametrically opposite to theirs. The French notion of liberty is political equality; the English notion is personal independence. The French are accustomed to have their Government do everything for them, and direct them in everything, and they expect and wish it to do so; the English wish never to feel the action, or be compelled to recognise the existence, of Government in their daily and private life. It would therefore be both pedantic and misleading to judge the one nation by the standard of the other, or to act for the one on the system of the other. There are two kinds of freedom—two modes in which a nation may exercise and prove its liberty. We have chosen one; France has always shewn a marked preference for the other. We prefer to govern ourselves: it is the peculiar taste of the Anglo-Saxon. The French prefer to choose their governor, and then leave everything in his hands: it is the fancy of the Celt. If we select the more troublesome mode, of directing and ruling ourselves, and displaying our liberty in every action of our daily life, we are scarcely at liberty to despise our neighbor as a slave, because he prefers the easier, lazier, and more dangerous plan of concentrating all *his* liberty into a single deed, and then abnegating self-management and self-responsibility for ever. Ours, indeed, is unquestionably the wiser and the safer plan; but it may not be suited for, or practicable among, a race so divergent from ourselves as are the people of France.

May not the French have been all along *upon the wrong tack*, in aiming at the establishment of a Representative Government in their country? May they have not been entirely mistaken in adopting and supposing that they could manage a machine which appeared to have done so well with us? May not the form of Government and the guarantees of freedom suitable for France be wholly different from these which have been found available in England?

An acient legend of deep significance relates that there once lived a magician who had discovered a spell of singular cogency and virtue, by means of which he could command the attendance and compel the

obedience of a familiar spirit, through whose services he acquired fame, wealth, and wide dominion. A favourite pupil, inspired with the ambition of rivalling his master's power, possessed himself of the mighty secret, pronounced the magic spell, and evoked the wondrous agency; but he had omitted one little and apparently unimportant word in the formula of invocation, and the demon, therefore, though he had obeyed the summons, refused to submit to the control of the incompetent magician; instead of being a serviceable and obedient slave, he became an imperious and terrific tyrant, whom the unfortunate evoker was unable to dismiss, who tormented him through life, and ended by tearing him to pieces.

The events that for the last sixty years have been passing on the other side of the Channel, seem the reproduction of this medieval tale. France is the ambitious pupil; Representative Institutions the magical spirit—the power for good or evil—which she has evoked, but cannot manage or dismiss. In summoning them to her aid to enable her to rise out of the servitude and degradation of the past, and enter on a new career of greatness and of glory, she forgot one little ingredient in the composition of the magic spell, the omission of which has converted a blessing into a bane, a patient servant into a capricious despot, and has transmuted the pride and safeguard of England into the curse and reproach of France. Personal virtue, public principle, pure, lofty, and self-abnegating patriotism was omitted from the invocation. The formula was borrowed faithfully enough; the spirit which sanctified and gave it efficacy was alone left out.

From its first glorious beginning in 1789, to its last ignominous ending in 1851, the whole history of Representative Assemblies in France has been one series of oscillations between despotism and impotence. When there has been only one Chamber it has almost invariably grasped at the supreme authority; when there have been two they have been as uniformly curbed or rendered insignificant. Parliaments in France have always either absorbed the Executive power or been absorbed by it. They have alternately been omnipotent, or powerless. They have always been either sinned against, or sinning. Never yet have the Legislative and the Executive worked in harmony as co-equal and co-ordinate functionaries. Neither has endured "a brother near the throne." Neither seems to have been able to conceive any medium between absolute authority or complete subserviency, nor to have believed its existence safe or dignified till its rival and colleague was effaced or enslaved. The reins of power have dangled between the two, snatched alternately by the one or the other,—the unhappy chariot of the State, in the meantime, dragged first into one ditch, then into the other, but always going to the dogs.

When the first great Revolution broke out, sixty-two years ago, nearly all parties seemed disposed to put aside the past as an ugly dream,—the present looked very hopeful, and the future very bright. A monarchy strong in old associations, an Assembly rich in young hopes and enthusiastic aspirations, a fine spirit of patriotism and energy pervading most classes of the nation, seemed materials to warrant the most sanguine anticipations. But the struggle for supremacy soon began, the Sovereign intrigued against the Chamber; the Chamber encroached upon the Sovereign, thwarted him, fettered him, reduced him to a cypher, imprisoned him, and slew him. The Assembly possessed itself of the executive power, and governed the country by sections and committees: *how*, let the Reign of Terror, and the reaction, incapacity, and license of the Directory, proclaim. When Napoleon, on the 18th Brumaire, overpowered the Chambers by an armed force, and became First Consul, then Consul for life, then Emperor, the Representative Assembly sank into nullity, and throughout his reign remained little but courts for registering and giving legal form and validity to his decrees. Under Louis XVIII. and Charles X., they were little heeded by the Monarch, and little respected by the people; they spoke sometimes, but scarcely ever acted, and such spirit of liberty as survived in France was kept in existence by a resolute but persecuted press. Then came the Revolution of 1830, when "the charter was henceforth to be a truth," a real fact; but corruption soon again made the Chambers what oppression had made them before, the passive tools of the Monarch's will. An Assembly chosen by 180,000 electors, among whom the Sovereign had 600,000 places to dispose of, could be no valid barrier to his authority; and Louis Philippe became nearly absolute under the forms of constitutionalism. Lastly followed the Revolution of February, which installed in office a single popular and powerful Chamber, with an elective President high in station, dignity, and nominal authority, but watched, thwarted, and guarded as a public enemy. The old contest immediately recommenced; the President resented and

fretted under his position of invidious and jealous slavery; the Assembly intrigued to engross the entire authority of the State; and the old miserable struggle was terminated by the old rusty weapon—a *coup d'état*, and a military despotism.

Now, why is it that Constitutional Government, which works so well in England, will not work at all in France? Why is it that, however often it is re-established there, the irresistible tendency of the nation towards another state of things ensures its speedy overthrow, or its virtual dormancy? Why is it that the representative system, every time it is set up in France, seems, by its failure, to proclaim its want of adaptation to the national necessities, its want of harmony with the national characteristics? Does not this reiterated rejection of it, like food which does not agree, indicate that *it is not what France requires*, that it is not the medicine or the aliment which nature prescribes for her present constitution, or her actual maladies? Let us consider, especially, two points which will illustrate our meaning.

The representative system is essentially the creature and the child of *compromise*. Constitutional Government, by which we mean an elective body emanating from the people, co-existing as a reality by the side of an executive, whether hereditary or not, endowed with the requisite authority,—is the result of mutual forbearance, moderation, and respect; exists only by virtue of these qualities; could not endure for an hour without them. It is an entire mistake to imagine such a scheme *theoretically good;* it is, on the contrary, *theoretically imperfect*, and is feasible only on the supposition of additional elements, which are not "nominated in the bond." It is an entire mistake to affirm that English liberty has flourished in consequence of our glorious Constitution. English liberty has flourished in spite of our anomalous and defective Constitution; it has flourished in consequence of national virtues, in the absence of which that Constitution would have been utterly unmanageable. The machine which is supposed to have made us what we are, would have broken down generations ago, had we been other than what we are. It is full of checks, and counter-checks, of anomalies and incongruities, which would seem to indicate its fitting place, as an unworking model, in a museum of monstrosities. The Monarch has the sole power of forming treaties, and of declaring peace and war. He alone commands the army. He alone appoints all functionaries, civil, military, and judicial. He can dissolve Parliament whenever it thwarts him, and as often as he pleases. He can put an absolute veto on all its enactments. He can suspend laws by orders in Council, if he can find Ministers bold enough to run the risk of a refusal on the part of Parliament to indemnify them afterwards. The House of Lords, or a majority of them, about 200 men, can snub both King and House of Commons, and stop all proceedings indefinitely, and paralyze the entire action of Government. Again, the House of Commons can release the army from their allegiance, by omitting to pass the yearly "Mutiny Bill." It can refuse the Monarch the means of carrying on the war which it yet empowers him to declare, and of paying the functionaries whom it yet authorizes him to appoint. It can impeach the Ministers whom it allows him to nominate; yet if they are condemned, it still leaves him the power of conferring immunity upon them by an unlimited prerogative of pardon. The Constitution gives the Monarch means of absolute despotism, *if* he is wicked enough to desire it, and *if* the army will stand by him, and *if* the people will endure military rule. It gives the nobles power to set both people and Monarch at defiance, if they are selfish and daring enough to do so. It gives the lower House the power of starving both its colleagues into a surrender, on the supposition that both its colleagues will keep within the limits of the law. But it proceeds throughout on the supposition that none of these things will occur; *that their occurrence will be prevented by their possibility;* that none of the three parties will be forgetful of their duties, or be disposed to push their rights to an extreme; that each will bear and forbear; that all will join in masking the impossibilities of the Constitution, and avoiding the collisions which its theory makes so easy; and that all, like the reverential children of the frail Patriarch of old, will concur in covering, with a decent and respectful drapery, the nakedness of their common parent.

But what would be the result were the English machine to be worked by French hands? Each of the the three co-ordinate authorities would assert its power to the utmost. Each would make use of its large portion to seize the whole. The Peers would put on the drag at the slightest opposition to their will. The Commons would stop the supplies on the most trivial provocation. The Sovereign would employ the army to levy the taxes and subdue the people. The Parliament would impeach the Minister, and the Monarch would insult and defy them by giving him a free pardon. The whole would be at a deadlock in a month. The opposing forces would substitute mutual antagonism for mutual control; and the result would be, not a *diagonal* as with us, but simply a checkmate—not a medial movement, but

an absolute stoppage. The *ultima ratio* which we have staved off for centuries, would be reached by Frenchmen in a single session. —Representative Government, then, we say, embodies the essence, breathes the atmosphere, lives the life of COMPROMISE. But the French hate compromise. The very idea of it disgusts them. What they are, they like to be completely. What they have, they like to have to themselves, without colleague or without competitor. A possession which they hold only in concert, with equal co-proprietors, has few charms for them. The legitimists are unwilling to replace their Sovereign on the throne, on any basis but that of divine right, and absolute authority. In their notion he would be degraded if he owed his crown to the summons of the people, or shared his power with a new aristocracy, or a popular assembly. The *bourgeoisie* in like manner would ignore the nobles, and reduce them to a nullity. And the democracy, equally exclusive and intolerant, cannot imagine that the mass of the people can be rightfully called on to admit the existence or recognise the claims of any other party, and insist upon an exclusive, absolute, and uncontrolled dominion. Guizot, in his treatise on Democracy, seized this peculiarity of France with the quick instinct of a master's eye. "Peace is impossible," (he says, for the word *peace* we would substitute *representative constitutionalism*,) "so long as the various classes and political parties whom our society comprises, nourish the hope of mutually destroying each other, and possessing an exclusive empire. This is the evil which, since 1789, torments us continually, and overthrows us periodically. The monarchic, aristocratic, and democratic elements, have not accepted or recognised each other, but have toiled for their reciprocal exclusion. Constitution, laws, administration, have been in turn directed, like engines of war, to the destruction of one or other party. It has been a 'war to the knife,' in which neither of the combatants believed it possible to live if his rival was still erect and breathing by his side."

French exclusiveness and hatred of compromise, then, is the first reason why representative institutions have not flourished in France. But there is another and a yet deeper cause. Their revolutions have always begun at the wrong end. They have looked only to one point, and that not the primary, nor the most essential one. They have begun their reforms with institutions, not with individuals. They have thought it sufficient to reconstruct society in the aggregate, without modifying or amending the units which compose it. They forget in their earliest efforts, and have never paused to remember since, that the concrete mass must represent and resemble the materials of which it is made up; and that if the individuals are corrupt, selfish, violent, and impure, the community cannot be firm, peaceable, dignified, or noble. Accustomed to trace their evils to their Institutions, taught alike by their writers and their orators to cast upon empty forms the burden of their ingrained sins, they conceived that a change of institutions and of forms would work those miracles, which are the slow and painful product of private virtue and individual exertion; of patient toil, and more patient endurance—of mutual respect, and mutual love. They imagined they could reform society without first reforming themselves. Hence all their schemes and Constitutions have been projects for obtaining the reward without the effort—the victory without the conflict or the sacrifice; for dispensing with indispensable qualifications in place of eliciting or exercising them; for doing great actions without first training great souls; for seeking in the barren and narrow range of the mechanical, what can only be found in the rich resources of the moral world. They worked for the salvation of the individual without requiring his participation in the task. Fatal blunder! They imagined that men might be rendered free and equal by destroying external barriers and striking off material chains; they did not perceive that freedom and equality have their sole roots and guarantees within the *man*. They abolished the *ancien régime;* but they abolished it in vain, while each man carried his *ancien régime* within himself. The old vices, the old corruption, the old selfishness, the old ambition, the old passion for material enjoyments, the old incapacity for silent and elevated patriotism, still survived, and were never struck at or fairly encountered: how then should not the old anomalies re-appear? The garments were torn and buried; but the body and the life remained. Now, as surely as the laws of Providence are constant and inexorable, so surely can there be, for nation or for individual, no short cut to a goal which God has placed at the end of a toilsome and appointed path; no mechanical contrivances for the attainment of an end which is the allotted reward of moral effort and self-denying virtue; no human fiat for the gratuitous bestowal of blessings for which heaven has appointed a hard and heavy purchase-money. The functions of government—self-government as well as every other—demand qualifications, negative and positive, of no ordinary kind; qualifications which are not inherent or innate; qualifications for which the demand by no means

always calls forth the supply. The mere possession of power confers neither capacity nor virtue to exercise it well; and in obtaining the representative institutions that belong to freedom, while still tainted with all the vices of their ancient servitude, the French only seized a treasure of which they had forgotten to secure the key, a weapon of which they had not learned the mastery, a writing in cypher to which they had not got the clue. Caution, humility, obedience to law, long-suffering patience, respect for others' rights, and others' opinions,—these, the *sine qua non* of a constitutional régime, they never dreamed of practising;—aspiring to raise the superstructure, while shirking the preliminary drudgery of laying the foundation.

A third reason why parliamentary government, which has answered so well in England, has answered so ill in France, may be found in the fact, that it harmonizes with our habits and institutions, but is wholly discrepant and incongruous with those of our neighbours. We govern ourselves; they are governed by officials. Our whole system is municipal, theirs is bureaucratic. We have already spoken of their centralized administration, and the extent to which it pervades and interpenetrates the daily and domestic life of the nation. In England the civil servants of the government are few, unconnected, and unobtrusive; in France they are innumerable, omnipotent, and constitute a separate, organized, and powerful class. In England they confine themselves to absolutely necessary functions; in France they interfere with every transaction and every event of life. In England, as a general rule, a man is only reminded of their existence by the annual visit of the tax-gatherer, unless indeed he has to appeal to the law, or has rendered himself amenable to it; in France, scarcely a day passes, scarcely an operation can be concluded without coming into contact or collision with one or other of their number. Many of the duties performed by officials on the Continent are here performed by elected parochial or municipal functionaries, many are left to individual discretion, many more are not performed at all. With us a man's free-will is limited only by his neighbour's free-will and his neighbour's rights; in France, as in Austria, it can be exercised only subject to government or police permission previously obtained. Restriction is the exception here; it is the rule there. Throughout the Continent, a citizen cannot engage in business, build a house, or take a journey, without leave; and leave is only to be obtained through an established routine of tedious and annoying formalities which would drive an Englishman frantic.

A second operation of this centralized and over-active bureaucracy, has necessarily been to deprive the people of France of all share in those minor acts of government which should form their education for higher offices and more important functions. They have only the faintest vestiges of those municipal institutions which, with us, are such invaluable normal schools of peaceable agitation and political discussion. They have no local senates to prepare them for the central senate of the nation; or where such exist, they have no real power, and therefore excite little interest. The officials do everything: the people do nothing. They are associated with none of the acts of government except the highest. They choose no one except their legislative representatives and their executive chief—no one at least whose functions are much more than nominal. Under a bureaucracy, they have, and can have, no opportunity of training themselves in those skilful tactics, those mutual forbearances, those timely retreats, those judicious compromises, which form the essence of safe and wise political strategies. In a word, they are almost wholly without those real parochial and communal liberties, which are an indispensable preparation for national and republican liberties. Hence, when summoned to the task of self-government by means of a popular assembly, they are like pilots intrusted with the navigation of a ship who have never been at sea before.

But the French system of administration, while making children of its subjects, inevitably makes a despot of its chief. He who seizes, or to whom is entrusted, the reins of Government in France, finds himself—owing to its essential construction—absolute master of every functionary in every department throughout that vast empire. Through these functionaries he finds himself invested with almost uncontrolled power over every one of his fellow-countrymen. He is at the head of the police, justice, *gendarmerie*, finance, and education, not merely in Paris, but in Corsica and Algiers—in the remotest and obscurest corner of the land. He finds himself, by the simple accident of his position, a despot—an autocrat; and it is to ask a miracle of human nature to expect him not to use this despotic power. Moreover, the very habits of the nation, the very nature of the organization force him to use it. The functionaries throughout the country, feeling themselves only wheels in one great machine—

accustomed to refer everything to their head in Paris—constantly and naturally apply to him for orders; and he is thus, as it were, compelled to act, or the machine of administration would stand still.

In May last year we wrote thus:—"Republicanism and bureaucracy are incompatible existences. You may call your state a republic if you will—you may modify its form as you please—you may have two chambers or one—you may place at the head a military dictator, or an elective President holding office for one year, for four years, or for ten;—but so long as the administration of public affairs remains central and bureaucratic, the utmost that full representation or universal suffrage can give, is the power of choosing the particular set of busy bodies who shall rule you, or rather the irresponsible individual who shall appoint them. It is not liberty, but merely the selection of your head oppressor. Thus France is in a radically false position, and she has not yet found it out; she is endeavouring unconsciously to unite two incompatibilities. Her government has all the finished and scientific organization of a despotism, with the political institutions which belong to freedom. Each man has a share in the choice of his legislator and his executive chief; each man is the depositary of a calculable fraction of the sovereign power; but each man is the slave of the Passport office, the prefect, the gendarme, and the policeman. The republic of today may wake and find itself an empire tomorrow—scarcely an individual Frenchman would *feel* the difference—and not one iota of the administration need be changed. As it exists now, it was the child and may be the parent of imperialism. The whole machinery of autocratic rule is at all times ready for the hand of any one who can seize it."

What a commentary on our prediction has the Revolution of the 2d of December afforded! Surely it should teach France the soundness of our present position—viz., that she cannot serve two masters; she cannot at the same moment "fill her cup from the mouth and from the source of the Nile." *She cannot be at once representative and bureaucratic.* If she desires Parliamentary Government she must abolish Centralization. But it is beyond dispute that this system of administration, which to us seems so intolerable, is singularly popular in France: and that Parliaments, which appear to us so indispensable, are by no means popular. The one system is indigenous, and is therefore welcome and stable: the other is an exotic, and therefore takes no root, shows no stamina, can arrive at no permanency or durability. It did not grow out of the people's wants: it does not harmonize with the people's sentiments. What France wants is what Napoleon gave her—viz., a firm and all penetrating administrative system, with municipal bodies and national assemblies, whose functions were limited to the representation of grievances;—and, in addition, she wants what he did not give her—and what yet remains a desideratum—a guarantee against the misgovernment of arbitrary power. Now, we in England are too apt to fall into the natural but somewhat pedantic error of supposing that this guarantee is afforded, and can only be afforded, by representative institutions. Yet the whole history of France since her first revolution might have taught us our mistake. She had representative institutions in 1793; yet they did not secure her against the most grinding tyranny which was ever imposed upon a people—a tyranny which was known and proved to be that of a minority—a tyranny, nevertheless, which it required the bloodshed and the *coup* of the 9th Thermidor to overthrow. She had representative institutions in 1799; yet they did not protect her against the wretched misgovernment of the Directory, nor against the daring conspiracy by which, on the 18th of Brumaire, both they and the Directory were superseded. Representative institutions did not protect France against the arbitrary decrees of Charles X., nor against the necessity of a revolution to dethrone him. They did not enable her to extort reform from Louis Philippe without the same bloody and rudimental expedient. Finally, they did not protect her from the violent usurpation of the President in December last. She has tried them under every form and modification; and under none have they superseded the necessity of revolutions;—*under none have they enabled her to dispense with the same rude and primitive mode of expressing their dissatisfaction and desire of change which is resorted to by nations to whom Parliaments and ballot-boxes are unknown.* They are effective to preserve the rights and liberties of citizens only where patriotism and a sense of justice are so paramount that instruments cannot be found to trample upon them. They are powerful to deter bad rulers from misgovernment, only when it is known that misgovernment will not be borne. The same *coup d'état* which has overturned the Government in France might have taken place in England just as well, if the Monarch had been wicked enough to attempt it, the Parliament discredited

enough to provoke it, the army subservient enough to enact it, the people base enough or wearied enough to submit to it. A representative system contains "the form but not the power" of freedom. It offers no security except on the assumption—true with us, false with our neighbours—that the parties concerned in it will be kept within its limits by a sense of duty, or a sense of fear. A King of England could not have acted as the President of France has done, not because the Parliament and the law forbad him, but simply because the army would not have assaulted the Parliament or disobeyed the law, and because the people would not tamely have endured either violation. Representative institutions are merely an established mode of manifesting to the ruler the resolution of the nation. Other simpler, louder, and more cogent, modes of manifesting this resolution may be found—not indeed suited to our meridian, but possibly to the meridian of France. This louder language is what France always speaks in whether she has a Parliament or not. A central Executive Chief, chosen by the free vote of the whole people, and liable at any time or at stated intervals to be cashiered by a reversal of that vote if he loses national confidence or incurs national condemnation, may possibly enough be a better system of government for France than any she has yet tried. "But where is the security (we are asked) that such adverse vote will be submitted to by a powerful Chief?" True; but in reply we ask—"Have we found that Representative Assemblies have afforded any such security?" And may not the whole matter be summed up in this brief decision, that no mode of expressing the national will will ever obtain submissive acquiescence, or reach the undisputed dignity of a sacred and supreme decree, till the whole people, those who command as well as those who obey, those who succumb as well as those who prevail, are penetrated and imbued with a paramount love of justice, a noble servitude to duty, and a solemn reverence for law. When these qualities reign universal and despotic, almost any form of government will suffice to embalm freedom and insure greatness; till these are acquired and maintained, the wisest system of policy are devised by the profound and subtle intellect of man can secure them no liberty and bring them no rest.*

The cultivation of these qualities, then, and of the virtues which are allied to them and foster them, is the first necessity of the national life of France. For this process the two requisites are time and rest. The whole morale of France is fearfully perverted and disorganized; *how* fearfully we endeavoured to describe in a recent Number. The very alphabet of the decalogue has to be revived. Religion has to restore its influence and re-assert its claims. Literature has to be rescued from its grotesque deformities and its hideous pollutions, to be cleansed from its old abominations, and inspired with a diviner life. The foundations of social existence have to be purified and renovated. The school-time and apprenticeship of political action have to be passed through. But how can religion

* We particularly recommend to our readers the following quotations from one of the greatest historians and political thinkers of our time:—

"The English in the 16th century were, beyond all doubt, a free people. They had not indeed the outward show of freedom; but they had the reality. The had not as good a Constitution as we have; but they had that without which the best Constitution is as useless as the King's proclamation against vice and immorality, that which without any Constitution keeps rulers in awe—force, and the spirit to use it. . . . . A modern Englishman can hardly understand how the people can have had any real security for good government under Kings who levied *benevolences* and chid the House of Commons as they would have chid a pack of dogs. People do not sufficiently consider that, though the legal checks were feeble, the natural were strong. There was one great and effectual limitation on the Royal authority—the knowledge that, if the patience of the nation were severely tried, the nation would put forth its strength, and that its strength would be irresistible.

"The Irish are better represented in Parliament than the Scotch, who, indeed, are not represented at all. [This was written before 1832.] But are the Irish better governed than the Scotch? Surely not. But this only proves that laws have no magical or supernatural virtue; that priestcraft, ignorance, and rage of contending factions, may make good institutions useless: that intelligence, sobriety, industry, moral freedom, firm union, may supply in a great measure the defects of the worst representative system. A people whose education and habits are such that, in every quarter of the world, they rise above the mass of those with whom they mix, as surely as oil rises to the top of water; a people of such temper and self-government that the wildest popular excesses recorded in their history partake of the purity of judicial proceedings and the solemnity of religious rites; a people whose high and haughty spirit is so forcibly described in the motto which encircles their thistle;—such a people cannot be long oppressed. Any government, however constituted, must respect their wishes, and tremble at their discontents. . . . . They will be better governed under a good Constitution than under a bad Constitution. But they will be better governed under the worst Constitution than some other nations under the best. In any general classification of Constitutions that of Scotland must be reckoned as one of the worst—perhaps the worst—of Christian Europe. Yet the Scotch are not ill-governed. And the reason simply is that they will not bear to be ill-governed."—Macaulay, *Lord Burleigh and his Times.*

flourish or be heard amid the miserable intrigues or the sanguinary conflicts of balanced factions? How can the moral standard of a people be raised and cleared amid the tumults of passions constantly excited, and of strife unceasingly renewed? How can literature rise into a purer atmosphere, or breathe a calmer tone, or spread abroad the soothing influence of a serener spirit, when "the loud transactions of the outlying world" keep the cultivated circles in a perpetual fever, which makes all wholesome food distasteful, and all moderate and gentle stimuli insipid? An interval of repose, a breathing time of recollection and recovery, seems to be demanded alike in the name of the material and the spiritual interests of France—alike for the development of her physical resources, and the renovation of her moral life; a period during which a new generation might grow up, nurtured amid all the sweet sanctities of domestic life, played upon by all the countless influences of social peace, and sheltered from the angry passions and turbulent emotions which muddied and distracted the existences of their fathers and their grandfathers;—a stable rule, against which rebellion would be madness; a settled law, which should no longer leave obedience or disobedience an open question;—a government which all could respect, and which the bad should fear—and such just, civil, and moderate political rights as might be enjoyed and strengthened, and be gradually augmented as they were exercised and mastered—these seem now what France requires, and what her new ruler, if he be either wise or patriotic, might bestow.

That the French nation as a whole is ardently attached to the great idea of the first Revolution, there can, we think, be no reasonable doubt. But there may be great doubt whether French politicians are not as pedantic in supposing that this idea necessarily involves a republic, as English politicians are in conceiving all liberty to be bound up in Parliamentary forms. The two prolific principles established in 1789 were, first, the sovereignty of the people; and, secondly, the inadmissibility of a privileged class. Now neither of these principles require that a republic, *according to our notion of one*, should be the form of government selected. They merely require that it shall not be an oligarchy; and that, whatever it be, it shall emanate from the people. Many months ago we were assured by a very intelligent Parisian, that "*La France est républicain et Bonapartiste;*" and that the two were by no means incongruous or incompatible. That France should at one and the same moment cling to a Republic and to the name and memory of the man who destroyed the Republic, who rose upon its ruins, and replaced it by one of the most iron and autocratic despotisms the world ever saw, seems at first sight to involve a contradiction; but the inconsistency and improbability will vanish when we reflect that Napoleon professed to complete the idea of a Republic, and to govern in its name—that he took especial care to receive each successive elevation through the forms of a popular election—that a Frenchman's notion of liberty is not personal freedom, but political equality—that a republican form of Government is chiefly dear to him as embodying this inaccurate and incomplete conception—and that his bug-bear, his *bête noire*, his pious abomination, is not a chief or master, but a privileged order. He dislikes and dreads an aristocracy, not an autocracy. A nominal Commonwealth, even with an arbitrary despot like Napoleon at its head, provided it be in any sense, whether tacitly or formally, the nation's choice, satisfies a Frenchman's confused and misty ideal. This singular union of what seems to Englishmen two opposed and mutually excluding conditions of polity —Republican Institutions and Imperial sway —is embodied in a most characteristic manner in much of the current coinage of France. Every old five-franc piece contains what we should call an Irish Bull. All the money coined under the empire bears "*République Française*" on the one side, and "*Napoléon Empereur*" on the reverse. The face of the coin affirms a fact; the back gives it a point-blank contradiction.

We believe the coin so marked to be a faithful representation of the mind of the great mass of the French people, and to speak their real sentiments. An Emperor stamped upon a Republic! A regal, central, powerful, brilliant chief, elected or confirmed by popular suffrage. Not freedom from control, but the selection of the great controller. Napoleon understood this well. Chosen by the people, at first by a sort of general acclamation, and afterwards by an almost universal vote, he believed himself, and we believe him to have been, a truer representative of their wishes and opinions than any assembly that was ever elected. Strong in the strength of this conviction, and confident in his perfect comprehension of the requirements of his country, he framed that wonderful administrative organization of which we have already spoken, and promulgated the Constitution under which, with some modifications, France lived so long. The principle of that Constitution was that

of a strong and concentrated executive, aided by all the enlightenment and assistance it could derive from the practical knowledge and experience of the ablest men in the country. Napoleon refused no advice, but permitted no interference. The idea never entered into his head of ingrafting upon one another two things as distinct in their origin and as discordant in their operation as the centralized administration, so peculiarly French, and the parliamentary *régime*, so peculiarly British. He looked upon the Senate, the legislative body, the Council of State, the local and departmental councils, as collections of men from whom he could gain much useful information, and much valuable aid; he never recognised their right to shackle his administrative action, or to step out of their narrow and allotted province. With regard to the Provincial Councils, he wished that they should be listened to with deference and patience. One of the prefects of the Côte d'Or having failed to listen with due respect to the representations of the municipal body, Napoleon sent him a severe and grave rebuke. But when the Council-General of the Haute-Garonne, in the same year, took upon it to criticise a portion of the system of taxation then established, he snubbed it most unmercifully, and explained very clearly to its members the nature and limits of their functions, as follows:—

"Les conseils généraux ne sont point institués pour donner leurs avis sur lois et sur les décrets. Ce n'est par là le but de leur réunion. On n'a ni le besoin ni la volonté de leur demander de conseils.

"Ils ne sont et ne peuvent être que des conseils d'administration. Dans cette qualité, leurs devoirs se bornent à faire connâitre comment les lois et les décrets sont exécutés dans leurs départemens. Ils sont autorisés à représenter les abus qui les frappent, soit dans les détails de l'administration particulière des départemens, soit dans la conduite des administrateurs; mais ils ne doivent le faire qu'en considérant ce qui est ordonné par les lois ou par les décrets, comme étant le mieux possible.

"Un homme qui sort de la vie privée pour venir passer trois ou quatre jours au chef-lieu de son département fait une chose également inconvenante et ridicule lorsqu'il se mêle de comparer ce qui existe en vertu des lois de l'administration générale actuelle avec ce qui existait dans un autre temps, et lorsqu'à la faveur de quelques observations utiles sur l'administration particulière de son département, il se permet des observations critiques et incohérentes. . . . . Sans doute, il a été des temps, où la confusion de toutes les idées, la faiblesse extraordinaire de l'administration générale, les intrigues, qui l'agitaient, faisaient penser à beaucoup de citoyens isolés, qu'ils étaient plus sages que ceux qui les gouvernaient, et qu'ils avaient plus de capacité pour les affaires. *Ce temps n'est plus. L'Empereur n'écoute personne que dans la sphère des attributions respectives.*"

We are far from saying or thinking that the amount of political liberty and of participation in national affairs which Napoleon allowed even at the commencement of his consulate, can or ought permanently to satisfy a people like the French. But it well deserves the dispassionate consideration both of our own *doctrinaires* and our continental imitators, whether a sounder and higher ultimate result may not be obtained by commencing from such moderate germs of political freedom and civil action as may in time, by degrees, and through a process of extorted concessions, be ripened and expanded into an ample and fitting Constitution, than by starting with such a Constitution ready made—on paper; whether it would not be wiser for Frenchmen to follow our example in the slow, painful, and laborious steps by which we have achieved and wrung out our liberties—practising them as we won them—consolidating them as we went along—rather than to grasp at the finished treasure, without learning the lessons which teach its value, or acquiring the mastery over it which confers its value and guarantees its security. As in the grand old fictions of the Rosicrucian fancy, those aspirants after super-human power and earthly immortality—who seized prematurely on the arch-gift and inhaled the rich elixir, before a long course of strengthening toil, purifying abstinence from earthly passions, and resolute crucifixion of all low desires, had fitted their frames to breathe a rarer atmosphere, and gaze upon intenser light—were stricken into insanity or dazzled into blindness by the awful revelation and the intolerable stimulus, so surely do the exciting air, the intoxicating draught, the wild delight, the terrible power of liberty, ask for their healthy endurance and their noble exercise, preparation scarcely less tedious and elaborate, a soul scarcely less purified and strengthened. To seize upon the splendour before the sight is purged and fortified, is to rush not into light, but into darkness.*

If Louis Napoleon, as both his writings and his actions appear to indicate, takes the same view of the needs and capabilities of France which we have here endeavoured to explain, and if he be really animated by that partially pure patriotism which consists in wishing to connect his name indis-

* "Constitutions (said Sir James Mackintosh) *cannot be made;* they must *grow.*" In this profound aphorism we may learn the secret of French failures.

solubly with the grandeur and regeneration of his country, we believe that he *may* yet employ his tenure of power in a manner which will cause its origin to be forgotten and forgiven. That he *will* do so, is rather our hope than our sanguine expectation. It is what one of their own philosophers described a future state to be, *un grand peut-être*. It certainly seems somewhat foolish to fancy that a man who has attained his supremacy by violence should use that supremacy for good. It seems the very simplicity of sanguineness to expect that a man who, in marching to his end, has trampled all legality under foot, should, when that end has been reached, proclaim, enforce, and submit to legality in future. It is the curse and the punishment of guilt, in public even more than in private life, that one crime almost always necessitates another and another. It is difficult for a usurper to control and restrain the tools of his usurpation. It is difficult for the victor in a civil strife, to restore freedom and power of action to the vanquished. It is difficult for a chief whose conduct is open to the harshest criticism and the bitterest invective, to permit fair license to the tongues and pens of his antagonists. Nevertheless, on his ability and courage to dare all this depends Louis Napoleon's exoneration and success. We cannot too often repeat that he owes a great expiation to his country. He has committed a deliberate act of violence and treason, which can be pardoned only on condition of its being the last. He has seized power in a manner which only the beneficial use he makes of it can induce history to forget or gild. Yet it is undeniable that he has examples before him of others who have stolen a sceptre and yet have wielded it in the service of their country. It is still left for him, by imitating their excellencies and avoiding their errors, to throw a veil over all that is deplorable and disreputable in the past. Augustus waded to a throne through an amount of bloodshed and of perfidy of which Louis Napoleon has given us only a faint and feeble reflex; yet by giving to Rome a long respite from sixty years of civil strife and tyrannous dominion, by developing her resources, re-organizing her empire, cultivating her intelligence, and laying the foundation for 350 years of peace, he has left behind him a name associated for ever with an age of political and literary glory. Cromwell dismissed a Parliament scarcely less despised or discredited than that of France, with a degree of violence and ignominy as great as Louis Napoleon inflicted; yet he governed better, and raised the name of England higher than any sovereign had done since the Great Queen. In 1799 Napoleon drove out the Council of Five Hundred by the actual use of the bayonet, and installed himself as First Consul by an autocratic fiat and a military force; yet his name is still dear to France—less on account of that long series of splendid campaigns, which brought her at first so much glory, and afterwards so much discomfiture and mortification—than because, for the first time since 1789, he gave her a strong and settled Government; because he made her feel that she had a master-hand and a sagacious pilot at the helm; because he gave her rest from intrigues, conspiracies, and the wearisome and humiliating succession of imbecilities which had so long misruled her; because he restored, under wise and stern conditions, her shattered and desecrated altars; because, lastly and chiefly, he reorganized the dissolved and decrepid system of administration on a basis which has never since been shaken, and educed order out of chaos. Louis Napoleon may find in the history of his predecessors something of example, but far more of warning. Three especial errors he must guard against: He must avoid that love of war and too exclusive reliance on the army, which eventually lost Napoleon his crown; he must avoid the reaction towards priestcraft and the dread of a free press, which led to the overthrow of Charles X.; and that neglect of the sentiments and demands of the middle classes, which prepared the way for the ignominious catastrophe of Louis Philippe.

First, If Louis Napoleon relies exclusively on the troops to support his Government he will commit a fatal blunder. They cannot be trusted in to coerce the nation. They may be relied on for a *coup d'état* against an Assembly respected by no one, deserted by the *bourgeoisie*, and abused by the working classes; but assuredly they cannot be relied on for a systematic crusade against the liberties, feelings, and affections of their fellow citizens. It has been all along pretty well understood, that, though ready enough to fight against *émeutiers* and Socialists of Blanqui's caste, they could never be relied upon to put down any insurrection in which the National Guard sided with the masses. In each individual instance, in each sudden crisis, the habit of obedience and the recollection of their military oath would probably prevail, and cause them to obey the orders of their immediate superiors. But this would no longer be the case as soon as they had time to consult and discuss among themselves, and as soon as they perceived that they were made the

tools of a regular system inimical to those whom they loved, and to whose ranks they belonged, and to the interests of that nation of which they formed a recognized and sympathizing part. They soon learn and strongly retain the instinct of discipline and the *esprit du corps;* but they never wholly lose the sentiment of citizenship. French soldiers are not, like English ones, chosen from the lowest portion of the populace, and enlisted virtually for life. The conscription takes them nearly indiscriminately from all ranks, and they serve, or are required to serve, only for seven years. After that time, unless they wish otherwise, they return to mingle with the mass of their fellow-citizens. The result of this is twofold: first, that they retain most of the feelings and predilections of the classes out of which they were called yesterday, and into which they will be re-absorbed to-morrow; and, secondly, that France swarms with thousands of trained and disbanded soldiers, equal in skill and experience to those actually enrolled, but as full of political interests and predilections as any of their compatriot civilians. Thus the army in France is not, as in England, a distinct body set apart from the nation, and having no feelings and opinions that are not bounded by the barrack-walls. It is merely that portion of the people which in each particular year chances to be under arms. One-seventh of them were simple citizens—sons, brothers, husbands, before everything—last year; one-seventh of them again become simple citizens—sons, brothers, husbands, before everything—this year. The idea of using them against the Nation, it would therefore be folly in Louis Napoleon to entertain.

The officers of the army, again, are chosen from among those middle classes out of whose hands the late *coup d'état* is by some supposed to have wrested power. They belong to these classes, they marry into them, they frequent their society, share their feelings, imbibe their sentiments. Like them, they read the newspapers, and feel the deprivation when newspapers are suppressed. In proportion to their rank and education will be their susceptibility to all those social influences which will make them reluctant and unsafe tools for resolute misgovernment.

Moreover, the moment the army perceives that Louis Napoleon's government depends on it alone, that moment it becomes supreme, exacting, jealous, and tyrannical. That moment also it becomes the arena of the most desperate personal intrigues. That moment gives to Louis Napoleon a score of formidable rivals. He is a civilian. He has won his spurs in no memorable battle; and it is only a military chief who can reign by the sword. If the army is to be the centre and instrument of power, there are many who have a better title than he has to seize it. If, therefore, he relies on the army alone, as an instrument of misgovernment, he is leaning on a spear which will break and pierce him.

Above all, Louis Napoleon must beware of so far mis-reading the history of the great man whose name he bears as to look to war either for safety or for power. Let the nephew well understand and lay to heart the real foundations of the uncle's glories,—the true reason why the mere name is one of such magic,—the true reason why that name secured his own election, while yet an unknown or an ill-known man. It was not Napoleon's military, but his *civil* services that made him the idol of the nation from 1800 to 1804; it was a repetition, not of his military, but of his civil services, that, in 1848, France looked for from his nephew, when she chose him as her Chief at a moment when a similar confusion to that which Napoleon had closed seemed to call for a similar elucidation, and made the people turn with hope and affection to the mere echo of a great name. Napoleon's military career, magnificent and brilliant as it was, exhausted the nation, wearied the army, carried mourning and desolation into every family: Napoleon's military grandeur all passed away, and left France no wider, no greater, no richer than he found her. But his *Code Civil* has maintained its ground in every country where he planted it; his clear and simple coinage has been everywhere adopted and confirmed by the Sovereigns whom he had ejected, and who returned after his defeat; and his elaborate and scientific system of Centralized Administration has never once been shaken or meddled with by any of the Monarchs or Revolutions that have succeeded him. The trophies of war have all perished: the trophies of peace have all survived. The former made France miserable: the latter have made her a celebrity and an example. The former landed Napoleon in a miserable exile, and gave

"His name a doubt to all the winds of Heaven."

the latter placed him high among the permanent benefactors of mankind.

To Louis Napoleon, situated as he is, a war would probably be about the most shallow and suicidal policy he could pursue. In the first place, till firmly and fairly established on his new throne, a foreign war would only let loose his domestic foes. No

wise chief will march against an enemy, if he leaves half-subdued treason and angry discontent behind him in his own camp. In the second place, a war undertaken in these days must either be a war against despots with insurgents for allies; or a war against freedom with despots for allies. A war of the first kind would not only concentrate against the President all the continental powers, but would involve him in a net of incongruities and perplexities which would aggravate ten-fold the perplexities of his actual position. It could be successful only by the aid of those republican parties in Hungary, Italy, and Prussia, whose equivalents and *analoga* in France he had just repressed with such stern severity. He, the military usurper, the violent destroyer of a free Constitution, would have to hoist the banner of liberty, and march to the watchword of the people's war-cry. The hero of the *coup d'état*, the imprisoner of inviolable deputies, the gaoler of popular generals, would have to proclaim everywhere liberty to the captive, and the restoration of rights to the oppressed. If, on the other hand, he joined the European autocrats, and made war on liberty, and on England, Belgium, and Sardinia as its representatives, he would commit a still more fatal blunder. A war with England would be very popular, no doubt, with many Frenchmen, but it would be hateful to many more. It would be a proclamation of deliberate hostility against the cause of Constitutional rights and liberties all over the world. It would bring him, the Representative and Chief of a nation which still clings to the ideas of the first great revolution, into close alliance with the old worn-out tyrannies of Europe, and degrade him into the ape and flunkey of the withered legitimacy of the world. It would bring the Republic of France, which swears by universal suffrage, into direct collision with every state in which any vestige of popular election yet survives. It would involve her in a crusade against the freedom for which she has fought so gallantly and suffered and sacrificed so much. Such a war would be absolutely detestable to all the better spirits of the French nation—to the intelligent classes whom it is so important for Louis Napoleon to conciliate to his régime—to the moderate as the extreme—to all, except those who love plunder, and those who are thirsty for revenge. The Republicans of France sympathize deeply with the struggling patriots of every land. To them the expedition against Rome was the most hateful act of the Assembly. The Orleanists and Moderates feel that they must make common cause with the supporters of free Constitutions and limited Monarchy throughout the globe. The nation as a whole feel that, if the great contest and victory of 1789 is to bear any fruit—if it is not to be regarded as a gigantic and insane blunder—if it was an emancipation to be glorified in, not a crime to be repented of—France must remain the ally and champion of national independence and popular rights, wherever they may be asserted. To espouse the cause of despotism, to attack the free states of Europe, would be to blaspheme the past, to deny her mission, to desecrate her flag. For France to league with the Russian autocrat, the Prussian perjurer, the Austrian tyrant against Constitutional England and Sardinia, and Republican America and Switzerland, would indeed be for "the dog to return to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire."

A war must either be successful or unsuccessful; in either event it would be fatal to Louis Napoleon's supremacy. If unsuccessful, the French would never forgive him for having provoked it. The army would desert him; the people would despise him; the gentry would hate him; the whole nation would cry out against him; every private interest and every patriotic passion would combine to assail him; and the very foundations of his power would crumble away like sand. If, on the other hand, the war were to be glorious and triumphant, it would insure his downfall as infallibly, though from another cause. Louis Napoleon is not a soldier. His army must be entrusted to the leadership of the ablest generals he can appoint. His victories must be won by others. He must select for the supreme command, not the men he can rely upon as devoted to himself, but the men whom the public voice or the desire of the troops shall proclaim to be most fitted for the post. The first brilliant exploit will give him a rival. The first glorious campaign will designate his dethroner and successor. He may give the signal for war; but others will reap its laurels, others will gather in its fruits, others will monopolize its glory. A war would at once place the very men whom he has just circumvented, insulted, and imprisoned, at the head of the army by means of which he has climbed to power. A war would at once place Cavaignac, Changarnier, Bedeau, and Lamoricière above him. And if one of these should display any portion of that political and administrative genius, which the life of camps so often develops, and affords so many opportunities of manifesting; if he should be gifted with that terse and stir-

ring eloquence which soldiers often possess; and if solid and practical capacity should give him over the reason of his countrymen, that ascendant which his victories have already given him over their imagination, — then, assuredly, Louis Napoleon would have found his master, and the Assembly its merciless avenger.

Secondly,—Louis Napoleon must especially guard himself against the very probable mistake of supposing, that because he has the support of the army and of the masses—of the numerical majority, and of the organized forces of the nation—he can afford to despise the hostility, or dispense with the allegiance of the middle and educated classes. He has already given some indications of his tendency to fall into this error. He is said to be contemplating the abolition of the vexatious and burdensome *octroi*, the imposition of an income-tax, and the promotion of extensive public works, with a view to satisfy the poorer classes. But measures of this sort will not suffice. The great body of the ignorant peasantry have indeed voted for him as representing in their minds the cause of order, and the brilliant recollections of the Consulate and the Empire. Large numbers of the working people in the towns have also voted for him under the impression that he will unite the two incompatibilities, of a large remission of taxation, and a vigorous increase of public expenditure. But these alone cannot maintain him. The town ranks of all sections are always unreasonable in their expectations from a new *régime*, and therefore certain to encounter disappointment, and to change their admiration into disgust. Moreover, in no country, least of all in France, can the contest ever be a hopeful one for despotism, when all the cultivation and intelligence of the nation is on one side, and only brute numbers on the other. In no strife in modern days, is the *major vis* ever on the side of the *mere* numerical majority. The skill, knowledge, discipline, mental influence, intellectual resources, and moral weight, of the middle and upper ranks, will always be an immense over-match for mere masses of ignorant, untrained and stupid *prolétaires*. Louis Napoleon, therefore, must govern so as to conciliate the adherence of the writers, the financiers, and the literary and political notabilities of France—the natural leaders of her people—the representatives of her material interests and her moral power.

Now, to these classes, material interests are not the only ones, nor social comfort and physical wellbeing the sole necessaries of existence. Selfish and worldly as too many of them are, they cannot live by bread alone. They demand a scope for their activity, an arena for their talents. They will no longer be content with the old frivolties of the theatre and the *salon*. They have eaten of the tree of political knowledge; and, henceforth, the paradise of the senses and the fancy is disenchanted in their eyes. They have known the fascinations of political action, and will not again acquiesce in being utterly debarred from it. It will be dangerous to attempt to re-convert them into cyphers, and impossible to confine their energies within the poor and narrow circle of social trifling which once sufficed. The President must reckon with this natural ambition, and this rational activity. His new Constitution must be such as to offer an adequate and worthy field for the power and aspirations of the practical intellect of France. His administration must provide places wherein the capacities of the restless and the ardent may find ample, safe, and serviceable development. He must prove to the rising and the experienced politicians of the country, that the new system offers great prizes for the ambitious, wide scope for the active, noble occupation for the high-minded. He must shew them that there are worthier and loftier vocations for the trained and ripened intellect than party squabbles, or parliamentary intrigues, in aiding the action of the State, and developing the resources of the country. His Cabinet must be a place where genuine ability of every kind may find an entrance. His Senate must be an assembly to which it will not be a degradation to belong. His House of Representatives must be a body entitled to speak freely and discuss without reticence and fear.

Further, Louis Napoleon must remember that the educated classes will not long endure to be debarred from the full privileges and enjoyments of their education. It is idle to imagine that men gifted with the wonderful power of precise and brilliant expression, which distinguishes the French, will not chafe and rebel if condemned to an enforced silence, or compelled to restrain their utterances within limits, or to direct them into channels which it may suit a despot to prescribe. Men conscious of capacity to think worthily and to write splendidly on the exciting questions of government and war, will not tamely permit themselves to be warned off their favourite and chosen fields and relegated to the duller walks of science or fancy. Genius and talent, in every department of literature, like gunpowder, becomes dangerous by being compressed. They must be enlisted in the ser-

vice of the Government, or they will be arrayed against it, and in the end will be too strong for it. A free press is even a better safety-valve than a free Constitution for the restless intellects and fiery tempers of the cultivated classes. In addition to this, we must bear in mind that the French are great readers. The circulation of the Parisian newspapers is far beyond that of the London journals. Books and pamphlets, too, sell there in numbers which appear to us nearly fabulous. The recent *brochure* of M. Garnier de Cassagnac is said to have sold 100,000 copies. To most Parisians of any education, and to many provincials, their daily paper, with its brilliant "leader" and its exciting *feuilleton*, is as necessary as their daily breakfast. To deprive them of their habitual intellectual pabulum, and to render it so innutritious and insipid as it would inevitably become under a censorship, would render the President almost as unpopular with the Parisians as if he were to endeavour, actually and without metaphor, to starve them into allegiance. The support then of the thousand writers, and the million readers of France, Louis Napoleon can only conciliate by respecting the freedom of the press.

Lastly, and above all, Louis Napoleon must beware of relying on the Priests. They are about the worst, the weakest, and the most treacherous reed upon which he could lean. We regard the tendency he has shewn in this direction with more jealousy than any of his other proceedings. It looks like a projected coalition between the two armies of despotism—the military and the ecclesiastical. It is true that one of the saddest and most menacing features of the present aspect of French society is the absence of a religious spirit. It is true that any one who should reanimate religion in the nation would be the greatest of human benefactors. But playing into the hands of the Jesuits will have precisely a contrary effect. They are the notorious and irreconcilable enemies of the central ideas which lay at the bottom of the great French Revolution, and which are still inshrined in the hearts of the whole nation,—viz,, the sovereignty of the people, as opposed to the divine right of kings, and the reign of equal justice, as opposed to class privileges. All that the country has of noble in its recent history is arrayed against the priests. All the long years of its degradation and dishonour are associated with their rule. Everything generous and lofty, everything popular and stimulating, in its literature, has proclaimed relentless war against priestcraft under any form. Right or wrong, priests in general, and Jesuits in particular, are hated by everything in France, (except moral ignorance and rare fanaticism, and legitimacy, with its sinister and ulterior designs,) as the foes to enlightenment, the upholders of humbug, the allies of despotism, and the serpents who creep into and poison domestic life. The restoration of them, even to most modified and regulated influence, was one of the most daring, difficult, and unpopular of Napoleon's achievements. Notwithstanding the strong reasons which then existed for doing it, notwithstanding the consummate skill and caution with which he did it, it was a reactionary step, which his supporters could hardly tolerate or forgive. The attempt to associate the priests once more in State authority had done much to undermine the influence of Charles X., before their mischievous advice led him to that attack upon the press by which he forfeited his throne. The active intellects of the French nation, in immense preponderance—it is most deplorable that it should be so, but it is so—regard Christianity as a deception and a chimera; and their religious teachers must resemble the Archbishop of Paris much more, and the Bishop of Chartres much less than the great body of them do at present, before this sad error can be rectified. And so long as this is the case, any truckling to the priests, any favouritism towards them, any signs of an intention to re-impose upon the nation a system which its intellectual leaders believe to be a sham, will be resented as an insult. Christianity itself is a glorious truth as well as a great fact; but to the educated portion of the nation the substitution of priestly despotism in its place presents the system which Rousseau discredited, which D'Alembert, Helvetius, and Condorcet, and all the great literary names connected with the social and political changes of the 18th century, won their fame by contending with and overthrowing. The French may endure the restoration of the Imperial despotism—never that of priestly sway. They may again come under the dominion of the Bastile—never under that of the Inquisition. Louis Napoleon could scarcely commit a blunder which will more surely and more righteously combine against him all that is virulent and all that is selfish, all that is noble and all that is vicious, all that loves freedom and all that loves fame, all that loves truth and all that loves power, in the intellectual and social world of France,—than by holding out a hand of favour and alliance to the Jesuits. The army will despise him for it. The *Salons* will ridicule and sneer at him for it. The Press will hate him for it almost

to a man. The stern Puritan Guizot, the unprincipled and brilliant profligate Thiers, the learned, eloquent, and democratic historian Michelet, the richly-gifted and artist-minded George Sand, the dignified and honoured philosopher Victor Cousin, even the disgracefully-popular ransacker of moral cesspools and obscene *cloacæ*, Eugene Sue,—men who could join in nothing else, who have scarcely one other sentiment in common,—would all unite in one wild cry of mingled scorn, indignation, and disgust at the Ruler who could dream of replacing France under the broken crozier and the stained and tattered surplice of the priest.

Nor could the support of the clergy, thus dearly purchased as it must be, ever be relied on by Louis Napoleon. He can scarcely be weak enough to imagine that an organized hierarchy, whose head and centre is in Rome, can ever give faithful or cordial adherence to a man who has risen on the ruin and succeeded to the inheritance of anointed kings. He cannot believe that the servants of a Church whose first dogma, and whose pervading idea is the supremacy of Divine Right, can in their hearts espouse a cause based on military usurpation, and sanctioned by an appeal to universal suffrage. He cannot flatter himself that the alliance between the child of popular sovereignty and the proclaimers of royal sacredness and inviolability, can ever be more than a treacherous and hollow truce. He must know that by the necessity of the case, the Catholic clergy—such of them especially as receive their impulse from Rome—are secret and zealous Legitimists; that they regard him only as a warming-pan; and that they propose to use him as the restorer of an edifice which, when ready, the old and rightful heirs are to inhabit,—as the instrument for the recovery of a patrimony which, as soon as it is secured against the common enemy, they intend to transfer to the legal owner. Knowing all this, we can scarcely suppose, however Louis Napoleon may coquet with the Jesuits for a temporary purpose, that he will commit the enormous blunder of calling them into his councils, or sharing with them his power.

We have said that we are not sanguine as to Louis Napoleon's success in the position which he has so violently and unwarrantably seized. The chapter of accidents is always too rich in France to induce us to venture on a prophecy. Our object in this paper has been to trace the causes which have led to the catastrophe; to explain the reasons why we think the French nation may have been altogether on a wrong tack in their endeavour to naturalize a parliamentary government; to call attention to the irreconcilability of such government with the centralized and bureaucratic administration which is apparently so popular, and is certainly so fixed; and to shew how the powers which are held by the President may be wielded for the benefit of his country, if he be really animated by a patriotic spirit, and gifted with adequate capacities.

Since this Article was in type, the President has published his Constitution and fulminated his decrees of banishment. The first we have no time nor space to criticise: the latter we cannot pass over without the expression of our conviction that they are a great blunder, as well as a great crime. Such indiscriminate and illegal severity has alarmed and staggered his supporters, and enraged more than it has terrified his enemies. It is an indication and confession of weakness,—a wanton trampling upon legal forms,—a menacing inauguration of a reign of terror. Already the murmurs of the Parisian *salons* have warned him of his mistake and his danger. Confiscation has now followed proscription, and the whole arsenal of tyranny seems to be opened.

NOTE TO ART. IV. IN NO. XXXI.

We deeply regret to find, that in our Review of Mr. Newman's "Hebrew Monarchy," in last Number, through an unfortunate, and of course unintentional and quite accidental mistake, words have frequently been put into quotation-marks which are not his, but which were supposed to convey his meaning. Arguments and sentiments have also been imputed to him which we understand he disowns. As language is attributed to Mr. Newman which is not literally his, we are anxious to take the earliest opportunity of calling the attention of our readers to the circumstance. They can judge for themselves, by comparing his Work with our Review, whether his meaning has been conveyed in *substance*. But it is due to him and to them to offer this apology for not having conveyed it in his own *form of expression*.

THE

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

MAY AND AUGUST, 1852.

VOLUME XVII.

AMERICAN EDITION, VOL. XII.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,
79 FULTON STREET, CORNER OF GOLD.
1852.

INDEX TO VOL. XVI.

A

Aborigines of New Zealand, feelings of, towards the settlers, 178—massacre of Wairau, 179.

Æschylus, life and professional career of, 142—attractions of Æschylus to a modern English reader, 145.

Agassiz, account of his glacial hypothesis, 216.

Agricultural Geology, history of, 206—advantages of, 210—maps required, shewing the superficial deposits as well as the rock formations, ib.—defective knowledge respecting the distribution of soils, 221.

Aramaic Gospel of Matthew, question of, discussed, 229.

Arbitration, advantages of, as a means of settling international disputes, 5, 20.

Arctic Expeditions first suggested by Capt. Scoresby, 237—first Expedition in 1818, ib.—land journeys, 240—tragedy of Mr. Hood and Michel the Iroquois, 241, 242—Magnetic Pole discovered, 245—Sir John Franklin's Expedition in 1845—Searching Expeditions, 247—probable existence of a Polar Basin, 259—importance of the Arctic Expeditions, 259, 260—Expedition proposed between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen, 261.

Arminianism, distinction between Evangelical and Pelagian, 275.

Artistic vision, importance of acquiring the faculty of, 54.

Athenian Art, character of, before and after Phidias, 56.

Austin, Capt., his Expeditions to the Polar Seas, 256, 257.

B

Back, Capt., his Expeditions to the Polar Seas, 247.

Basque Language, one of the most remarkable of what are called incorporating languages, 116.

Beatson, Capt., his Searching Expedition for Sir John Franklin, 258.

Beche, Sir H. De la, his efforts to advance the study of Surface Geology, 209.

Bethune, Alexander and John, story of, 91—literary merit of their writings, 93.

Blackie, Professor, merits of his translation of Æschylus, 143.

Blindness, Milton's account of the coming on of, 168—how far it may be considered as a qualification for writing Paradise Lost, 176.

Buckley, T. A., merits and defects of his translation of Æschylus, 143.

Bureaucracy in France, picture of, 299, 300—fatal to Republicanism, 311.

Burns and his school, 79—cottar education and morality in Burns' time, 80—embarrassment and bewilderment with which he was regarded by Reviewers, 81—the Night of the Gospel, 83—Burns' politics, 84—Scottish life and Scottish song, ib.—decline of Scottish song after the time of Burns accounted for, 85—importance of popular song literature, 96.

Burnes, Capt., his mission to Caubul, 126—death and character of, 131.

Burritt, Mr. Elihu, first conceived the idea of a Peace Congress, 4.

C

Calotype likeness, how it differs from a portrait, 49.

Caricature, wherein it consists, 50.

Carlyle, Thomas, the relation he occupies to Christianity, 195—his Life of John Sterling, ib.—his reason for writing this biography, 196—comparison between his "Life" and Archdeacon Hare's, 196, 197—special criticism of the work, its style, 177—specimens of its rich literary merit, ib.—delineation of Sterling's character, 198—his view of the *chief end of man*, 205.

Categories, distinction between logical and grammatical, 113.

Christian Life in Germany, re-awakening of, 146—Revolution of 1848 in relation to the Church, 147—dreadful impiety of German radicalism, ib.—origin of the Wittenberg Conference, 148—proceedings during "the three days," 149—formation of the Church Confederation, ib.—happy effects of it, 150—Dr. Wichern and the Inner-Mission, ib.—Conferences of Stuttgardt and Elberfeldt, 151—increasing activity of the Inner-Mission, 152—dawn of a new reformation, 153.

Christianity ought to be associated with literature, 189—its all pervading influence, 191—no valid division of sacred and profane in human nature and human life, ib.

Cobden, Mr., his motion in the House of Commons, to submit international differences to arbitration, 6.

Coleridge, delineation of, by Carlyle, 201.

Colonization, effects of, upon our social atmosphere, 176.

Comparative Philology, 104—motives to the comparative study of language, 105—social character of language, 108—formation of language, ib.—the vocal elements, 109—relation of sound to sense, ib.—symbolic expression, 110—the intellectual element, 111—logical and grammatical categories, 113—inflection of words, 114—synthetic power of language, 116—reaction of language on national mind, 117—causes of the loss of inflections, 118—the Chinese, 119—common origin of language, 120.

Congress of Nations at Brussels, Paris, Frankfort, and London, for the promotion of Peace, 5-19.

Cooper, Thomas, notice of his "Purgatory of Suicides," 88.

Copleston, Bishop, Memoir of, 261—Copleston's labours for the revival of learning at Oxford, ib.—important omissions in the Memoir, 262, 263—extensive influence as a College tutor, 263—testimony of Mr. Hughes, ib—Dr. Whately's obligations to him, 264—his connexion with the passing of the Examination Statute of 1800, ib.—his opinions on University Reform, 265—Sir D. K. Sandford's opinion of his Work on Necessity and Pre-

destination, 267—his opinion of the Tractarians, 268—another biography required, 268, 269.
"Creed of Christendom," by W. R. Greg, reviewed, 73.

D

Davidson, Dr. Samuel, review of his Introduction to the New Testament, 223.
Democracy and Imperialism singularly combined in France, 313.
Direct and indirect taxation compared, 34—evils of direct taxation, 36.
Disarmament, general and simultaneous possibility of, 9.
Divorce Milton's views of the law of, 167.
Dost Mahomed, sketch of his career, 123—dethrones Shah Soojah, 124—insincerity and impolicy of Lord Auckland's treatment of him, 130.

E

East India Company, Mr. Kaye's panegyric on the administrative policy of, 130.
Education, Popular, progress of, in Great Britain, 285—value of the labours of Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, 287—appointment and duties of Government Inspectors, 288—standard for apprenticeship, 289—Pupil-Teacher system, ib.—qualifications and stipends, 291, 292—collective examination in populous towns, 292—Queen's scholarships, 294—small progress yet made and the remedy, 295—united and denominational schools, 296.
Egyptian language, causes of the degradation of, 111.
Elliott, character of his poetry, 87.
Elohistic and Jehovistic theory of Newman, Greg, and the German authors, 78.
Emigration to New Zealand, 176—hints to emigrants, 187.

F

Fine Arts in Edinburgh, 47—works of the calotypist and the painter compared, 48—the three divisions of art, 49—individual idealization, 49, 50—distinction between portraiture and caricature, 50—specific idealization, 51—generic idealization, 52 faculty of artistic vision, 54—Athenian art before and after Phidias, 56—the arbiters of artistic success ought to be educated for the task, 58—influence of the annual exhibition in Edinburgh, ib.—suggestions in regard to a gallery of art and the annual issue of engravings, 59—what can teaching do? 60—the Caracca, 61.
Foster's Essay on the "Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion," remarks on, 190.
France in January 1852, 297—present sad aspect, 298—the defunct Constitution, ib.—central bureaucracy of France, 299, 300—difficult position of the President, 300—organisation of the legislative body, ib.—denial of the right of the majority, 301—vice of Universal Suffrage, 302—conduct of the Legislative Assembly, ib.—national craving for rest, 304—position of the contending parties before the *coup d'état*, ib.—usurpation and election of Louis Napoleon, 305—difference of English and French capabilities, 306—bureaucracy fatal to Republicanism, 311—real security for good Government, 312—democracy and imperialism combined, 313—Constitution of Napoleon, 314—Prospects of France from Napoleon, 315—effect of a war on his position, 316—danger of suppressing a free press, 318—folly of relying upon the priests, 319.
Franklin, Sir John, his first attempt to reach the Polar Sea by land, 241—second journey, 243—expedition in 1845, 247—searching expeditions, 248—probability of his return, 258.

G

Geology of the Surface and Agriculture, 206—recent and remote strata, ib.—history of agricultural geology, 207—defects of the geological maps hitherto constructed, 209—advantages of agricultural geology, 210—maps of surface geology, ib.—distribution of the northern superficial deposits, 210, 211—erratic deposits of Britain, 212—hypotheses regarding erratic deposits, 215—diluvial and glacial hypotheses, 215, 216—waves of translation, 217—subsidence and elevation of land, 218—information furnished by polar voyages, ib.—defective knowledge respecting the distribution of soils, 221.
Germany, re-awakening of Christian life in, 146.
Greg's "Creed of Christendom," reviewed, 73—essential qualification for investigating the foundation of a creed, ib.—his logical pretensions are apt to mislead, 74—objections relating to inspiration disposed of, 75—inspiration not of degrees,—Whately's view, 76—questions proposed to Mr. Greg, 76, 77—Elohistic and Jehovistic theory, 78 alleged polytheism of the Jews, ib.—general view of the work, 78, 79.

H

Hare, Archdeacon, notice of his "Life of Sterling," 196—comparison between his work and that of Carlyle, ib.
Horne, Mr. Hartwell, merits and faults of his "Introduction," 227
House-tax unites most merits, and is open to fewer objections than any other tax, 39.
Hugo, M. Victor, his inaugural address at the Paris Peace Congress, 8.
Humboldt, William von, a chief promoter of the study of comparative philology, 105—merits and defects of his work on the Kawi language, ib.

I

Income-tax unfair, irritating, and demoralizing, 35—opinions of Mill and M'Culloch, 36—objectionable reasoning of Sir Chas. Wood, ib., *note*.
India, frontier wars of, 121—further extension of the frontier, ib.—the Douranee empire, ib.—Afghan feuds and usurpations, 122—rise of Dost Mahomed, 123—dethronement and exile of Shah Soojah, 124—sinister policy of the British Government, 125—the Simlah manifesto inconsistent with truth, 130—murder of Burnes, 131—his character, 132—disasters at Caubul, ib.—murder of Macnaghten, 134—ignominious failure of the war, 135—merits of Mr. Kaye's History of the War in Afghanistan, ib.
Inner-mission of the German churches, originated by Wichern, 150—its objects and labours, 152.
Inspiration, Archbishop Whately's view of, 76—some of Greg's objections answered, ib.
International code for the maintenance of peace advocated, 5.
Introductions to the Scriptures, notices of Horne's and Davidson's, 227.

K

Kaye, John William, his work on India reviewed, 121.

L

Languages, how distinguished from a dialect on the one hand, and the family of languages on the other, 107—social character of language, 108—formation of, ib.—common origin of, 120.
Legacy duty, one of the most equitable and least burdensome taxes, 40.
Literature and Christianity, relations of, 189—Christianity ought to be associated with literature, 190—change in the tone of our literature, 192—mistaken opinion that what is vicious in our present literature and theology has been wholly imported from Germany, 193—Carlyle's estimate of the importance of the literary function, 194.

Literature of the New Testament, 223—method of divine revelation beyond the limit of human analogies, 224—unparalleled ascendency and all-pervading influence of the New Testament, 225—proof of divine origin, 226—early literature, *ib.*—Mr. H Horne's "Introduction," 227—origin of the four gospels and their relation to one another, *ib.*—question of an original Aramaic Gospel of Matthew, 229—epistles of the New Testament, 233—general character of each, 233, 234—the apocalypse, 235.

M

Macnaghten, William, an adviser of Lord Auckland, 129—his murder, 133.
Magnetic Pole discovered by Sir John Ross, 245.
Methodism. *See* Wesley.
Mill, Mr., his opinion on the income-tax, 35—on the house-tax, 39—and on the legacy duty, 41.
Milton's Life and Works, 155—deep and habitual seriousness his great characteristic, 156—theory that varying sensibility, must, in a poet, predominate over principle, *ib.*—his austerity not relieved by humour, 160—his poetical preferences, 161—his theory of poetry, 162—style of his early poems, 163—projects of a great poem, 164—engages in political controversy, 165—polemic against prelacy, *ib.*—his marriage, 166—his political tracts, 168—his blindness, *ib.*—his favourite classical authors, 171—contrast of earlier and later poems, 172—what probably determined his choice of Paradise Lost for a subject, 173—character of his prose works, 176.
Miracles, Newman's theory of, 64.
Missionary operations in New Zealand, 186—bad effects of High Church bigotry, *ib.*
Müller's "Ancient Art and its Remains" reviewed, 47.

N

Napoleon, Louis. *See* France in 1852.
Newman's "History of the Hebrew Monarchy," reviewed, 63—his theory of miracles, 64—objections to the history 65—the prophetical writings, 71, 72—general character of Mr. Newman's objections, 72.
Nicoll, Robert, his early history, 88—his politics, 89, 90—character of his poetry, 91—his death, 90, 91.

O

Otago and Canterbury, Settlements of, 188.
Owen, John, D.D., 97—Dr. Owen in his library, 98 extent of early non-conformist libraries, *ib. note*—early history, *ib.*—his connexion with Cromwell, 99—gives to the world thirty volumes of theology, *ib.*—popularity as a preacher, 100—his written style, 101, 102—merits of the new edition of his works, 103, 104.
Oxford Colleges, view of, 200 years ago, 97—Dr. Copleston's efforts to reform, 261.

P

Parry, Captain, his Voyages of Discovery in the Arctic Seas, 240.
Peace Congresses, 1—first Peace Society established in 1815, 4—first Peace Congress in 1848, *ib.*—Prize Essays, 6—arbitration and mediation, international code, 5, 20—general disarmament, 6, 22—Mr. Cobden's motion in the House of Commons, 6—Congress at Paris, 7—inaugural address of M. Victor Hugo, 8—expenditure of Europe on the maintenance of armies, 9—Frankfort Congress, 11—Humboldt and Liebig, *ib.*—London Congress, 13—inaugural address by Sir David Brewster, 14.
Polar Seas, expeditions to, 236—probable existence of a Polar Basin, 259.
Polar Voyages, instructive details furnished by, to the science of Geology, 218.
Pottinger, Eldred, achievement of, at Herat, 128.
Prelacy, Milton's labours for the abolition of, 165.
Pupil-teacher system, 289—its superiority to the former system of monitors, 290.
"Purgatory of Suicides," merits and defects of, 88.
Puritanism, Milton's favour for, 156.

R

Republicanism incompatible with Bureaucracy, 311.
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, his exposition of generic idealization, 52.
Richardson, Sir John, his first Land Journey towards the Polar Sea, 240—second Journey, 243—Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin, 247.
Rogers, Professor, his contributions to the science of geology, 218.
Ross, Sir John, his first Arctic Expedition in 1815, 237—private Expedition in 1829, 245—discovers the magnetic pole, *ib.*—his Searching Expedition, 250.
Russian designs upon India, 123.

S

Sanscritic languages, their chief characteristic is their synthetic power, 116.
Scott, David, his works slowly appreciated, 58.
Scottish song, decline of, after the time of Burns, accounted for, 85—importance of popular song-literature, 96.
Scripture passages objected to by Newman explained, 65.
Semitic tongues, their excellences and defects, 117.
Shah Soojah, expulsion from the throne and attempts to regain it, 124.
Shuttleworth, Sir James Kay, value of his labours in the cause of Popular Education, 287.
Smibert's Widow's Lament, 85.
Smith, William, his contributions to agricultural geology, 207, 215.
Sterling, John, significance attached to the life of, 196—Carlyle's mistaken view, *ib.*—Archdeacon Hare's a more truthful portrait, *ib.*—Carlyle's estimate of his intellectual and moral qualities, 198—influence of Coleridge upon his religious opinions, 201—Sterling in the Church, opposite accounts by Hare and Carlyle, 202, 203—his speculative difficulties, 203—issue of the struggle, 204.
Stow, Mr., of Glasgow, his gallery lesson system, 294.

T

Taxation, principles of, 26—our taxation not scientific but empirical, 27—its amount diminishing when compared with the numbers and wealth of the nation, 28—comparative taxation of England and United States, 29—proportion levied from the rich and poor, *ib.*—enriching tendencies of reduced duties an axiom of financial policy, 33—conditions necessary in a perfect tax, 34—comparative merits of direct and indirect taxation, *ib.*—insuperable objections to the income tax, 35—large revenue cannot be levied from the few, 37—cost of collection of different taxes, 38—mischief of change of taxes, 40—indirect expense of indirect taxation, 41—taxes should be capable of being levied without causing irritation, 43—reform *versus* retrenchment, 45—scheme of taxation suggested to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, 46.
Taylor, Isaac, review of his work on Wesley and Methodism, 269.
Thom, Wm., of Inverury—notice of his "Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand-loom Weaver," 94—sketches of factory life in Aberdeen, *ib.*—effects of song on factory workers, 95.
Toleration under a theocracy equivalent to treason, 7.
Translations from the Classics, 136—advantage of a complete series of translations, *ib.*—importance of rigid literality, 137—translations from prose writers, 137, 138—translations from the poets, 138

—the question as between prose and poetical translations brought to a practical issue in the two works of Mr. Buckley and Professor Blackie, 142.

U

United States taxation compared with that of Great Britain, 29.

Universal Suffrage, working of, in France, 301.

W

War, argument against, 15—its results, 20; *see* Peace Congress—wars since the world became Christian, classified according to the origin and object, 21, *note*.

Webster, Dr. Noah, originated the first Peace Society, 4.

Wesley and Methodism, by Isaac Taylor, 269—sketch of the character, qualifications and labours of John Wesley, 270—of Whitefield, 271—important services to religion accomplished by Methodism, 274—doctrinal tenets of Methodists, distinction between Evangelican and Pelagian Arminianism, 275—probable permanence of Wesleyan Methodism, 276—an itinerant as compared with a fixed ministry, 277—Relation of the Apostolic succession to Methodism, 280—consent of the flock necessary to the formation of the pastoral relation, Hooker's view, 281—organization of Wesley's Institute, 282—Methodism of the time coming, 284.

Whately. Archbishop, his acknowledgment of his obligations to Copleston, 264.

Whitefield, sketch of his character and labours, by Isaac Taylor, 271.

Wichern, Dr., founder of the Inner-Mission, eloquent appeal of, to the Wittenberg Conference, 150.

Wood, Sir Chas., lax morality of, in advocating his continuance of the income-tax, 36, 38—scheme of taxation suggested to him, 46.

Z

Zealand, New, emigration to, previous to 1839, 176—foundation of new settlements, 177—conduct of the aborigines, 179—the Wairau massacre, *ib.*—suppression of the Maori hostilities, and return of prosperity to the colony, 180—Sir George Grey's successful policy, 181—physical aspect of the country, its vegetation, 182—Kawri pine forests, 183—its minerals, 184—the Maori race, *ib.*—the woman—the labourer, 185—Maori language, 186 susceptibility to religious impressions, 186—rival missionaries, 186—disastrous results of Bishop Selwyn's teaching, *ib.*—hints to emigrants, 187—Otago and Canterbury, 188.

THE

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

No. XXXIII.

FOR MAY, 1852.

ART. I.—1. *History of the Whig Administration of* 1830. By J. A. ROEBUCK. London, 1852.
2. *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, III., IV., V., and VI. By THOMAS CARLYLE. London, 1850.
3. *The Statesman.* By HENRY TAYLOR. London, 1836.

IN a country in which action is so rapid, interests so varied, and occupation so intense and unremitting, as with us—where men of business, philosophers, and politicians, pursue each their own special object with exclusive and overestimating eagerness—where the whole nation is engaged with healthy cheerfulness in unremitting effort and an unpausing race, it is not easy for those to find a hearing who would call upon the actors in this exciting drama to draw up for a brief space, and consider themselves, their position, and their aims, as becomes beings

> "Holding large discourse,
> Looking before and after."

Yet these breathing moments in the hasting course of time—these Sabbatical hours of the world's quick existence—in which we may review the past, estimate where we are standing, and ascertain whither we are tending, in which we may calculate our progress and catch a clear vision of our goal, may take stock of our acquisitions and achievements, investigate the value of our objects, and compare them with the price we are paying for them, and the means which remain to us of obtaining them—such pauses for reflection, introspection, and foresight, are particularly necessary if we would not sink from the dignity of men

> "Who know themselves, and know the ways before them,
> And from among them choose considerately,
> With a clear foresight, not a blindfold courage;
> And having chosen, with a steadfast mind
> Pursue their purposes"—

into mere unconscious instruments of destiny, mere unresisting floaters on the stream of time.

In politics especially, a mere "hand-to-mouth" existence—living, as the French express it, *au jour le jour*—can never be worthy of men who boast to be free and claim to be progressive. Yet it is the besetting peril, and has always been the peculiar reproach of our busy British statesmen. Overwhelmed as they constantly are with a mass of routine work, which must be got through; and having literally to fight their way inch by inch against a host of antagonists, whose sole business is antagonism; knowing that every step will be a struggle, and therefore, naturally enough, stepping less where they wish and think they *ought* than where they must and think they *can*, they can rarely get sufficiently out of the press and throng to see far, or sufficiently free from the urgent demands of the moment to deliberate or muse. The position *apart*, the dry ground of security *above*, which are indispensable to the profound and patient thought out of which wisdom emerges, are almost wholly denied them. The country, too, seems content that it should be so; it is satisfied to be served by men who do the duties of the day with capacity and decorum; it is never "over-exquisite to cast the shadow of uncertain evils;" it goes on from generation to generation, meeting unforeseen emergencies with extemporized expedients, stopping up a gap

with anything that comes to hand, caulking a shot-hole with the nearest hat, slitting open the leather where the shoe pinches, putting in a casual patch when the rent in the old garment becomes absolutely indecent and unbearable, cobbling up the old house as the family enlarges, or the roof decays, or the walls crumble and fall away, adding here a buttress and there a shed, and sometimes, in a crisis of severe pressure or unwonted ambition, joining a Grecian colonnade to a Gothic gable. In this strange style we have proceeded almost for centuries, till the incongruities of our dwellings, our clothing, and our policy, have grown obvious even to our own unobservant and accustomed eye. We go on swearing against the Pretender long after his last descendant has been laid quietly in a foreign grave; guarding with testy jealousy against the power of the Crown long after the Crown has been shorn of its due and legitimate authority; risking the loss of our liberties from foreign aggression rather than support an adequate standing army, because in past times those liberties were threatened by a standing army in the hands of a domestic tyrant; exacting oaths in a court of justice as a security for truth long after experience and reflection have shewn us that those who refuse oaths are the most truthful of all witnesses, and long after our inconsistent liberality has extorted from us the permission to every man to swear after his own fashion; —and committing a host of similar solecisms, all shewing how entirely we are still governed by the ideas and traditions of an obsolete and inapplicable age. In an era of new requirements and encircled by new conditions, we are drawing on the arsenals and speaking in the language of the past; and while young and mighty perils, from hitherto undreamed of quarters, are threatening the precious commonwealth, we are haunted by the ghost of some ancestral enemy, or are gibbetting the carcase and demolishing the tomb of some old danger that was long ago gathered to its fathers.

Our present object is to awaken among our countrymen some degree, not of uneasiness, indeed, but of perception of our dangers and our requirements, some serious and anxious inquiry into the difficulties which we have to meet and into our means of meeting them. Our foreign and international relations are becoming strangely complicated; and the principles which are to guide them in future require to be considered and decided, that our due influence be not impaired by weakness or vacillation. Our relations with our offsets and dependencies are changing and enlarging with the lapse of time; and the principles which are to regulate our colonial policy for the future must be discussed and laid down in such a manner as to avoid any risk of a disruption of our empire or of dissension among brethren. The social problems which press upon us for solution at home become daily knottier, more urgent, and more complex; and it is essential both to our safety and our welfare that they be neither evaded nor postponed. Finally, the duties of actual administration become every year more difficult and laborious as our wealth and numbers multiply, as our vision of what is needed becomes keener, and as our standard of requirement becomes higher. Now, for all these calls, but most especially for the last, we need statesmen not only of a high but of a peculiar order of talent; and as these calls increase and enlarge we require both more numerous and more able statesmen. Already it is felt that the work in every public department is augmenting and its difficulties thickening in a most perplexing degree. We are opening our eyes to the extent to which we have been misgoverned, and we are rapidly raising our conception of what Government might or ought to be; day by day defects are being discovered and abuses are being ferretted out and exposed in every ministerial office; and the voice of the country demands that they shall be remedied at once and shall be precluded for the future. We need more and exact more from our public men than at any former period. What means have our public men of meeting this need and these exactions? and what is our immediate prospect of a supply of statesmen adapted to the functions and equal to the necessities of their position?

Perhaps there has never been a period in our recent history where so poor a present had the prospect of being succeeded by a still poorer future. Generally speaking, each of the great parties in the State has been able to muster a sufficient number of men to form a Cabinet capable of undertaking the destinies of the country,—men whose views, indeed, we might deem erroneous, but of whose proved capacity there could be no question. *Now*, it is probable, that if an accident or an epidemic were to sweep off three or four of our oldest and most acknowledged leaders—whose end in the natural course of events cannot be far distant—all parties together could scarcely supply the fifteen ministers needed to complete a cabinet, of individuals whose fitness for such a position has been tried and is admitted by the nation. Our list of actual statesmen is alarmingly scanty; our list of

potential ones is scantier still. Peel and Wellington—the great parliamentary and the great military genius of the age—have both passed off the stage. After a life of toil, the one has found rest and the other is hourly looking forward to it. Who remain to replace them? Of the veterans who, by universal consent, hold a first rank, there are only four—Lord John Russell, Lord Derby, Lord Palmerston, and Sir James Graham. (We need take no account of their contemporaries, for Lord Lansdowne, never brilliant, but always sensible and moderate, is now seventy-two years of age, and is weary, broken down, and anxious for immediate retirement; Lord Aberdeen amiable and honourable, but yielding and inefficient, is now sixty-eight, and may, without disrespect, be spoken of in the preterite tense; Mr. Herries and Mr. Goulburn both verging on their seventieth year, were always more or less so.) But the four above named are all first-rate men. We may dissent from their policy, we may oppose their measures, we may dislike their persons, but it is impossible not to admit their full competency. Lord Derby is a gallant and brilliant nobleman; Lord John Russell is a statesman of thorough education and long experience and chivalric honour; Sir James Graham is unquestionably the ablest administrator in Parliament; and Lord Palmerston, beyond rivalship, the most complete and skilful diplomatist of his time. But these four are all of that rank and standing that remain to us; and Lord Derby, the youngest of them, is such a martyr to the gout, as almost, if not quite, to disqualify him for the toils of office. Far from being always ready for any call, he can never foresee whether he will be able to go down to the House on any given day, or whether he may not, for weeks at a time, be as unfit for business as the first Lord Chatham. Lord John Russell, whose health was never strong, is now sixty years of age; Sir James Graham the same; and Lord Palmerston is sixty-eight. When these men fail or disappear, as they soon must, who are they who will step into their places by right of natural inheritance?—the younger statesmen of the second rank.

It is in this class that our poverty is most apparent. It affords only three men qualified by capacity and character for the chief offices of State—Lord Clarendon, Lord Grey, and Mr. Gladstone. On these men we may soon have to place our main reliance. The first is already marked out by the general voice as our future Premier. He, of all men, would be best fitted to unite all that remains of vigour and adaptability in the old Whig party with the rising talent and bolder views of the more able Radicals, and to command the allied forces. He has high rank and aristocratic connexions; he is noted for firm purpose and conciliating manners; he has shewn first-rate ability, both as a diplomatist and an administrator; whatever he has had to do he has done well; his views are sound, comprehensive, and generous; and he is free from those narrow trammels of connexion and tradition which so often cloud the vision, complicate the measures, and paralyze the energy of Lord John Russell. Moreover, though a man of thoroughly broad and statesmanlike capacity, and nothing of a *doctrinaire*, he is known to sympathize more largely than any of his class with the opinions of the more sober and reflective of the popular party; he will be freer than any other statesman to act as he deems right, because more exempt than any other from embarrassing antecedents; and the skill and courage with which he has governed Ireland, afford a guarantee of his competency to the far easier task of governing England. Happily he is still young (52,) and may possibly be our pilot for nearly a quarter of a century before his powers decay. His brother, Charles Villiers, fought the battle of the Corn-laws side by side with Richard Cobden, and he himself was known to sympathize largely with the people in that memorable contest.

Mr. Gladstone is a man whom everybody respects, and whom all who know him love. He has many of the qualities of an English statesman—wide knowledge, thorough training, a conservative temper, and singular caution. He is, moreover, a man of unstained and lofty character, gentle and generous feelings, and a most sensitive and elaborate conscientiousness. But the tone of his mind is delicate and fine rather than strong; he is inclined to scholastic niceties which greatly impair his efficiency in political life; and though his mental and moral qualities will always make him influential, yet his subtle and refining temperament will prevent him from ever becoming a popular statesman. He may be a valuable adviser and a useful moderator, even perhaps a fair administrator, but scarcely a great leader.

Lord Grey raised great hopes of his future eminence and usefulness so long as he was out of office. "Omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset." Though always deplorably tainted with some of the worst faults of the Whig aristocracy—their narrow sympathies, imperious dogmatism, and cold haughtiness of temper—he was a laborious and thoughtful politician. His

views were always worthy of attention, often original, sometimes bold and comprehensive. He promised to become what England so much wants—a philosophical reformer. But office—that great test and touchstone of genuine capacity—has not only lowered his reputation, but we fear has damaged it so effectually as to render him almost unavailable for future service. Not only has he disappointed all hopes, made innumerable enemies, and done nothing well, but all his early defects seem to have been aggravated; and any such improvement as will again qualify him to become a leading statesman can scarcely be hoped for from a man who is too impatient to listen, and too proud to learn.

It may seem strange that in our survey of the prospective servants of the country, we should pass over such members of the late Cabinet as Sir Francis Baring, Mr. Fox Maule, Lord Carlisle, and Mr. Labouchere. But the first has never been esteemed a man either of much diligence or of great capacity, and is understood to have a rooted dislike to the fatigues and annoyances of office. The second is a man of talent and industry, but has scarcely made his way into the category of statesmen. Lord Carlisle, though he has been a laborious and most useful minister in his day, and though his genial manners, genuine, wide, warm benevolence, and ready popular sympathies, will always make him an ornament and a source of confidence to any Cabinet which he may join, is unquestionably not a man of commanding ability. He is an honour to his station and his country, but he would be the first to confess his own incapacity for the position of a leader. Sir George Grey's health is quite broken. Mr. Labouchere is a soft-minded, philanthropic, and honourable man —one of that class of rich, cultivated, noble country gentlemen, of whom England has so much reason to be proud; but his talents are only moderate, and he has far too little ambition to allow us to count upon him as a permanent candidate for office. Two noblemen remain, of whom the highest hopes are entertained by those who know them, and who will probably henceforth take rank among our leading statesmen—Lord Granville and Lord Dalhousie. Both are in the prime of life, and seem endowed with all the needful qualifications; but they can scarcely yet be said to have been sufficiently proved for us to predict their future with any certainty. Of those younger still, three have already appeared above the horizon, and may become stars in time. All are men of talent, and of high name and connexion. The Duke of Argyll has manifested already in his writings comprehensive views and a masterly logical faculty, and seems resolved to devote himself to public life. Lord Stanley, though an inferior man to his father, and though he has most injudiciously and prematurely announced his attachment to the falling cause of protection, is said to possess very considerable powers. Mr. Frederick Peel is cautious, able, and fond of work, and has avoided his father's early fault, ranking himself at once among the moderate but advancing liberals.

Here ends our list of rising and proximate statesmen from all the great parties which have hitherto divided political power between them, and it must be allowed to be an alarmingly meagre one. We do not mean that among the holders, past and present, of the subordinate ministerial offices there are not several men of great ability, whose capacity to render good service to their country we in no way doubt. Lord Stanley of Alderley is a man of respectable powers and business habits, and Mr. Wilson is a politician and administrator of vast industry and no ordinary talent; but the number of such men is not large, and they are not *leaders*, nor perhaps qualified to be so. "But," it will be asked, "are there in Parliament no other men of capacity and eminence, who, if not yet finished statesmen, are, at all events, fitted to become such; who, though hitherto undreamed of for official posts, are yet only excluded by virtue of their opinions; and who, as the country gradually advances in the career of liberalism, will become the exponents of its views, and therefore the natural administrators of its destinies?"—We think not.* Mere opinions exclude men only for a time: character and habits of mind exclude them for ever. In the first case, their day inevitably comes round: in the second, no lapse of years and no change of public sentiments can float them in to power. Now there are at present five men of great weight, and value, and prominence in the House of Commons, whom no one thinks of with much hope—scarcely even without dread—as possible ministers. It seems generally felt, and not among aristocratic and official circles only, that, notwithstanding their undoubted ability and vigour, their natural

* This was written before the formation of the present Cabinet, the list of whose members has amazed the world. But we do not feel disposed to alter or qualify any of our observations. With the exception of Mr. Herries, (who is *passé*), the only *known* member of that Cabinet in the House of Commons, is Mr. Disraeli, of whom all that can be said is, that, as far as he can be judged of by the past, he unites the maximum of parliamentary cleverness with the minimum of statesmanlike capacity.

and permanent place is in the opposition. They either have not the needful endowments of statesmen, or they have qualities and defects which neutralize and overpower these endowments. Mr. Disraeli is the apparent leader of a party, is undoubtedly its spokesman, and is by far the most brilliant and formidable rhetorician in the House. His prominence there, if backed by the suitable qualities, would indubitably make him a Cabinet minister and Secretary of State if ever the Tories, or their ghosts, the Protectionists, came into power. The House always fills to hear him speak; and the fierce and polished sarcasms which he launches on his opponents are the nightly delight of his associates. Yet no one ever dreams of him as a leading minister. The country would not endure his appointment to any important post, and his undeniable Parliamentary claim to such is well known to be a source of serious embarrassment to his party. He is felt by all parties to be a mere adventurer,—a man without fixed principles or deliberate and sincere public aims,—a man to whom political life is a game to be played (as respectably as may be) for his own advancement. Neither his character nor his abilities give him any *weight* with any class or party. Moreover, he is universally admitted to be destitute both of the statesmanlike capacity, the statesmanlike knowledge, and the statesmanlike sobriety and solidity of mind and morals. He belongs, not to the bees, but to the wasps and the butterflies of public life. He can sting and sparkle, but he cannot work. His place in the arena is marked and ticketed for ever.—Mr. Bright is a man of very vigorous though rough ability, his diligence is very meritorious, and he is gradually gaining the ear of the House; but his education is imperfect, his views narrow, his tone low, dogmatic, and somewhat vulgar; he has nothing of the statesman about him, and we do not imagine that he can ever soar above the position of a "Tribune of the People." No one looks to him for a moment as a future minister.—Mr. Cobden's mind is of a far higher order, his views more comprehensive, and his whole being and organization cast in a far finer mould; but his opinions and his language are too often extreme, and he has the great misfortune of being linked with a party altogether inferior to, and unworthy of himself; and it is to be feared that—

> "He will lower to their level day by day,
> What is fine within him growing coarse, to
> sympathize with clay."

Moreover, he also, like Mr. Bright, labours under the almost insuperable defect of an incomplete early education. It is not that his knowledge is not far greater, and his comprehension of social questions often far juster, than those of many men who are useful and even eminent in official life; but he wants that indescribable enlargement and refinement of intellect, the faculty for understanding other minds, and appreciating hidden wants and sympathies, which is indispensable to those who would aspire to govern a nation of cultivated men, and which an early acquaintance with the more elegant and profound branches of learning can alone confer. A man who could say that a copy of "The Times" contained more wisdom and sound information than the whole of Thucydides, even were it but in a hasty explosion of spleen, must be wanting in some of the most essential endowments and sensibilities of a true statesman.—Sir William Molesworth and Mr. Roebuck are not open to this objection: they are both men of finished training as well as of popular sympathies, and perfectly capable of comprehending the acquirements of a country like ours, and of taking wide and ample views of the science of policy. But Sir William is rich and lazy—social rather than ambitious; and though commanding the confidence of the people, would, we suspect, prefer being "proximate" to being actual minister.—Mr. Roebuck's valuable qualities are sadly clouded by certain constitutional defects. He is bold, honest, and courageous as few men are: but he is too apt to imagine that he has an absolute monopoly of these great gifts. He speaks truth both to constituents and to colleagues with an unflinching conscientiousness that is too seldom seen, but he takes care to put this truth in its most unpalatable and irritating form. He is far less extreme in his opinions than in his manner of stating them; and if he had added the *suaviter in modo* to the *fortiter in re*, he could scarcely fail to have been by this time far advanced on his way to high office. As it is, it seems to be generally admitted, even by those who think him one of the most talented politicians of the day—and we confess ourselves to be of this number—that his temper utterly precludes him from entering any ministry; since it is a temper which not only makes him unnecessarily and often unintentionally offensive to those with whom he comes in contact, but colours his whole views of men and things. He is a sort of radical Lord Grey; and it would, we imagine, be even less difficult to find a cabinet that would act with him, than a cabinet with which he would not consider it derogatory to act.

Let us now sum up the strength of our available and regular ministerial army, rank and file, on which the country will have to rely when the four worn and veteran statesmen whom we first named have retired or died. We have three cabinets to provide for—Tory, Liberal, and Medium. For the first we have literally no one: for the second we have Lords Clarendon, Granville, and Carlisle; with Mr. Fox Maule, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Frederick Peel: for the third we have Lord Dalhousie, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Cardwell among the tried men; Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, the Duke of Argyll, and possibly Lord Stanley among the prospective ones. The coalition of the whole set—proved men and hopeful men—could scarcely form one complete and competent ministry among them: and such a coalition we have not seen since the time of Pelham, and cannot look for in these more earnest and conscientious days. When Lord Derby has fallen a victim to the gout, Lord John Russell to feeble health, Lord Palmerston and Sir James Graham to the course of natural decay; when Sir George Grey has sunk under combined illness and toil, and Sir Francis Baring and Mr. Labouchere have yielded to their wish for ease and peace—*all of which events must happen soon, and may happen to-morrow*—we shall have to construct a ministry fit to govern and to guide our great empire out of the scanty materials we have enumerated. We must have a Premier, a Chancellor of the Exchequer, three Secretaries of State, a First Lord of the Admiralty, a Secretary or Lord Lieutenant for Ireland, and a President of the Board of Trade—*eight* in all, who must be men of superior and tried capacity and character, besides nine others of respectable ability; and we have, taking all parties together, only *six* adequate for chiefs, and about seven for secondary parts. Truly, our political army is in lamentable want of recruits.

To some parties, however, this state of affairs presents no cause for uneasiness. "In a country and an age so enlightened, so free, so self-governing as ours, we do not," they say, "need statesmen of lofty and surpassing genius to rule us. We can dispense with 'great men.'" There is some truth in this view; but it is partial and superficial truth. We can dispense with great men better than most nations, but we cannot dispense with them altogether, nor without mischief and without danger. Or rather, we can dispense with the *kind of greatness* which we do not require, but not with that kind which we do require. Ministers of vast philosophic capacity, like Bacon; of profound, systematic, thoroughgoing policy, like Strafford; of commanding and predominating genius, like Chatham; of imperious and overbearing resolve, like Pitt; or of haughty and unbending will, like the Duke of Wellington,—we perhaps do not need now. Their age is past. They would find no fitting scope, and no decorous place in our democratic and balanced constitution. Much of their superiority would be thrown away, and much of their power would be wasted in fruitless contest with the municipal and self-ruling element in our national character. Nor do we need as we once did—and valuable as such would still be—statesmen endowed with the special and glorious gift of legislative genius,—men who possess a penetrating and unerring insight into the character of the people, a thorough knowledge of their wants, and that peculiar organizing and arranging faculty, which can adapt laws and decrees to these two guiding conditions. The nation has now so many ways of explaining its own character, and proclaiming its own wants, that no one who can read and listen needs to misunderstand them, or remain ignorant of them; while at the same time it abounds in men of quick observation and of deep thought, whose united action in speech and writing even more than supplies the place, which, in less free or less developed countries, is filled by individual statesmen of paramount and commanding power. With us a hundred sensible and reflective men combine to do the work of one great man. Through the mighty, pervading, unresting engine of the press, they instruct, persuade, inoculate, and guide the people, as formerly and elsewhere a Clarendon, a Burleigh, a De Witt, a Hardenberg, or a Washington, might have done. More and more the policy of Britain is directed, its opinions formed, the tone of the national mind decided, its tendencies developed, its legislation modified, amended, and matured, by its writers rather than by its formal and official politicians. In matters of legislation, the unrecognised are often far more influential than the recognised statesmen of the day. In books and pamphlets, in newspapers and reviews, on a hundred noisy platforms, and in a thousand silent studies, the great national work is carried on; and carried on, in all likelihood, with a far greater aggregate of national benefit, if with less rapid and exact attainment of the immediate end, than if it were entrusted to a single statesman, towering far above the mass. Even in parliament, it is probable that sounder views are elicited, and more ultimate good effected by the crude and wild discussions and the bewildering and

shallow contributions of many men of imperfect knowledge and superficial understanding, than would be produced by the calm and elaborate exposition of one loftier mind. For the last half century the nation has done its own work. The union with Ireland was probably the last great act of individual legislative statemanship. Catholic emancipation was extorted by the Irish people. Parliamentary reform was carried by the English people. The re-organization of the Poor-law was the work of men out of parliament and scarcely heard of at the time: they studied the subject, elaborated the plan, informed and prepared the country,—while ministers were scarcely persuaded to adopt so bold, masterly, and complete a measure. And the last great change in the spirit and direction of our policy—the adoption of Free Trade—was due to no section of statesmen, but solely to the middle classes and their self-elected leaders.

It is not, then, chiefly for the purpose of comprehensive and philosophic legislation that we require public men of superior and commanding ability, but for the purposes of government and administration. Incapacity in this department the floating talent and sense of the country cannot supplement, or can do so only imperfectly and at enormous cost. Incapacity in this department is productive of the most fruitful suffering and evil; it may continue to work its mischief for months and years before it is discovered and proclaimed; yet the press can do nothing but expose it, and Parliament can do nothing but discard the actual delinquents and replace them by others who may be no less incompetent. The functions and the powers of ministers, even in this country, where they are so constantly badgered and so closely watched, are vast and appalling. A thousand eyes are constantly observing them, a thousand tongues constantly calling them to account, with all the vigilance of mingled envy, animosity, and patriotism; yet how small a proportion of their daily actions ever come to light or become the subject of public animadversion! How still fewer are discovered, reprehended, and counteracted, before they have run a long course of misery and mischief! We imagine that a hostile and ambitious opposition affords us a sufficient guarantee against matters going much or long amiss. We are deplorably mistaken: it affords us, indeed, a security that ministers will act under a nervous sense of responsibility, and probably, therefore, with conscientiousness and caution; but it affords, and can afford, no security that they will act with judgment or discretion. Let us consider for a moment what their functions are.* Each of them, in nine-tenths of the things which he has to do, is virtually absolute in his own department. A number of cases come before him daily in which he must act at once and upon his own judgment and responsibility. Most of these may be routine matters, or may appear unimportant; but each decision may carry with it fearful consequences. Parliament gives or refuses to each minister certain funds for special purposes, but there its action and control cease; the funds are spent as the minister thinks best. The Commander-in-Chief has the appointment of generals in various quarters: he may appoint a plausible fool or a superannuated friend, and the result is and has been sad reverses, fearful slaughter, perilous discomfiture. From indolence, prejudice, or incapacity, he may so mismanage the internal organization of the army, that when an emergency arises we have scarcely a regiment fit for efficient service; he may retain flint guns when every other nation has adopted percussion-caps; he may stick close to miserable muskets when everywhere else they have been superseded by improved rifles; he may allow our ordnance to fall so far behind the age as to become our own dread and our enemy's laughing-stock; he may dress our soldiers so that they cannot march, and mount our cavalry so that they cannot charge. All this has been done; much of it is said to be done now. Nay more, he not only may commit many of these errors, it is probable that he will. Inaction is always easier and often safer than

* "The far greater proportion of the duties which are performed in the office of a minister are and must be performed under no effective responsibility. Where politics and parties are not affected by the matter in question, and so long as there is no flagrant neglect or glaring injustice to individuals which a party can take hold of, the responsibility to Parliament is merely nominal, or falls otherwise only through casualty, caprice, and a misemployment of the time due from Parliament to legislative affairs. Thus the business of the office may be reduced within a very manageable compass, without creating public scandal. By evading decisions wherever they can be evaded; by shifting them on other departments or authorities, where by any possibility they can be shifted; by giving decisions upon superficial examinations, categorically, so as not to expose the superficiality by propounding the reasons; by deferring questions till, as Lord Bacon says, 'they resolve themselves;' by undertaking nothing for the public good which the public voice does not call for; by conciliating loud and energetic individuals at the expense of such public interests as are dumb, or do not attract attention; by sacrificing everywhere what is feeble and obscure to what is influential and cognizable; by such means and shifts as these the functionary may reduce his business within his powers, and perhaps obtain for himself the most valuable of all reputations in this line of life—that of being 'a safe man.'"—*The Statesman, by Henry Taylor*, p. 151.

activity; changes are troublesome, unwelcome and costly; and it requires some nerve to face a Parliamentary debate on an increased item in the estimates. Thus, without the public knowing, without Parliament vituperating, our army may fall into utter inefficiency, while appearances are well kept up; and the nation may be suddenly awakened from its apathy to trace, when it is too late, defeat and discredit to administrative incapacity, and to find itself called upon at a tremendous cost to redeem the consequences of having trusted a lazy or incompetent commander. It would be invidious to specify too closely; but recent history and present circumstances may supply to every one the needed commentary and confirmation.—Again, the first Lord of the Admiralty, and his chief Secretary, decide what stores shall be laid in, and how and whence: what ships shall be built and commissioned, how they shall be manned and armed, who shall command them, and where they shall be sent. If this is done, as we know it often is done, without discernment or discretion, consequences may ensue which it will require years of care and millions of money to obliterate. Not only may the public money be infamously and unavailingly squandered, but public servants may be drowned or poisoned by wholesale. An ill-appointed vessel, under an incompetent commander, may go down with a whole regiment of soldiers on board. A reckless or hot-headed captain, whose character the Admiralty ought to have known, may involve us in a dangerous quarrel—possibly in a costly war. Mismanagement or misplacement of our naval strength may expose our own shores to imminent and deadly risk, may compromise our long established maritime supremacy, and compel us to submit to insult which at the moment we are unprepared to resist. Hundreds of thousands of pounds, which might have commissioned a dozen ships, and raised the wages and satisfied the wishes of whole crews of deserving seamen, may be frittered away in building ships that will not sail, and then cutting them into two again; in constructing iron steamers which will not stand round shot, and are therefore wholly useless; or in making vessels too large for their engines, and ordering engines too heavy for the ships. Hundreds of thousands more may be wasted from the want of a simple system of checks and vouchers, such as every private establishment possesses, but such as Mr. Ward's celebrated circular betrayed the absence of in the navy. All this may be directly traceable to the negligence, ignorance, or incapacity of the principal officials; yet the country may know nothing of it for years, and when informed of it, can do nothing but dismiss the offenders and appoint others who may be to the full as incapable. All this, too, our recent annals may amply illustrate.—The Colonial Secretary has, if possible, still greater power of irresponsible, unchecked, and undiscoverable mischief. He governs, nearly autocratically, forty dependencies, some of them larger than the mother-country, whose dearest interests he may irreparably damage, whose safety he may jeopardize, and whose affections he may alienate by an injudicious despatch, a careless decision, or a bad appointment. He may destroy the property of hundreds, he may undermine the commerce of a district, he may produce or prolong wars of the most irritating and unprofitable kind, as in New Zealand and at the Cape; he may act over again on a small scale, the complicated blunders and sad catastrophes of 1776; and the country which he is ruining can neither detect nor control him. His power of mischief is almost equal to that of the father of evil. All this, again, the annals of Canada, Australasia, and Jamaica, shew to be no mere, no speculative possibility, but in some degree, in some form, in some quarter, a matter of yearly occurrence.—The same remarks will apply with almost equal force to the Governor-General of India, on whose judgment the most momentous questions as to war and peace in our Eastern empire almost hourly depend. How much depends on the soundness of this judgment, let Burmah, Scinde, Cabul, and the Punjab, testify.—At home, indeed, we can watch the Home Secretary more closely, and check him somewhat more promptly, yet, in nearly everything that relates to the administration of justice and the disposal of criminals, what a mass of vital arrangements depends upon his secret and absolute fiat! What shall be done with condemned offenders; whether and whither they shall be transported, or in what hulks they shall be confined; what system of prison discipline shall be adopted, and to whom the carrying out of experiments on which so much depends shall be confided; what criminals shall be left for execution, and whose sentences shall be remitted or commuted;—all these things are decided, not by Parliament, nor by the country, but by one man and his subordinates, who act as they think proper, and whose capacity and wisdom are therefore questions of national importance, second certainly to none.—And, to conclude, what fearful contingencies often hang upon the right or wrong decision, the tact, the for-

bearance, the firmness, the temper, the discretion of the Foreign Secretary, whose line of conduct is fixed upon in the secrecy of his own cabinet, and whose proceedings are seldom known to the country till many months after they have been in operation, and till their results, however mischievous, have long been wholly irremediable. A European war—the extent, the termination, and the significance of which no prophet can foresee—may depend, and has ere now depended, on the conduct, temper, and opinions of one single man whom we place at the head of this particular department. And shall we be satisfied to have only a few mediocre and untried men to select him from?

When such are the tremendous—and though not irresponsible yet certainly uncontrolled—powers which we place in the hands of those who administer our national affairs, when every decision which they take involves the welfare and happiness of thousands, when the country may be called upon to expiate, with its dearest lives and its richest treasure, every blunder they may commit through imperfect knowledge, or inadequate capacity, who shall say that we do not require in our public men the most commanding ability—powers the most special and the most rare? The magnitude of the interests at stake cannot be exaggerated; the talents required for the task can scarcely be estimated by too high a standard. The wellbeing of a nation, and of that portion of human progress which it influences and decides, has to be provided for. How cautious, and how deliberately tested ought to be the choice of those to whom it is confided;—how rich, numerous, varied, and select, should be the list of candidates out of whom our election must be made! These considerations may lead us to perceive the dangers which threaten us from the paucity and poverty of administrative materials which we have explained above: it remains to inquire into a few of the causes whence this poverty has arisen, and into the quarter in which a remedy for it is to be sought.

It is customary to attribute this scanty supply of public men in a great measure to the aristocratic exclusiveness of the two great parties which have hitherto divided the power and management of the State between them. The Whigs, in particular, it is alleged, have always been notorious for unwillingness to admit to a real *boná fide* participation in either the honours or emoluments of office any but those who were connected with their chiefs by family ties, or who had the privilege of moving in their polished and fastidious circles. They have shrunk still more than the Tories from genuine and liberal alliances with men of no family or rank, even when these men had rendered them the most signal aid in their political contests, and were far superior to themselves in administrative and parliamentary ability. They have always been noted for breeding in and in; and the usual consequences of such exclusiveness have followed. Even Burke, it is remembered, the great political philosopher of his day, and long the ornament and the strength of the Whig party—a man whose name will live in reverence when all his colleagues and contemporaries are forgotten—was never admitted to a seat in the cabinet, but, when his party came into power, was unworthily delegated to one of those offices of secondary influence and emolument reserved for able and indispensable, but untitled allies. Since that time, Poulett Thomson and Huskisson are, we believe, the only unconnected plebeians (out of the legal profession) who have ever attained the dignity of cabinet ministers among the Whigs; and the first of these reached that post only by slow degress, and through the personal friendship of a simple-minded and honourable man, (Lord Althorp,) and held it only for a short period. Whenever a popular leader has attained such eminence in Parliament that he cannot safely or decently be passed over, it has been customary to offer him some minor post, the acceptance of which, though it might ultimately lead to further advancement, would impose upon its holder the duty of defending the measures of his principals, and sharing in the disgrace attached to their impropriety, clumsiness, or failure, without conferring upon him the smallest share in the previous discussion or concoction of them. Such posts are very properly offered to *rising* men of promise; but on such they are rarely bestowed by the Whigs. Such posts can scarcely be proposed to men whose character is high, whose position is made, whose talents have already won for them wide influence and independent power, without something approaching to insult. Mr. Cobden, for example, was perhaps too young and too inexperienced, in 1846, for an office of first-rate dignity and power, though fifteen years older than Mr. Pitt when he was Prime Minister, and than Mr. Peel when Secretary for Ireland;—yet how would it have been dignified or decent for him, with his position as a party leader, his vast influence in the country, and a high character to lose or to confirm, to have accepted the offered vice-presidency of the Board of Trade, with no seat in the cabinet, and conse-

quently with no control over the proceedings of a ministry who might drag him through any dirt and cover him with any obloquy? Till our great political chiefs recognise and bend to the necessity of enlisting in their service, on honourable and generous terms, and thus training in time for future eminence, all rising politicians, of whatever rank, who display promising capacity—till they can stoop to renew their worn-out blood from that middle class which is so rich in strong and practical ability—our supply of statesmen can scarcely be otherwise than scanty.

There is considerable truth in this complaint, though, perhaps, something exaggerated. It is certainly much to be desired, that the ministers who are to rule the country should be chosen from as wide a basis as possible, and that neither wealth, rank, nor connexions, should be regarded as indispensable pre-requisites for high office—wherever middle-class men have in them the materials of statesmen they should be appointed as freely as any others. But does the fault lie altogether with those who have the disposal of official places? Have the middle classes sent up to Parliament men trained and qualified for statesmanship? Have the sober wisdom, the cautious views, the comprehensive knowledge, the wide and liberal instruction, the capacity for seeing all sides of a question, and for looking beyond superficial appearances and immediate and transitory consequences—have these, the peculiar qualities which mark a man out as fit for office, been also the qualities specially sought for by the middle classes, and peculiarly honoured in their representatives?—Have not, on the contrary, the shallow, the noisy, the violent, the flashy, the men of narrow vision and imperfect education, the men who echoed, rather than the men who opposed, the passions and prejudices of the place and hour, been chosen by preference for Parliament? How many members have been sent up by the middle classes, from among their own ranks, out of whom statesmen could be made—to whom ministers, without rashness, and without guilt, could intrust the headship of any department? Is it the "stump-orator" from the Tower Hamlets? Is it the medical, or the fashionable, member for Finsbury? Is it the gentleman who sits for Bolton, so modest, and so highly educated? Or the gentleman who sits for Ashton, so renowned for his sincerity? Is it the dethroned Railway King who represents Sunderland? Or the golden calf who represents one of the Newcastles? Is it the apostle of temperance who sits for Derby? or the honourable member for Montrose, to whom age has brought no experience and little enlightenment? We might go on through a long list; but it is needless, and would sound invidious. It would be difficult to name a single man of the middle class in Parliament who has displayed any superior ability, and who is not either in office, or by some peculiarity or defect, obviously unfitted for it. Mr. Shiel, Mr. Wyse, Mr. Ward, were all in office, till they accepted diplomatic posts. Mr. Hawes was in office till, after repeated failures, he sank in despair upon his present feather bed. Mr. Baines and Mr. Strutt have been in office, and will be, we trust, again. And Charles Buller, an abler man than any, would probably have risen to high position but for his premature death. Mr. Wilson is in office, or has lately been; who will say, that Mr. Bright, Mr. Cobden, or Mr. Roebuck, ought to be? In the present state of affairs, we do not believe, that if the constituencies will send up middle-class men qualified for office, there is much fear of their being passed over. There may, indeed, be a lingering indisposition to appoint them to the highest posts; but to these they must fight their way by convincing *the country* of their pre-eminent qualifications. England will not see her destinies intrusted to a second-rate nobleman, while a commoner of unquestionable superiority and fitness stands beside him ready for the task. But the mistake seems to be, to assume that popular leaders and skilful orators have necessarily any statesmanlike qualities or capacities about them. Probably in five cases out of six their appointment would be scarcely more fatal to the country than to their own fame.

A more really operative cause of the phenomenon we are deploring, may be found in the gradually increasing tendency among our ablest and most fitting men to retire from Parliament, and shrink from public life. Many causes contribute to strengthen and to spread this tendency. In the first place, Parliament is no longer as comfortable or desirable a place as formerly. The work is far harder, the dignity far less, the collateral and sinister advantages far fewer and more uncertain than they used to be. The labour imposed upon those members who really endeavour to do their duty to their constituencies and their country—and no others can long retain their seats—is so severe, that only the strongest frames can bear it, and only the most obstinate ambition will encounter it. Our Senators have to work as hard as the followers of some of the most highly paid professions; and they reap no emolument, little fame, and few thanks. They have to stay in town all sum-

mer, and to sit up nearly all night. They have often to put a strong control on their own feelings, and severe restrictions on their own tastes. They have to be considerate and courteous to all their constituents, to endure the caprices of the fretful, the complaints of the captious, the exactions of the unreasonable, and often the insults of the vulgar. The title of M.P. used to be a diploma of distinction: it is now too frequently only the badge and livery of servitude. Formerly, it meant access into the best society, a share in the deepest national interests, admission behind the scenes of the most exciting drama. Now, it signifies, for the vast majority of those who hold it, nothing but enrolment in a miscellaneous herd of over-worked and unremunerated drudges. Formerly, too, a seat in Parliament often gave a man the means of providing for himself, generally of providing for his friends: now, happily and righteously, these ignominious and underhand perquisites are nearly all swept away. What wonder then that the quiet, the unambitious, the self-respecting—those who, undazzled by the hollow splendour, and undeceived by youthful dreams, can calmly measure the object against the price, the gain against the sacrifice—should incline to keep out of an arena where so much is to be endured, and, unless for the exceptional few, so little to be achieved! What wonder that one, eminent alike in literature and in Parliament, should write thus of the latter life:—"There is little reason, in our opinion, to envy those who are still engaged in a pursuit from which, at most, they can only hope that, by relinquishing liberal studies and social pleasures, by passing nights without sleep, and summers without one glimpse of the beauties of nature, they may attain that laborious, that invidious, that closely watched slavery, which is mocked with the name of power."

There is another reason, less selfish and more creditable, which induces many men peculiarly qualified to influence, to guide and to instruct the country, to retire from public life and seek out other channels of patriotic usefulness. Parliament is no longer the sole, nor the chief arena in which public service can be rendered. Formerly, Parliament was the only place in which the national work was done; a warning voice, if raised anywhere else, was like that of one crying in the wilderness; wisdom and information, speaking elsewhere than at St. Stephen's, spoke without an audience or an echo. It was there that public grievances were made known; it was there that freedom and justice were defended; it was there that public delinquents were brought to public trial and to public shame; it was there that sound views of policy were argued and inculcated, and sound principles of morality disseminated through the national mind. Parliament was not only the great guardian, but the great educator of the people. Now, the Press has superseded many of the functions of Parliament, and performs them far more ceaselessly and efficiently than Parliament could do. It ferrets out abuses, exposes jobs, and detects secret iniquities and negligences, and strips naked hypocrisies and shams. It represents grievances, denounces oppressions, diffuses information, examines doctrines, and inoculates the country with them. Public meetings too, associations and organizations out of doors, do much to prepare, to instruct, and to inform. In every town, and every circle of society, men who in Parliament would be dumb and powerless, are actively at work in forming and spreading their own opinions. It has become easier to act upon Parliament through the nation, than upon the nation through the Parliament. Hence it has begun to be generally felt, that unless a man be endowed with some rare and special faculties, of which oratory is the first, and a peculiar social tact the second, he will be actually more influential out of Parliament than in it. Those who have had an opportunity of tracing back public movements to their origin, are well aware how many of the most important of them are due to men of whom the world never hears, but yet gifted with great ability, and that peculiar ability most adapted for the public service,—who study in quiet and in patience the great social questions of the day, form their views upon them, and then, either by writing or conversation, contrive to indoctrinate others with them; while ostensible Members of Parliament become the unconscious instruments and mouthpieces of these silent and obscure politicians. Both in the higher and the middle ranks may be found numbers scattered through the land, whose minds are incessantly occupied with public interests, whose views are far profounder, whose knowledge of affairs is greater, whose mastery of subjects is more complete, and whose actual influence on the world's march is more real and more powerful, than is ever attained by those who are prominent before the country, and who are its nominal rulers and administrators.

But not only are the best men often unwilling to go to Parliament—the constituencies are often unwilling to send them there. Those who would make the best legislators and administrators are not always adapted to the tastes or malleable to the purposes of

the mass of electors. The qualities which are popular on the hustings are by no means always the qualities which are suited to serve the country in a public capacity, and large constituencies have rarely the judgment to discern what these qualities are, or the patriotism to choose them, when accompanied by cold manners, offensive candour, independent feelings, or unbending tenacity of opinion. Every general election affords instances enough to corroborate our statement. Mr. S. J. Loyd, now Lord Overstone, a man of singular soundness and clearness of view, better acquainted with commercial and financial matters than probably any man living, but too indolent and refining to be easily persuadable to enter on the public arena, was rejected by Manchester. Mr. Macaulay, notwithstanding his unquestioned ability and eloquence, was rejected by Edinburgh; and being unable to find another borough, resigned his seat in the Cabinet, and retired to the fame and comfort of a literary life. Lord Morpeth, the most estimable and the most beloved of public men, was defeated in Yorkshire, and was out of Parliament for several Sessions;—and Sir James Graham, whom all allow to be the ablest administrator now living, has never sat twice in succession for the same borough, and it is believed was recently prevented from taking office because he dared not risk the chances of a new election.

But the principal cause of the evil we are considering—the adequate supply of public servants of commanding talent—lies deeper still, and is inherent in the very constitution of a Parliamentary government such as ours. The more the country needs capable administrators, and the less it needs orators and legislators, the more the evil will become apparent, and the more defective will our system be found. By an ancient and nearly invariable custom our ministers are selected exclusively out of our Parliamentary notabilities. Yet it is undeniable that the qualities which make men formidable leaders, which render them eminent and powerful in Parliament, are very different from those which are required for the efficient and judicious management of government departments. The talking and the acting faculties; the power of doing things well, and the power of defending them skilfully; the talent for "dressing up a statement for the House," and the talent for finding the policy fitted for an Empire; administrative genius and dialectic skill, seldom meet in one mind, and, indeed, belong to wholly distinct classes of intellectual superiority. A Chancellor of the Exchequer may be noted for his thorough mastery of financial science, yet be wholly deficient in the power of addressing a critical audience or of making out a good case for his measures. Or like a recent appointment, he may be a brilliant rhetorician, yet an absolute ignoramus in matters of commerce or taxation. He may delight the House of Commons, but terrify Lombard Street. The Members of Parliament may flock down from Bellamy's as soon as they know that he is on his legs; while the members of the Stock Exchange grow pale when they read of his appointment. The Colonial Secretary, too, may rule distant dependencies with the genius of Wellington or Richelieu, yet be unable to speak two consecutive sentences in the House, without a solecism or a blunder. Yet our system passes by the solid governor, and selects the brilliant haranguer.

"Under the Tudors and the early Stuarts, (writes Mr. Macaulay in his review of Sir W. Temple), it was generally by courtly arts, or by official skill or knowledge, that a politician raised himself to power. From the time of Charles II., down to our own days, a different species of talent, parliamentary talent, has been the most valuable of all the qualifications of an English statesmen. It has stood in the place of all other acquirements. It has covered ignorance, weakness, rashness, the most fatal mal-administration. A great negotiator is nothing compared with a great debater; and a minister who can make a successful speech need trouble himself little about an unsuccessful expedition. This is the talent which has made judges without law, and diplomatists without French; which has sent to the Admiralty men who did not know the stern of a ship from the bowsprit, and to the India Board men who did not know the difference between a rupee and a pagoda; which made a foreign secretary of Mr. Pitt, who, as George II. said, had never opened Vattel, and which was very near making a Chancellor of the Exchequer of Mr. Sheridan, who could not work a sum in long division."

Now, this is a prolific source of mischief, which, as long as Parliament confined itself to its original functions, was comparatively little felt, but which now, in the course of time and through the operation of certain gradual and insensible changes, has become increasingly serious and manifest. While Parliament was a body of notables assembled for purposes of deliberation and discussion, for voting or refusing taxes, for representing national feelings and proclaiming national grievances, the talent of ready speech, clear statement, skilful dialectic, and vehement denunciation, found their proper vocation, and did good service. But when, in process of time, Parliament took upon itself the task of close supervision and control, and of direct and often minute interfer-

ence with the executive, when it became virtually a *governing* as well as a legislating and representing body, very different endowments were needed in its members; and its fitness for its new and self-imposed duties became yearly more questionable. Its constitution is much what it used to be, but its functions are materially altered. As the House of Commons has become more popular and more of a debating club, it has also assumed more and more of the labours which popular debating clubs are singularly unsuited to perform. It was admirably adapted for its ancient and original purpose—not at all so for its modern and superinduced one. It was originally a *checking*, not an *acting* body—an assembly for securing the subject against the oppression and encroachment of the Crown. In this, its native and intentional function, it is inimitable and unrivalled; for its subsequent and adopted one, it is at best but a clumsy contrivance. It is excellent as a defender of our liberties and an exponent of our wishes and our wants; but for *governing*, or for preventing misgovernment, it is tedious, ponderous, and inefficient.

"What I had to remark," observes Mr. Carlyle, "of this long Parliament, and of its English predecessors generally, from the times of Rufus downwards, is this perfect veracity of purpose, this exact adaptation to getting the business done that was in hand. Supplies did in some way use to be granted; grievances, such as never fail, did in some way use to be stated and redressed. The silent peoples had their *Parliamentum*, and spake by it to their kings who governed them. In all human government, wherever a man will attempt to govern men, this is a function as necessary as the breath of life; and it must be said the old European populations, and the fortunate English best of all, did this function *well*. The old Parliaments were authentic entities; came upon indispensable work, and were in earnest to their very fingerends about getting it done. . . . Parliament now, if we examine well, has irrevocably lost certain of its old functions, which it still pretends to do; and has got certain new functions, which it never can do, and yet pretends to be doing,—a doubly fatal predicament. Its functions growing ever more confused in this twofold way, the position of Parliament has become a false, and is gradually becoming an impossible one, in modern affairs. It has had to prevent and distort its poor activity in all manner of ways, and at length has diffused itself in oceans of windy talk, reported in *Hansard;* has grown, in short, a national palaver, and is, as I said lately, one of the strangest entities this sun ever looked down upon. For, I think, a national palaver, recognised as Sovereign, a solemn convocation of all the stump-orators in the nation to come and govern us, was not seen on the earth till recently. . . . A Parliament, especially a Parliament with newspaper reporters firmly established in it, is an entity which by its very nature cannot do work, but can do talk only—which at times may be needed, and at other times may be very needless. Consider, in fact, a body of six hundred and fifty-eight miscellaneous persons set to consult about 'business,' with twenty-seven millions, mostly fools, assiduously listening to them;—was there ever since the world began—will there ever be till the world end, any 'business' accomplished in these circumstances? We may take it as a fact, and should lay it to heart everywhere, that no Sovereign ruler with six hundred and fifty-eight heads, set to rule twenty-seven millions, by continually talking in the hearing of them all, can for the life of it make a good figure in that vocation."

Every page of our recent history abounds with proofs and examples of the mischiefs and abuses which arise from our inveterate and probably now inevitable habit of arranging all measures and making all appointments with a view to parliamentary considerations. Measures are concocted, not because they are the best adapted to the wants of the country, but because they are the most likely to be easily passed by the Commons, and growlingly sanctioned by the Lords. Men are selected for this or that influential and responsible office, not on account of any remarkable fitness for the discharge of its functions, which has been exhibited by them, or is supposed to lie hidden within them, but because parliamentary support may be conciliated, or parliamentary hostility disarmed, by their appointment. The interests of the country are sacrificed, that the government of the country may be carried on. A commercial minister may be a mere tyro in finance; bnt the trade of the country must be fettered and endangered by giving him power to carry out his unwise conceptions, that the votes of himself and his supporters may be secured. An incapable nobleman is made Secretary-at-War, and allowed by his mismanagement to sacrifice regiment after regiment, and hazard campaign after campaign, as in the late war, because the Cabinet cannot dispense with his brilliant debating powers in the House of Commons. Thousands of valuable lives and millions of valuable treasure are wasted—as at Walcheren—in a fruitless and wretchedly managed expedition, because the Premier chooses to place his own brother at its head, and the Premier is omnipotent in Parliament. An indolent, obscure, or superannuated admiral is placed in command of an important squadron, and golden opportunities are lost in senseless evolutions, because the admiral has a host of parliamentary friends, whom it would be dangerous for the Ministry to offend. Similar solecisms are committed daily, but it is only in the criti-

cal exigencies of war, or when in peace some unforeseen emergency occurs, calling for qualities in appointed servants which they do not possess, that their full consequences come to light. We need go no farther back than the Peninsular campaigns for abundant examples. Mr. Canning was, at that time, Foreign Minister, and Mr. Perceval, Premier. The latter was a man of the scantiest ability, but had the confidence of the Crown, and possessed enormous weight in the House of Commons. The former was a statesman of most brilliant genius, and a skilful and vigorous diplomatist, but wholly destitute of the administrative capacity and diligence to conduct the complicated arrangements of a continental war. He was, however, the great stay of the Ministry in debate, and could not be spared. Lord Castlereagh, a nobleman of high honour, and of great parliamentary experience and skill, but of very small natural capacity, was Secretary-at-War. Accordingly, never was the blood and treasure of a country so vexatiously and lamentably wasted as those of England were by these three incapables. Their blunders were scarcely credible, and can only be fairly understood after careful study of Colonel Napier's History. Mr. Canning scattered his agents over Spain, chose them ill, made them independent of each other, allowed and encouraged them to lavish money, arms, and stores, on the wretched and ungrateful Spanish generals, hampered his own noble and consummate commander, Sir John Moore, with senseless instructions, turned a deaf ear to his remonstrances and demands, and, when he failed and fell, threw upon him the whole blame of the discomfiture which he himself had prepared. During the long and arduous years in which the Duke of Wellington, with unrivalled and profound strategy, and even statesmanship, fought his way from Lisbon to Bayonne, his own government was his worst enemy, his most formidable and hopeless antagonist. In spite of repeated representations, his troops were left without stores, without shoes, without clothes, without ammunition. The engineering tools sent out were so bad that our engineers were *dependent on those captured from the French.* Besieging batteries, constantly demanded, were either refused or delayed, till the Duke was repeatedly compelled to carry fortresses by assault, which were only half breached, against all the rules of military science, and at a cost of life which was absolutely appalling. The military chest was constantly empty, and the most important enterprises were in consequence obliged to be abandoned. Re-inforcements both of men and money, which were lavished on the incapable Lord Chatham, were denied to the energetic and successful Sir Arthur Wellesley. Officers of high rank neglected or disobeyed his orders, and thus sacrificed his soldiers, endangered his victories, or made them fruitless; yet he dared not punish or cashier them, because the parliamentary influence of their families forbade. Throughout the whole campaign the genius of the Duke had to remedy, and the blood of the soldiers to atone for, the blunders and culpable negligence of Mr. Perceval, Mr. Canning, and Lord Castlereagh. The fate of thousands of brave and valuable men lies at the door of those three ministers, and of the system which made such men so powerful as they were.

To the same system—the system which places at the head of affairs men of parliamentary influence and parliamentary talent, but of no other qualifications for administration or command—may be traced, more or less directly, most of our recent disasters:—the Affghanistan war, with its train of discomfiture and disgrace; the escapades of Lord Ellenborough, whom happily even parliamentary influence could not save from being recalled; the unhappy mess which Governor Fitzroy brought about in New Zealand; the Canadian rebellion; and the Caffre wars. Everywhere the same story. In war, in commerce, in administration, the governed have had to supplement the deficiencies, correct the faults, support the weight, and pay for the blunders of the governors. Everywhere the sense and bottom of the English people and the English soldiers have been called upon to counteract the incapacity or foliy of English rulers. In this lies the explanation of what otherwise might well perplex us,—how is it, namely, that such a system has endured so long, and produced so much less mischief than it seemed calculated to engender. The people, as a whole, are supplying a constant and often unconscious corrective.

"An English seventy-four," (says Mr. Carlyle,) "if you look merely at the articulate law and methods of it, is one of the impossiblest entities. The captain is appointed not by pre-eminent merit in sailorship, but by parliamentary connexion; the men are got by impressment; a press-gang goes out, knocks men down in the streets of seatowns, and drags them on board,—if the ship were to be stranded, I have heard that they would nearly all run ashore and desert. Can anything be more unreasonable than a seventy-four? Articulately, almost nothing. But it has inarticulate traditions, ancient methods, and habitudes in it, stoicisms, nobleness, *true* rules both of sailing and of conduct; enough to keep it afloat on Nature's veridical bosom after all. See; if you bid

it sail to the end of the world, it will lift anchor, go, and arrive. The raging oceans do not beat it back; it, too, as well as the raging oceans, has a relation to Nature, and it does not sink, but under due conditions is borne along. If it meet with hurricanes, it rides them out; if it meet an enemy's ship, it shivers it to powder; and in short it holds on its way, and to a wonderful extent *does* what it means and pretends to do. Assure yourself, my friend, there is an immense fund of truth somewhere or other stowed in that seventy-four."

All who have had much to do with Ministers, and Members of Parliament, and those who come into constant social or official contact with them, seldom fail to become conscious of a certain marked and specific character which pervades the whole *genus*. Originally, they may be cast in Nature's most discrepant moulds. They may be conservative and antique by temper and tradition. They may be liberal and profusive in their sentiments. They may be aggressively benevolent, or carelessly epicurean. They may be fond of labour, or they may be fond of ease. They may call themselves aristocratic, or may flatter themselves that they are popular. But the same easily recognisable stamp of family likeness is upon them all. They are all *parliament men*—and no mistake. They have all been stretched on the same Procrustean bed, fused in the same crucible, subjected to the same annealing process. Their native dissimilarities are not, indeed, crushed out of them, but are all harmonized and overpowered by the pressure of one pervading and controlling element. They take different sides of a question, but they think in the same conventional style. They draw their information from the same *set* of organs, and look at the world through spectacles, different, indeed, in power and colour, but all proceeding from the same workshop. They are all conversant with, and insensibly moulded by the gossip of the clubs; they all think much of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews; they all listen anxiously to the language of The Times, and are not wholly without concern about the articles in the Morning Chronicle, the Morning Post, and the Daily News. But beyond these they seldom go. Opinions which find expression in none of these party and *London* organs they despise or ignore. *De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio.* The North British, the British Quarterly, the Westminster Review, the Leeds Mercury, the Manchester Guardian, wide as their circulation, and great as their influence is among the miscellaneous and the middle classes, they seldom read, and regard little. Sentiments may be fermenting, and doctrines may be spreading for years, in the interior of the community, till they have modified the whole bent and character of the nation, and yet these men may have heard nothing of them, till some such startling facts as the Birmingham Political Union, the Anti-Corn-Law League, or the Secession of the Free Church, break in upon their apathetic slumbers, and enlarge the narrow and artificial boundaries of their knowledge. In spite of warning voices occasionally raised within their hearing, these denizens of the conventional political world of London and St. Stephens remain wholly ignorant alike of the power, the feelings, and the intellect of the silent middle ranks; and would be amazed and somewhat alarmed if they could know the contempt and disgust which these often feel for the party manœuvres which occupy them, the trifles which absorb them, the blunders which disgrace them, and the infatuation which blinds them. The Parliament, reformed as it is—further reformed as it may be—must enlarge its channels of information; the officials—improved in this respect though they are—must widen their basis, and open their sympathies far more than they have yet done, before they can know what the country expects from them, and can furnish them with the means of effecting.

There are sundry little customs which have, by the lapse of time, attained almost the rigidity of law, by which we contrive still further to aggravate the difficulty of finding and securing the ablest and fittest men for the public service. Some of these have grown up gradually and insensibly, and have descended to us from remote times; others have been adopted to guard against dangers which were real and imminent once, but which have long since passed away. Two, especially, require a passing notice, as they are almost yearly operating to our disadvantage, and not seldom to our actual suffering and danger. The first of these is the union in the person of the Lord Chancellor of the two functions of Keeper of the Great Seal, and Chief Judge in Equity. In the first quality, he is the principal adviser of the Sovereign, keeper of the royal conscience, patron of the church livings of the Crown, appointer of justices of the peace, &c., superintendent-general of charities, guardian, in the king's name, of infants, idiots, and lunatics. In virtue of these functions, he is essentially a political officer, and as such, forms a part of the cabinet, and, rightly and necessarily, stands or falls with his ministerial colleagues. But, in his second capacity, he is the supreme judge in the most difficult, complicated, and laborious court of justice in the kingdom, exercising the most awfully arbitrary and

extensive jurisdiction, discharging functions of which only the most exclusive attention, the most unremitting assiduity, the most continuous watchfulness, can approximate to an adequate performance. To enable him to do anything like justice to the hard duties thrust upon him, and to the numberless suitors, whose property, happiness, liberty, and sometimes life, are at his disposal, it would be necessary, not only that he should have nothing else to do, but that he should be permanent and irremovable, and that he should be appointed with a *sole* regard to his judicial capacity and his experience in equity practice. Yet, in contempt and seeming defiance of these obvious and universally admitted considerations, the two offices continue to be united in one person, to the unspeakable injury of both departments, one of which is continually sacrificed to the other. The consequences of this utterly indefensible arrangement are, *first*, That the ablest lawyers are at times unwilling to accept an office which, while it removes them from their former sphere of usefulness and emoluments, they may, perhaps, hold only for a few months, and then be subjected to eternal idleness and obscurity;—*secondly*, That causes in equity are often heard and reheard before four or five different chancellors, each of which comes new and unprepared to the hearing; that as soon as a judge becomes experienced and competent, the chances are, that he is removed to make way for a successor, who has his business to learn at the expense of the unhappy litigants who come before him; and that the work, being more than any one man can possibly get through, accumulates and complicates, till the Court of Chancery has become an instrument of injustice, cruelty, and oppression, such as the Inquisition can only faintly imitate, and such as no European country, except England, can produce or could tolerate;—and, *thirdly*, That lord chancellors are constantly appointed, who either are of no value to their colleagues or their country, as political advisers, or who, being chosen for their oratorical powers, or their parliamentary influence, are wholly unfit to preside over a court, requiring for its due conduct the rarest and loftiest legal qualifications. Cabinets generally choose the latter alternative, as the least evil to themselves, though immeasurably the greatest to the nation. Instances are not wanting. In the early part of the century, Lord Erskine was made chancellor, because he was a popular pleader, an eloquent speaker, and an ardent Whig, though he knew little of law, and was wholly ignorant of equity. In 1830, the same motives promoted Mr. Brougham to the Woolsack, much against his own will, it is said, although, while respectable as a common lawyer, he was utterly inexperienced in equity. Lord Cottenham, who made an excellent Chancery judge, was quite valueless as a political functionary;—while his successor, again, a competent chief justice, but an inexperienced and incompetent chancellor, owed his appointment entirely to political considerations. An anomaly productive of so much oppression and misery, and admitting of no defence, will surely not be endured much longer.

The custom of requiring every Member of Parliament, who accepts Ministerial office, to vacate his seat and submit himself to his constituents for re-election or rejection, is a fertile source of embarrassment and mischief. At one time, undoubtedly, it was a wise and salutary precaution against the selection and retention by the Crown of ministers who did not possess the confidence of the nation. It served, or might serve, to prevent the monarch from employing a commoner, at least, who was supposed to entertain designs against the liberties of the people. Now this danger no longer exists, and the precaution against it should cease likewise. No statesman condemned by or unpopular with the House of Commons can now retain office a single day. The custom, moreover, is we think indefensible on the broad constitutional grounds of justice. It enables not the nation, *but any one constituency*, to put a negative upon the indubitable right of the sovereign to choose his own servants. It enables any one constituency—and that perhaps the smallest, most ignorant, and most corrupt in the community—to dismiss or forbid the choice of a minister who may possess the confidence and admiration both of the monarch and the parliament. Before the Reform Bill, this evil and incongruity was not felt, because the nomination boroughs offered an easy mode of nullifying it. If a new minister was rejected by his former constituents, he was immediately elected for some Government seat, which a subordinate vacated to make room for him, or a place was purchased for him by the outlay of £3000 or £4000 of his own or government money. Now, however, these arrangements are not so easy, and are not always practicable, and great inconvenience frequently arises in consequence. On one occasion Lord John Russell was out of parliament for some weeks during the middle of session, to the great detriment of the public business, till the member for Stroud vacated on his behalf. Sir James Graham is the ablest administrator among our living statesmen, and is the man of all others, whom a

large portion of the educated classes of the community would most desire to see in power. But something in his manners, or something which perhaps we must designate as a certain want of nobleness and generosity of temper, makes him so personally unpopular, that, as we have already observed, he has scarcely ever sat twice for the same constituency, and if now appointed to office, might very possibly be returned by none. Indeed, if there be any truth in the rumour, that at the close of last year the negotiations which Lord John Russell is known to have opened with Sir James Graham, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Cardwell, were rendered abortive because none of these gentlemen felt any confidence in their re-election, we may now trace the advent of a Tory Ministry of unparalleled and dangerous incapacity, the risk arising from an interregnum and a general election at a crisis of great external confusion and uncertainty, and the nuisance of having to fight the battle of free-trade over again, to the operation of this absurd and antiquated custom. A long-established government has been upset, and has been obliged to resign its functions at a most critical moment into most alarming hands, because three constituencies—one insignificant, one notoriously bigoted, and a third notoriously corrupt—forbade it to call to its aid and that of the country three men of tried and eminent ability.

To point out existing evils is a far easier and less delicate task than to suggest a remedy. We well know how slowly and reluctantly the English mind admits a new idea, and with what distrust and distaste the public always turns from any recommendations which have the least air of science or system about them. Any attempt to modify or counteract the actual present tendencies of the nation—any scheme of amendment or of safety, however cautious, moderate, and wise, which cannot be introduced to public attention under the ægis of a precedent—is almost certain to be suspiciously and ill received. Thousands who have gone along with us in our statement of the difficulties under which we labour, and of the dangers which threaten us from a defective supply of able public servants, and from the inherent unsuitability of the source from which they are chosen to supply precisely the *right sort* of men—will turn away prepossessed or hopeless, when we endeavour to point out the direction in which an alleviation of these difficulties and a guarantee against these dangers should be sought. Nevertheless we shall venture on a few suggestions, which, when they have lain long enough and been re-produced often enough before the public mind for their novelty to have worn off, may possibly meet with a dispassionate consideration.

In the first place, it would seem desirable that the House of Commons should if possible be restored to its original functions of an advising, representing, and controlling, but not governing body. This looks like a hopeless recommendation, and perhaps it is so. It is, as both our own history and the contemporary annals of continental nations show, an inherent tendency in popular legislative assemblies, to encroach on the department of the executive, and gradually to draw to themselves all the powers of the state. We have sinned less than our continental neighbours in this respect, it is true, and perhaps their example may supply us with a timely warning; but for many years, and especially since 1832, our movement has been undeniably in this direction. And for a powerful body, voluntarily and from a sense of public benefit, to divest itself of functions and influence which it has usurped, would be an unheard of forbearance. Still something may be done by making the public mind aware of the tendency, and convincing it that the tendency is ruinous. Now it is abundantly obvious, *first*, that actual *business* can never be efficiently or promptly done by a committee or board of 658 members; and *secondly*, that by such usurpation of the ministerial functions the responsibility which should always cling as directly as possible to the *actors*, is in the first place shifted in a great measure from the ministers to parliament, and is in the latter body shared among so many, and in such various and unascertainable proportions as to be virtually no responsibility at all. With these remarks, which we throw out for the national consideration, we leave this branch of the subject.

It cannot for a moment be imagined that the aggregate of the governing and guiding talent in the whole country has diminished, or that it is inadequate to any demands that can be made upon it. There probably never was a period in our history when capacity of every kind was as rife as now, when the general intelligence of the country was so cultivated in every department, or when all ranks could furnish forth so many minds fitted to bring them honour and to do them service. The difficulty we have to contend with—the first we have to meet—is not that the total national supply of administrative and legislative ability is less than formerly, but merely that it does not now, as formerly, instinctively congregate within the walls of Parliament. Great Britain is still opu-

lent, though St. Stephens may have become impoverished and meagre. England we firmly believe to be as rich as ever in pilots who could weather every storm, in servants competent to any task, in statesmen fit to cope with any emergency. Two things only are needed to enlist all this floating and scattered genius in the service of the State :—that the Sovereign should be at liberty to select her instruments not from senators, orators, or noblemen alone, but from all ranks, descriptions, positions, and professions; and that she should be enabled to outbid all other competitors for their talents —should be empowered to offer them such rewards as will command their willing and devoted labours, in the shape either of dignity, of emolument, or of that real power of efficient usefulness, which, to the purely ambitious and truly patriotic soul, is the sweetest and richest recompense which the world's treasury contains. A very simple arrangement would suffice. Empower the Queen to call to her councils all the administrative talent, all the statesmanlike wisdom of the country, in whatsoever rank it has appeared, in whatsoever channel it has displayed itself; and where the duties of the office, or the public service makes it necessary, let the royal selection *ipso facto* confer a seat, though not a vote, in Parliament.

"The aristocratic class," (Mr. Carlyle observes,) "from whom members of Parliament can be elected, extends only to certain thousands: from these you are to choose your Secretary, if a seat in Parliament is the primary condition. But the general population is twenty-seven millions; from all sections of which you can choose, if the seat in Parliament is not to be primary. Make it ultimate instead of primary—a last investiture instead of a first indispensable condition—and the whole British nation, learned, unlearned, professional, practical, speculative, and miscellaneous, is at your disposal! In the lowest broad strata of the population, equally as in the highest and narrowest, are produced men of every kind of genius; man for man, your chance of genius is as good among the millions as among the units;—and class for class, what must it be! From all classes, not from certain hundreds as now, but from several millions, whatsoever man the gods had gifted with intellect and nobleness and power to help his country, could be chosen."

A considerable proportion of those whom the Queen might thus select would probably be in Parliament already: a certain proportion also, would not really need to be in Parliament at all. "Given, a good official man or secretary, he ought, as far as it is possible, to be left working in the silent state. No mortal can both work, and do good talking in Parliament, or out of it: the feat is as impossible as that of serving two hostile masters." But for those officials whom it was necessary to have in Parliament, both to afford needful explanations, and to defend—as only those actually engaged can fully defend—the conduct and measures of the administration, *ex officio* seats should be provided. There really is no reasonable objection that we can divine to such an obvious and simple solution of the difficulty; nor have we ever heard any urged. Not being Peers, they would of course have no votes in the House of Lords; not being elected by the people, they would of course have no votes in the House of Commons; the prerogative of neither House of Parliament would be in the slightest degree infringed. Her Majesty would simply be provided with an indispensable medium of communication with her "faithful Commons," and her "trusty and well-beloved cousins." But the proposition is not only indefeasibly reasonable: what is a consideration of far greater weight with John Bull, it is strictly according to, and *within* precedent.

The Queen can already, of her own free will, place any one she pleases in the House of Peers, *not only for a time, but for ever*, not only with the right of speech, but with the complete and entire privileges of the peerage. Our proposition does not go nearly this length: it gives the Queen no powers half so extensive as those she already wields. With regard to the House of Commons, it surely cannot be forgotten that up to the period of the first Reform Bill, the Crown possessed the power (with great additions) which we now propose to bestow upon it: there were a certain number of Government boroughs to the representation of which the Sovereign could at once nominate any minister she might please to appoint. In neither quarter, therefore, is our suggestion open to the charge of innovation. The amendment would be strictly in conformity with the spirit of the constitution. It would still, as now, be in the power of either House of Parliament to declare its want of confidence in the Administration, and in case of necessity to compel the Crown to change it, by withholding the necessary supplies. But it would enable the Queen to do that which the Constitution of the Realm declares to be her undoubted prerogative—viz., to select her own ministers—more effectually than at present: it would put it out of the power of any single capricious or sinister constituency to annul the appointment of the Crown: and it would no longer confine Her Majesty's choice within the narrow circle of those who are wealthy enough to adventure on a Parliamentary career, ambitious enough to rush

voluntarily into the popular arena, rich enough to buy a close borough, or hardy enough to contest an open one. It would carry out the intention of our fundamental statutes, and make this part of our boasted constitution a reality and not a sham.

But something more than this would be required. It can have escaped the attention of none who have long watched the management of public affairs in this country, that much mischief arises, and much more is permitted to continue, in consequence of the entire absorption of the time and strength of all our ministers with the daily and indispensable business of their several departments. Their whole energy is barely adequate to do what must be done, and to meet what must be met. Sufficient, and more than sufficient, to each day is the evil and the labour thereof. They are obliged to postpone, and put aside everything that is not urgent and clamorous for attention. They are wholly without the leisure either of time or mind, to take a deliberate and comprehensive survey of the several changes or amendments which the public service *needs*, but does not *demand*. They cannot dive deeply into the maladies of the nation, or the tendencies of the times. Not only can they not calmly and profoundly study what is for the public good, but they have scarcely even time carefully to examine the wisest schemes, and the most beneficial proposals which are made to them. Thus all the rich suggestions with which official experience and insight must be laden, are profitless, or nearly so, to them and to their country. They wait to propose what is needful, and to grapple with what is intolerable, till the nation discovers what their greater opportunities must have made known to them for years, and becomes so clamorous on the subject, as to render it the most important and pressing matter of the day. Then, and not till then, it is attended to. And then, being taken up under the influence of "pressure from without," it is too commonly dealt with ignorantly, hastily, and clumsily. Instances might be specified without number: we will confine ourselves to one. For many years our entire system of dealing with the criminal population has been in a position fitted to engage the most anxious attention of any wise and far-seeing statesman. Crime has been increasing, and the means of directly dealing with it have been diminishing. One or other branch of the subject has excited in its turn a partial and passing public interest, and *something* has been done, but done carelessly, unsystematically, and empirically. An outcry was raised against capital punishments; and capital punishments were virtually abolished. Much indignation was excited about the state of the prisons; and prison inspectors were appointed. The system of transportation was vehemently denounced; and the Government proclaimed their determination to abandon it. Benevolent people declared that criminals should be regarded rather as unfortunate men who had been misled, and ought to be pitied and reformed, than as public enemies and dangers against which the nation had to be protected; and, accordingly, the Government have done their best to pet prisoners and "make them comfortable." Thus, the whole matter has got into an inextricable mess. We may not hang malefactors; we may not transport them; we may not even punish them with due severity at home. We may not make prisons the effective penitentiaries they ought to be, because the country would not bear the cost of its own maudlin tenderness for guilt, or because, at least, ministers think so, and, therefore, dare not apply to Parliament for the necessary funds. Public and magisterial feeling shrinks from condemning infant criminals to the hardening and corrupting influence of adult gaols; yet, nothing is done to provide juvenile and reformatory ones, because the public has not demanded them, and we have no statesman to forestall what is not demanded. And we have thousands of our youthful population annually educated into crime as a most lucrative profession; yet we do not boldly stop this fertile source of suffering and perplexity, by taking them at once out of the hands of their educators, because we are not yet prepared to interfere with "the liberty of the subject," or to rescue children from parents who are training them for hell! The whole awful question —so momentous when looked at both from the moral and the political point of view— is suffered to drift on, waiting till it shall "resolve itself,"—because our ministers have neither strength, genius, nor leisure, for the discharge of real statesmanlike functions, and because we have not yet gathered to the service of the country the men qualified to supply their deficiencies.

A very simple remedy might be found by allowing to each of the chief officers of State a sort of unofficial council in the background, to assist and advise him in matters relating to his special department,—the members of which, three or four in number, he would be at liberty to choose from any quarter and any class, and to remunerate in such a manner as to enable him to command the fittest minds the country could afford. Their functions should be to examine into the wants of the nation with a profoundness,

and to deliberate on remedial measures with a care, which the routine and heavy duties of their chief make impossible for him; to consider suggestions; to prepare plans; to regard permanent ameliorations rather than temporary expedients; and generally to be to their principal a secret and reliable supply of that *Statesmanship*, which is eminently needed, but which a life of incessant activity and antagonism effectually forbids. The country, duly searched, could furnish numbers of men, admirably fitted for such functions,—men aloof from and above the strife and turmoil of party; thoroughly acquainted with the temper of the nation as well as with its wants; with minds inured to labour, trained to political and historical investigations and enriched by the studies of ancient and modern wisdom; enlarged, sober, and philosophic; and bringing to their task an independence of feeling, a comprehensiveness of view, and a passionless serenity of judgment, which those engaged in the rough warfare of the political arena can never attain.

We are glad to be able to confirm our views by those of a writer long engaged in official life himself, and accustomed to look beyond the claims and interests of the passing hour. Mr. Taylor says:—

"Further, it is one business to do what must be done, another to devise and do what ought to be done. It is in the spirit of the British government as hitherto existing, to transact only the former business; and the reform which it requires is to enlarge that spirit so as to include the latter. Of and from among those measures which are forced upon him, to choose that which will bring him the most credit with the least trouble, has hitherto been the sole care of a statesman in office;—and as a statesman's official establishment has been heretofore constituted, it is care enough for any man. Every day, every hour, has its exigencies, its immediate demands; and he who has hardly time to eat his meals, cannot be expected to occupy himself in devising good for mankind.

"I am aware that under popular institutions, there are many measures of exceeding advantage to the people, which it would be in vain for the minister to project until the people, or an influential portion of them, should become apprized of the advantage, and should ask for it; many which can be carried only by overcoming resistance; much resistance only to be overcome with the support of popular opinion and general solicitude for the object. And, looking no further, it might seem that what is not immediately called for by the public voice was not within the sphere of practical dealing. But I am also aware, that in the incalculable extent and multifarious nature of the public interests which lie open to the operations of a statesman in this country, one whose faculties should be adequate would find in every month he should devote to the search, measures of great value and magnitude, which time and thought only were wanting to render practicable.

"He would find them—not certainly by shutting himself up in his closet, and inventing what had not been thought of before—but by holding himself on the alert; by listening with all his ears (and he should have many ears abroad in the world) for the suggestions of circumstances; by *catching the first moment of public complaint against real evil, encouraging it, and turning it to account*;— . . . . Such means and projects will suggest themselves in abundance to one who meditates the good of mankind, 'sagacious of his quarry from afar,'—but not to a minister whose whole soul is and must be in the notices of motions, and in the order-book of the House of Commons, and who has no one behind to prompt him to other enterprise, no closet or office-statesman for him to fall back upon as upon an inner mind.

"This then is the great evil and want—that there is not within the pale of our Government any adequately numerous body of efficient statesmen, some to be externally active and answer the demands of the day, others to be somewhat more retired and meditative, in order that they may take thought for the morrow. How great the evil of this want is, it may require peculiar opportunities of observation fully to understand and feel; but one who with competent knowledge, should consider well the number and magnitude of those measures which are postponed for years or totally pretermitted, not for want of practicability, but for want of time and thought; one who should proceed with such knowledge to consider *the great means and appliances of wisdom which lie scattered through this intellectual country*,—squandered upon individual purposes, not for want of applicability to national ones, but for want of being brought together and directed; one who, surveying these things with a heart capable of a people's joys and sorrows, *their happy virtue or miserable guilt on these things dependent*, should duly estimate the abundant means unemployed and the exalted aims unaccomplished,—could not choose, I think, but say that there must be something fatally amiss in the very idea of statesmanship on which our administration is based, or that there must be some mortal apathy at what should be the very centre and seat of life in a country.

"Yet such is the prevalent insensibility to that which constitutes the real treasures and resources of the country—its serviceable and statesmanlike minds—and so far are men in power from searching the country through for such minds, or men in Parliament from promoting or permitting the search, that I hardly know if that minister has existed in the present generation, who, if such a mind were casually presented to him, would not forego the use of it, rather than hazard a debate in the House of Commons upon an additional item in his estimates! Yet till the government of this country shall become a nucleus at which the best wisdom in the country contained shall be perpetually forming itself in deposit, it will be, except as regards the shuffling of power from hand to hand and class to class, lit-

tle better than a government of fetches, shifts, and hand-to-mouth expedients."—*The Statesman*, p. 156.

When the Government has been thus empowered to call to its aid all the administrative and statesmanlike capacity of the country, it will be for the country to see that this capacity *is* so summoned to the rescue; that no official indolence or jealousy, no aristocratic propossessions, no shallow or short-sighted economy, shall prevent its being so summoned. Thenceforth it will be the nation's fault, if the nation be ill-governed, or governed by its narrower and scantier minds. Thenceforth we may hope to see the dawning of a new legislative and administrative era for our country. Of one thing we may feel quite secure—that if all the superior floating political genius of the country be not arrayed in the service of Government, it will assuredly be arrayed against it; if it be not obtained as a coadjutor and ally, it will make itself felt as an obstructor and antagonist; if it be not allowed to strengthen the hands, to support the course, to prepare the measures of Government, it will take the initiative and drag the Government ignominiously in its train. This cannot be done without damage and without risk; it is a dangerous thing for a nation to feel itself abler and wiser than its rulers; reverence is impaired, obedience is undermined; the character of public men sinks and suffers; the language of public warfare becomes more bitter, more contemptuous, and more unmeasured; the national strength is diminished, and the national influence weakened, because the people grudge great means to men in whom they do not feel full confidence. There are many indications that we are at present tending towards such a state of things; perhaps the voice of warning may be heard in time.

The work by Mr. Roebuck which we have placed at the head of this Article, will not materially alter the estimate which the public has already formed of his abilities or of his character. It has evidently been composed with great care and diligence, and apparently with a sincere desire to give a faithful account of a most important era in our national history. The style, indeed, is rough and uncouth, and rather that of a ready speaker than of a practised writer, but it is almost always clear. The characters which he draws of the principal actors of the time, appear to be the parts of the book on which he has bestowed most thought and pains; they are skilful, discriminating, and generally, we think, correct,—those of Mr. O'Connell and Sir Robert Peel especially so. Yet notwithstanding these merits, we have read the book with much disapproval and with sincere pain. It is not only deeply tinged, but is altogether coloured and pervaded by Mr. Roebuck's besetting sin—a disposition to think ill and to speak harshly of every one around him. This tendency, whether arising from infirmity of temper or distorted vision, has greatly impaired his usefulness in public life, and will equally detract from his merits as an historian. Ever ready to put the worst construction upon ambiguous conduct; to speak with sarcastic doubt of every reported instance of purity and generosity; of all possible motives which could have influenced public men in a given course of action to assign the lowest as most probably the true one; unable apparently to believe in the existence of lofty and conscientious patriotism among statesmen, or conceiving himself to have the entire monopoly of this virtue,—he is about the most unpleasant companion in a historical journey that can be imagined. No man with any respect for himself or any tenderness for his fellow-men, likes to walk through the market-place, arm-in-arm, with Diogenes and his lantern. The whole book is one continuous snarl, sarcasm, and sneer, delivered with the gravity and sternness of an ermined judge. It is a philippic delivered from the bench. In the guise of an elaborate history it is, in fact, a party pamphlet directed against the Whigs. Its object seems to be to shew—the opinion of the writer certainly is—that the great Reform Bill brought forward by Lord Grey was a mere hasty and improvised party move; that a real regard either for the people or the welfare of the country had no share whatever in inducing its proposal; that it was decided upon, concocted, and arranged with no purpose or idea but that of transferring the reins of Government from the Tory to the Whig aristocracy; that all its details were planned for this end; and that none were more alarmed than the proposers of the measure, when they saw the earnestness of the great body of the nation in the matter.

"The Whigs have ever been an exclusive and aristocratic faction, though at times employing democratic principles and phrases as weapons of offence against their opponents. It is the fashion of the writers who advocate their cause and eulogize their party, to describe them as representing the principle of advance and change, in the hope of improvement, which must be ever acting with a people who are themselves continually improving; but this assumption is not justified by experience. *The Whigs employ the phrases of liberality upon compulsion.* They are liberal, because they need some means of exciting the nation. When out of office, they

are demagogues; in power, they become exclusive oligarchs. In the one case and the other, they pursue without scruple what they believe to be their party interest. . . .

"*That the Whigs, as a party, sought more than their own party advantage,* [in carrying the Reform Bill,] *I see no reason to believe.* That they both overrated and underrated the effects of their own measure, their subsequent conduct, I think, proves. They overrated it, in supposing that they had really annihilated the political power of their opponents, and firmly established their own supremacy; they overrated it also, in fancying that they had given a dangerous power to what they called alternately a republican and a democratic party. They underrated the effect of the new Act, and mistook its influence altogether, when they supposed that the coming contests in the House of Commons were to be between themselves—representing monarchy, aristocracy, wealth and order, on the one hand, and a small but fierce and active body of republicans and anarchists on the other."—Vol. ii. c. v.

Now, there is unquestionably much truth at the bottom of these representations; but it is a truth exaggerated and embittered. The Whigs have always been, it is true, an exclusive and aristocratic party; their basis has been narrow, and their views rigid, pedantic, and confined, and these defects are now working their downfal. But it is not true that they have generally been either selfish, ungenerous, or corrupt,—they have been steady champions of constitutional freedom, the bold denouncers of injustice and oppression, and the energetic friends of religious liberty. To many of them we owe much gratitude and deep respect. Lord Grey in particular, though we cannot approve of much of his early political conduct, though much of it he regretted and condemned himself, was yet a pure patriot and a noble statesman. Through a long life he held aloof from place and power, because they would not have enabled him to further the objects for whose sake alone he valued them. He lived to see the day when place and power were offered to him, and the terms which he was enabled to make, were a people's emancipation. Nor, we confess, can we see the object to be gained by impressing on the minds of the nation the conviction that their rulers are selfish and cold-hearted intriguers; by sapping all reverence for public men, and encouraging the people to look upon them with enmity or with suspicion, or by inculcating as the spirit in which statesmen should be judged and watched, a temper that thinketh much evil, and that covereth no sins.

ART. II.—*The Constitution of Man considered in Relation to External Objects.* By GEORGE COMBE. Edinburgh, 1851.

THE work which we have placed at the head of this Article has by name, at least, been long familiar to the public. We say by name, not because its actual circulation has been small, but because we believe that the number of those who have read it, is at least small when compared with the number of those who have as decided an opinion of its character as if they had. It is often referred to as belonging to a set of works usually to be found on the shelves of the chartist and the infidel: and under this general impression it is avoided by a large class of readers. This is hardly a safe state of matters in connexion with such a book. It has passed through seven or eight editions, and boasts of a circulation of some 90,000. If, therefore, it be true, as a matter of fact, that it is often associated with very doubtful company, the characteristics which make it acceptable there must be an important subject of inquiry. Is it from any direct attacks on revealed religion? If not, censures founded on this supposition will only tend to strengthen the influence of any errors it may really contain. Short of this, however, it may be from an indirect connexion between the principles it involves, and the opinions of the class referred to—a connexion possibly real, though not seen by the author—possibly erroneous, and such as would be repudiated by him. In this case reasoning and discussion cannot be too much directed to sift its views, and point out their real tendency. Again, it may be simply from the absence of any reference to the doctrines of religion, that the "Constitution of Man" is said to be so much read by those to whom that absence is agreeable. In this case the author may plead, as he actually does, that the nature of his subject justifies the omission, and that the vague idea of its hostility to the cause of religion has no other foundation, than that nervous jealousy which has beset every new branch of the natural sciences, before its bearing and results were thoroughly understood.

Now, in dealing with this book, we hold that one charge, and one plea in defence, must be both dismissed. It is certainly untrue, that this work contains any direct or wilful attack on the Christian Faith, which is always spoken of in general terms at least expressive of respect. There are no dishonest hints or malignant sneers. Christianity is frequently referred to as being true, and the Scriptures as possessing authority. When conclusions of the author

are opposed to any given tenet commonly held by the Christian world, he uniformly represents himself as disputing not the authority of Revelation, but the popular interpretation of its words: and as regards the "practical results" on conduct, he makes the anxious but somewhat negative declaration, that to the best of his knowledge there is not one of them, as the "result of the natural laws expounded in the subsequent pages, which does not harmonize precisely with the moral precepts of the New Testament."

But when Mr. Combe deprecates criticism as to the religious bearing of his work, on the general plea that he confines himself to the domain of natural science, or to quote his own words, "exclusively to man as he exists in the present world"—we can only accept it with great reserve. We admit, indeed, the necessity of meeting the man of science on scientific ground; and the danger of committing the authority of the Bible to any conclusions, which researches in the physical world may be competent to overthrow. But it is one thing to admit the independence of the physical observer, and another to admit the total irrelevance of his subject or his reasonings, as regards the things which belong to faith. The truth is, that there is no branch of human inquiry, however purely physical, which is more than the word *branch* implies; none which is not connected through endless ramifications with every other—and, especially, with that which is the root and centre of them all. If He, who formed the mind, be one with Him who is the orderer of all things about which that mind is occupied, there can be no end to the points of contact between our conceptions of them, of Him, and of ourselves. Whilst, therefore, it is folly to attempt to stop, by a religious interdict, the progress of the man of science in his own walk, it is both right and wise to follow his steps with a jealous and watchful care. Jealous—did we say? —yes, but a jealousy not of the subject, only of the inquirer. The very ground on which that jealousy is felt as regards the one, ought to be ground of sure hope in reference to the other. If the natural sciences, in certain stages of their progress, are apt to raise objections in the minds of some to the truth of revealed religion, let us never be tempted to escape from the difficulty, by denying that deep connexion which is undeniable, and whose existence is witnessed by the very misinterpretations it suggests. Let us rather look to that connexion as the highest source of interest in the physical sciences, and as promising through their endless analogies, and suggestive types, new and inexhaustible proofs of harmony between the word and works of God.

Certainly, if there is one subject of inquiry, which less than others, can be viewed as separate from the domain of religious faith, it is that to which this work of Mr. Combe refers. The Constitution of Man—was there ever so large a title—not a physical description of this or that organ of man's body, or this or that function of his frame, but a treatise on the constitution of *Man*, with all his powers of body or of mind? It is true, that Mr. Combe adds, "considered in relation to external objects"—words which in themselves may mean anything or nothing, but the intended import of which is probably better conveyed in the form before quoted—"man as he exists in the present world." But so little does Mr. Combe find it possible to restrict the range of his speculations, that we find him defining limits to the efficacy of prayer; and stating his own inference, as to the invariable manner of operation of the Divine Spirit. But, indeed, illustration is needless on such a point. The belief that man, "as he exists in this world," is to have a personal identity with himself, as he is to exist in the world to come, is essential to the idea of a future state: and it is clearly very possible that doctrine taught as to his "constitution" here, may and must, more or less, affect our notions of his prospects hereafter.

Consenting, therefore, to follow Mr. Combe on his own ground of inquiry, whether physical or metaphysical—but refusing to put off the watchfulness which arises from a knowledge that the path on which he treads leads us directly into the mysteries of the Spirit, and the deep things which belong to God—we proceed to walk with him for a while into this land of things very real, but very darkly seen: and we apprehend, that in judging of the safety of our guide, there are two questions mainly which we should endeavour to determine, *first*, Are those things which he does see, seen rightly, and in their due proportion? *secondly*, Are there other things which he has overlooked altogether—in themselves, or in their bearing on the rest?

As to the general drift and purport of this book, let us hear the author. His account of his own production is really fair. "I lay no claim to originality of conception. . . . . The materials employed lie open to all. Taken separately, I would hardly say, that a new truth has been presented in the following work. The facts have nearly all been admitted, and employed again and again, by writers on morals from the time of Socrates down to the present day. The

only novelty in this work respects the relations which acknowledged truths hold to each other." So, then, the beads are old, but the string is new; and never was such value set upon so strange a thread. The essential element of the work is referred to, as a system of *mental philosophy* the "clearest, most complete, and best supported" which has hitherto been taught. It is spoken of, as opening up a new path to human improvement alike in morals, politics, and religion. For the want of it, we are told, all previous works on mental science —that of Dr. Chalmers in his Bridgewater Treatise, as well as the rest of that celebrated group of writings—in short, many of the highest efforts of genius and learning have been comparatively wasted, throwing "extremely little new light on the moral government of the world,"—What can this "theory of mind" be? Most men would think it better distinguished as a "theory of matter"—in this important respect, that its special distinction from other "philosophies of mind" is, that it is founded on the physiology of the brain. It is Phrenology!

Referring Mr. Combe, then, to the large development of our organ of combativeness, we pass over the "acknowledged truths," and proceed at once to this new "philosophy of mind," by which old facts are to be drilled into new form and order. It is not needful to define Phrenology. Every one knows, generally, what it is, and what it means. In this work our author "assumes" it, giving only an outline, and referring for more minute details to works expressly devoted to the subject. And as he assumes it—so shall we. That is to say, we do not care to oppose it; nor do we share in the hostility entertained by many against this "science" in itself. It is very true, that phrenology may be chosen by minds of a certain class, as the basis of a gross materialism. But this may be said, and is actually true, of most, if not of all the natural sciences. The great question always is—not whether such deductions are, or may be drawn, but whether they are logical and true? Though not ourselves phrenologists, we should be very sorry to stake our faith in a single spiritual truth, on the successful disproof of any of its assumed facts. The truth is, that the main fact—that of which all the rest are, as it were, but subdivisions more or less justified by observation—is one which has been instinctively assumed in every age and country. "That man has no brains!" is a sentence on mental capacity which would be universally understood, and would have been equally intelligible before Gall and Spurzheim were born. How painfully does the brain sometimes indicate its functions! A slight blow—a temporary pressure on that mysterious substance, will break down for ever the powers of a lofty intellect. Then, what is it in the aspect of idiocy, in many of its forms, which we instantly recognise and never can mistake? In that low, pinched and retiring brow, instinct tells us that reason cannot hold her seat. That there is a connexion, and a close and intimate connexion too, between the powers of thought, and the development of brain, is known by the millions who never question the grounds of their belief, as certainly as to the few who have made it the subject of special observation and research. These last, indeed, know farther, that it is a connexion not limited to our own species, but extending over the whole range of animal life, from man down to the reptile and the fish. This is the great *fact* which may, undoubtedly, be so perverted as to form the plausible basis of a materialistic philosophy. But we do not see, that the farther *refinements* on this fact which phrenology has made, are in this respect one whit more formidable than the fact itself. If it be true, that there is a direct relation between the mind and the brain, each considered as a whole, we see no ground for alarm, if it should also prove to be a fact, that there is a similar relation between the separate regions of the one, and the several faculties of the other. At first sight this may seem a great step in advance: and so in one sense it is; but not in that sense in which, perhaps, it may be heralded by some friends, as it certainly is dreaded by many enemies of phrenology. It is the discovery of some detailed points of contact in that general connexion which has long been known: but it is not one hair's-breadth advance towards any explanation of the nature or source of that connexion in itself. Still less does it tend to justify the reasoning which confounds connexion with identity. Yet we are not surprised at the anxiety, which arose from a first view of the announcements of phrenology. When, for example, Mr. Combe takes in his hand that human skull, and lifting off its upper cover, tell us that the oval of convoluted matter thus exposed to view, "manifests the Moral Sentiments"—with what feelings can we receive the statement? The Moral Sentiments—what do not these include? The power of seeing moral beauty, and of loving truth—the sense of justice, and the desire of serving in her cause—conscience and benevolence, charity and faith—all that is best and noblest in the human spirit—these are what we are told are "manifested" *there!* Some, of course, will turn

away with ridicule and disgust. For ourselves, we listen with no such feelings. We watch, indeed, the evidence on which the assertion is made, the inferences drawn from it, and last, not least, the very terms in which it is conveyed, with almost as fixed attention as we gaze on the object to which those terms refer. But we do not reject it with absolute incredulity; because we know some things connected with that abode of life, which are at least analogous, and as full of wonder.

Now, as regards terms and forms of statement, no writer ever required to be more closely watched than Mr. Combe. A "mental philosophy"—a "theory of mind," what can he mean by this as a description of phrenology?* Words, which ought to be the servants of thought, are so often its masters, that this becomes a question of the first importance. Does he mean to represent it as telling us anything on the *nature* of mind—on the *source* of its powers—or even one new fact concerning the scientific division of its faculties? If he does not, in what sense is it a philosophy of mind? If he does, let us cross-question him on the extent of this pretension. Phrenology maps the human head into a series of minute divisions, and allocates to each of these some known faculty of mind; but does it profess to have discovered these faculties themselves? It seems to be forgotten that this mapping of the brain can only proceed upon a previous mapping of the mind; and that this last no more belongs to the department of the phrenologist than the perception of national character in a people belongs to the department of the geographer who surveys their country. The geographer may, indeed, be also an acute observer of human nature, and in taking the measurement of their abode, he may likewise take accurate observations of their capacity and genius. He may go farther, and fitting to each other these two classes of fact, he may observe that vague but undoubted connexion which obtains between the character of a race, and the physical condition of the region in which they live. But geography is not, on this account, a philosophy of mind, and the greater closeness of connexion between the texture of mind and the development of brain does not redeem the confusion of thought which is implied in this description of phrenology. The phrenologist may, indeed, be also an excellent metaphysician: but the process by which we observe in others, or analyze in ourselves, those various faculties of the mind which are capable of being separately considered, is wholly independent of that after process by which we find for them a local habitation in the regions of the brain. The phrenologist must not be allowed to cut out any new faculties to distribute among his bumps; nor to confound under a single name powers which, in the same point of view, are essentially distinct. His business is simply topographical—to reconcile, as best he may, the observed phenomena of the mind with the outward mouldings of a material organ. And in the observation of these phenomena themselves, mental science is not only absolutely independent of phrenology, but phrenology is absolutely dependent upon it. In all reasoning, we must have a basis of fact already known, from which to argue to other facts which remain to be discovered. Now, in this case, the *mental* facts are those which must be known or assumed before phrenology can even render intelligible the *physical* facts which she undertakes to prove. If, for example, it were not a well-known fact, that pugnacity of disposition is a distinct feature in some men's characters, capable of being distinguished from other qualities of their mind, the phrenologist would be compelled to choose some other name for that section of the brain which he now rails off for "combativeness." And so with every other "organ." The very word enforces our explanation. If the phrenologist consents to accept such division of the mental faculties as a higher science than his own has established, he is welcome to find for them, if he can, a separate corner in the house of thought. But if he makes one such division for himself which is not approved by the consciousness or experience of mankind, then must his imaginary lines be obliterated or changed.*

To call phrenology, then, a "philosophy of mind," can only be accounted for on one of two suppositions;—either that the writer uses very careless language, covering a real confusion of idea: or else that a pretension is advanced on behalf of phrenology not merely to point out the *places where*, but the *manner how* the brain and mind are mutually connected: or, in other words, to advance a "theory of mind," based on certain

* We need hardly say, that we accept the term "Phrenology," simply as that assumed for the "science." "Craniology" is repudiated as a nickname: though, since the only accessible mode of measuring the brain is by measuring the cranium, the latter is the fairer term of the two.

* It is impossible to consider the 35 heads under which Phrenology divides the mental faculties, without seeing that they are extremely arbitrary and extremely imperfect. But this is a subject which we cannot pursue.

phenomena of matter, as regards the *source* and *nature* of its powers. Yet when Mr. Combe has occasion to bespeak the favour of readers who disbelieve his favourite science, he takes care to recognize the distinction we have pointed out, and separates, with tolerable justice, between the provinces of physiology and metaphysics. He says in the preface to this edition, "We are physical, organic, and moral beings, acting under general laws, whether the connexion of different mental qualities with particular portions of the brain, as taught by phrenology, be admitted or denied. In so far, therefore, as this work treats of the known qualities of man, it may be instructive even to those who contemn phrenology as unfounded." Here the important truth, obvious enough, certainly, is admitted, that phrenology can only refer "mental qualities" already "known" to a local connexion previously unknown. Yet totally forgetting that of these two connected things—the qualities of mind and the particular portions of brain—the important one as regards the "philosophy of mind" is that division of its faculties which is well known and familiar, he uniformly speaks as if the foundation of that philosophy were the discovery of the associated bits of matter; and as if, instead of the skull being mapped from the observations of mind, the mind were to be mapped from the diagrams of the phrenologist.

Throughout the "Constitution of Man" this strange inversion of ideas betrays itself in forms which, if sometimes mischievous as regards the truths of moral science, are, at least, very often droll in the images they present. Mr. Combe's philosophy is like a glass in which we see everything upside down. Everything is regarded, as it were, from a cerebral point of view. A man is but an agglomeration of bumps; his conduct the result of their "spontaneous" activities: and historical events but the issue of their combinations. Moral principles are but laws of brain, and cannot be really understood, unless treated of in proper cerebral phraseology. Under the Chapter of calamities arising from the infringement of the moral laws, many examples are given of the new light which this method is supposed to cast. For example, the retribution which arises from the indulgence of cruelty and selfishness in the treatment of the lower animals, is referred to by Mr. Combe, in the supposed case of a carter "who half starves his horse, and unmercifully beats it." Now, the vicious dispositions which such conduct shews, and the higher qualities of mind which it proves to be absent, or in abeyance, are all of them not difficult to specify in the ordinary forms of language. But Mr. Combe evidently thinks that a flood of new light is cast upon the subject, by informing us that this carter "manifests excessive Destructiveness with deficient Benevolence, Veneration, Justice and Intellect." The consequences of such a character are very properly described as pursuing him in every relation of life, and the result, we are told is, that his active cerebral faculties "rouse Combativeness, Destructiveness, Self-Esteem, Secretiveness, and Cautiousness, in his wife, children, or associates, against him, and they inflict on him animal punishment." Very sound moral philosophy all this, doubtless; but, proceeding on a "theory of mind" vastly older than Mr. Combe or his master, and to which their science has added nothing. So far as any novelty in this respect is concerned, Mr. Combe might as well expect it from proceeding to describe, anatomically, the precise nature of that "animal punishment" which the carter's wife, &c., are supposed to have inflicted, and the particular muscles called into play in the course of their laudable exertions. Again, the moral judgment of our time has pretty well settled the character and disposition in which the slave-trade originated, and which the prosecution of it tended to aggravate. Mr. Combe volunteers his phrenological explanation, that England was guilty of this crime, "under the impulses of excessively strong Acquisitiveness, Self-Esteem, and Destructiveness." The first American war, likewise, is rescued from the imperfect judgment of former historians, and Britain is described as having "desired to gratify her Acquisitiveness and Self-Esteem in opposition to Benevolence and Justice." "This roused," we are farther told, "the animal resentment" of the transatlantic colonies, and "the propensities of the two nations came into collision:" "that is to say"—says Mr. Combe, naïvely, aware of the necessity of a translation—"they made war upon each other." There is no end to the illumination which this phrenological verbiage is supposed to cast on the most familiar doctrines of moral and mental philosophy. There is one doctrine shortly expressed in the popular proverb, that "Honesty is the best policy," which is made the subject of a very elaborate explanation from a text of Grecian history. It occurred to Themistocles, in a time of profound peace, that it would be very convenient for Athens to destroy the naval power of Sparta, by burning her fleet. Aristides is reported to have said, that doubtless it would be very advantageous, but equally unjust. This verdict was certainly not in a

spirit of literal acceptance of the doctrine of our proverb—and Mr. Combe objects that it was still more clearly contradictory and wrong, when tested by the science which deals with brain. He undertakes, therefore, to "trace the project of Themistocles to its result," thus:—

"The inhabitants of Sparta possessed the faculties of Self-Esteem, Combativeness, Destructiveness, Intellect, Benevolence, and Conscientiousness. The proposed destruction of their ships would have outraged the higher sentiments and intellect, and these would have kindled Combativeness and Destructiveness into the most intense activity. The greater the injustice of the act the fiercer would the flame of opposition and revenge have glowed. . . . . The Athenians, then, by the very constitution of nature, would have been assailed by this fearful storm of moral indignation and animal resentment, rendered doubly terrible by the most virtuous and intelligent being converted into the most determined of their opponents. Turning to their own State, again, only those individuals among themselves in whom intellect and moral sentiment were inferior to Acquisitiveness and Self-Esteem, which gave rise to selfishness and the lust of power, could have cordially opposed the deed."

And so, Mr. Combe proves to his own sstisfaction what we think has often been proved before, with at least equal force, and much greater brevity, that dishonesty has a natural tendency to bring about its own reward.

What is the meaning of all this? It may be excellent sense as regards what is old and familiar in moral principles; it is nonsense as regards the new light which the phrenological jargon is supposed to cast upon them. Why does Mr. Combe imagine that the well-known qualities of the human mind become for the first time clearly understood when the initial letters of their names are printed in capitals? It is for the purpose, of course, of continually referring our thoughts and his own to the material "organ"—to the little spot of brain. But why does he set such prodigious value on this reference—why does he think it amounts to a new "philosophy of mind!" Why, for example, when he speaks of justice or benevolence, will he insist on withdrawing our contemplation from those familiar ideas of their nature, which the mind immediately apprehends, and for which it loves their names, and force us to fix our outward eyes instead on a bit of skull? What new information does he think that surface can give us of the nature of those glorious spiritual attributes which are the joy of earth and heaven? What can it be that makes him fancy light from such a source—ah! we see the illusion. The notion has arisen in the mind of the phrenologist, that he has discovered not merely the house which is the abode of mind—but a material thing which is that mind itself, and that the looking at and handling of this substance is a looking at and handling of the faculties of the soul. Such ideas may not be definitely expressed—they may not be even consciously entertained. But this is the *direction* in which a habit of looking at the phenomena of mind through the mere physiology of the brain will infallibly tend, and nothing else can account for the extravagance of representing the facts of phrenology as constituting a new theory or philosophy of mind. It is the peculiar danger of this particular science, that unless the man who comes to know its facts, habitually regards them with reference to *other* facts with which it cannot deal, and which are beyond its ken, his pretended philosophy is very apt to degenerate into a gross materialism.

As it is thus a matter of first importance to keep phrenology in its proper place as regards the idea we form of *what it is*, so also is it important to keep it in its proper place in respect to *what it does*. A number of inferences will suggest themselves, from the fact that different mental qualities are connected with different portions of brain; but the precise character of these inferences will depend on what the nature of that "connexion" is. Let us push on then to the great question—how far, and in what sense, is the brain and its several parts, the "organ" of the mind and of its various powers?

Mr. Combe, in context with the passage before quoted, says, "Individuals under the impulse of passion, or by the direction of intellect, will hope, fear, wonder, perceive, and act, *whether the degree in which they habitually do so be ascertainable* by the means which it (phrenology) points out, or not." Here we have an intimation that the connexion between the brain and the mind may be such, that we can determine by external form, the "degree" in which individuals are "habitually" under the influence of the several faculties. Now, even supposing this to be strictly and literally true, we need hardly say, that it in no way helps phrenology to assume the rank of a "philosophy of mind." The fact of men differing from each other in natural character, and in the dispositions which exercise habitual influence on their conduct, is as much a matter of instinctive knowledge, as the fact of those dispositions being themselves different. As in relation to the abstract consideration of the human mind, the known division of its powers is

the only basis for the partitioning of brain, so it is only the known fact of the variety of individual character which can give meaning to the varieties of organic conformation. Here again, Mr. Combe is perpetually guilty of the confusion of setting more value on the new discovery, that the "organs" vary in size, than on the very old one, that the faculties vary in power. He thinks this of such importance in the "philosophy of man," that the circumstance of its having been unknown until Dr. Gall's discovery of the functions of the brain, is sufficient to explain the past barrenness of mental science, and to render probable the assertion, "that a great flood of light on this subject is now pouring forth on the world." If the discovery of a process by which character is to be recognized in external forms be such an event, then must physiognomy also be a "philosophy of mind," and he who reads with discernment the lines of the human countenance, is as great a philosopher as the man who arrives at a similar result by measuring the "organs."

The truth is, we suspect, that the science of nature, which interprets the "human face divine," has forestalled much of what is best established in the "science" of the Man of Bumps. The material forms which tell with such force so many secrets of the spirit, have among them, as one of their component parts, the general aspect and calibre of the head, with many others which are beyond the department of phrenology. Of the dispositions this is eminently true; and in endless cases it is true also of the intellect. Genius often betrays its presence by a glance, where its throne is not visible on the brow.

Now, how far has phrenology really advanced our powers of discerning character, even assuming the whole of its topographical survey to be accurately made? We readily admit, that if there be a connexion between the "qualities of mind and certain portions of brain," there must certainly be some corresponding connexion, perhaps a visible one, between the peculiarities of a man's character and the peculiarities of his cerebral development. But when the phrenologist is asked for the formula which his science has enabled him to construct, for arriving at the required result, we find that the powers of his "philosophy" are very humble indeed, if compared with the pretensions advanced on its behalf.

"It has been ascertained," says Mr. Combe, "that each faculty is connected with a particular portion of brain: and that, OTHER CONDITIONS BEING THE SAME, the *power* of manifesting each bears A relation to the *size* of its organ." The form of expression is slightly varied in another passage: The brain is the organ of mind: different parts of it manifest distinct faculties; and the "*power of manifestation* in regard to each, is proportionate, *cæteris paribus*, to the *size and activity* of the organ." Nothing can be more satisfactorily vague. Mr. Combe does not tell us that the organ "manifests" the faculty—but only that it has a "power" of manifesting it. He does not tell us any law by which we may determine how often that "power" is put into operation; and with regard to the extent of the "power," he is content to say, "that it bears a relation to the *size*" of its material counterpart. This is something: but then in the second form, he seems to fear lest even this should be too definite to be free from the danger of contradiction, and so he adds to "size" the important element, "activity." But with all these precautions to avoid a precision incompatible with facts, he is not satisfied, and casts total uncertainty over the whole, by the general rider, "*cæteris paribus.*"

Now what are the mental phenomena, to which the phrenologist must shape and suit his theory—and to be consistent with which he finds it so difficult to express the practical result of his science? True it is, one man differs from another man in natural character: but true it is also, that one man differs during his life, quite as widely from himself. He is a reprobate perhaps for years—living in defiance of every law of God and man; reckless, selfish, intemperate. Sometimes slowly, sometimes suddenly he is changed. Every law which he had broken is now his guide. He is scrupulous, generous, benevolent, and temperate in all things. These latter qualities must have, and must have always had, their appropriate "organs" in his brain; and among the many cases of such a change in character, we are not aware that any corresponding growth has been observed among the bumps. Clearly then, the phrenologist is wise when he qualifies the test of "size" by the more important element of "activity." But then size can be estimated—activity cannot. There have, indeed, been opportunities we are told, of actually seeing the "activity" of a brain. A poor woman in France lost a portion of her skull—and during a sleep of agitated dreams, that mysterious substance which is honoured by this incomprehensible alliance, was seen to be agitated also. But could the curious physicians who saw those movements read the moving thoughts? Could the motion of those keys enable them to hear the music? At all events we are safe in saying, that the opportunities of seeing

such "activity" are rare. Then, if this knowledge be an essential element to enable the phrenologist to determine character from the "organs," he must either trepan his patient to enable him to acquire it: or else he must descend to the level of the vulgar, and watch the signs of "activity" in life and conduct. If, on the other hand, the phrenologist pretends that size alone is enough for him, then the notorious facts of every day's experience are contradicted—to wit, that faculties are often dormant, remaining undeveloped until some sudden change of circumstances calls them into activity—and with many in whose case no such change happens, are carried undeveloped to the grave. On the other hand, it is equally notorious that the strongest tendencies of natural character are vanquished and overcome; that faculties originally strong become feeble, and powers naturally feeble are made strong. These are the undoubted facts of psychological science; and to these facts the mere physiologist must bow with absolute submission. No wonder then, that he finds it necessary to fence with innumerable reservations his rules for measuring phrenologically the varieties of individual character. The young man of dissolute and selfish life is brought to him, and he finds perhaps benevolence and conscientiousness largely developed; and although he observes also other faculties of equal or perhaps greater size, he pronounces, let us suppose, a character which gives a prominent place to the active virtues. When told that the actual conduct does not correspond with this description, he must retain it in his power to say, that although the organs referred to are really large, it is quite possible they may not be "active." The same individual, let us suppose, comes before him in that later life which has become so completely changed, and the phrenologist seeing the animal propensities largely represented in his brain, draws naturally an unfavourable inference. On being told of the high character of this man's walk and conversation, he must again retain it in his power to say, that though these propensities are large, they may be suppressed or put to sleep, and so through the whole range of the faculties, propensities, and powers, the phrenologist can judge of "size" only, and the all important element of "activity" is beyond his range of vision. The large "organ" may be sluggish, the little "organ" may be in ceaseless play: and for every discrepancy of whatever amount and degree between the actual character or conduct of the man, and the size and capacities of his brain, the phrenologist must still farther keep for his own protection—over and above the explanation of activity—the broad shield of his "*cæteris paribus*." There is nothing which may not be included under this comprehensive salvo — it embraces everything which makes man different from himself—though never altering the outline of his skull.

The result is, that as Mr. Combe has wholly mistaken phrenology in respect to what it is, when he calls it a "philosophy of mind" so also does he misstate it in respect to what *it does*, when he speaks of it enabling us to "ascertain the degree in which individuals *habitually feel and act*, whether under the impulse of the passions or by direction of the intellect." The utmost that phrenology can do, granting its proofs complete—would be to indicate a general idea of the *original elements* of a given mind—its natural tendencies of disposition, and capacity of powers. But it can tell us nothing of the whole which these elements have combined to form—because it knows nothing of the proportions in which they have been united. It cannot tell which has been cultivated, or which left waste—which encouraged and which repressed. It can tell us something of the soil, but nothing of the crop.

Entertaining as we do a profound respect for every one of the natural sciences, we should never be disposed to contest, without adequate inquiry, the observations of those who are devoted to their study. But it is lawful to march round the enclosures, and to see that the bounds are kept. We do not, therefore, dispute any of the facts which phrenology professes to have discovered in respect to the physiological connexion between the parts of brain and the faculties of mind; and we should hail with pleasure any aid which this fact may be able to lend us in forecasting, earlier than could otherwise be done, the natural elements of character, and in so directing the education of the young, as to run with their natural abilities, and strengthen them against their natural defects. But perhaps there is no science which demands such vigilance against the tendency of its disciples to stray beyond the limits of legitimate induction. From the habit they acquire of looking at mental phenomena entirely through the medium of physical organization, they are apt to overvalue those which seem most clearly to depend upon, or to be influenced thereby; and to undervalue, or overlook, those others which are most purely spiritual, and which indicate the subordination of matter under the power of mind. A curious instance of the effect of looking on

all mental phenomena from the mere anatomical point of view, is to be found in a passage in one of the works of Dr. Andrew Combe, brother of our author, which has been ably edited by Dr. Coxe. He says, "We can no more form a conception of the abstract qualities of mind disjoined from the body, than we can of the principle of gravitation as separated from matter." Now, to every human being except an M.D., an assertion exactly the reverse would be nearer the truth. Our difficulty is not to form any conception whatever of a separation between mind and matter, but of their connexion. When we think of the qualities of mind we always think of them in the abstract, and it is only with difficulty and effort that we can associate those qualities with bits of brain. This is admitted and well expressed by the same author in a subsequent passage. "We cannot conceive even in the remotest manner, in what way the brain,—a compound of water, albumen, fat and phosphate salts, operates in the generating of thought." So long, however, as physiologists keep within the limits of their own immediate subject, their materialism is natural and comparatively harmless; but it is when they cross into the adjacent territories of morals and religion, that this language comes to involve fallacies of the most dangerous kind. Let us look for a moment at the treatment bestowed by Mr. Combe upon questions of moral science, when these are treated in the light of his phrenological doctrine.

The fact of men being born with natural characters extremely various, and strongly impressed upon them from the womb, is, as we have already observed, one long familiar to the observation of the world, before "phrenology" undertook to connect it with the corresponding fact of congenital varieties in the development of the brain. And as the fact is an old one, so also are the difficulties it suggests touching the question of moral responsibility. If we look only at the familiar fact that propensities exist in some individuals in great excess, and that they are placed in circumstances of strong temptation, we may be sometimes disposed to argue that responsibility in such cases does not exist, or is so modified in character as hardly to deserve the name. This is only one of the forms in which the great question of man's freewill encounters us, whether in morals or theology; and although the difficulties which it presents are real, there is always the one great and sufficient answer, that man's own consciousness, against which there is no appeal in the mental sciences, proclaims a responsibility from which no subtilty of argument can relieve him. Then as the idea of responsibility admits of—indeed involves varieties of degree, of these we must be content to leave the adjustment to Him who only knows completely the elements on which that adjustment must depend. The difficulties which perplex arise in fact from our attempting a task which neither our knowledge nor our faculties enable us to discharge. Now on this great question phrenology can throw not one ray of independent light, whilst at the same time its disciples are prone to imagine that it supplies them with all, or much that before was wanting to the solution of the problem. The certainty that men are born with particular tendencies strongly impressed upon their mental constitution, is not one whit increased by the discovery that there are corresponding developments of brain; but the same confusion of thought which we have traced throughout in the language of Mr. Combe, pursues the phrenologist into this higher subject. He fancies that his science not only does lend a new certainty to the fact referred to, but also that it gives to each such tendency a more absolute and independent existence. He is so accustomed to consider mind only in relation to something that he can feel, and touch, and measure, that when he sees any organ developed in excess, he fancies he has got not only a new proof of the corresponding tendency, but a new idea of the relation in which it stands to the whole constitution of the human spirit. He is disposed to view conduct simply as the result of separate impulsive powers, to sink consideration of those higher endowments to which no determinate place can be assigned, and especially of that independent WILL to which the exercise of moral control belongs. Hence Mr. Combe speaks of the "*cause*" of a criminal's conduct, just as he would speak of the "causes" of the phenomena of matter; and he stigmatizes the moral indignation against him, which arises from the instinct of moral responsibility, as "animal resentment." Thus in reference to the sources of crime, we are told that phrenology has "enabled us to answer" that these are three; "first, from particular organs being too large, and *spontaneously* too active; secondly, from great excitement produced by *external* causes; or thirdly, from *ignorance* of what are uses and what are abuses of the faculties. These causes *exist independently of the will of the offender.* The criminal, for example, is not the cause of the unfortunate preponderance of the animal organs in his brain, neither is he the creator of the external circumstances which lead his propensities into abuse, or of the ignorance

in which he is involved." In confirmation of all this, Mr. Combe tells us that he has examined the cerebral development of a considerable number of criminals, and inquired into the external circumstances in which they had been placed, and "he has no hesitation in saying, that in the case of every offender, if the three sources of crime here enumerated had been investigated, the conviction would have become general, that the individual had been the *victim of his nature* and external circumstances." If this be the new "philosophy of mind," we can only say that this is subversive of the first truths of moral science—truths in themselves both infinitely more important, and infinitely better ascertained, than any which Phrenology reveals. Phrenology, however, is not to blame. Its facts afford no shadow of justification for such doctrines, which are dangerous only because thoroughly unphilosophical.

First of all, be it observed, that the above enumeration of the sources of crime professes to be a complete one; the assertion is, that crime proceeds from these, *and these only*, for, of course, if the list is incomplete, it would not be announced as the basis of an argument on general principles. Now, it is certainly true, in a loose popular sense, that strong natural propensities, circumstances of great temptation, and ignorance, are amongst the sources of crime. But are there not others, the most abundant of all, of which these are, in truth, but the tributary streams? Where is the consenting WILL? Where is the intellect?—that which Mr. Combe elsewhere tells us, "is universal in its applications," but whose "proper use" it is "to *direct* the propensities and sentiments to their proper and legitimate enjoyments." Is the perversion of these high powers, and the abandonment of their directing duties, not worthy of being named among the "sources of crime?" But we pass from this, because our objection to Mr. Combe's enumeration is not simply that it is fragmentary when it pretends to be complete, but that it is essentially erroneous. We must speak with logical precision in a question so abstract, and of such momentous import; and if such precision be attended to, it will be clear that not one of those in Mr. Combe's list is, in reality, a source of crime at all. He forgets what crime is. It is not simply evil, but evil arising only out of one definite source—and that source the very one excluded by Mr. Combe,—viz: the action of a WILL which is free and responsible. The crime of murder, for example, is not simply the killing of a man. "Destructiveness" may be the source of this evil, but if it be "destructiveness" as developed in a beast of prey—that is to say, if it be "destructiveness" apart from a responsible will, no man ever calls its indulgence a "crime." In like manner, the infliction of death by a maniac, is due to the action of destructiveness, which action, however, is not in him considered criminal, simply because he is supposed to have lost that responsible will, on the possession of which the very idea of criminality depends. The animal propensities, therefore, the outward circumstances which excite them, and ignorance of what is good, are indeed the sources of innumerable acts entailing evil on ourselves or others; but these acts are only "crimes" when considered as the acts of a being who *could* have controlled these propensities, *could* have resisted the temptations, and whose ignorance, however great, still left him the knowledge of right and wrong. When these conditions do not exist, man is not himself; and then though his actions may be evil, they cannot be criminal. It is only, therefore, by carefully excluding from the inquiry the very elements which are most essential to it, by reducing him to the level of the beasts who have no reason, or of the maniac who has lost it, that this writer on the "Constitution of Man" contrives to represent the criminal as the mere victim of his "nature," and of external circumstances.

The mischievous nonsense on which we have thus commented, is not unconnected with one of the features of this work which is most pleasing, and has, doubtless, much contributed to its popularity, viz., the general benevolence of its views. It occurs in the chapter which is devoted to the investigation of the subject of "Punishment," as conducted under the operation of the natural laws, and of the laws of man. Mr. Combe's opinions on this subject are such as to require that negation of moral responsibility which we have seen him thus attempt to establish. A definition of the sources of "crime" which excludes the idea of criminality, is the natural basis of a rule for the treatment of crime which excludes the idea of punishment. Mr. Combe absolutely objects to the idea of a *retributive* infliction of suffering. He would shut up the murderer exactly on the same principle on which he would shut up a lunatic,—first of all, for the sake of prevention; and, secondly, for the sake of cure. But the infliction of any suffering not necessarily involved in the effecting of these objects he considers the result of the "yet untamed barbarism of our own minds." Now, it is obvious that the idea of punishment, pro-

perly so called, is not recognised at all under this system. Punishment, like crime, is a relative term—relative to the very element which Mr. Combe excludes. Punishment is something more than mere *suffering*. It is only in a derived and secondary sense that we should apply the word at all to the suffering accidentally incurred, for example, by one of the lower animals; nor does the treatment to which the lunatic is subjected, though involving suffering, more or less, ever receive the name. The essential idea of punishment is, that *kind* of suffering which the sentiment of justice perceives to be due, retributively, to the infraction of a moral duty, by a responsible agent. Accordingly, in order to forbid this *kind* of suffering, Mr. Combe finds it necessary to exclude as much as possible, the element of a free moral will: and hence that enumeration of the sources of crime, so carefully framed to keep out of sight the existence of such a will. In conducting this operation, Mr. Combe exhibits a facility of shutting his eyes, for the time being, on every fact which cannot be made to fit neatly in, however certain and obvious, which is very wonderful, although characteristic of all extreme theorists. For example, in his first "source" of crime, "particular organs being too large, and *spontaneously* too active"—it never seems to occur to him that, at least, another source of crime—and a more real, because more ultimate source—may be the too great activity of an "organ" which was *not* spontaneous, but which was voluntarily roused, and thereafter deliberately encouraged. So of his second cause —"great excitement produced by *external* causes," he forgets that "great excitement" may be produced by causes *not* external but *internal*, to the stimulants administered by a combination of the other faculties voluntarily directed, so as to supply them. Again, it never occurs to him, that even in the case of the excitement really coming from external causes, the criminal is frequently responsible for having voluntarily exposed himself to their influence—perhaps that he failed to avoid them, perhaps that he actually sought them. Again, he forgets that even in the extreme cases in which evil passions or propensities do exercise a power which is almost uncontrollable, this power is generally an acquired one—acquired through a long course of criminal indulgence and wilful cherishing. If these indisputable facts of mental science are incompatible with the phrenological system, it would only prove, that that system is false: if they are beyond the sphere of its cognizance, it would prove that that system is incomplete. But the truth is, that these facts are not only perfectly compatible with those which phrenology undertakes to prove, but, if we are to believe Mr. Combe, in other portions of his book, are facts on which phrenology has cast a new and original light. We cannot allow, indeed, that this science has made it more certain than it was before, that mental capacities, naturally weak, may be strengthened by exercise and legitimate use, or that others naturally overstrong, may be repressed by voluntary discipline: but it is, at least, satisfactory to know, that in Mr. Combe's opinion, phrenology has revealed to us the very mode in which these ends are accomplished. He tells us—

> "The brain partakes of the general qualities of the organized system, and is strengthened by the same means as the other organs. When the muscles are called into vivacious activity, an increased influx of blood and of nervous stimulus takes place in them, and these vessels and fibres become at once larger, firmer, and more susceptible of action. Thought and feeling are to the brain what bodily exercise is to the muscles."

When Mr. Combe, therefore, draws up a definition of the sources of crime, which excludes all consideration of the existence of a responsible will, it is not that he is ignorant of its commanding influence over the elements of character, and the results of conduct, for he traces this influence to the operation of a physiological law: but it simply is, that this is an inconvenient fact —inconsistent with the position he is maintaining at the time. The facility with which he narrows his field of view, so as to leave outside of it everything which it is troublesome to include—everything which does not fit easily into the plan of his definitions—is one of the characteristics of the book. The orbits of the heavenly bodies are modified and altered by the attraction of surrounding spheres: but there is nothing of which the theories of Mr. Combe shew such an absolute independence as the disturbing influence of an adjacent truth.

We do not mean to accuse Mr. Combe of any conscious dishonesty of argument. There is no artifice whatever. It is merely the common error of extreme enthusiasts, that of dealing in half truths:—so easily convertible, as every one knows, into whole untruths. His errors are those of a class: and are inseparable from that idolatry of the physical sciences which places a disproportionate value on their truths, as compared with the higher truths which lie beyond. Passing from morals to religion, in so far as Mr. Combe incidentally refers to it, we

shall find the same tendencies of opinion. On one point, indeed, of no small importance, it seems to us that he makes himself out more at variance with received doctrines than he really is. The corruption of human nature is an idea to which he never refers, except in terms of somewhat scornful rejection. Yet every page of his own writings is one continued groan over the manifold evils which man has brought, and is bringing on himself, by wilful violations of every natural law—not always through simple ignorance, but on the contrary, very often with knowledge ample enough to have required from him more complete obedience. He does, indeed, express his hope, that through the blessings of that new philosophy, whose foundation-stone is a knowledge of the mind's physical "organs," man may yet be found in harmony with himself. But when we turn to his own descriptions of what that "self" has hitherto been, this hope turns out to be but a sorry consolation. He says—

> "In all ages, practical men have dedicated three-fourths of their time to pursuits calculated to gratify the faculties which bear reference to this world alone: but, unfortunately, the remaining fourth has not been devoted to objects related to their higher powers. Ambition has not been directed exclusively to moral objects, but, generally, the reverse. The hours which should have been dedicated to the improvement of their higher faculties have been either devoted to the pursuit of gain, sensual pleasure, or the objects of a vulgar ambition, or spent in mere trifling amusements or relaxations."

Then, has not Mr. Combe to deplore that even now the truths of his phrenological "philosophy of mind" are habitually disregarded, even those of them which are generally admitted? It is as difficult to place Mr. Combe in "harmony" with himself, as it is to effect this object, in reference to mankind in general, until we discover that he does admit "corruption" in a certain sense, telling us that it "consists in man's tendency to abuse his faculties." For our own part, we are satisfied with this:—An universal tendency to abuse his faculties, visible, more or less, in all men, and in all ages, from the first moment of his will being able to show itself,—is as much on this head as can be required by the most zealous divine. That *kind* and *degree* of corruption which is involved in the subjection of man's nature to the excesses of separate impulsive "organs," without a Will to guide them, is no part of the Christian system, but belongs exclusively to the "philosophy" of Mr. Combe.

There is a whole chapter devoted to the "relation between science and scripture," a subject on which the author tells us that he enters rather for the sake of the interest of the subject, than from any feeling of the necessity of a defence. There is a great deal of what we may call the Galileo class of argument in this chapter, which we have no inclination to dispute; and a long array of the cases, certainly numerous enough, in which the bigotry and ignorance of ecclesiastics and religious parties have opposed and impeded the investigation of scientific truth. But unfortunately Mr. Combe, by the manner in which he handles the subject, does much to aggravate the evil. He must remember that though it is the height of folly to oppose religious to scientific truth—or to be jealous of any fact which our faculties enable us to ascertain, it is by no means foolish but very wise, to be exceedingly jealous of the use which may be made of such facts by that strange Being who, as Mr. Combe admits, exhibits an inveterate "tendency" to the abuse of his faculties. He must also remember that each particular class of mind, and each particular exercise of the faculties, is connected with a tendency to some particular abuse; and that one besetting danger of those who have an active inquiring intellect, much engaged in the search after secondary causes, is to over-estimate the relative value of the little which their knowledge has revealed, as compared with the truths, vast and infinite, which their ignorance conceals. Whenever, then, the facts of science are made the subject of this abuse—when such men look on their "Philosophy" as embracing a very much larger circle than it really does, and are therefore perpetually "intruding into the things which they have not seen" by presumptuous conclusions from what they do see, they are serving the cause of bigotry and ignorance, by exhibiting as the result of science, what is nothing but the result of their own infirmities. Now we cannot be surprised to find that a writer who, even within the legitimate circle of his own investigations, groups together so unskilfully the facts with which he has to deal, and seems incapable of keeping in mind more than a few even of these at any one time—who regards phrenology as the basis of the philosophy of mind, instead of the philosophy of mind as the basis of phrenological observation—and who omits from among the sources of crime, that one source apart from which it ceases to be a crime at all—is still less capable of estimating fairly the great truths which lie beyond the boundary of his own science; or that when he treats of these at all, he does so in a light which is not their

own. Accordingly, his arguments continually tend to explain away all those spiritual influences which are more specially the subjects of religious faith, and which do not easily come under the explanations of the phrenological philosophy of mind. Although the existence of such internal influences is among the deepest intuitions of the human spirit, as well as emphatically declared in Revelation, Mr. Combe surmounts every difficulty by reminding us, that "all existing interpretations of Scripture" have been made by men who were ignorant of phrenology; and as this is, in his opinion, the "most comple system of mental philosophy which has hitherto been taught," he naturally is disposed to doubt any mental phenomena which that system finds it difficult to include. Thus, where the doctrine of God's direct influence on the soul is referred to, Mr. Combe seeks for some form in which he can reconcile it with his own notion of the brain's inalienable functions, and exclude the idea of any external interference: declaring "his inference that the Divine Spirit, mentioned in Scripture as a power of influencing the human mind, invariably acts in harmony with the laws of organization." Now this *may* bear a meaning to which no serious objection can be made. Undoubtedly, if God acts on the human spirit, he must have given it faculties and dispositions on which that action can be made to operate. But if no more than this be the import of Mr. Combe's "inference," would he have thought it worth while to express it? Is not the idea he intends to convey something of this sort: that the power of operation on the human mind, by the Divine Spirit, is strictly limited by the "size and activity" of the cerebral organs with which each man is born? And do we not see in this position—only carried into a higher department of truth—that same narrowness of vision which could not combine into one view the existence of separate faculties, and the existence also of an independent will gifted with the power of regulation and control? We have seen that within the limits of the mind itself, he so merged the ruling authority, and exalted the mere force of individual "organs," that the criminal was considered a mere passive agent in their hands; and it is therefore quite natural that outside, as it were, the limits of the mind, he should have great difficulty in admitting the ordinary operation of a power to restore, strengthen, and direct the will. The same tendencies of opinion are apparent in every one of the numerous points in which Mr. Combe's subject leads him to the borders or beyond the borders of religious truth. When, for example, Mr. Combe tells us that the sermons of the last century were generally "equal, if not superior, in sense and suitableness to human nature, to those delivered yesterday"—when he looks forward to the time when "Divines shall introduce the natural laws into their discourses, and teach the people the works and institutions of the Creator"—when speaking still more positively he refers to the ignorance which has so long "represented Christianity as a system of spiritual influences, of internal operations on the soul, and of repentant preparation for another life; rather than an exposition of pure and lofty principles addressed to responding faculties in human nature itself, and, therefore, capable of being applied in this world"—and again, when he speaks of religious discourses often, partaking, in consequence of the abstractedness of the scholastic philosophy"—we see the same habit of misplacing or exaggerating a few subordinate truths, at the expense of others far more important, either forgotten or denied. If it be simply meant that every fact discovered by science, and every law traced in nature, are to be viewed in a religious light, and referred directly to the will of God, we accept the principle with cordial assent. But if it be meant, as it too plainly is, that these can be made in themselves the objects of a religious faith, more capable either of influencing human motive, or satisfying the human spirit, than that system of spiritual beliefs which Mr. Combe seems to think so erroneous a representation of Christianity—we can only wonder at the credulity which hopes so much from the force of logic, and at the blindness which fears so little the effect of passion, and has observed so little of the power of faith. The moral essays, for example, of the last century, whatever Mr. Combe may think of their superior "sense and suitability to human nature," had, *as a fact*, infinitely less practical effect on character than the more spiritual discourses of the present time. No law, among material things, has its existence more thoroughly ascertained, or its effects more frequently observed than that which constitutes our belief in spiritual things, by far the most powerful spring of human action: and where those things have not been revealed, there they have been imagined. But without any belief in a class of truths which reason may confirm, but cannot of itself discover, no race of human beings has yet been found existing; nor is any influence on life and conduct so subtle and pervading. It is a principle of mental science, which even Mr. Combe's philosophy admits, that every fa-

culty and desire "stands in a definite relation to some external object."*

So we presume that answering to this universal sentiment of belief in things unseen and spiritual, there *are* spiritual realities, to which reason cannot of itself attain, but which all men have yet an intense desire to know. If we grant, then, as Mr. Combe never disputes, that the Christian revelation of those realities is a true one, it follows that the teaching of *them* must be the only effective basis of that corresponding moral code, whose surpassing excellence he frequently admits; and it is an inversion of the order of nature, and of the observed law of sequence, to suppose that the abstract principles of morality can ever in themselves be made to occupy the place or exercise the influence of a religious faith in these realities. Still more unphilosophical and at variance with all experience, is it to suppose that this place and rank can ever be assumed by the knowledge acquired in the investigation of the natural laws. From these we can, indeed, infer by reasoning some general ideas of the Creator—of his "eternal power and Godhead," of His goodness, and of His justice. But such general conclusions are in themselves too abstract, and fall too far short of satisfying the affections, to exert any permanent influence on the human spirit, or become the object of a vital personal belief. Very different, however, is the value of the natural laws, when they are regarded as the works of a Creator, whose revealed character and government has been previously believed and known. Then, indeed, will the light which they are capable of yielding in their endless variety yet close connexion—in their types and analogies—be enjoyed and understood. Recognition is easy where original discovery would have been impossible. There is no science which supersedes the question which David asked—"Who by searching can find out God?" although every one of them may add new meaning and illustration to the character He has revealed. When, therefore, Mr. Combe objects to the spiritual doctrines of the Christian Faith, as parts of religion which have exclusive reference to a future life, and when he points to the investigation of the natural laws, physical and moral, as the true basis of a practical religion, he is exhibiting almost incredible blindness to a fundamental principle in the "Constitution of Man." We do not now condemn this teaching on any higher ground than one purely philosophical, having for its basis the observed phenomena of mind, as exhibited in every age and country. But we are bound to say in passing, that the language of Mr. Combe, in pushing back, as it were, the more spiritual doctrines of Christianity, from the foreground of its teaching, as having remote effect on the practical affairs of this life, requires such dealing with frequent and emphatic declarations of Scripture, as cannot be fairly called a mere various interpretation. And if this be so, he cannot be surprised, that his book is often connected with opinions which carry this postponement of the spiritual beliefs of the Christian Faith, much farther than possibly he himself may be disposed to do. The disposition he evinces, as we have seen, not merely to postpone, but to explain away such of them as cannot be easily reduced under his phrenological formulas of the spontaneous action of individual "organs," is the very spirit which rouses against the natural sciences, those jealousies which are, indeed, most irrational as directed against any class of truths, but which are too often thoroughly justified as against the fanaticism and presumption of those who can see nothing beyond the narrow bounds of some favourite pursuit.

Mr. Combe's enthusiasm in the cause of phrenology, and the simplicity of his belief in the unbounded blessings it may yet confer upon the world, is only displeasing where it crosses into sacred ground, and occupies a territory which belongs to truths much higher than any on which his theories are built. Very often we can follow with some instruction, and still more often with real pleasure and amusement, the footsteps of a mind possessed by many useful and practical ideas, and whose benevolence is conspicuous even in its widest deviations. Who would not wish to be initiated into the happy brotherhood of which Mr. Combe gives us the following picture:—

"A party of thoroughly practical phrenologists meet in the perfect knowledge of each other's qualities: they respect these as the gift of the Creator; and their great object is to derive the utmost pleasure from their legitimate use, and to avoid every approximation to abuse of them. The distinctions of country and education are broken down by unity of principle: the chilling restraints of cautiousness, self-esteem, secretiveness, and love of approbation, which stand as barriers of eternal ice between human beings in the ordinary intercourse of society, are gently removed; the directing sway is committed to benevolence, veneration, conscientiousness, and intellect; and, then, the higher principles of the mind operate with a delightful vivacity unknown to persons unacquainted with the qualities of human nature!"

* Mr. Combe says "*almost*" every faculty stands, &c. He surely cannot mean that any of the highest faculties of all are an exception to this law.

Who would not be a thoroughly practical phrenologist? But, by the way it occurs to us to ask Mr. Combe who it is, or what it is, that "commits the directing sway" as above described? Is it a faculty of will? If it be, how is this itself directed?

We have left ourselves little space to refer, in any detail, to those portions of the "Constitution of Man," in which we can follow the writer with positive assent. It is the less needful, however, to do so, as the truths which Mr. Combe enforces, are such as are generally admitted, but yet do not the less require to be frequently and emphatically repeated. The plan of the work is simple—being an exposition of the relation in which we stand to the natural laws, which fall under the great leading divisions of physical, organic, and moral. The principle that these have all a separate and independent operation, so that obedience to the one class of laws will not obviate the punishment, or evil consequences involved in the violation of another class—is announced as "the key to the true theory of the divine government of the world," and as having not been hitherto duly appreciated. The farther principle that all these natural laws are expressions of the Creator's will, and, therefore, to be investigated and obeyed as such, is one frequently enforced, as it cannot be enforced too much. All the leading and best ideas in the chapters treating of the moral laws, as, indeed, of the other natural laws also, are derived from the noble work of Bishop Butler—that great pioneer in a path of investigation which will never cease to afford interest and instruction to the highest faculties of man. The obligation is most fully and honourably acknowledged. In the sections devoted to the organic laws, a subject which has been handled with such eminent utility by the author's brother, the late Dr. Andrew Combe, there is much curious and interesting information. Here, however, as elsewhere, the relative value of individual truths is sometimes so much forgotten that the result arrived at is most erroneous. For example, on the important subject of the laws of health which regulate the transmission of a sound bodily and mental constitution to our children—no one will dispute that these, so far as they can be ascertained, ought to be borne in mind, and ought to influence our conduct in determining the circumstances of the marriage union. But the mere physiologist forgets that there are other considerations to be kept in view than the improvement of the race considered as a breed. And even in this narrow, though important point of view, nothing can be more unguarded than to lay down as Mr. Combe does, by quotation and adoption from an American writer, that all "persons in any way constitutionally enfeebled—persons predisposed to scrofula, pulmonary consumption, gout, or epilepsy, should conscientiously abstain from matrimony." A very large proportion of the population of the civilized world have some predisposition more or less distant, more or less decided, to some one or other of such diseases. Without adverting to other laws which may determine the path of duty in an opposite direction to that laid down here, it is enough to observe that the highest benefits to mankind may be, and have been derived through the agency of persons labouring under constitutional taints of every variety and kind. Nay, it is a matter of familiar observation that the highest gifts of genius, the noblest dispositions, and the utmost holiness and purity of spirit, are constantly associated with physical frames hasting to premature decay. Among the number of poets and philosophers who have delighted and instructed the world, how many names occur to us of men whose bodily infirmities were as remarkable as their mental gifts! And in the circle of our own private acquaintance, how many are there under similar circumstances whose character has been eminently fine and their influence eminently beneficial?

In the section devoted to calamities arising from infringement of the moral law, considered in reference to the welfare of individuals and the general progress of society, Mr. Combe makes many interesting observations, and lays down many wholesome principles. Of the many great evils of our existing social system, as the result of a too exclusive pursuit of material wealth—of the want of all leisure for moral and intellectual improvement left to thousands of the manufacturing operative class—and of the punishment by which the natural laws of God will in the end vindicate their own authority—there are strong and useful representations. Nor can we withhold the expression of our sympathy and assent from many of the views expressed as to the direction which our efforts should take for the counteraction of these evils. The time saved by the rapid progress of mechanical invention, involving as it does, some temporary evils, is justly regarded by the author as a fund out of which increased opportunities for the mental cultivation of the working-classes may, if duly improved, be reconciled with the rapidly increasing wants of society. And as regards the part which may be taken by legislation towards the attainment of these great ends, Mr. Combe, we think, takes his stand on the true principle when he says, "that the Leg-

islature may considerably accelerate improvements by adding the constraining authority of human laws to enactments already proclaimed by the Creator." This, at least, is one form of expressing the true answer to the extreme economists, who deny that law ought ever to interfere in any case with the province of industry, and who consider such evils as the absolute neglect of a whole generation of the young, and the total abandonment of them to the debasing effect of excessive and unremitting toil, as nothing compared with the slightest check on the accumulations of the warehouse. It is very true that there are natural laws in operation which will tend to counteract all evils—but that counteraction will be in the form of tremendous punishment; and assuredly none more severe or sweeping will attend the infraction of any law of God, than those which must in the end overtake the community which gives itself up to the exclusive pursuit of wealth, and deliberately refuses such self-restraint as may reconcile the duty of labour with the higher duty of religious and moral culture.

In conclusion, we should say of this work, that its great fault lies, as is very commonly the case, in that which the author thinks its peculiar merit. He says, that it contains no new truths, but that, in the relation in which admitted truths stand to each other, he thinks his ideas are new and important. We should say, on the contrary, that his book is full of single truths, not certainly new, yet requiring to be impressed and often put with ingenuity and force; but that the relation in which these truths stand to each other, and to other truths which are kept out of view, is essentially erroneous. As regards the bearing of this work on the interests of religion, we have said enough to indicate our opinion. Mr. Combe is justified in saying, that the practical results he teaches are in general harmony with the *moral precepts* of the New Testament. It is likewise true that he takes pleasure in pointing out this harmony to his readers. Nay more: those who look with attention to the natural laws which he expounds, will not fail to be struck with new instances of that pervading analogy which obtains between the principles of divine government involved in the spiritual doctrines of Christianity, and those which are even now seen in active operation in this present world. But such harmonies as these, the reader must be prepared to discover for himself. He will often find spiritual beliefs brought down as it were under some form of physical "explanation:" but never any law of the material world traced upward to its spiritual meaning. We do not forget that Mr. Combe's purpose in investigating the natural laws, is different from that of the theologian in dealing with the same subject. He professes to confine himself to "Man as he exists in this world," and may fairly decline to pursue any line of thought beyond the bounds of its visible horizon. But, even supposing this limit to be faithfully adhered to, infinite errors on what lies beyond this world may be involved in our description of what goes on within it. Of old the earth was regarded as itself the centre of a system, and the heavenly bodies as moving round it. Even when there was no direct reference to this erroneous theory of the nature of celestial objects, it imparted a false light or colouring to every idea of terrestrial things. And, as in the physical world all just conception of the phenomena of our planet depends on a knowledge of the relative position and magnitude of the great bodies amongst which it moves; so, in the moral world, does everything depend on a right understanding of the great spiritual truths which extend beyond the boundaries of time. It is very easy, in giving an account of the different climates of the globe, and of the variations of the seasons, to convey the most monstrous errors on the science of astronomy; and it is not less easy in constructing a "Philosophy of the human mind," to assail the first elements of moral and religious truth. Such, in our opinion, must be the effect of doctrines tending to deny or explain away, in ethical science, the free will and responsibility of man; and, in religion, those external spiritual influences on human character which are a fundamental part of the Christian faith, but which, of course, cannot be made sensible to the fingers of the phrenologist. Observing, as we do with pleasure, some individual passages which indicate a glimpse of higher views, we must condemn the general tendency of Mr. Combe's system, as hostile to the reception of these essential truths. Does the Christian rejoice in a belief and consciousness of a personal change effected and maintained through help of the Divine Spirit holding intercourse with his own?—Mr. Combe admits, with that air of patronage which belongs to superior knowledge, that such a person "labours under great disadvantages from their ignorance of the functions of the brain and of the laws of its activity," and then proceeds to explain to him that he is not "aware of the extent to which a large development of the moral organs, combined with an active temperament, contribute to such effects!" Or again,—fortified as he is on this as on the other belief, by the most express declarations of Scripture, does he

believe in the power of prayer to affect the issue of events?—Mr. Combe tells him that the (only?) use of prayer is to be found in its influence on his own mind. Now that prayer, when believed in as regards its *outward aim*, has a reflex influence on the character of him who prays, is indeed most true. Whether it would continue to have that influence, if *no other* were believed in—whether we *could* pray, knowing that to petition God is but a form—fallacious and yet wholesome—of preaching to ourselves, we leave Mr. Combe's "philosophy of mind" to settle as it can.

That our author does not see all the consequences of his own principles, nay, that he himself admits truths which ought to have given more elevation, and a wider grasp to his philosophy, we are very willing to admit: whilst his evident sincerity and benevolence must leave on the minds of his readers many pleasing impressions. But truth compels us to condemn the general tendency of his "philosophy," on grounds which we trust we have sufficiently explained. Our conclusion, however, is not that which Mr. Combe so often assumes as the necessary resort of his adversaries. We do not dread Phrenology in itself: we see no "danger" in this or in any other of the natural sciences, except that danger which belongs to every pursuit, arising from the faults of the inquirer. But against these the best security is to be found in a wider diffusion of the knowledge and of the love of science: that its facts may be brought into contact with many minds: and so their true place and bearing may be more quickly ascertained. The division of labour is a principle applicable not less to the labour of the intellect than to the labour of the hands. Mr. Combe belongs to a class of writers who are of great use in the ascertainment or illustration of separate facts, but whose views of their relation to each other, and to higher departments of truth, can be seldom trusted. They who make the parts of a machine are not generally those who can construct the whole; and, in like manner, those who are engrossed in the discovery, or in the contemplation of single truths, are often incapable of assigning them their proper place in the general system of human knowledge. The danger of such "philosophies of mind" as that we have been examining, must be met and not evaded. It cannot be done either by discouraging scientific inquiries, or by proclaiming an absolute separation between the things which belong to reason and those which belong to faith. Every outward form *has* an inward meaning,—a relation real, though often obscure, to the things which are unseen and eternal. Where the true meaning is not found, some false or illusory meaning will be imagined. As surely as the organic frame assimilates to itself every variety of substance which enters into the composition of its food, so surely will the human mind, after its own spiritual nature, assimilate every appearance of the visible creation. "Who shall read the interpretation thereof" is written on everything we see, and carried in every sound we hear. To interpret nature rightly and to harmonize its material facts with those of the spiritual world, is one of the great works to be attended to in our day.

Art. III.—1. *Passages in the Life of Gilbert Arnold; or, The Tale of the Four Sermons.* By Sullivan Earle. London, 1852.

2. *Companions of my Solitude.* By the Author of "Friends in Council." London, 1851.

Although we may not very cordially admire the specimen which he has given us of the works which he would see written for their amusement and instruction, we cordially agree with Lamartine in all that he has said about the importance of writing books for the poor. To write books for the highly educated classes is comparatively a small matter. It is *something*, we admit, to be known and appreciated in the salons of Belgravia, and the banqueting-rooms of May Fair—something, to be read by lords and ladies and men of genius and celebrity—something, to be commended by quarterly reviewers and cited by members of parliament—to be in demand at metropolitan circulating libraries, and to be sure of a place in the "trellised cages," which contain the literary wealth of the lordly magnates of our Woburns and Chatsworths. But, rightly understood, it is a far greater privilege to be a welcome guest in the cottage homes of our teeming England. The "fit audience though few" is not to be greatly desired. They who write for what is ordinarily called *fame*, must write for the critics who are its dispensers. To write for the poor is commonly to place one's-self beneath the notice of the critics. It is neither to make money nor to make a name. And so it happens that when benevolent people look about them for books to place in the hands of their poorer neighbours—books that will at once interest and instruct them, they find marvellously few

suited to the purpose. It is a common complaint, in our country, as in Lamartine's, that there are "no good books for the poor."

And this complaint is not uttered so much because there is a scarcity of this kind of book, as because these books are not good of their kind. Many books have been written, of late years, expressly for the poor—and, more particularly for the children of the poor; but they have for the most part either wanted something which they ought to contain, or contained something which they ought to want. A considerable number of the simple stories of village life, recently published in England, have been written by people obviously well acquainted with the feelings and habits of our rural population. These stories are interesting, and up to a certain point instructive. There is, indeed, a great deal of very excellent morality in them, and the moral teaching is conveyed through a channel which renders it extremely palatable to the young. Altogether, the cleverness and tact displayed in these volumes—the simple and agreeable style—the natural character of the incidents and personages introduced, and the obvious kindliness and seeming good intentions of the writers, prepossess one strongly in favour of the volumes of which we speak. Indeed, the unprepared reader not improbably, after perusing a few pleasant chapters, begins to think that he has found what he has long been in search of, a good book for the poor; but suddenly he pauses, lifts his eyes from the page; a painful doubt has obtruded itself; he begins to think that the volume which was so delighting him, has got a *taint* about it after all. It is but a brief sentence—perhaps only a word that has arrested him. But the experienced reader knows what that word indicates. He knows that, however insidiously conveyed—however adroitly concealed, the poison is there. He reads on, and he doubts no longer. Doubts have given place to disappointment. The feeling is a more positive and active one. He finds that he has been reading with interest and attention—that he had very nearly placed in the hands of his children or his poor dependents, a book rendered doubly dangerous by the disguise in which its mischief is enveloped. He finds, in a word, that the author is an insidious tractarian, and that there is a leaven of false doctrine in the book, for which no knowledge of the subject illustrated, no cleverness of treatment, no attractiveness of style can compensate. There is a ceremonial Christianity insinuated in its pages—an exaltation of the prayer-book, the church catechism, the sacraments, indeed, of the very brick and mortar of the church, at the expense of spiritual religion. There is altogether a distressing formalism in them very destructive of the pure and simple faith—the leaning upon the merits of the Redeemer—which has been emphatically called the "religion of the poor."

We have many books of this class before us to which especial reference might be made in illustration of these remarks. They are books obviously written, as we say, by people well acquainted with the habits and feelings of the poor in our English villages, and their appearance is one of many indications not only of the insidious activity of the party from whom they emanate, but of the intelligence which directs its movements. Whilst one section of this party is preparing, in divers ways, strong food for adult minds, another is supplying milk for babes and sucklings. Wise in their generation, they perceive how great a thing it is to habituate the minds of the young even to certain forms of expression, a familiarity which is often more fatal to a right conception of the truth than more direct and emphatic teaching. Open questions are here insinuated as settled points of doctrine; and the childish confidence and unsuspiciousness of the reader are turned to account in a manner which exhibits, clearly enough to those who have eyes to see beneath the surface, the subtlety and ingenuity of the writer. Of this class of books the best are perhaps, the "Stories for Youth and Childhood," extracted from the "Magazine for the Young;" and "Langley School," by writers of the same stamp, if not the same writers—in both of which there are some very clever and truthful illustrations of village life. In another walk of literature especial mention may be made of the "Child's Book of Ballads," by the Author of "Hymns and Scenes of Childhood," which contains some very graceful and touching poetry, but with vastly too much in it about baptismal regeneration and the ministration of angels. Nor is it only in the realms of poetry and romance that these writers have displayed their activity. They have insinuated their peculiar doctrines into the pages of sober history, and written very pretty class-books for young people in which the blessed reformers of our religion are very scurvily treated, and "Charles the Martyr" canonized as a saint. The worst of it is that all these books are so cleverly written, and in all but the one point, answer so nearly the conditions required in works intended for the instruction of the young, that heads of families who have often time to do little more than glance at the books which they purchase for their children and

dependents, are likely to fall into the trap that is laid for them, and to carry home the poison in their pockets. For our own part we can but greatly deplore the misdirection of so much good talent. "The pity of it, Oh, Iago! The pity of it."

But we have only now to speak of those works which treat especially of the condition of our rural population, or are intended especially for the perusal of the poor. From many of the tales to which we have alluded, there is, we repeat, to be derived a very clear impression of some aspects of village life. Apart, however, from their Tractarian tendencies, there is a manifest defect in the majority of them. The man has painted the picture, and he has painted the lion undermost. The failings of the poor are illustrated very truthfully and minutely, and their duties to one another, and to their richer neighbours, are set forth with sufficient distinctness. But the general inference to be drawn from them is, that the rich are continually doing their duty, and that the poor are continually failing in theirs. Now, it appears to us, that if the rich would only do their duty with a little more conscientiousness, they would not have to tell so many stories of the miserable errors of the poor.

There are two kinds of books which may be written for the benefit of the poor; those which teach the poor their own duties, and those which teach the rich their duties towards them. It were not unworthy of the highest order of intelligence to write either the one or the other. If the two objects can be attained at the same time, so much the better. Hitherto the two subjects have been treated distinctly, and by very much the same class of writers. The Tractarian writers have been almost as busy in one direction as the other. They write very cleverly—and very craftily—on these subjects; and diffuse the well-disguised poison among all classes of their unsuspecting brethren. The authoress of *Amy Herbert* is, perhaps, the most remarkable of these writers. But we know no book of the kind more to be grieved over than *Brampton Rectory;* it is so almost good. It is the ordinary course of procedure with these writers to bring into a neglected parish, an earnest, energetic minister of the Tractarian school, intent on doing a great deal of good, in his own way; and, doubtless, doing some good in a way to which no reasonable Christian can object. He is active, which is good—he is clever, which is good—he is earnest, which is good—he is kindly, which is good—he is charitable, which is good—and in all these things he necessarily carries with him the sympathies of the reader. He interests himself deeply in the affairs of the parish—he makes the personal acquaintance of the parishioners—he improves the village schools—he does many things which, as a Christian minister, it unquestionably behoves him to do; but, then, it appears in time, that he is a Christian minister of the new school, which places the Church before the Gospel, and believes in the efficacy of ceremonial signs. He has not been long in the parish before he bethinks himself of "restoring" the old church, and pulling down the old pews. He has great faith in certain forms of brick and mortar, and shapes of carved wood. Then he introduces new modes of church music. He sweeps the old village orchestra clean out of the gallery, and he gets together the most promising boys and girls of the village to teach them to chant the church service, and bungle through a so-called "anthem." He institutes a daily service at the expense of family-worship. Then he talks a great deal about the baptismal sign, and the "holy little children" that are made by the sprinkling of water—about the reverence due to the Church, and the great lessons taught in the Prayer-Book; but about the great fundamental truths of vital Christianity we find little in these books. The faith which is spoken of is faith in signs, and forms, and ceremonies, not faith in the atonement itself.

It would seem to be the object of the author of the "Tale of the Four Sermons" to do that for evangelical Protestantism which others have done for the religion which borders more nearly upon the Church of Rome. Mr. Sullivan Earle has given, in imitation of the Tractarian writers, a sketch of a model clergyman, with all the earnestness and activity of the pet parsons of the other school, but with no peculiar attachment to any set forms of truth and justice, or any especial faith in the efficacy of signs and ceremonies. Prayer to God—not through the intervention of the Church, but ascending from the heart of man right to the mercy-seat of God, and faith in the redeeming power of the blood of the Lamb—not in the baptismal cross and the eucharistic emblems—are the means by which, in this story, all things are accomplished. But it is not in this aspect that we desire to regard the "Four Sermons," but simply as a story of village life—one in which many important matters affecting the welfare of our rural communities are glanced at, or perhaps illustrated in the course of the narrative. It is plainly the work of one who has seen much of what he describes, and seems to have a three-fold object; for it illustrates, in the history of a prodigal son, who brings the gray hairs of his sainted father in sorrow

to the grave, but tries to wash his own garments white in the blood of the Lamb, the efficacy of prayer, "the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man;" it illustrates also, the efficacy of earnest preaching—of a warm, loving, gospel ministry, preaching forgiveness of sins; and it sets forth the duties of the rich towards the poor, and shows how much may be done by kindly intercourse between them, to raise the social and religious character of our English villages. The other volume which we have taken as our second text-book, is very different in external design from the first; but is written with kindred feeling. The two writers have obviously much in common with each other. They are working towards the same common end. In the colloquial essays, which are the vehicles of the opinions of the thoughtful author of *Companions of my Solitude*, there is much which might be placed side by side with the descriptive sketches of the Easter story.* But it is only so far as they relate to the aspects of village life in England, and especially to the relations subsisting between the rich and the poor, that we have anything to do either with the one work or the other.

The crying want of the times, is a want of frequent communication between the rich and the poor. Every rich man—we mean by these words, every man or woman of rank and education superior to those of the so-called "labouring classes"—may do an infinite deal of good by keeping up a kindly intercourse with his poorer neighbours. Women have, in this matter, greater facilities than men. They have, ordinarily, more time at their disposal; and they can visit where men can not. Indeed, during the greater part of the day—perhaps, the whole of that portion of the day which is ordinarily at the disposal of our gentry for such purposes, the working man is away from his home. His wife and children are always to be found. The facilities of intercourse between rich and poor women are, therefore, tenfold greater than between rich and poor men. The working men are often little better than myths, when their wives and children are familiar realities. You may, indeed, be intimately acquainted with all the members of a village family, down to the very baby, before you know the father even by sight. Our main reliance, therefore, as the actual channel of communication, must be upon our English ladies. But, although theirs is the hand that yields the seasonable assistance, and the tongue that utters the timely word of sympathy and consolation, it is the man whose duty it is to supply the one and to prompt the other; and whose earnestness or lukewarmness in the good cause, generally—not always, perhaps—regulates the amount of activity apparent in the well-doing of his wife or daughter.

Nor is it much to be regretted, that the direct intercourse should be mainly between the gentler members of the two classes. There is less reserve between women; and women are infinitely more docile. We might, indeed, be almost content to leave our working men to themselves—and, indeed, they are very much left to themselves—if we could only bring the women into frequent communication with the gentlewomen of our rural districts. There is nothing more demoralizing than a slovenly home. Domestic discomfort, after a day's work, sends a man to the bright fire and clean sanded floor of the village ale-house. It is of little use to rail at him, and say that he is a bad father and a brutal husband. We do the same thing ourselves—only in a finer way, and with less excuse for it. Domestic discomfort of a far less vexatious and intolerable character, drives gentlemen to their gorgeous club-houses, and induces them to accept bachelor invitations, which, if home were sufficiently attractive to retain them, would be impatiently rejected. We cannot expect a man, who has been toiling from early morning, not to look for some comfort and pleasure when the day's work is done. If he cannot find it at home, he will go abroad in search of it; so his money is wasted, his character is demoralized. His wife is neglected—his children are starved. Everything goes wrong. The evil perpetuates itself. The house becomes more untidy; the wife more querulous; the children more troublesome. The man and all his family are ruined; when a little more thought, and very little more labour, on the part of the wife, might have saved them all from destruction, by securing them a comfortable home.

This has been said very often before; but it is one of those commonplaces which cannot be too often repeated, if it were only to indicate the incalculable benefit resulting from frequent intercourse between the rich and the poor. If the gentlewomen of our rural districts were in the frequent habit of visiting the village homes of the working classes, there would be fewer untidy cottages, and fewer disorderly families—there would be altogether more domestic cleanliness and regularity, and, therefore, more domestic happiness. It will not often happen, that

* The peculiar application of the story to Easter is, that it is an illustration in the career of Gilbert Arnold, of "a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness."

the lady-visitor will be compelled to *say* much on the subject. In most cases the visit often repeated, will have all the desired effect. The cottage will be more cleanly; the children will be more tidy and better disciplined; everything will be more in its proper place. There is an instinctive desire in the breasts of the humbler classes, to keep up a decent appearance in the eyes of their richer neighbours. They begin, perhaps, by endeavouring to appear more cleanly and orderly than they really are, by preparing for the lady's visit, and after her departure suffering things to reassume their old aspect of untidiness and dirt. What they do, is done more from respect to their visitor, than from respect to themselves. But if these visits are frequently paid at no regularly recurring intervals, and at all hours of the day, there can be no pretence of cleanliness; spasmodic bursts of tidiness and regularity will not avail. The practice must become habitual; and the habit once formed, that which was irksome soon becomes a pleasure, and what was done in the first instance from respect to others, will soon be done from self-respect. The sympathy of the rich makes the poor think better of themselves. People who feel that they are not cared for by others, soon become careless of themselves.

Great things, indeed, are these which our gentlewomen may do. Their visits to the cottages of the poor can rarely be unattended with good results, even if there be nothing but a brief conversation on ordinary topics. But, if a more active interest be taken by the visitor in what she sees, and what she hears—if she endeavour to aid, as well as to encourage, the orderly projects of the housewife—to help her, as the rich may always help the poor at small cost to themselves, to make her home more comfortable, of course the good results are proportionably great. Now, food and clothing are, doubtless, very important matters. The body must be protected against cold and hunger. But these are not the only evils of life; and there are other things besides food and clothing, which from our over-abundant stores, we may sometimes bestow upon the poor. But we seldom think of giving them anything but these bare necessaries of life, and there are many who would reproach their neighbours for "putting ideas into the heads" of the poor, (as though any head could have too many ideas), if they were to hear of any articles having been given to them, intended to contribute not so much to the sustentation, as to the embellishment of life. It would be held an act of folly, if not of something worse, to bestow any part of one's charities in the shape of what is, primarily, only ornamental. But it is a mistake to draw a strong line of distinction between things useful and things ornamental. The ornamental is often, in the highest sense, the useful; and nowhere more so than in cottage parlours. The eye has its wants, no less than the back and the stomach. Some small article of furniture—a scrap of cheerful carpet-drugget, or of curtain-chintz—a little book-shelf with a few books to range upon it, added to at different times—a print from some work of high art, if from a scriptural subject, so much the better—or even some slight articles of crockery, making the tea-table a little gayer and brighter—are all things which may be given with advantage to the poor, for they are gifts of the reproductive class, and are sure to bear good fruit in the shape of increased household comfort and cheerfulness, and a larger stock of good temper. Women are often careless and untidy because they feel they have nothing worth taking care of. It is, doubtless, a mistake; but when they look at their bare walls and bare floors, and see the utter impossibility of extracting anything like cheerfulness out of so much barrenness and sterility, they think that they may leave things to themselves, for nothing can make them worse. But a clean empty room is better than a dirty one; and the less furniture there is in it the more apparent, perhaps, is the dirt. Still it is very hard to *take a pride* in bare walls and barren floors. A very well regulated mind will make the best of anything; and its possessor, if condemned to live in an empty room, will take care that it is the cleanest of empty rooms. But very well regulated minds are rare in any condition of life: and we make the greatest of all mistakes when we endeavour to exact from the poor an amount of magnanimity rarely or never to be found in the rich. If angels came to dwell in *five-pound* cottages, it would be a different matter. But as they do not, we must look at things as they are with the greatest possible amount of toleration, and not judge our poor neighbours too hardly, if they think it better worth their while to keep a nicely furnished room in good order, than one that has the desolate aspect of an empty barn.

There is no practical lesson, therefore, that we would wish to have more forcibly and frequently impressed on the English housewife, than the necessity of providing, as far as her means will permit, a comfortable home for her husband and her children. To do this, it is necessary that she should stay at home. It is hard to say anything

against the industry of the woman who goes out to work whenever she can, and makes up, by charring, harvesting, hay-making, gleaning, hopping, &c., a few stray shillings which are conveniently added to the weekly wages of the husband. But the increase of wealth derived from these sources of income is a delusion rather than a reality. The family loses more than it gains. The few shillings thus earned in the course of the year are lost twice over by the neglect of ordinary household duties, and spent twice over by the husband at the ale-house, because his wife has been out at work instead of making her house comfortable and herself clean to receive, and the tea ready to refresh him, on his return from his accustomed labour.

There are, of course, always exceptional cases. The husband may be sick, may have met with an accident, or he may be out of work; and then it may be absolutely necessary for the wife to labour abroad for the support of her family, and a very fine thing it is, too, to see the zeal and devotedness with which it is often done. But as a general rule it may be laid down that the wife is better employed at home than abroad; and that the truest thrift consists in looking well after household affairs. This is one of the things which people in a higher station, whose words are listened to as words of authority by their lowly neighbours, may profitably urge upon them. A wife has worked well and nobly, when she has done all her household duties, made her home cleanly and comfortable, and prepared herself to receive her husband on his return from the labour mart wherever it may be. At the risk of offending some people, we may add that, perhaps a little spice of coquetry—we use the word for want of a better—is very pardonable in these cases. The husband will not be more likely to betake himself to the ale-house for the consideration that his wife has been making herself, as well as her house, ready to receive him, and for the knowledge that when he reaches home, he will find her looking very fresh and clean—her hair and her dress nicely arranged, and everything about her in the best state of comeliness of which circumstances will admit. All this costs nothing. Slovenliness, indeed, is a very expensive article. They who are neatest in their persons generally spend least upon their dress. At all events, a little money well laid out will go a great way. Sixpennyworth of ribband lasts longer than sixpennyworth of ale. In all probability the man was first attracted by the comeliness of his wife, when, a young girl, she thought it worth her while to make the most of her charms. He married her for her good looks, and he is disappointed when he finds that the neat little maiden has become the slovenly wife; that the fresh, smiling looks which so delighted him have given place to indifference and dirt.

It is difficult to over-estimate the importance of a due attention to these matters. The antidote to the ale-house is a comfortable home. If the ale-house be one of the grand causes of the demoralization of the agricultural classes, then is the comfortable home one of the most important of remedial agents. It is true that the question is not merely a moral question: we are aware that there are many material obstacles to the institution of comfortable homes. The cottages, in our rural districts, are for the most part exceedingly ill-constructed and highly rented. The poor do not obtain, in the way of house accommodation, anything like what they *ought* to obtain for their money. The cottages which they occupy are elaborately contrived for the perpetuation of the greatest possible amount of discomfort; and if with that discomfort, the elements of demoralization are not mingled, the tenant is a fortunate one. We shall speak of this more fully in another place. It is a comfort, in the meanwhile, to know that the importance of this subject of house accommodation for the poor, both in large towns and in rural districts, is very extensively recognised by men of all shades of political opinion, and that from the palace of the prince and from the garret of the neglected author, come the same solemn utterances and earnest warnings against the negligence and supineness—to say nothing of what is more sordid and repulsive—which has hitherto been so conspicuous in the manner in which we have regarded the dwelling-places of our lowly brethren. And surely it is high time, when people are making religion a question of brick and mortar, that they should make morality one also. If half as much money were spent on building improved dwelling-houses for the poor as is lavished on the reconstruction and decoration of churches already good enough for all spiritual purposes, what a deal of good might be done. We have known money to be freely offered for the former purpose, even when the parish has arrayed itself against the movement, though for any such object as the erection of dwelling-houses for the poor all the rich purses, which were so freely opened to the church-architect, would be incontinently closed. Now, in our opinion, the cottage-architect is a more important personage than the church-architect. It is doubtful whether we pray any the better for elaborate altars, and painted glass windows, and

carved seats, and costly reading-desks; but it is certain that we live much better in houses where something of comfort and something of decency may be maintained, and different members of a family are not compelled to herd together, as gregariously and almost as filthily as pigs. But we may hope that sounder opinions on this subject are steadily gaining ground, if they are not making the rapid progress which we would desire to see all truths making amongst us. In respect of rent, the poor are almost invariably overhoused. In respect of accommodation, they are as certainly under-housed. The splendid mansions of our aristocrats are cheap in comparison with the wretched hovels of the poor.

To every one who lays down a plan for the erection of labourers' cottages better calculated to promote comfort and to secure decency than those old crazy tenements which constitute a large proportion of the residences of the poor in our rural districts, we feel profoundly thankful; but we are far more thankful to those who build the cottages thus projected. We admit that the crazy old hovels, with their moss-grown thatch and their leafy walls, are very picturesque objects, and we confess that we have sometimes, in the course of an afternoon walk or ride, groaned at the first sight of some of the model cottages of red brick, which have flared upon us suddenly from unlikely rustic corners. But the first feeling of disappointment soon gives place to one of congratulation, when we come to consider how great the gain of comfort and propriety which these less picturesque dwellings present. There is no reason, indeed, why to a certain extent the useful and the ornamental should not be combined; but the real beauty of a labourer's cottage is in the interior accommodation, not in the outer walls, and we must not be particular about exterior deformities. The only wonder is, it has not occurred to benevolent people before, that, apart from the mere question of physical comfort, a very important moral question is involved in this matter of cottage accommodation; for it must be very obvious, that when different members of a family—male and female, the husband and wife, grown-up sons and daughters, perhaps an unmarried sister of either husband or wife, with younger children in all kinds of different stages—are, as frequently happens, huddled together, many in one room—all separated from each other by the slightest possible partition, if any—all feelings of maidenly modesty must be outraged in such a manner as in time habitually to blunt them. Indeed, many unfortunate girls have attributed, and truthfully attributed, their ruin to this compulsory herding together in their miserable cottage homes.

And, indeed, the saddest thing of all to contemplate in connexion with village and country life, is the condition of the daughters of the poor. The kindly heart of the author of *Companions of my Solitude* has been stirred by the thought of what he calls "the great sin of great cities;" but is not the great sin of great cities also the great sin of small villages? We believe that some people have an inherited faith in the Arcadian purity and simplicity of the rural districts,—as though to be "remote from towns" were necessarily to "run a godly race." But these credulous ones, we are well assured, have either not lived in country villages at all, or they have been singularly fortunate in their choice. In the country, vice does not wear the same filthy and forbidding aspect that it wears in large towns: it is less mercenary, less systematic, less a matter of calculation; but it may be doubted whether, in proportion to the population, there is less of it.

It will be understood that we speak of that vice which peoples the stews of the great cities. How much of it is reared in the country! The town is, doubtless, the ocean into which the stream of pollution flows; but the source of it often lies in remoter rural districts. Indeed, the great sin of the town is, in no small measure, the necessary sequel of the great sin of the country. In towns it is, for the most part, a stern necessity. Vice comes there ready made; and finds a market. It is a livelihood—nothing more—a very horrible one, felt and acknowledged to be so by the greater number of the poor outcasts who ply their wretched trade on the pavements. The door of retreat is closed against them; and they are compelled to go forward in their terrible career. The towns see the middle and the end; but they do not so often see the beginning. Men are busier than in the country; have fewer opportunities and finding so many victims ready-made, have less inducement to play the more difficult and more dangerous game of making them for themselves.

It is not our province, however, to descant upon what is done in "great cities." We are writing now of the small villages; and we return to the point from which we started to say, that there is nothing sadder to contemplate, in connexion with the subject, than the condition of the daughters of the poor. Somehow or other, large families are the rule, not the exception, in our En-

glish villages. There is always at least a fair proportion of girls—three or four in a family. What is to become of them? As soon as they are old enough to be of any use they are sent out with one or two of the younger children, mainly to clear the house. Girls of fourteen or fifteen may be seen loitering about the roads with a baby in their arms, and perhaps one or two older children dangling at their heels. One knows, at all events, what are the negative virtues of this. They are not at school—they are not improving themselves in needlework—they are not improving themselves at all. The positive evils of all this loitering and dawdling about are equally intelligible. The amount of idle gossip and evil conversation which grows out of it is not to be calculated. These are the first-fruits. Two or three young girls—almost children—may be seen standing about together, perhaps sitting on a convenient bank or a log of wood, with their little charges on their laps, retailing, or inventing perhaps, highly-seasoned gossip—it may be about their equals; it is just as likely to be about their superiors. It runs all very much in the same channel. It relates to something or other that leads in time to the "great sin of great cities." In their very childhood they become familiar with the name and character of almost every kind of sin. They talk of it in an easy careless manner, indeed, for the most part, with obvious pleasure, as something to be gossiped about and laughed at—not to be mourned over and condemned. This is one of the first stages of demoralization. And almost more frightful than the sin itself is the light-hearted familiarity with which it is canvassed by very young girls, and the obvious leaning towards it that is discernible in all that they say.

From gossiping with one another, they come, in a little time, to gossip with the young men. As the girl advances towards womanhood, perhaps the baby is handed over to a younger sister, or babies cease to be born in the house. Then she takes to sauntering and dawdling about the village on her own account. There is a threatening, defiant carelessness in her manner not easy to describe.* She goes about as one courting destruction. It is nothing but thoughtlessness and indifference upon her part, but it is as dangerous as if it were design. She falls into conversation first with one party, then with another. She is not particular. The shades of evening descend upon the village, and find her still dawdling about. The men are returning home from their work, and there is more companionship—perhaps an assignation for a Sunday evening walk. These Sunday evenings see more mischief than all the week-days put together.* The village girl is arrayed in her comeliest costume, and the working man is washed and shaven. The former is doubly an object of temptation; the latter is less disfigured by slovenliness and dirt. But, more than this, he has his time at his own disposal. He is not wearied out with his day's work; and he turns the gracious privilege of the Sabbath to the worst possible account.

The consequences of all this sauntering and dawdling about may be conjectured. The result is not marriage. Indeed there are few things more remarkable in the sight of observant residents in many country villages than the small number of marriages solemnized in the course of the year. Among these few things, we are afraid, must be mentioned the number of illegitimate children that are born into the world. In some villages, indeed, these events are of such frequent occurrence as to excite neither surprise nor indignation. They are familiarly discussed as exciting little bits of gossip, but neither is the girl pitied nor the man condemned. It is very strange, but we believe it to be a fact, that even in cases of heartless repudiation and desertion, the

* The author of *Gilbert Arnold*, describing the state of Little Millbrook, on Mr. Arnold's advent, says, "And so it happened, that the old had become careless and negligent, and the young had grown up ignorant and immoral. When Mr. Arnold first took up his abode in the Millbrook parsonage, there was no such thing as shame known in the village; I mean that shameful things were done without any sense of shame. Young girls talked of the degradation of their companions without a word either of rebuke or pity. They wandered about idle and reckless, with something almost defiant in their manner, as though they were going in search of ruin,—eager to be destroyed. They had no kind of self-respect. It was more their misfortune than their fault, poor things! Nobody seemed to care for them, and so they did not care for themselves. They were indeed cast-aways before they had done wrong."

* Many masters and mistresses thoughtlessly permit their servant-maids to enjoy a sort of half-holiday on the Sabbath, to take a country walk, or to visit, ostensibly, a distant Church. It would be far better to keep them at home, even though engaged (which is unquestionably very bad) upon their accustomed every-day duties. We would rather, indeed, see our English serving-maids dressing their masters' dinners, or curling their mistresses' hair, on a Sunday afternoon, than loitering about the fields. They are sure not to be long alone; and if they escape mischief they are fortunate. Exercise and recreation are good things for people in all conditions of life; but if masters and mistresses could only contrive to let their servant-girls go out sometimes upon week-days, it would not be thought a hardship for them to spend the Sabbath at home.

sympathies of our village girls set in rather towards the offending man than towards their ruined sister. The spoiler is not shunned. Let him treat one girl as cruelly as he may, he is sure to find another to keep company with him. This has always seemed to us to be the worst feature of the case; there is something in this kind of insensibility which is very chilling and disheartening. This obtuseness of the moral sense, this deadness to shame, makes one almost despair over it. Where the standard of public opinion is so low, there is little hope of practical improvement.

In treating of "the great sin of great cities," the acute author of *Companions of my Solitude* seems to proceed upon the hypothesis that the wretched outcasts who infest the pavements of our large towns after nightfall, have usually been brought to that hopeless condition by men their superiors in birth and station; and he accounts for this very intelligibly when he says,—

"Another cause of the frailty of women in the lower classes is in the comparative inelegance and uncleanliness of the men in their own class. It also arises from the fondness which all women have for merit, or what they suppose to be such, so that their love is apt to follow what is any way distinguished; and this throws the women of any class cruelly open to the seductions of the men in the class above. For women are the real aristocrats; and it is one of their greatest merits. Men's intellects, even some of the brightest, may occasionally be deceived by theories about equality, and the like, but women, who look at reality more, are rarely led away by nonsense of this kind."

That gentlemen, well washed, well combed, well shaven, wearing clean linen, well ordered clothes, and highly polished boots—to say nothing of their polished manners and brighter intellects—should be more attractive in the eyes of young maidens, whether town-bred or country-bred, than the dirty, slovenly, coarse-looking labouring men by whom they are surrounded, is very easy to understand. But opportunity is more potential even than white hands and fine linen; and it is all on the side of those who belong to the same class as the lowly maiden. That which comes unsought to the rustic lover—which he has not to make a single effort to compass, is only to be obtained by the aristocrat after much labour and calculation. The intercourse of those who are severed by social position must be covertly carried on, and circumspectly contrived. There are so many obstacles to it that few men will take the trouble to surmount them. We believe, indeed, that what is properly designated *seduction* is of no very common occurrence in either rank of life. Far more frequently do accident, opportunity, impulse, the tendencies of constitutional desire, lead to the commission of the unpremeditated sin,—

"The road is dim, the current unperceived,
The weakness painful and most pitiful,
By which a virtuous woman, in pure youth,
May be delivered to distress and shame."*

It may often, indeed, be very hard to determine on which side is the greater amount of crime. It may not be always fair to attribute the blame, in the first instance, solely or mainly to the man. It is in his after conduct that the baseness and selfishness of his character are unfortunately too often evidenced. He is more faithless, more heartless, than the companion of his guilt. Desertion and repudiation generally follow; and the unhappy girl, ruined and betrayed, pays a life-long penalty for a brief season of delusive enjoyment. Men will rarely make reparation; they are callous and obstinate. The cruelty with which they endeavour to escape the results of their imprudence, by blasting more fully the characters of those whose purity they have sullied, is even more deplorable than the first yielding to temptation. And this we fear is the rule, not the exception. Marriage they instinctively shrink from; and the support of their illegitimate offspring is a thing to be evaded by means of reckless denials, and an array of false witnesses such as would disgrace one of the corruptest courts in Hindostan.†

And then is it—the offence committed, and the betrayer refusing to make reparation,—that the crisis of the poor girl's fate is at hand. Often from that which is most beautiful in woman's nature proceeds the evil which we now deplore. She has sinned, but she is not irreclaimable. She is still worth saving. Upon the conduct of others towards her, then, hinges her fate. On this subject, the author of *Companions of my Solitude* has truthfully written:—

"If ever there were an occasion on which men (I say men, but I mean more especially

* Wordsworth's *Excursion.*

† This is, of course, principally in the lower ranks of life; but whether there is more of the heartless desertion and repudiation of which we have been speaking above, in the higher or the lower ranks of life, is a delicate question, which we can hardly undertake to solve. It must be remembered, however, that the money-penalty which the father of an illegitimate child is compelled to pay, falls far more heavily upon the poor man; but then, on the other hand, the injury to character is greater in the higher ranks of life; so that perhaps the inducements to repudiation are pretty equally balanced.

women) should be careful of scattering abroad unjust and severe sayings, it is in speaking of the frailties and delinquencies of women. For it is one of those things where an unjust judgment or the fear of one breaks down the bridge behind the repentant; and has often made an error into a crime, and a single crime into a life of crime. A daughter has left her home, madly, ever so wickedly, if you like, but what are too often the demons tempting her onwards, and preventing her return? The uncharitable speeches she has heard at home; and the feeling she shares with most of us, that those we have lived with are the sharpest judges of our conduct. Would you, then, exclaims some reader or hearer, take back, and receive with tenderness, a daughter who has erred? 'Yes,' I reply, 'if she had been the most abandoned woman upon earth. . . . . A fear of the uncharitable speeches of others is the incentive in many courses of evil; but it has a peculiar effect in the one we are considering, as it comes with most force just at the most critical period —when the victim of seduction is upon the point of falling into worse ways.'"

And what the essayist has very simply, but forcibly enumerated, the fiction-writer has thus thrown into action. The good vicar of Little Millbrook is telling the story of Jessie Hart's betrayal on her return home:—

"When I called, Mrs. Hart was still angry, and indignant—clamorous in her upbraidings. She had only the vilest terms of reproach to bestow upon the unhappy girl, and there was no epithet too strong to express her sense of the conduct of the seducer. It was not until I said to her, 'Mrs. Hart, your daughter's seducer is my son,' that she ceased from her upbraidings. Jessie uttered a short, sharp cry, and flung herself at my feet. 'I did not tell her—indeed, I did not,' she said, and clung to me, as though she would deprecate my anger. I raised her, and spoke kindly to her. She was very humble and contrite. Great as was her sorrow, she seemed to think but little of her own sufferings. It touched me to the heart to see how much the poor child thought of the disgrace which this sad affair would bring upon my family. 'And what would I think of her?' she said, 'what would Miss Lucy think?' I said that we should pity her from the very depths of our hearts. I never could see, Sullivan, the benefit of harshness in these cases. The poor are very prone to be harsh to their unfortunate children. They leave them to themselves—send them out into the world to earn their own livelihoods—plunge them into a great sea of temptation, and then pour upon them all the vials of their wrath, if the neglected ones do not chance to swim bravely through it. They only remember that they are parents, when they have something cruel to say. They exercise the painful right of condemning and restraining, though they have forgotten the parental duties of encouraging and supporting. They are angry, because they have to reap as they have sown; and, not seldom, by their ill-timed severity, perpetuate the evil against which it is addressed. I believe that the chances of reformation are very much in proportion to the amount of kindness and forbearance which is shewn towards the offender in the hour of suffering and remorse. Jessie's heart might have been hardened for ever if I had closed mine against her, as did her ill-judged mother. But I spoke kindly to her; and all the softness of her nature was poured out as in a great flood." —*Gilbert Arnold.*

These things are to people who have dwelt long in the country, and have familiarized themselves with the histories of their poorer neighbours, matters of ordinary experience; and there are few who will not confirm the opinion expressed by good Mr. Arnold, to the effect, that the penitence and reformation of the erring daughter are mainly dependent upon the conduct of her parents at this the turning-point, as it were, of her career. From our own experience, we could cite many cases in confirmation of this truth, but one or two examples will suffice:—A girl, the daughter of poor but respectable parents, in a country village in the south of England, was in service, in another county not far from London, but was shortly expected home with the view of obtaining another place in the family of a gentleman, resident scarcely a stone-throw from her father's cottage. She came a week or two before she was expected, and confessed that she had been foully betrayed and cruelly treated by a fellow-servant who had promised her marriage, and then had cast her off with scorn and reproach. Her parents, old people, and in needy circumstances, welcomed her sorrowfully, but not upbraidingly, and the lady, into whose household she was to have been received, did all that womanly kindness and sympathy could do, even to the extent of supporting and aiding her in the hour of trial and danger, to alleviate the poor girl's distress. She was saved. In a little time, another lady in the village, requiring a nurse to suckle her infant, bethought herself of the penitent girl, and made her an offer, which was cheerfully accepted.

"—— She no more could bear,
By her offence, to lay a twofold weight
On a kind parent, willing to forget
Their slender means; so to that parent's care,
Trusting her child, she left their common home,
And with contented spirit undertook
A foster-mother's office."*

So far was the history of this poor girl

* Wordsworth's *Excursion.*

identical with that of her namesake in Wordsworth's touching episode—but the parallel here ceases. The mother of Ellen's foster-child did not forbid all access to her own babe. She did not wish to outrage the maternal instincts within her, and the girl became a better servant, because a more contented one; and, in all probability, a better nurse for the indulgence. At all events, the result was so satisfactory, that when the child no longer needed the nourishment of the breast, the irreproachable conduct of the poor girl had recommended her to a permanent place in the lady's nursery; and so, instead of being driven, as she might have been, to the streets, she recovered her old position, and maintained it, and is, probably, all the more circumspect in her conduct, for the terrible lesson she has learned.

In the same village, another girl of great personal attractions had "stooped to folly," the companion of her guilt being a gentleman of education and position. The circumstances could no longer be concealed. The parents having become acquainted with them, demanded the girl's return. She went home, under an implied promise that no restraint should be put upon her; but no sooner had she recrossed the threshold of her father's cottage, than they began to heap upon her all the vilest terms of reproach, tore the bonnet from her head, trampled it under foot, and swore that she should never again see the partner of her wrong-doing. Then they sent her into one of the sleeping apartments and threatened to confine her under the safe-guard of lock and key. This, however—and they cursed themselves for it—they neglected to do. The poor girl, left alone with her sorrow, stretched herself upon a bed, thought over all the vile reproaches that had been poured upon her, of the angry words of her mother and the violent conduct of her father—above all, of the stern threat that she should never again be suffered to see the man whom she loved—and thinking over all these things, she took her resolution, and determined on precipitate flight. It was night. The opportunity was not to be resisted. Putting on the few articles of apparel of which she had divested herself, she quietly stole down stairs and escaped. From that time the influence of the parents over the child was gone for ever. It was not to be recovered; and the girl was not consigned to utter and irretrievable ruin, by their injudicious and unkindly conduct, only because the man, in whom she had confided, was not thoroughly heartless and depraved. If he had cast her off in that conjuncture, there would have been nothing left her but the streets.*

Now these are common circumstances—and recited here under a conviction that they are common. If they were not so, it would be of little use to introduce them into such an article as this. But after all, the great matter for consideration is not so much what is best to be done after daughters have erred, as what is best to keep them from erring. Prevention is always better than cure, and never more so than in such cases as this. Now, it appears to us that there are two great things to be done—or rightly considered, indeed, the two are drawn by close connexion into one. If our village girls, at the dangerous period of incipient womanhood, were sufficiently occupied, and if they were brought more frequently into contact with their richer neighbours, there would be far less chance of their going astray. They go astray, in no small measure, because they have nothing to do, and because nobody cares for them. The expression and exemplification of a little kindly interest and sympathy would go a great way with them, and in no manner could this kindly interest be more effectually exemplified than by giving them the means of profitably occupying their time. What we mean is very well expressed in the story of *Gilbert Arnold*:—

"It was part of their system to encourage the young village girls to come often to the parsonage. Miss Arnold lent them books to read, gave them needlework to do—often had a little sewing class in her own room; one of the girls reading aloud to the others as they plied their needles under the young lady's eye. . . . . Mr. Arnold believed that, far more serviceable than all pulpit preaching, would be such kindly intercourse with the poor as would sow deep in their hearts the conviction, that they were cared

* It may, we anticipate, be said, that the two cases being dissimilar in their antecedents, might not call for the same amount of indulgence from the parents—inasmuch as that one unfortunate, was prepared to "sin no more," and the other, perhaps, was not. But it appears to us, that in the latter case, the same amount of indulgence was demanded—but infinitely more judgment in its management. Many people argue, that kindness and forbearance are only to be earned by the cessation of the offence; that our charity is to be reserved for those who have some merit whereby to claim it. But there is no merit in mere circumstance. A girl betrayed, abandoned, perhaps cruelly treated, even to blows, is naturally sorry for what she has done, or rather for what has been done to her. She has not, in reality, broken off the unholy connexion she has formed; it has been broken off in spite of her. There is no merit in this. It is easy to deal with such a case; but when the first wrong has not been consummated by desertion and cruelty, more than common kindliness and judgment are demanded to win back the erring one to repentance.

for by people higher and holier than themselves. He strove to encourage an outward sense of their own dignity and importance, and to induce them to consider that there were earthly friends to whom they were bound by ties of almost parental gratitude to render an account of themselves. At all events, he let them know, that he was watching over them—that their sorrow would be his sorrow, and their shame his shame. In this good work, his gentle daughter was a willing and influential associate. Miss Arnold knew how much might be done by womanly kindness and womanly example, to raise the condition and the character of her neglected sisterhood, and, frail as was her body, she threw her heart and soul, with strength and eagerness, into the good cause. It was a work however, which was not to be done at once. The great jungle of that neglected parish was not to be suddenly reduced into a well-trimmed garden. But the improvement was something visible and substantial. It took shape under their hands. They knew that they were not working in vain. . . . . Miss Arnold delighted, as I have said, to bring the young girls to the parsonage, and to associate constantly with them. Knowing how true it is, that Satan ever finds 'some mischief still, for idle hands to do,' she exerted herself to keep the hands of the Millbrook girls constantly employed. She found them in respect of needlework, mere bunglers. They spoilt almost everything that was put into their hands. Such puckering and botching, Lucy Arnold had never seen before. All this was soon amended and reformed. A very little teaching—such pleasant teaching as was current at the parsonage—soon raised the standard of needlework throughout the parish. And, in a little while, the Millbrook girls were eagerly sought after as serving maidens, because they were known to be the best sempstresses in the country."

Now, the effect of this kind of kindly intercourse between the rich and the poor is greatly enhanced—as we shall presently take occasion to observe more in detail—when over and above the ordinary prestige of social rank is that of the ministerial office. But an immense deal of good may be done by the laity in this direction. It is difficult, indeed, to over-estimate the social importance of the intercommunication of classes; and especially as it affects the characters and circumstances of the young women of our rural districts. Any lady residing in a country village—no matter how limited her pecuniary means—may do very much, by the exercise of a little womanly kindness, to gather around her the daughters of her poorer neighbors, to win their confidence and esteem, to supply them with agreeable occupation, and thus by eliminating new sources of interest and new modes of employment, help them to lead lives at once more pleasant and more profitable. The great parent evil to be combated is *idleness*. But what are these great grown girls to do, just at the most perilous of ages, if no one will give them a helping hand? They must have something to interest them. Sources of innocent pleasure are sealed against them. If they have nothing better to think and to talk about, it is not strange that they should think and talk about their neighbours; if they have nothing better to do, it is not strange that when opportunity offers, they should fall into evil. The best thing, therefore, that can be done in such cases, is to supply occupation both for mind and body; and if this cannot be accomplished, we may always show that we are interested in the welfare of our lowly neighbours, and are watching their careers. And this in itself is no small matter. Many a girl has been saved, in the hour of temptation, by asking herself what will be thought of her conduct by some friend and benefactor, who has taken a kindly interest in her career.

As regards employment for the daughters of the poor, whilst under the parental roof, all that can be done for them may be pretty well expressed by the one word *needlework*. The greater number of them are intended for domestic service if situations can be found; but situations cannot always be found, and in the meanwhile they are to be kept out of mischief and prepared for the business to which their lives are to be devoted. It would be right if there were a little more preparation. Good servants, perhaps, would not then be so rare. The requisite training, however, in all its various branches, is not easily obtainable out of an institution. But needlework is always to be learnt. A great deal has been written about the multitudes of expert needle-women, who can hardly keep, by incessant labour, body and soul together; and there is a general impression, that throughout the country the supply of good needlework is greatly in excess of the demand. But this is true only so far as it applies to the great towns. In the country good needlework is rare and commands a fair price. The experience of most residents in the country will enable them to confirm our assertion, that it is not *easily* obtainable at any price. There is, as Mr. Carlyle says, of "distracted puckering and botching" a *quantum suff.*, but of good needlework little or none, and this he says is the "saddest thing of all." And so it is; but if our English ladies would only take the trouble to do what Miss Arnold is said to have done in the little story before us, there would be less distracted puckering and botching of morals as well as of longcloth. And there is this fact to be impressed, by way of encouragement, upon all country girls, who turn away from the practice of

needlework as a dreary occupation, that precisely in proportion to the adroitness with which they manage the needle are their chances of obtaining good situations in respectable families. One of the first questions asked is, "Are you a good needlewoman?"

Now, almost every lady in the country, at the head of a moderate-sized establishment, has the means of keeping, to her own advantage, many hands employed at the needle. It may, to be sure, be a question with her whether she might not purchase all required articles of apparel for her household ready-made, at a lower price in the metropolis; but low-priced things are not always cheap ones, and perhaps, looking at the matter in the narrowest point of view, it is not so certain that one can obtain one's money's worth for one's money, so well by betaking one's-self to the great labour-mart. We are not, however, now discussing the commercial bearings of the question. We desire rather to impress upon our English gentlewomen the duty of employing in this manner, to the utmost extent of their ability, the poor people by whom they are surrounded, of instructing and improving them in their work, and rendering it as agreeable as possible, by combining with it pleasant and instructive conversation, or better still, reading aloud. If once or twice a week, a lady would muster, in her own house, a little class of needle-women, under her own personal superintendence, making each girl in turn read aloud for a certain time to the working party, she would not only improve them in reading and needlework, but would in all probability obtain a salutary influence over them which would not easily pass away. Indeed, if nothing else resulted from this, the kindly intercourse thus established would in itself be a great matter. It is no small thing for our gentry even to know the poor.

In connexion with this there naturally occurs the consideration of the general question of female employment, but it is too large a one to be treated incidentally in this place. We purpose only to make one remark in connexion with it. In many country villages there is to be found a large shop, in which grocery and haberdashery are sold—in fact, almost everything that householders can require—from a carpet to an ounce of salts. The proprietors of these establishments often drive a large and profitable trade, and employ a considerable number of hands. These "hands" are pretty sure to be male ones. This is a state of things not peculiar to our villages, though some of the evils resulting from it are. It is common, indeed, to all places. But if there be anything in the world that is distasteful to us in any description of honest labour, it is the sight of a man measuring out yards of ribband and tape, and displaying dress-pieces to the view. We will not say that the occupation is a degrading one. No description of honest labour is degrading. But these men not only appear to us miserably out of place, but to have thrust others out of their proper sphere—altogether to have usurped a calling which rightfully belongs to the other sex. Perhaps there is a meaning in this. The principal frequenters of these large village shops are women. The shop is the great gossip hall of the neighbourhood. Many visit it as a place of public resort more frequently than their necessities compel them to do. The proprietors are, perhaps, aware of this, and encourage the conviction that if the retail-work of the shop were confided to young women, instead of young men, there would be a falling off in the business. Perhaps there would—though it is just possible that the falling off in the custom of maid-servants and small tradesmen's daughters, might be compensated for by the more frequent visits of the ladies of the neighbourhood, to whom the race of shop-boys is generally obnoxious.

Altogether these large shops appear to us in the light of an evil—both as respects the moral purity and the commercial prosperity of the villages in which they are located. The young men who serve in them are, for the most part, objects of admiration to the village girls. They are better dressed, more cleanly in their persons, and less coarse (though really more vulgar, for there is more assumption) in their manners, than the peasantry by whom they are surrounded. They are fortunately too much occupied during the week to do any great amount of mischief, but they unquestionably do some—and the more so that, inasmuch as they seldom look to any very protracted sojourn in one place, they are not very tenacious on the score of character. But, perhaps, greater harm is done by the absorption of the trade of the village. A capitalist often establishes three or four—perhaps as many as half a dozen large shops, in different parts of the country. He looks to small profits and a large trade. Having a command of money, he purchases cheaply and therefore can sell cheaply. This is, doubtless, *primâ facie*, an advantage to the consumer; but it is not so certain that the labouring classes would not derive more permanent and substantial advantage from a more general diffusion of prosperity throughout the village. It would give employment to a larger number of

people. It would act and react in a variety of different ways. It would keep respectable old village families from gradual decline, (it is common now to see them undersold and driven out by aliens,) and would, certainly, give our village girls a better chance of marrying in a respectable way. Indeed, that which drains the money out of a village can never be advantageous to it. In all probability, the very shop-boys in these large establishments are strangers; so that they do not even afford employment to a handful of the village population.

But here again, as in all other cases, it is to be remarked that everything depends upon the conduct of the rich. Our village trades-people are in a depressed condition, because the gentry of the neighbourhood will not give them encouragement. The gentry complain, perhaps not without some reason, as regards the fact itself, that they can obtain neither good nor cheap articles of consumption in their own village. They forget that they are themselves the cause of this,—that if they would patronize these small trades-people more liberally they would find them more worthy of their patronage. They starve the trade of the village, and then complain that it is in a weak, exhausted condition. The duty of spending their money among their neighbours they are not inclined to recognise. They obtain everything that they can obtain from London, or the nearest large town, and say that they are compelled to do it because they cannot obtain anything nearer at hand. It is their own fault if they cannot. Let the demand be created, and the supply will not be long in the rear.

It is the commonest of all remarks in the country, that the wealthy families spend very little money among their immediate neighbours. It would seem, at first, that if a gentleman of small income—say, from £600 to £800 a year—establishes himself in or near a country village, and does a considerable amount of good simply by spending the greater part of his income in his own parish, another, with an income of £6000 or £8000 a year, will do ten times as much good. But, unfortunately, these men who count their revenue by thousands are precisely those who will not spend it among their neighbours. "It must be a great advantage to you," we have sometimes said to a small village tradesman, "when Sir Robert —— and Mr. —— come into the neighbourhood, with their large families, and overgrown establishments, to remain for five or six months of the year among you;" or, when "—— Hall" or "—— Place," after remaining untenanted for some time, has been taken by a family of rank, we have, perhaps, made a similar remark on the advantages to be expected from the contiguity of another great member of the consuming classes. But we have been accustomed to receive the same answer: a shrug, a sigh, and a declaration that these people "get everything from London,"—or York,—or Exeter,—as the case may be. On the arrival of a new family in the neighbourhood, the first start is often an ominous one. The old place wants repair: a new wing is to be erected, or a new conservatory is to be built. There are bricklayers and carpenters and glaziers in the neighbourhood; but all the workmen required for the improvement of the Hall are brought down from London for the purpose. The family arrives with a ready-made establishment of servants, many of them, perhaps, hired expressly for the country, as though there were not scores of healthy and active girls in the parish eager for domestic service. Then it is soon known that they have brought down with them a whole van-load of "stores;" in fact, that they intend to have as little as possible to do with the poor people who live around them. Perhaps the fault is not so much theirs, as that of some of the older residents in the neighbourhood, who have told them beforehand that they can "get nothing in the place." Indeed, even that kind of acquaintance with the condition of the people, which long residence in a neighbourhood ordinarily engenders, has seldom the effect of opening the hearts and the hands of the rich, and teaching them to recognise the duty of acting in a neighbourly manner towards the poor, by spending their money amongst them. The clergy, it may be said, do not always set the example. The parson and the squire sometimes put their heads together to "restore" the parish church, and will not even suffer the people of the parish to carry a brick, or saw a plank for the purpose.

All this is very bad: nothing worse. If there be one duty more imperative upon the rich than another, it is the duty of giving the utmost possible amount of employment to their poorer neighbours. In every rural district we shall find hundreds eager to be employed. All kinds of artisans are complaining that work is slack, and the statement is generally accompanied with the complaint that their wealthy neighbours will not employ them when the opportunity offers, but bring in strangers and interlopers to do their work. An extensive job, which might confer incalculable benefit on several poor and deserving families, is given to a large contractor, who probably undertakes

it as a favour, and not one of the regular hands in constant work under him, employed upon the job, feels any elation of heart at being sent down to perform it.

On the subject of the employment of the agricultural poor, it may be observed, that in those neighbourhoods where the subject is most conscientiously regarded, the burdens on land are always the lightest. Even if we employ the poor on what is primarily unprofitable work—that is to say, work which does not ostensibly yield money's-worth for the money expended upon it—we are pretty sure to find in the end that we have made an advantageous investment. It will come back to us in the shape of diminished poor-rates and county rates. Poor-houses and prisons are very expensive luxuries. We shall find it answer the purpose better to combine together to provide employment for the poor during those seasons of the year when the land does not necessarily call for cultivation. It is far better to give a man work than to give him money. A great deal of good, too, may be done by giving idle boys little jobs of work, in weeding gardens, &c. Such innocent and profitable occupation will keep many a boy from forming those habits which help him eventually to end his life in a penal settlement.

We have said nothing about the schoolmaster in this Article. We are not writing of the duties of the State, but of the duties of individuals; and the subject of education is a too large a one to be slurred over with an incidental notice. We cannot pause to inquire in what manner the great machinery ought to be set a-going. It is too mighty to be managed by private hands, but private hands may still do much. Every person, indeed, who, at his own cost, educates another, having no direct claim upon him, whether at a public or private school, has done a great thing. At all events, he is not living to no purpose. Now, it is generally to be observed, in our country villages, that education is very ineffective, because both boys and girls are taken too soon away from school. Parents when told of this, acknowledge the fact, but declare that they cannot help it: "We wish," they say, "to deal fairly by them all; to let all share alike; and we are obliged to take away the elder ones, that the younger may get a little schooling. We cannot afford to keep so many at school at the same time." The best answer that can be given to this is an offer to do it for them. It is precisely at the age when boys and girls in our country villages are most frequently taken away from school that it is most important to keep them there; for it is just at this age that education begins to take something like root, and that the evil of want of occupation is most sensibly felt. If at this dangerous period of life a kind friend steps in and enables the parent to give his child another year or two's schooling, he not only prevents, perhaps, all the preceding instruction from being thrown away, but he keeps the young scholar out of the way of an amount of moral harm which it is not easy to over-estimate.

But after all, the work of education is not confined to the schoolmaster and the schoolmistress. There are other agencies no less important to the effectiveness of which every individual in the upper classes may largely contribute. We are not about to indulge in any fine writing about the education of the heart; but we wish to say a few words about what the author of *Companions of my Solitude* calls "continuous cultivation."

"When continuous cultivation," he writes, "is joined to education, (which should be *the* object for statesmen and governing people of all kinds,) people will not be supposed to be educated at the time of their nonage, and then lost sight of and held off for evermore, as far as regards their betters. But it will be seen that we are all so far children in some respects, throughout our lives, that the means of cultivation should be successively offered to us. . . . What I mean is this: do not let us merely teach our poor young people to read and write, and hear about all manner of arts, sciences, and productions, and then dropping these people at the most dangerous age, provide no amusements, enable them to carry on no pursuits, throw open no refinements of life to them, shew them no parks, no gardens, and leave them to the pot-house and their sordid homes. Of course they will go wrong, if we do."

Now, we cannot, all of us, throw open parks and gardens to the poor, but we can do something to provide them with innocent amusement, and enable them to carry on improving pursuits. Everybody who lends a good book to a person unable to obtain the use of books, from other sources, does a great thing. To establish a lending library in a village, no matter how small, is proportionately a greater thing. We believe that this is easily to be done. A single individual has sometimes done it from his own superfluous literary stores, enhanced by a few special purchases suited to the particular wants of his poorer neighbours. Of course, if people in the upper classes will combine together to do these things, they are done with greater facility, and on a larger and more effective scale. But no one should be disheartened by want of co-operation. Different people think so differently about these matters. There is so much jealousy, and so little cordiality

and unselfishness; even among people who wish to do good, that anything like genuine fellowship in these concerns is hardly to be expected. The best thing that every one can do, in these cases, is to depend as little as possible on others, and as much as possible on himself. Whilst he is looking about for others to help him, and complaining of their jealousy or their indifference, the weeds are growing under his feet, and every day of inaction on his part renders it more difficult to root them out.

But whilst we would exhort every man to do the best that he can, without reference either to the much, or to the little, that is done by others, we must again acknowledge, that there is much virtue in co-operation, and in no matter more certainly, than in that of which we are now immediately writing. An isolated lending library in a country village, is a very good thing; but it requires the support of other lending libraries in the neighbourhood to render it permanently efficacious. On its first establishment, there is pretty sure to be a heavy run upon it. The novelty of having books at command, is something exhilarating and exciting; and the villagers, especially the boys and the girls, and the old people who are past work, are continually coming to exchange them. But after a while, the demand begins to languish. The readers have "had the pick" of the library, and they either have, or think they have, had all the books that they care to read. If, then, the proprietor of the library can, at this point, exchange it for another, established in a neighbouring village, he can revive the declining appetite by offering his neighbours a feast of new intellectual viands. There will be, again, a run upon the book-shelves; and, again, pleasant and improving occupation will be in the reach of all who have their own time at their disposal, and who are often driven into evil courses, solely by the want of "something better to do."

A different description of institution, but one not less serviceable in a country village, is the savings club. This matter of the savings of the poor, is one with which legislatures have concerned themselves, but to which, nevertheless, individuals may well direct their attention. If any benevolent lady, on some stated day of every week, will receive the savings of the poor—no matter how small the weekly contribution—and return it to them at the end of the year, say on Christmas day, with, or even without interest, she will draw largely upon the gratitude of her humble neighbours. The club will not have been long in operation, before, on taking her place at the desk, with her account-book before her, there will be a crowd of women and children at her door, and a perfect shower of pence ready to descend upon her table. It would be superfluous to discourse upon the good that is done by engendering habits of providence among the poor, or upon the delight with which the hoarded pence are welcomed back again, by old and young, at the end of the year, perhaps with some seasonable addition, from the purse of the disinterested banker. But we may remark, that not the least of the advantages resulting from such an institution, is the means of intercommunication that it affords—the opportunity which it yields of improving our acquaintance with the habits and histories of our lowly neighbours.

But it is time now, that, having indicated some of the many means at the disposal of the laity, for the improvement of the condition of the poor in our country villages, we should say something about the especial duties of the clergy. There are many points, on which the two writers, whose works we have named at the head of this article, concur strikingly in opinion; and in nothing is this more apparent than in their estimate of the lukewarmness of the Anglican Ministry. What the one has thrown out incidentally in the pages of his brief fiction, the other has laid down in a more authoritative and didactic manner, but still with no want of a genuine feeling. Here is a little outline, sketched by the former, of one type of the English clergyman, and not, we fear, a very uncommon one in the South:—

"Before the advent of the Arnolds the parish had been much neglected. The previous incumbent was a rich man, who might have done great things for the poor. But having the power he had not the will. He drove through the village sometimes in his high, double-bodied, well-horsed phaeton, from which his liveried servant pompously descended to deliver a message at the clerk's door; but the poor people said of him that he never entered their cottages even to ask if there was a bible on their shelves."—*Gilbert Arnold.*

Such a man marches, with a stately formality along the high road of clerical life, as though he had become a "successor of the apostles," only to preach a dull sermon once a week, out of a wooden box; and, perhaps, to study church architecture. It is, indeed, as the author of *Friends in Council* says, "past melancholy, and verging on despair."

"Meanwhile, it is past melancholy and verges

on despair, to reflect what is going on amongst ministers of religion, who are often but too intent upon the fopperies of religion to have heart and time for the substantial work entrusted to them—immersed in heart-breaking trash from which no sect is free; for here are fopperies of discipline, there are fopperies of doctrine, (still more dangerous as it seems to me.) And yet there are these words resounding in their ears, 'Pure religion and undefiled is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's-self unspotted from the world.' And the word 'world,' as Coleridge has well explained, is this order of things, the order of things you are in. Clerical niceness and over-sanctity for example, and making more and longer sermons than there is any occasion for, and insisting upon needless points of doctrine, and making Christianity a stumbling-block to many, that excellent clergymen, for there are numbers who deserve the name, that is your world, there lies your temptation to err."—*Companions of my Solitude*, p. 113.

These long and weary sermons are, we say, conceived by many English clergymen to constitute their weekly work; and yet, even in the pulpit, the Anglican Ministry are for the most part very cold and formal —much given to descant upon certain set themes, in a hard didactic manner, and never reaching the hearts of their congregations. We are told of Mr. Earle's model minister, that "it had always been his wont, more or less, to adapt his public preaching to parochial circumstances; and in this lay the secret of the interest he awakened — the success he accomplished among his hearers. And more than one illustration of this practice, and its results, is given in the course of the story. It would be well if the practice were more general in actual life. It is, simply, to make the dry bones live—to clothe with leafy verdure the barren tree. Men sit out a sermon, carry off not a word of it, and then go home to read with interest long articles in their Sunday paper. They read the articles, because there is a certain *a-propos-ism* about them, because they relate to subjects of passing interest, and could not by any possibility have been brought out, covered with dust, from an old drawer. It is the absence of all special application, which generally renders our pulpit discourses so dull and lifeless. It would often seem, as though the preacher had no other object than to acquit himself of certain obligations imposed upon him, as the condition of his being allowed to receive annually, certain hundreds of the parochial money. A fixed *minimum* of work is to be got through. It does not much matter how. The Sunday duties are supposed to be the duties of the week—the pulpit to be the limit of the sphere of ministerial action. Far other are the views of ministerial obligations, taken by the writers before us. Mr. Earle's model clergyman is one of a very different stamp :—

"Mr. Arnold was one of those who believe, that only a small part of their ministerial work is to be done within the walls of the church; and he spent much of his time in the cottages of his poorer neighbours. It was a sore trial to him, therefore, when he found that he was little able to go abroad; for though he threw open the doors of the rectory, and invited all to enter them, who needed his assistance and advice, he felt that their occasional visits to his study were but a poor substitute for his visits to the cottage parlours of his lowly brethren. It is hard to say how much the aspect of those little parlours had improved since Mr. Arnold and his gentle daughter, with an abundant store always of kind looks and cheering words, and often with more substantial but scarcely more welcome blessings, had been wont to cast the sunshine of their presence across the threshold of those cottage-homes. None knew better than Mr. Arnold, the intimate connexion between household comfort and Christian morality—and none ever did more to encourage the growth of the former, by demonstrating his paternal interest in the welfare of the poor, and teaching them to have respect for themselves. Many a clean and orderly home, with its little plot of well-cultivated garden ground, and its little shelf of books in-doors, owed its existence, where once had been waste and disorder, to the neighbourly visits of the rector of Little Millbrook."

We have already spoken of the good effect of the visits of the laity to the cottages of the village poor. It is obvious that the visits of the minister must be operative for far greater good :—

"There should," says the author of *Friends in Council*, "be some better means of communication between rich and poor than there is at present. It seems as if the priests of all religions might perform that function, and that it should be considered one of the most important functions. It should be done, if possible, by some persons who come amongst the poor for other purposes than to relieve their poverty." —*Companions of my Solitude*, p. 109.

Unquestionably it should; and equally true is the converse of this proposition. The great moral and religious truths which we are anxious to inculcate for the guidance and improvement of the poor ought to be impressed upon them by those who do not go among them only to teach. It is the union of the two offices—of the earthly and the spiritual comforter—which works so mightily upon the natures of the ignorant and the suffering. Any person of education and of superior worldly station goes among

the poor and the unenlightened as one having authority, and is listened to with respect. There is an instinctive looking upwards, which renders the work of instruction, if accompanied with consolation, comparatively an easy task. But it *must* be accompanied with consolation. The one must ever aid the other. Now, in the case of laymen, the work of instruction must be subordinate to that of consolation. We mean that the primal object of the visit to the poor cottage must be to inquire into, and as far as possible to relieve the physical wants of its inmates. It may be, indeed, a mere visit of inquiry, a casual dropping in, with no apparent or at least obtrusive object; and probably such visits are of all the most appreciated. Advice may often, in such cases, be insinuated with good effect; but there are a thousand things which a minister may ask and say, which would be regarded and perhaps resented as impertinences, if uttered by those who have not the ministerial privilege and authority. It is the clergyman's office to teach; and he goes among his poorer brethren, not merely with the authority of a person of superior rank and education, but with an official stamp upon him, which gives currency to everything that he utters. He may ask any question; he may tender any advice. The effect of his inquiries and his explanations may be increased or diminished by the amount of tact and good feeling apparent in his communications with his humbler neighbours; but he will always have an advantage over the layman. He will always be able to accomplish more than even the wealthiest of his parishioners. He may have the means of giving less at his disposal; he may have less wisdom, less experience, less kindliness, than his secular neighbour. But the ministerial office makes good every deficiency; it supplies what is wanting, and strengthens what is weak, and gives to the most insignificant of men an extrinsic importance, in the eyes of the poor, of which nothing can wholly divest him.

So strong, indeed, among the poor is the instinctive feeling that, in seasons of difficulty and perplexity, the minister is to be looked to for advice and assistance, that even those who seldom or never enter the Church and openly profess no personal respect for the incumbent, will at such times talk of betaking themselves to him in their trouble, and perhaps carry the resolution into effect. And this will happen even in parishes where little encouragement is given to such confidences, and the minister is rarely, if at all, to be seen in the houses of the poor. Unless there be some open and notorious scandal in his way of life—and such a state of things cannot exist for any length of time without bringing its remedy—the clergyman of the Parish is generally regarded as a man wiser and holier than his neighbours. However lightly he may regard the obligations and responsibilities of the ministerial office, he cannot wholly destroy its *prestige*. It will cling to him in spite of himself.

It is an easy matter, therefore, for a clergyman to establish such an empire in the hearts of his parishioners, as will enable him almost to do with them whatsoever he will. Of course, such power is liable to abuse. We know that it has often been terribly abused by the priesthood of a religion that wages war against our own; but even from the practice of that priesthood some lessons may be learnt—*fas est ab hoste doceri*—and the essential difference of Romanism and Protestantism is such, that the ascendency of which we speak, though in the one instance it may take the shape of an intolerable tyranny, in the other is nothing more than a mild pastoral influence—the sovereignty not of fear but of love.

At all events, it is very dreadful to see the blank indifference of a considerable section of our Protestant clergy, and the heart-breaking results of the apathy we deplore. An English village with an apathetic minister is pretty sure to be a hot-bed of immorality. It is not to be wondered at. When the shepherd is asleep, the sheep will stray. The efforts of the laity, in such a case, may accomplish something; but when the minister discourages, or perhaps opposes them, it is up-hill work for private benevolence. It is a terrible thing to write, but we have known instances of English clergymen who have resented the charitable endeavours of their parishioners as impertinent intrusions—flagrant trespasses, as it were, on the ministerial domain in which they themselves never plant a foot. The village-priest, who himself is active in well-doing, delights in the co-operation of the laity. But it is not difficult to understand why the man who neglects his own duty should be chagrined by the foreign activity which renders his own neglect more revoltingly apparent.

In the end, then, it comes to this: There is so much to be done—and so easy and so pleasant is the doing of it—in our country villages, that when we learn that this or that "Little Millbrook"—some charming little country nook, remote from towns, on which nature seems to smile at all seasons of the year—is lapped in anything but a state of Arcadian purity and simplicity, it were well that we should not declaim against the wick-

edness of the poor and the ignorant, but should lift up our voices against the indolence and the apathy of the rich. It were well that we should never forget that the disgrace of the prevalent immorality really attaches to the influential of all classes, but primarily and especially to that class which possesses a distinct and indestructible influence of its own. Where the "simple annals of the poor" are a sealed book to the rich, there is sure to be misery and vice, even in the fairest spots which God has created for the habitation of Christian men.

But there is this difference between the suffering and the sin which grow in our towns and in our villages, that the application of the remedy to the latter is comparatively easy, and that individual efforts may do much in the one case, whilst in the other the machinery of extensive societies is rendered, by the magnitude of the disease, a necessary evil. We have merely attempted to indicate how, in a few not unimportant particulars, these individual efforts may be brought to bear beneficially upon the condition of our village communities. To many whom we have addressed much that we have written is, we hope, practically familiar. They will not quarrel with us, we are sure, for discoursing upon matters which, however well understood by them, and admitted perhaps by many others, still loudly call for a far more extensive practical recognition than has yet been accorded to them. It has been our endeavour to write simply of common and easy things; and we have done so under the profoundest possible conviction that no one will ever accuse us of misleading him by asserting that the things of which we have written are as pleasant as they are easy in performance. We look after happiness in the wrong direction when we turn our backs upon our lowly brethren.

We do not wish it to be inferred from these remarks, that the tendency of the present age is towards any greater neglect of those duties which especially appertain to the rich, than is fairly chargeable against antecedent generations. We believe that if the very reverse of this were asserted, there would be no departure from the literal truth. But it is necessary that we should think much more about these things, and exert ourselves much more than we did of old, for some of the practical results of the advancement of science are clearly prejudicial to the interests of our village communities. Steam-begotten centralization is doing fearful damage to our rural districts. The days when rich families were compelled not only to reside, but to spend their money in the country, have now passed away. The railway train carries men up to town, and carries things down into the country. Many who breathe the fresh country air, scornfully reject almost everything else that the country supplies. It would be sad, indeed, if there were not something to balance this; and the something must be looked for in a growing conviction of the claims of the poor, and an increased apprehension of the duties of the rich. But this is the age of societies—of charitable institutions of every conceivable kind—and too many of us are mere *givers*. What we would fain see is a larger number of *doers*. Subscribers to the great public charities may do good. We do not deny it. But what is mainly wanted in these days is, a something less of exclusiveness—something to break down the mighty barriers which now separate the rich and the poor. We might spare some portion of our alms if we could induce ourselves to become less chary of our personal presence among the poor, and less niggardly of kind words to them. "The poor we have always with us." Let us endeavour as far as in us lies, to be always with the poor.*

ART. IV.—*Protestantism and Catholicity Compared in their Effects on the Civilisation of Europe.* By the Rev. J. BALMEZ. Translated from the Spanish by C. J. HANDFORD and R. KERSHAW. London, J. Burns.

LAST autumn, at the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, a mercantile friend of ours encountered the Mayor of Bilboa, a Spanish town on the Bay of Biscay. After expressing the pleasure of so unexpected a meeting with his old Spanish correspondent, the Scotchman inquiringly remarked that the Mayor could meet few of his countrymen at the Exhibition. Few! exclaimed the Spanish mayor,—yesterday, at our hotel, I sat down to dinner with seventy Spaniards. Well done Spain, we involuntarily exclaimed, on hearing this incident. Seventy Spaniards at one time visiting heretic England, and drawn hither by industrial tastes and their mercantile spirit!—is not this a hopeful

* A little volume, with the significant title of "*The Poor ye have always with you,*" recently published by Mr. Bentley, has been laid before us whilst these sheets were under correction for the press. It is a translation from the French; but this does not preclude us from saying that it is full of good sense and good feeling, and cannot be read without profit to the reader.

symptom of the reviving energies and freedom of Spanish merchants?

France began her career of revolutions by the massacre and banishment of her priests and nobles. Spain has done better by lessening their numbers, revenues, and privileges, and preserving a clergy and nobility to countervail infidelity, socialism, and revolution, who may one day become honest and intelligent instructors and trusted leaders of the Spanish nation. Meanwhile, it is something that the Mayor of Bilboa and his friends can visit heretic England on business, at pleasure, without let or hindrance from priest or Pope.

At the head of this Article is the work of a Spanish ecclesiastic, the Abbé Balmez, who, at the period of his recent death, at the early age of thirty-eight, is said to have been the leader of a new intellectual school in Spain, and who seems to have exerted no small influence while he lived, in the internal revival and restoration of the Spanish Church, amidst recent civil revolutions. Balmez writes like a man who knows the times in which he writes; though rejecting none of the old ways of defence, when available, he now boldly challenges for his church a superiority over all churches and all human things, specially, on the sober, solid, matter of fact, and ascertainable ground of her superiority in developing European civilisation.

This work first appeared, say the translators, in a small town of Catalonia, in 1840, created a sensation in Madrid, is said to have been read by all the readers of Spain, was translated into French, to persuade the *Grande Nation* to seek progress only under the banners of Rome; and it is now presented, in an English dress, by two zealous members of the Anglo-Roman Church, to remove our Protestant prejudices against entrusting Rome with the guardianship and further development of our British liberties and civilisation.

The translators tell us further, that it was prepared to avert the crisis to church property, then approaching, which has since so much reduced the revenues and revived the energies of the Spanish Church.* It is more interesting, however, to learn from Balmez himself what those feelings and fears were which, as a Spanish churchman, inspired his pen:—

"It is not impossible that, during one of the convulsions which disturb our unhappy country, men may arise amongst us, blind enough to attempt to introduce the Protestant religion into Spain. We have had warnings enough to alarm us; we have not forgotten events which shewed plainly enough how far some would sometimes have gone, if the great majority of the nation had not restrained them by their disapprobation. We do not dread the outrages of the reign of Henry the Eighth; but what we do fear is, that advantage may be taken of a violent rupture with the Holy See, of the obstinacy and ambition of some ecclesiastics, of the pretext of establishing toleration in our country, or of some other pretext, to attempt to introduce amongst us, in some shape or other, the doctrines of Protestantism."

Again—

"We must not forget that, with respect to religion in Spain, we cannot calculate on the coldness and indifference which other nations would display on a similar occasion. With the latter, religious feelings have lost much of their force, but in Spain, they are still deep, lively, and energetic, and if they were to come into open and avowed opposition to each other, the shock would be violent and general."

Then changing his tone—

"Will you consent to see dried up, the most abundant fountains to which we can have recourse to revive literature, to strengthen science, to regenerate legislation, to re-establish the spirit of nationality, to restore our glory, and replace this nation on the high position which her virtues merit, by restoring to her the peace and happiness which she seeks with so much toil, and which her heart requires?"—Pp. 41, 48.

These extracts reveal, that up to 1840, among the lovers of Spanish progress, the dangerous opinion had been gaining ground, that Protestantism, with its divisions, might be more favourable to Spanish progress than Romanism, with its darling unity. For a Spanish ecclesiastic, the Abbé Balmez had rare opportunities of knowing this. For some years he is said to have edited the ablest journal in Spain, "El Pensamiento de la Nacion," and also a Spanish Review, published at Barcelona. Such engagements brought him into contact with the living, modern, and commercial world of Spain, and enabled him to know the breath of her public opinion. He had learned that his countrymen were looking practically at churches as at governments, weighing results, and applying that test, alike of common sense and divine wisdom, "by their fruits ye shall know them;" and as to the kind of fruits, Spaniards were no longer to be satisfied with the honour of being the most Catholic of nations, but like the rest of Europe, looked to realize as part of the fruits of a good church

* According to the article Spain in the Encyclopædia Britannica, the revenue of the Spanish Church, before the late confiscation, was above twelve millions sterling—two millions more than the entire national revenue. What it is now we are unable to say; we believe, from the accounts of Inglis, and a recent American traveller, very considerable, and likely to become much greater, as Spain again develops her agricultural and mineral wealth.

system, "the life that now is." Father Balmez must have often heard in certain quarters of Spanish society, the saying of the French Statesman:—"In England the Jesuits ruined kings, in Spain the people," and the still more pungent one of her own Bishop, "that the Jesuits found Spain a nation of heroes, and left her a nation of hens." Feeling the breath of this public opinion, and stung by such inquiries and reproaches, this Spanish churchman took up his pen, and has produced this elaborate and well-written book—a book whose appearance, whose style and arguments, like the appearance of the Mayor of Bilboa and his seventy Spaniards at last year's Exhibition, are significant in Spain—

> ——— "Of the reign commenced
> Of rescued nature and reviving sense,"

of the breaking forth of somewhat of that national good sense that, in the 16th century, laughed with Cervantes at the absurdities of its own darling chivalry, and is now counting its past losses and sacrifices to priests and Popes—comparing Spain with her former self, and with those European nations that have not sacrificed the Gospel to the church, nor arrested national progress to preserve ecclesiastical unity.

But the work of Balmez is more significant still of the anxiety of the Church of Rome, up at least to 1848, to put herself right with the friends of European progress. Other honest people when they fail in any duty confess their faults, and resolve to amend; but when Rome is about to change her course, she is then most anxious to persuade all men that what she desires to be she now is and always has been. Balmez quotes from Thomas Aquinas and other Doctors of the Middle Ages, generous sentiments respecting the relations of kings and their subjects, such as do honour to their individual sagacity and Christian feeling, just because so much at variance with the scenes of violence and oppression around them. But these sentiments cost their authors nothing more than the ink that penned them, and no more prove the Romish Church to have originated, or to have worked out the constitutional and legal freedom of modern Europe, than the sagacious hints of Roger Bacon on optics, or those of the Marquis of Worcester on the possible uses of steam, prove the ingenious speculators to have been the inventors of telescopes or our modern steam engines. It had, indeed, been wonderful if church theologians, in the thousand years of the Middle Ages, had not uttered some generous sentiments and enlarged views on our social relations. More wonderful still, if the clergy had so thoroughly forgot their Christian calling or lost all sympathy with the common people, from whom most of them sprung, as not to have often used their church power to protect their oppressed flocks against the bad chiefs and sovereigns of that singular period. Yet Guizot has shrewdly remarked, "that when the question of political guarantees has arisen between power and liberty, when the question was to establish a system of permanent institutions, which might truly place liberty beyond the invasions of power, the Church has generally ranged on the side of despotism." Nay, those guarantees which almost every European nation, and none more than Spain, inherited from its ancestors in the form of a Cortes, Parliament, or States-General, the sovereigns of Europe were permitted to extinguish, one by one, unresisted and unrebuked, by the Papacy; and their restoration, in modern times, has been the work of the laity alone. In our day, indeed, we have been startled by the sight and sound of democratic priests, and even by a vision of a liberal Pope. Rome attempted to run with the "horsemen," and has suffered mortification. Some imagine that she has now turned for ever from the sovereign people she lately courted, to the sovereign princes. We believe no such thing. Rome, like other churches, was alarmed, and felt that order and security are the first necessities of society; but when the present reaction against popular excesses is over, she will endeavour to keep pace, at least, with the "footmen," in European politics and progress, working in her service as best she can an advancing civilisation too world wide now to be arrested.

This work of Balmez, in the style of its defence, proves that even Rome advances in her ideas. In spite of herself we see her giving up her old refuges, and betaking herself to new ones. Call it progress, or only adaptation, or what you will, Balmez admits what no former advocate of Rome would have admitted, and, by a certain superiority to his predecessors, seeks to commend his reasonings to a more favourable attention from intelligent minds. He adapts himself to the new era of the Spanish mind that has arisen in his own day. Instead of representing the English Reformation as the accident of Henry the Eighth's amours, or the German of Luther's monkish jealousies of the Dominicans, he confesses that "that which is general must have general causes, and that which is lasting must have lasting and profound causes." He admits the necessity of Church Reform in the sixteenth century. He tells us he does not like describing Pro-

testantism as "a great movement for the liberty of the human mind." Yet he confesses, "that the principle of submission to authority in matters of faith has always encountered a vigorous resistance in the human mind;" and the higher moral tone of the man and his finer intelligence promise a more than usually fair and reasonable treatment of the great question of the comparative civilizing powers and results of Protestantism and Romanism.

But Romanism or the Papacy are not the phrases the Abbé Balmez chooses to employ. He never once uses these appropriate and distinctive names for his Church system. He prefers stating the question which he discusses as one between Catholicity and Protestantism. The reader will take up this book expecting to find a comparison between the civilizing effects of whatever may be fairly described as peculiar and appertaining to the Papal Church system, and whatever may be fairly described as peculiar and appertaining to the leading Churches of the Reformation. This is the question in which Spain, Europe, the world, is interested. This question Balmez seems to discuss, yet he leads his reader into quite another, by the use of the epithet *Catholic*. Assuming that this epithet belongs exclusively to the Church of Rome, and "*Catholic*" being held as synonymous with *Christian*, the course of his argument may be easily imagined. Whatever Christianity has done for elevating the social condition of Europe, in the course of fifteen centuries, has been done by Catholicism, that is by Romanism, that is by the Papacy—Catholic, Roman, Papal, Christian, being all one and the same thing. Save, therefore, for sundry digressions and applications to Protestantism in the course of his reasonings, this work had been more truly designated "Christianity compared with Paganism and Islamism in its Effects on the Civilisation of Europe." The work is a satisfactory refutation, if such were needed, of the pretensions of those religious systems. But this is not the question Balmez wishes his readers to hold in their minds, nor yet the conclusion to which he would bring them. After setting before us many pleasing evidences of the effects of Christianity under the Empire and among the barbarians that overran it, he thus addresses Protestant Churches:—

"We may be allowed, in conclusion, to inquire of the Protestant Churches, of those ungrateful daughters who, after having quitted the bosom of their mother, attempt to calumniate and dishonour her, where were you when the Catholic Church accomplished in Europe the immense work of the abolition of slavery? and how can you venture to reproach her with sympathizing with servitude, degrading man, and usurping his rights? Can you, then, present any claim which thus entitles you to the gratitude of the human race? What part can you claim in that great work which prepared the way for the development and grandeur of European civilization? Catholicism alone, without your concurrence, completed the work; and she alone would have conducted Europe to its lofty destinies, if you had not come to interrupt the majestic march of its mighty nations, by urging them to a path bordered by precipices, a path the end of which is concealed by darkness which the eye of God alone can pierce."—P. 81.

Such a taunt really merits no other reply than an Irish peasant is said to have given to the very similar one—"Where was your Church before Luther?" "Where was your reverence's face before it was washed this morning?" It may be that a thorough-bred Romanist priest finds great difficulty in conceiving of the priority of the *Principles* to the *Protest* of the Reformation. But Protestants believe, and it forms the very essence of their *Protest*, that their principles were those of the Christian Church in all times, *minus* the ecclesiastical system and superstitions built up around them in the course of ages; or, to use the figure of the Irish peasant—Protestantism is the Church of the Middle Ages, with its face well washed.

The real question, then, between Protestantism and the Papacy is, whether those *deeper* and *broader* foundations, by which European civilisation is distinguished both from the Ancient and the Eastern civilisations, have sprung from principles and practices in any way *peculiar to and distinctive of the Papacy*. Father Balmez does not pretend to connect the superior place and consideration of women in modern Europe, or the higher respect for the rights of the individual man, or any of the other characteristic features of European civilisation, with the worship of the Virgin, or any other form of saint-worship,—far less with the use of images, crosses, relics, or any of the mere externals by which Rome stands distinguished from Protestantism. Like every reader of the New Testament he finds them in those words of "grace and truth" that fell from the lips of the Son of God, or in the teachings of his Apostles. He must also admit that "the hope full of immortality," that enables men to overcome the violence of the passions, is pre-eminently the teaching of Holy Scripture. So far, therefore, Romanism, as a distinctive system, has no exclusive claim to have laid the broader and deeper foundations of our modern and European civilisation. Nay, one

of the very protests of the Reformation is against the exclusion of the mass of the people from the free use of those Scriptures which, the more they were known, the more European society must have been leavened beneficially by their influence. How, then, does Father Balmez contrive to connect Romanism exclusively with such social developments? Let us hear his own pleading:—

"We must observe, that ideas, however powerful they may be, have only a precarious existence until they are realized, and become embodied, as it were, in an institution, which, while it is animated, moved, and guided by them, serves them as a rampart against the attacks of other ideas and other interests."—P. 127.

There is truth here. The Christian society needed organization and government, and the stronger the better, if suited to its nature. Father Balmez, exulting in the superior strength of his Church organization, exclaims,—

"What would Protestantism have effected in such difficult and dangerous circumstances? without authority, without a centre of action, without security for her own faith, without confidence in her resources, what means would she have had to assist her in restraining the torrent of violence—that impetuous torrent, which after having inundated the world, was about to destroy the remains of ancient civilisation, and opposed to all attempts at social reorganization an obstacle almost insurmountable? Catholicism, with its ancient faith, its powerful authority, its undivided unity, its well compacted hierarchy, was able to undertake the lofty enterprise of improving manners; and it brought to the undertaking that constancy which is inspired by conscious strength, and that boldness which animates a mind that is secure of triumph."—P. 139.

This is more sensible and more tenable ground, than to ask where Protestantism was before the protest of Spires? When God ceased to water the plant of Christianity by miracles, means, systematic, powerful, and pervading were required, without which good principles must have remained for ever only good principles. But the question is, what were the means, at once legitimate and powerful, for carying gospel principles into the heart of society, and ultimately seating them in its manners, laws, and institutions? The means most suitable to civil government may be most fatal to the ends of a Christian Church. The gospel is not a scheme for governing men from without, but for *imparting to them the power of self-government within themselves*—of bestowing on them principles, and motives, and habits that shall make the smallest possible amount of external force necessary to society. Its highest success is, therefore, attained just as it renders all physical violence superfluous, by lifting the subject of its efforts into the condition of a self-guided, self-governed, Christian man. The church of Christ, therefore, was entrusted not with great *political powers*, but with great *spiritual truths and hopes*. It was not even the miracles of the first age that then changed men and society, but the gospel manifested to their consciences and hearts. "Because of truth, and meekness, and righteousness," its right hand achieved terrible things. Its might was "the might of weakness." Christianity seen and heard and, like its Divine Head, lifted upon the cross, drew men after it. It enlightened, persuaded, entreated men, warmed their hearts with new emotions, and, by its new hopes, furnished new springs of action, as well as new and powerful restraints. As our Lord said to the woman of Samaria, "The water that I shall give him, shall be in him a *well* of water." Not a refreshing draught only such as philosophy gives; nor a cistern such as life's innocent pleasures may yield, but a perennial fountain in the soul of the individual man, and in the society of which he constitutes a part.

Such was gospel power. The legitimate instruments for doing its work were the same as at the beginning, the teaching and preaching of the lessons of the gospel; and its legitimate organizations were for the better working of these into the head and heart of society. The church system of the third and fourth centuries, as it added one round after another to the hierarchical ladder, was mighty too, but it was no longer "the might of weakness"—nor were its triumphs only "because of truth, and meekness, and righteousness." It lost its simply spiritual character, and entered into combination with all manner of worldly elements and influences, which ere long overmastered it. It was no longer "all of gold," but like the image seen in vision by Nebuchadnezzar, mixed with baser materials, even to the iron and the clay. In the fifth century, Paganism was vanquished as a power. The Christian Church had become that of the Empire. Her bishops were more potent, in their several dioceses, than the representatives of the Emperors, and the church had no enemy but herself. We are far from saying that this church, which triumphed over Paganism, did nothing for the Roman Empire worthy of her origin. The gospel was still in her, though mixed with base materials. She could not suddenly nor easily forget what she had been and was designed to be.

Doubtless she did many things to soften the manners, elevate the sentiments, and soothe the sorrows of mankind. Many poor felt her protection from the oppressor, and were relieved by her charities; and many of the rich and powerful were awed into justice, and softened into humanity. But the broad fact remains, that as she became powerful to govern, she became powerless to better men —like the perfect gentleman of modern times—

> "having finished his house
> He sells his estate."

When the Church had finished her ecclesiastical house, she was not far from spiritual bankruptcy. The connexion between the two things was more than one of time, not unlike the connexion observed by the old English peasant between the erection of Tenterden Steeple and the progress of Goodwin Sands. The house she built was indeed spacious and magnificent; but in the process of erection, how much of the soul and strength of the Church, as a spiritual institute, had disappeared in that work—how much of the bread of the children had been turned into worse than stones! The top of the ecclesiastical edifice seemed more than ever to point to heaven, but less than ever drew down heaven's influences to raise a fallen world, or preserve a falling empire from ruin. What a melancholy return history gives of the civilizing effects of this hierarchical Church! Civilizing effects! Why, though triumphant over Paganism, she could not even preserve from continual decay, the civilisation that had grown up under Paganism. If it be alleged that this decay was not caused by the Church; neither, we reply, was it prevented by the Church. Yet her all-powerful priesthood had the sole forming of the mind and heart of successive generations before the fall of the Empire, had access to all ranks and classes, had in its hand the heaven inspired volume, and its claim to be the only healer of the moral diseases of the world was allowed on all sides. So wide spread, so powerful, so strong, and so secure in her position,—did this Church pour into the social body the elements of a higher intellectual and moral life, and prepare the world for a higher and happier civilisation on the broad basis of the gospel? Did she even infuse health enough and vigour enough, to countervail the elements of decay that were at work in the Roman world? Or shall we believe that Christianity itself was at fault, *that* Christianity which so enlarged the understandings, and nerved while it purified the hearts of its first converts, enabling them to push the Christian enterprise beyond the range of the military conquests of Rome? No! the gospel had lost none of its power, but the Church, as she perfected her ecclesiastical system, had been losing hold of the gospel. The healer of the nations required healing herself. She had either ceased to be a teacher in any true sense, or taught what the Apostle Paul would have called "another gospel." If ever human society needed wise teaching and training to avert temporal ruin, it was Roman society in the 3d and 4th centuries. But what it most needed it least got. Roman society needed the aid of the head, hearts, and hands of all her ablest and best —but the Church was busy teaching a higher perfection than that of faithfully and painfully discharging the duties of our private and public stations in life. Society needed more than ever the cultivation of all the *active* virtues, but the Church was bestowing exaggerated praises and over cultivation on the *passive* virtues. The highest religious life was no longer that of doing for Christ and our brethren, but of dreaming of the life of angels and saints above; no longer life in action, but in suffering self-inflicted penances, in solitary musings, and perpetual psalmody. The men were turned into women, when there was need that even the women should be turned into men: and, under ecclesiastical teaching, the women became aught but Roman mothers or "guides of the house." Under Church training, each generation became more imbecile and helpless; and when the day of danger came, the generation born and bred under this hierarchical Church was unable to defend its altars and hearths from desecration and pillage.

Such is the estimate of history. Whatever the Nicene Church system effected in particular cases, or whatever great and good men it produced, they were exceptional, and worked their Christian work through a Church system becoming, in each generation, less capable of doing real Christian work. If it was a system good for the clergy it was bad for the people, because not only unprogressive, but not even conservative of the pre-existent civilisation.*

---

* Guizot has shewn by comparison of the rules of St. Anthony, the patriarch of the monastic system of the Empire, and those of St. Benedict, the patriarch of the western monks after its fall, that Benedict's was a reform of the monastic system of the Nicene Church, and as such was sanctioned by the Papacy. The monastic system has undergone repeated reforms, adapting itself to the times. Rome does advance, though by slow steps,—"one step a century," said Luther, in a caricature of Rome's promised reforms which he published.

To the thousand years of European history that succeeded from the fifth to the sixteenth century, Balmez more confidently appeals. There, indeed, the advocates of Rome must stand strong if anywhere in all history. Europe to herself, and an entire millennium of time to work in, it had been wonderful if she had not done many things worthy of being mentioned with honour. To learn what these things are, the work of Balmez may be read with instruction by all who would not willingly remain ignorant of the blessings as well as the blows which Rome has inflicted on European civilisation.

On the fall of the Empire, having to do only with barbarous tribes and their chiefs, the Church felt her superiority in all but arms. Naturally, inevitably, for self-preservation, if not from higher motives, she became their civilizer—the Empire being now "taken out of the way." The Papacy arose, developing and making good its pretensions as head of the Church Hierarchy, and spiritual ruler of the world. The Church under the "Papacy" took to herself a wider range and greater powers, and put forth a long and strong arm both for good and evil. The Church that could not add to nor even preserve the civilisation of the Empire, could add much to the Goths and Vandals, the Franks and Burgundians that overran it. Unable to teach civilized men she might well be able to instruct these children of nature. In them the *active* energies of our nature were no longer in *defect* but in excess, and might well be softened and regulated by those very institutions which before only enervated society and hastened the dissolution of the Empire. The Church, as if taught by experience, adapted her religious institutes to the more active qualities of her conquerors. In the middle ages arose the religious orders of the Knights of St. James, in Spain, and of the Templars and Hospitallers, whose life, like the modern Jesuit, was spent in action, and whose hopes of Heaven were not in the passive virtues of the martyr, but in deeds of valour and military prowess on the side of the Church. Fighting prelates and warlike religious orders abound in the middle ages, and in fostering Christian chivalry the Church shewed herself equally anxious to reward valour and to guide its enterprises. It has been remarked also, as an important element of power in her Millennial reign, that, unlike the feudal system, in the midst of which she lived, the Church of the middle ages never became a *caste*, but remained a corporation, ever renewing its youth and attaching to its ranks the talents and capacity of each generation. A Church so constituted and so circumstanced must have become still more powerful for good had the fall of the Western Empire, which placed her helpless before the barbarians, been felt as an intimation to trust no more in worldly devices, but to cast herself anew on her first principles and practices. We have seen in our day and in our own land, that wherever, along with other elements of civilisation, the Gospel has been purely taught and widely disseminated through the mass of society, it has wrought out a deeper, and wider, and happier civilisation. Had the Church of the middle ages felt this higher calling, the Christian Church had perhaps been a less thing in history, but the Gospel had been a far greater and deeper thing in the heart of European society; much suffering past, and we fear also to come, might have been spared to mankind; and though, doubtless, there might have been strifes and contentions manifold, as there have been in the last three centuries, yet truth would have surely worked itself clear from the fermentations of a thousand years; we might have now seen the things we still long to see, and beheld an earlier and more genial spring of Christian civilisation set in, which long ere this Europe had felt in all her borders.

Instead of "this more excellent way," a Church system more cunningly devised than that of the Empire arose. The Gospel was accommodated to the barbarians instead of the barbarians being lifted up to the Gospel. External forms and ceremonies were multiplied to attract the curiosity and exalt the wonder of the spectators. Christianity ceased to be "the religion of the Book," or to be propagated by teaching and preaching its lessons. The Gothic kings and chiefs were not so much taught as baptized into Christianity; and their retainers followed to baptism on so large a scale, that the Church had recourse to wholesale rites, and besprinkled crowds with baptismal mops.* The influence the Church thus obtained it undoubtedly used for their civilisation. The numerous councils, general and national, of the middle ages, were as frequent as they were afterwards rare. Between the years 752 and 987, that is, in 235 years, not fewer than 201 councils, national and general, may be enumerated, that is nearly one every year. In these councils the enactments were civil as well as ecclesi-

* The mop was used in Spain, even in the 15th century, for baptizing the crowds of Jews who, under the compulsitor of baptism or banishment, preferred the easier. See "Prescott's History of Ferdinand and Isabella," vol. ii. p. 134.

astical, embracing all social relations and interests; and abundantly attest the deep interest the clergy of the middle ages felt in the ascendency of law and justice, when these had few other guardians. To the clergy is undoubtedly due the merit of having early given forth not only enactments favourable to the emancipation of the serfs, that is of the great mass of the population of Europe, but of showing the example by emancipating those on the estates of the Church. On these pleasing facts Balmez dwells with natural satisfaction. They shew that the Church had never wholly forgotten her calling to do good to mankind—that the worst Christian Church is better than no Church; and when we behold Christianity working out those social changes, and laying those broader foundations for European civilisation, when its lessons were reduced almost to the *minimum* of Gospel truths and precepts, we are tempted to exclaim, how much more still it had done if more generously ministered, not only for the emancipation from serfdom, but for the development, intellectual, moral, and social, of the European mass.

We have already said that the monastic institutions under the Papacy were a reform on those under the empire. These institutions were also the nurseries of all the learning of the time, the preservers and multipliers of books. It may be more new to some of our readers to learn that in the middle ages there were also monastic orders that fulfilled the functions of our modern emancipation or anti-slavery societies. Let us give honour to whom honour is due. One instance we shall select out of several, as an illustration of the kind of service Europe got in the middle ages from what may be fairly ascribed to her Papal and monastic system. Balmez mentions it only in general terms; but as affording the most favourable possible view of monastic services in the middle ages, we shall offer an abridged account from the Roman Breviary, and Butler's Lives of the Saints.

John of Matha is one of the saints of the Romish calendar. His memory is honoured on the 8th of February. He was born about 1169 in Provence. He was the founder of the first religious order in Europe that devoted itself to the redemption of Christian captives from slavery. So early had the idea of becoming an instrument in this good work taken possession of his mind, that when, as a priest, he celebrated his first mass, he saw visions of captive Christians and Moorish oppressors, and angels in white pointing to them as objects of his pity. Meeting with a hermit of a kindred spirit, they kindled each other's zeal in their solitude, until solitude and its inactivity became intolerable, when they set out together to Rome, to realize, if possible, their benevolent idea. Innocent III., the same Pope that frightened king John into doing him homage for his crown, was sovereign pontiff. He was sovereign enough to see that good might be done to humanity, and honour gained to the Papal See, by patronizing such useful enthusiasm. At first he doubted and hesitated, but the more he saw of the men, and understood their object, the more his benevolence and interest was awakened, and being personally favoured with like visions of captives and angels, he gave the Papal approbation, and created "The Order of the Most Holy Trinity for the Redemption of Captives." Instituted with or without visions, this order became a real service to humanity, and the parent of similar orders under other designations. Matha became the general of this order, which was felt to be a great blessing in Europe. In a generation it could enumerate 250 monasteries, of which England alone contained 43, Scotland 9, and Ireland, it is said, 52 houses. Matha himself, in his first voyage to the coast of Barbary, in a vessel which he fitted out by the aid of the charitable, redeemed 186 Christian slaves. The following year at Tunis he purchased the liberty of 110 more, by funds which his order had begged over Europe. In Spain he redeemed many from captivity amongst the Moors, and everywhere gathered alms for this truly Christian object. The rule of the order was to devote a *third* part of its regular revenues to the redemption of captives, in addition, we imagine, to what it procured for this special purpose from the charity of Europe, of which, along with Nolascoe's order of Mercy, they became the almoners. If an Englishman in the middle ages had a relative taken captive in the Mediterranean by the Moors, he applied to one of the houses of this order, which having correspondents throughout Europe, was bound by its vows to see to his redemption, or to go into captivity in his room.

So long as work of this kind was needed and was really done by this order, or its after imitators, they deserved the respect and gratitude of mankind. In that age the Church, and the Church alone, with its widespread brotherhoods, could accomplish what is now better done by ambassadors and consuls, negotiation and commercial intercourse.

Such were some of the services the Church of the middle ages rendered to civilisation and humanity. Wherein, then, did she fail

as a civilizer? If by civilisation we understand the development of the *whole* man, head, heart, and hands, individually and socially, then the Papal Church system has signally failed, both in the quantity and quality of the Christian teaching and training she gave to the *individual* man. She emancipated the European serf in his body, but she left his spirit bound. In loosing him from the feudal chain she fastened only the deeper on his soul the ecclesiastical one. We know the Romanist will say that this was his highest freedom, because the voice of the Church is the voice of God; but as Protestants we believe it was only substituting one human yoke for another—one more moral, no doubt, of a finer quality and higher elements—yet a yoke that entered far deeper into his soul, under which, though personally free, the mass of the people of Europe never attained to any consciousness of mental freedom, or acquired any use of the nobler faculties God had given them. Whether the Church yoke of the middle ages was a divine or a human one, it was a crushing yoke to the human faculties. The European serf attained only the smallest amount of intellectual and moral culture. Whether her great power was of heaven or of earth, blight and barrenness there were under the Church tuition of many centuries: men, it has been happily said, rather *felt* the light of Christianity, as a blind man feels the warmth of the sun or the approach of a candle, than saw it with their eyes. A certain Christian influence society felt, yet the individual man felt but little and saw still less. Who can help asking how different, at this hour, had been the state of Europe, had Rome, as she helped the masses out of personal thraldom, introduced them to "the light and liberty of the gospel?"

How little she did or tried to do for the layman, or the masses of laymen, in the middle ages, various facts might illustrate. We shall mention only one, but it is one of so broad a character as to cover the whole of our subject. There exists to this day in the Pope's chapel, the Sixtine, the custom of presenting to him the chalice, with a golden calamus or hollow reed, through which his holiness imbibes the sacramental wine. Whence originated this singular custom? It had been no recent one in the days of Charlemagne, who in 800 presented the Pope with a large chalice, and a syphon or tube. The calamus may therefore be regarded as the familiar and well known appendage of the chalice, in the days of that monarch and his immediate predecessors. Thereby hangs a tale of the Church management and barbaric Christianity of the fifth and sixth centuries. The sacraments were represented as the great and sure means of salvation, and the barbarians were zealously invited to resort to them. Nor do they seem to have been loath to submit to conditions of salvation so easy. They came in such crowds to be baptized that the priests, after some scruples, had recourse to the device of a *mop* or *asperger* to generalize and abbreviate their labours. But it was much more difficult to know how to minister, without scandal, to crowds of barbarians the sacrament of the bread and of the wine-cup. One can imagine the scenes that must have occurred, and the perplexity of the Church in dealing with her unhallowed converts, who, without knowledge, were as yet also without those superstitious feelings which restrain the ignorant. If it was so in the Greek Church of Corinth, and required apostolic correction, how must it have been when the wine-cup was presented to hundreds and thousands of Goths and Vandals, Franks and Burgundians, converted at the bidding or by the example of their chiefs! Two remedies were open to the Church. To revert to first principles and practices, and as the Apostle did in a like emergency, instruct the people better in the nature of the Sacrament; but this required time and patience, and no small courage in keeping back the ignorant and refractory. The Church seems, therefore, to have taken a shorter way. She invented the calamus, an ingenious device that served many uses, that made excess very difficult by making it very tedious, that prevented the spilling of the sacred element, and by ministering it only in drops, economized the wine, and saved the revenues of the Church from an expense no Church could have borne, whilst it tended also to increase the superstitious reverence of the people. Any thing more ingenious could not have been imagined: but unsanctioned as it was by primitive usage, so curious an invention never could have been thought of, save under the force of some great necessity; yet, although generally introduced, it does not seem to have attained its object. The barbarians had, perhaps, seen through it, and shewn their impatience of the calamus and its wine drops; or some humourist had exercised his unhallowed wit upon it. It was unacceptable, or inefficacious, as a remedy for the disorder: and at last the Church, baffled in all her expedients, was obliged in the 12th century to withhold the cup from the laity altogether.*

* Our authority for the invention of the Calamus, is a work entitled, *Pontif. Mass.* By C. M. Baggs, D.D.; Camriere d'Onore to his Holiness. Published at Rome, 1840. Printed by Menaldi, pp. 33. De-

In the invention of the asperger for the baptism of crowds—in the conversion of the Sacramental bread into a wafer of the smallest dimensions; and, above all, in this withdrawal of the cup from the laity after this abortive attempt to regulate its use, we have a graphic picture of the quantity and quality of the teaching of Rome in the middle ages. How expressive of a Church system more intent upon governing men, than making them wise and good—that did something for society at large, but next to nothing for the individual—incapable or unwilling to work Christianity into the hearts of men, and by elevating its individual members to prepare the way for the higher civilisation of a self-governed Christian society in Europe.

But no satisfactory comparison can be instituted between the civilizing effects of Protestantism and Romanism, until these two elements separate at the Reformation. Up to that period, they ran together in the same ecclesiastical channel, commingling and acting on each other, as well as on the world. What was due to the one element, and what to the other, will ever be a matter of variance. The Romanist also, mistaking the organic unity of his Church for a spiritual unity, is unable or unwilling to allow that any such element of disunion as Protestantism could have any existence in her bosom prior to the Reformation, although that event had not a few forerunners throughout Europe: but all this inability or affectation of it ends with the Reformation, when these elements separate and flow apart in their ecclesiastical and national channels.

Two nations instantly suggest themselves as the best possible illustrations of the comparative civilizing effects of these elements —Spain and Great Britain. Let us recall, then, what Spain possessed of civilisation before the Reformation. From her Visigoth ancestors she inherited constitutional liberties better developed, and apparently more secure, than those of any other European nation. So early as 1169, Castile had its Cortes, exercising a degree of power superior to any other European legislature. No tax could be imposed without its consent. It watched over the administration of justice, nominated regencies, settled questions of the succession to the crown, and enacted laws. The constitutional liberties of Aragon and Catalonia were still more extensive. The doctrine was openly maintained in the 12th and 13th centuries, that monarchs should be deposed for infringing the liberties of their rubjects, and that the good of the Commonwealth is paramount to that of the Prince. By a statute of 1307, the Convocation of the Cortes was biennial; it had before been annual. The great officers of the crown were jealously excluded. No law was valid, no tax imposed without its consent. The precise application of each tax was decreed, and the power was unreservedly exercised of withholding the supplies. The Justiciary, or first Judge of the land was irremovable, unless by consent both of King and Cortes; and when the monarch of Aragon was crowned, he knelt bare-headed, whilst the Justiciary stood covered, and administered the oath for the protection of the national liberties—a proud emblem, says Prescott,* of the superiority of law to prerogative in Aragon. The Aragonese historians "exult," says the same writer, in the fearless administration of justice to all classes, and the legislature itself declared "that their liberties more than counterbalanced the poverty of the nation, and the sterility of their soil." Under their protection, and her own municipal privileges, Barcelona rose to be a first-rate commercial city, trading with Syria and Egypt, as well as with the northern nations of Europe, and had the honour in 1401 of establishing the first Bank of Exchange and deposit in Europe and of compiling the first code of maritime laws.

Besides this inheritance from Gothic ancestors, Spain, on the conquest of Granada, entered into possession of the richest civilisation in letters and philosophy then in the world. The empire of the Arabs in Spain lasted from the eighth to the fifteenth century, almost 800 years. During several centuries, unlike all other Mahometan nations, the Spanish Arabs cultivated philosophy, letters, and the arts, with national ardour and enthusiasm. The young princes of the blood, instead of being consigned to the education of the harem, as in Turkey, were sent to the Academies, and entered into competition for literary honours. Cordova

scribing the ceremonies of the Sixtine Chapel, he says,—"The cardinal deacon now hands the chalice to the Pope: M. Sagrista gives the *Calamo* or *fistola* to the assistant cardinal bishops, who present it to the Pope. His Holiness putting it into the chalice, receives through it a part of the sacred blood." In a note he adds, "This is one of the many ancient customs preserved in the pontifical ceremonies. The *Laity*, as we learn from the *Ordo Romanus*, and other documents, used formerly to receive the sacred blood through the calamo, *lest it should be spilt*. This practice, of course, ceased, when communion under one kind became prevalent about the 12th century. Among the presents made to Churches, we find mentioned from the *seventh* century and afterwards, gold, silver, ivory, and even the calami, cannæ, fistulæ, pugillares or virgulæ, names which all have the same meaning."

* See the interesting History by Prescott, a work full of interest. 2 vols., 1839.

alone contained 80 free schools; 50 schools could be enumerated over Granada; 70 public libraries were enumerated in Spain at the beginning of the fourteenth century. One of the Spanish Caliphs, Alhakem, collected, at a vast cost, a magnificent library of many thousand (Prescott says, of 600,000) volumes, from Egypt, Syria, and Persia, at a time when a first-rate European monastery would have thought 400 volumes a large collection. That this is not all exaggeration is proved by the remains of Moorish magnificence, which to this day are the most striking objects of interest to the traveller in Spain. Still more by the catalogues of Arabian books in the Escurial, and the remains there of Arabian manuscripts, after being diminished by a fire. These prove that philosophy and literature, in all its branches, had been cultivated, especially natural science, mathematics, and astronomy. Under the Spanish Arabs, the Monk Gilbert studied arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy. On his return to France he wrote on these subjects, was esteemed a prodigy, and in spite of the imputation of necromancy, he was raised in the tenth century to the Papal Chair, under the name of Sylvester II. The treatises on logic and metaphysics amount to one-ninth of the surviving treatises of the Escurial. To the Arabians of Spain we owe the rudiments of our modern arithmetic and algebra, of our pharmacy and chemistry, and all this when, according to King Alfred, "scarcely a priest south of the Thames could translate Latin in his mother tongue."

As cultivators of the soil and merchants, the Arabs of Spain were no less a-head of the rest of Europe. They wrote voluminous treatises on agriculture, and erected works for irrigating the fields of Granada that are magnificent even in their ruins. They introduced the sugar-cane from the East. Six hundred of their villages were occupied in the silk manufactory alone. They re-opened the mines whence the Romans had got their gold, and supplied Europe with the precious metals before the discovery of South America. In one district alone, that of Jaen, not fewer than 5000 Moorish excavations have been traced. Such was the reputation of the Moors for industry and enterprise, that it was the favourite saying of one of the bishops of Granada, who had been confessor to Queen Isabella, that Moorish works and Spanish faith were all that were necessary to make a good Christian. This civilisation reached far into the fourteenth century, and embraced a period of 600 years. It is all the more remarkable that it had arisen without any encouragement from the Koran, which, unlike the Christian books, demands little ancient learning for its illustration. Yet, remarkable as it is, no fact seems better attested than that the Moors of Spain, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, valued, to use their own expression, the ink of those doctors, as the Christians did the blood of their martyrs.

In her efforts to subjugate the Moors, Spain was also consolidated into one kingdom, and trained to common enterprises. The discovery of America gave ample scope for the national energy awakened in the Moorish wars, and by her enterprises both in the Old and New World, in the fifteenth century, Spain stood at the head of European nations.

Is it needful to describe the change that has come over Spain during the last 300 years? We had gathered from French, American, and English travellers some notices of what she is in our day when seen by other eyes than her own, but we forbear. The fact is but too certain that Spain has fallen. Does Father Balmez deny this? Far from it: he writes of his country in the tone of one conscious that he is living amidst ruins,—"We have nothing left unfortunately but great recollections: let us at least avoid despising them."—P. 173. Yet, forgetting the patriot in the priest, he exclaims against Guizot for saying, that in England the Jesuits have destroyed kings, and in Spain the people,—"I wish the great publicist had explained to us to what great disaster he alluded. To what period does he allude? I have examined our history; and I do not find this destruction which was caused by the Jesuits: I cannot imagine whereon the historian fixed his eyes when he pronounced these words."

We do not easily find that which we do not like. Father Balmez assures us that "the history of the last three centuries is about to be restored, and the truth placed in its true light." The Spanish Church will doubtless employ, if it has not already, the most skilful hand in this *restoration*. The work will be widely circulated and royally patronized, become a text-book at Salamanca and in all the rising schools of the Spanish Jesuits. Father Balmez helps us to anticipate how this restoration will be gone about. *Post hoc* is not *propter hoc*, will be repeated until it is almost believed by reiteration, and the authority of the Church advanced that what goes before never is and never can be the cause of that which follows after, and that Mother Church, harmless as a dove, has received many blows but inflicted none. Providence, fate, accident, misfortune, blundering statesmen, degenerate nobles, ay, even

kings, will not be spared, so that the Spanish Church be made out to have been always and only a blessing.

Yet never did any nation so surrender herself to the counsels and church system of Rome, and never did Romish Churchmen so long prevail in the counsels of any nation. At the suggestion of Romish Churchmen, Spain established, in 1483, the Inquisition, granting it powers and privileges as yet unknown in any other European nation. On the Jews, the Spanish Inquisition tried its apprentice-hand. Until then that people had enjoyed more toleration in Spain than in any other part of Europe, and had grown in numbers, wealth, and consideration. Their conversion was attempted by fines, confiscation, imprisonment, and torture, and considerable progress was made; but it seemed too slow and uncertain, and the Spanish Church advised their expulsion. A royal edict went forth that deprived Spain of 160,000 of her most industrious and peaceful subjects, and converted those that remained into cringing hypocrites, broken in character and spirit, a moral sore in the nation.

In 1502, at the suggestion and urgent entreaties of no less a person than Cardinal Ximenes, Spain violated her solemn treaties with the conquered Moors, and left them to the mercies of the Inquisition. Nay, the Spanish Church, not content with the rate and rapidity of conversions by that tribunal, at length urged Ferdinand and Isabella to decree their final and complete expulsion from Spain. The best of the Moors were thus banished, and the remainder sank, like the Jews, into cringing hypocrites, broken in character and spirit, another moral sore in the heart of Spain. Thus, a second time obedient to Church councils of perfection, Spain let out a portion of her life-blood, or corrupted what remained, and a second blow was inflicted on her arts, industry, and commerce, akin to that which France afterwards inflicted on herself in the expulsion of the Huguenots and revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

The Inquisition began with Jews and Moors. It now turned its hand against the Spanish nation. The heresy of the Reformation was indeed easily extinguished in blood and amidst national congratulations. That accomplished, the Inquisition sat down, like an incubus, on the heart of the nation, diffusing everywhere unknown fears and suspicion, crushing all intellectual as well as all moral freedom. It raged equally against books and men, against whatsoever was or pretended to be wiser in any matter, civil or religious, than itself. Freedom of thought, the old spirit of inquiry, the old love of philosophy and letters that had sprung up in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, cribbed and fettered on all sides, shrunk and shrivelled up into the mummy of its former self. Even the military and commercial spirit felt the same withering blast. The Spanish nation became bigoted to the last degree: those that were not so became cringing and hypocritical. "The iron entered her soul." The once enterprising and high-spirited Spain retired within herself, and built up a wall of separation from the whole European world. The Romish Church was triumphant, but it was over the Spanish nation. Spain stood beneath her ecclesiastical masters obedient, but bereft of courage, capacity, and intelligence to act her part in the European world: "a nation of heroes transformed into a nation of hens:" commerce and the arts decayed: the State betrayed by her own princes and nobles: and the Spanish hidalgo as much changed from the hidalgoes that conquered Granada, as the gospel of her priesthood was changed from the Gospel of Christ and his Apostles.

If Jesuitism may be described as the most perfect development of the Church system of Rome, Spain may be regarded as the most perfect development of its national results. A nation may gather strength from religious dissensions, for they awaken the faculties, and train men to reason and judge more shrewdly in their temporal affairs. A nation may develop her resources, and advance her civilisation amidst bloody and expensive wars. A few years pass away, and the severest visitation of pestilence and famine is forgotten. But priestly despotism enters the soul of a nation, puts out the eyes of its victim, and deadens it to the very consciousness of its misery. Could we suppose it, like blind Samson, to awaken to the sense of its wrongs, like him it would utter its natural wailings in strains not unlike those which our great poet has put into his mouth—

> ——————"I, dark in light, exposed
> To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
> Within doors and without, still as a fool,
> In power of others, never in my own:
> Scarce half I seemed to live, dead more than half;
> O, dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon;
> Irrecoverably dark; total eclipse,
> Without all hope of day!"

Priestly despotism arrested the civilisation of Egypt, the first of ancient nations. It has arrested India for ages. It could not even preserve the civilisation of the Roman empire, though Roman society had recently

received into its bosom a new revelation of which it was the sole minister. It first promoted the civilisation of the middle ages of Europe, but arrested that civilisation the moment it was about to break from its leading strings. It has left modern France after half a century of revolutions, destitute of the mental and moral discipline needful to exercise and preserve a legal and well ordered liberty; and it has made the sun of Spain to go back, since the Reformation, many "degrees in the dial plate."

It is unnecessary to prosecute the comparison between Spanish and British progress, since the Reformation. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of our Protestant Churches, Established or Dissenting, none of them have been such miserable educators of the nation as the Spanish Church. An Englishman may love his Church more warmly than wisely, but even in his love he is "a subject, not a slave." As a nation, we have learned loyalty without servility. Our nobility are the richest in Europe, yet we honour them and trust them as no other nobles are honoured and trusted, because their wealth has not yet enervated them; and we see them taking a manly part in the senate and in the field, as the leaders of our national defence and social improvements. We have a numerous, active, and intelligent middle class, rejoicing in their strength and self-reliance. We see a numerous and increasing class of educated and moral workmen pressing hard on their steps, seeking more and more education for themselves and their children, and securing a larger measure of the comforts and advantages of our civilisation. If we have still a large class without character and without comfort, of whom we cannot speak but in sorrow and shame, we have become fully conscious of its existence, and are now seeking the remedies, which are evidently not one but many. These remedies will, we doubt not, be found out and applied with national energy and perseverance, until the blessings of British civilisation are shared by the humblest, and the foundations of British prosperity obtain a social breadth and depth, as much greater than they have yet obtained, as they already exceed all ancient civilisations.

In speaking of Christianity and civilisation, and their relative action upon each other, and on nations, there has been a wonderful confusion of tongues; sometimes they have been treated as conspiring, sometimes as independent, and at other times as antagonistic forces. But under the term civilisation we include the development of the *whole* man, individual and social. In what other light can the believer in Christianity regard the Gospel but as the means appointed by Him who knows our frame, to realize its finest moral development, both individually and socially. To ask, then, whether we may have civilisation without Christianity, is the same thing as to ask whether we may have the whole without *all its parts;* or to ask whether we may have the best development of man's moral nature without the use of the best means. Happily we may have a part of one nature developed without the whole. A high material civilisation has co-existed with a very small moral one, and even an intellectual development, of a high order, has too often been witnessed with a very low moral development. Ancient Athens was called "the Palace of Intellect," yet it was the sanctuary of Pagan idolatry and its attendant vices. In modern France, we have seen both a high intellectual and material civilisation divided from the moral. Ecclesiastical Rome glories in having, in her loved Italy, developed the fine arts, and the tastes which they cultivate, and consecrated them to the service of her ritual and sensuous worship. Yet what has she done for the intellectual development of the Italian people, and can an Italian be compared with a Scottish peasant, either in his intellectual or moral man? The world has seen many partial, mutilated, short-lived civilisations, short-lived, just because partial and mutilated. The civilisation that is destined to live and abide, is that which develops the *whole man*, which has therefore regard to all the elements of our complete nature, and uses all the means the Creator has provided, physical, intellectual, and moral,—which, above all, uses the Creator's own lessons in the Gospel, as its handmaid, in developing the moral man, in whose successful development alone we have any guarantees for the permanence of our material and intellectual civilisations. Hitherto we have been looking too much at bits and portions of human nature, as well as bits and portions of society, and dealing both with the individual man and the social body in detached parts. A more equal development both of the individual and of society, is as necessary to the well-being of society as harmony is to music. Is it not evident, from past history, that whatever may happen in an individual case, Christianity cannot on society at large be fully developed apart from certain material and intellectual conditions? How rarely does the *individual* man rise above his circumstances! *Masses* of men almost never. The finer growths of the intellect and moral feeling will not thrive in a material jungle;

and a wholesome mind cannot survive long in an unwholesome body. British philanthropists now aim at a universally educated, Christianized, well-conditioned community, down to the foot of British society; yet how many conditions must conspire to this great result! The art of printing, to multiply books. The art of reading, to make books available. An early and wide-spread intellectual education, to make books easy, agreeable, and intelligible reading. An order of men, separated as teachers of youth, and another as instructors of the risen generation in the lessons of the Gospel. These, in a state of society, where they can no longer be drones, but must work, work, work, all at it, and aye at it. All this presupposes a wise and a strong government, a powerful, public opinion, freely uttered, and widely diffused; and is this all? No! There must co-exist, also, a material civilisation that shall not leave human beings in animal debasement, either of person or dwelling, a prey to filth, fever, and the publican, else the social system, to its depths, will never be reached by our intellectual or moral civilisation, nor British society be civilized in the best sense of that word. When God calls our nobles and merchant princes, and willing-hearted people, to his foot to do this great thing, they "shall help every one his neighbour, and every one shall say to his brother, Be of good courage. The carpenter will encourage the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer, him that smote the anvil, saying, It is ready for soldering, and he that fastened it with the nails that it should not be moved."

Numerous and tempting are the topics that still remain. We can do no more than enumerate them. The missions of Rome have been prosecuted over the world, with an ardour and self-devotion that might well awaken the dullest Protestants to what the Duke of Wellington is reported to have lately so happily called, their *marching orders*, "to go and preach the gospel to every living creature." The civilizing effect of these Romish missions is another matter, and would require an article of itself. The literary policy of Rome, since she was alarmed by the Reformation, is another large subject. Father Balmez has inadvertently characterized it, in characterizing the literary policy of Mahometanism, only substituting the word Church for the Alcoran.

"Their whole system, with respect to letters and intellectual cultivation, is founded on that stupid maxim, uttered by one of their chiefs, when he condemned an immense library to the flames, 'If their books are contrary to the Alcoran, they should be burnt as pernicious; if they are not contrary to it, they should be burnt as useless.'"—P. 192.*

But we must draw our article to a close. It is impossible to read the work of Balmez without melancholy feelings. It is the production of a superior mind, intellectual, moral, of high and generous feelings, that loves to dwell on all that is elevating and inspiring in the Christian Church and her doings, believing sincerely that Romanism and Christianity are identical, and that through Rome alone, Spain can be saved from being gallicized. Yet this thoughtful man, with an intelligence far beyond the majority of Romish ecclesiastics, can descend to the following statement:—

"Protestantism has certainly never revealed to the world a single dogma which exalts the dignity of man, nor created fresh motives of consideration and respect, or closer bonds of fraternity. The Reformation cannot, therefore, boast of having given the *least* impetus to the progress of modern nations; it cannot consequently lay the least claim to the gratitude of the people in this respect."—P. 288.

"Has God any need of thy lie?" he exclaims as he closes his work. God has not —but Rome has and finds many, and these not always her least minds, equally ready to lie for her or to die for her. Protestantism never proposed to have revealed new truths, but only to have restored old ones, that lay buried or corrupted with associated errors, and by the work of *restoration*, brought the human heart and conscience once more into direct contact with the lessons of God.

It is more melancholy still to find this reviver of Spanish Philosophy and the Spanish Church, who acknowledges in the opening of his book, that "the weakest and most unworthy method of influencing men is force," and that "this wholesome truth Christianity has proclaimed," defending the Inquisition on the plea of necessity. "In the 16th century the introduction of Protestantism was imminent and inevitable without the system pursued by Philip II." His book gives no hope that the Spanish conquest of souls by the conquest of bodies may not be renewed in time convenient, or that Protestantism and Romanism, books or men, shall yet have a fair field to try conclusions in Spain. While we pen these

* In Mendhom's literary policy of Rome, our readers will find ample details of Rome's rage against books, amounting to more destructiveness far, than Sultan Omer ever sanctioned, even if the Alexandrian Library were as large as it is fabled to have been.

words, the revived ascendency of the Spanish Church, and her stern intolerance of every Protestant movement, is proclaimed in the recent correspondence between Her Majesty's late government and the present Spanish ministry, on the subject of a cemetery for the Protestants in Madrid. It is at length conceded, but with conditions which forbid the slightest religious act within its walls.

But we have done. Guizot has reproached Protestantism with not accepting more cordially the consequences of its own principles. The reproach is just. Each Protestant party thought division should stop with itself, and persecuted the new separatists. That blunder is now, however, at an end, we trust for ever. Some Protestants now shew in a different way, their aversion to accept the consequences of the principles of the Reformation, by lamenting overmuch our divisions, and forgetting the blessings that so far outweigh them all, even were they greater than they are. As well might we fall out with our summers for their growth of weeds. These divisions are more than signs of our intellectual pride, and religious conceit, and contentious spirit. They are also signs of the reality of our freedom, of the intellectual activity it has awakened, and of our profound interest in religious truth. Our divisions, with all their excesses and follies, are every way a more noble thing than that fraudulent thing Rome calls unity, or that lenity of apathy which characterized the Protestantism of last century. It may seem as if three centuries had been time enough for the Reformation to have exhausted its divisions, and to have healed them. But what are three hundred years to Him to whom a thousand years are but as one day. In the thousand years in which Rome, in her boasted unity, ruled the European world, we have seen how much slower was European progress. "Providence," Guizot finely observes, "does not trouble itself to follow out to-day the consequences of the principles which it laid down yesterday, yet its logic is not the less certain, and true, and sound." Let us beware of losing faith in the great result, because it comes not in our day. It will come, and will not tarry, therefore wait for it. Society will not always, under its right of private judgment, be like the drunken horseman to which Luther compared it—falling now on one side, now on the other. Its falls and oscillations will become fewer and more limited in their range as time advances, and as society enlarges that circle of intelligent minds that constitutes her *common* sense and self-regulating power. Society, like other children, will learn to balance itself, and by much the same kind of training as the infant man, when, on the acquisition of the new faculty, all the previous stumbles and accidents are soon forgotten. Have we not seen some approach to this in the diminished range of the oscillations, both civil and religious, of British society in our own day, and shall we despair of seeing nearer approximations in future generations to the condition of a more united people in religion and in politics —when our progress shall not be by antagonism only—but by "the provoking of one another in love."

Art. V.—*The Human Body and its connexion with Man, illustrated by the Principal Organs.* By James John Garth Wilkinson. London, 1851.

It is impossible to overestimate the effects of the diffusion of the facts and laws of modern science among a people. A nation cognisant, in ever so general and even vague a manner, of the magnitudes, distances, and revolutions of Astronomy, stands in a point of view, in relation to almost all the other subjects of human interest, wholly different from what can have been occupied by the old races of Egypt or India, of Greece or Rome, and even by the Old Testament Hebrews, or the Christians of ante-Copernican centuries. The influence of physiological and chemical public instruction has also quite altered the general view of man and man's position, and that all the more because these sciences come so near (or seem to come so near) the very marrow of questions the most ancient and also the most important to the race. These, and all similar influences, can in themselves be only good, else God would never have summoned us to the task of investigation, nor rewarded our labours with success. But in man's glorious yet awful freedom, no good thing comes to him without its possible evil, and no new light arises on him but it casts a shadow on his path. His hour of prosperity is ever his hour of danger, and there is no day so clear around him but he needs to take heed lest, when he thinks he stands on sunny heights, he fall deeper in darkness than he was before. Astronomy is uplifting; but has it not often cast its authors and their brethren into saddening doubts concerning the spiritual dignity of man, the mere parasite (as it would seem at first sight after the dazzling spectacle of the heavens) of an insignificant planetary globule among countless myriads

of suns, with their myriad myriads of secondary orbs? Chemistry and physiology are subtle, and they teem with truths as homely and useful as they are startling and wonderful; but have they not, on the whole, materialized our conceptions of the destiny of Him who is at once their inventor and their noblest object of study, even where they have not congealed us into machinery and stricken the Sun of Righteousness out of our sky? And, alas, have Paley and his followers, including even Chalmers himself, done much to arrest this downward spirit after all? Or if they have held it somewhat in check, have they really succeeded in quickening our material triumphs with the interior life of humanity, so as to ease us of the burden of the trophies we have won by enabling us to carry them onward with manly step, erected head and sportive grace, as becomes the heirs of immortality? Doubtless many devout and right Christian men have made discoveries in nature, and many have written glowing books for the national instruction in the ways of nature; but, so far as our reading has yet extended, their Science and their Religion are separable things; put together, not fused into one; a body and a soul, not body-and-soul united. In short, we are forced to say that, though science has often been christened, and that with much pomp and unction, it has not yet been christianized, (most certainly it has not been christianized for the general mind of Great Britain)—which is just to say that it has not been humanized. Yet, strange to say, it is precisely the human interest attaching to stars and atoms that renders Astronomy and Chemistry attractive to the general mind. Technicalities are only for the technical, and even in them the human interest is the main thing, when the last analysis is made. But with the rest of us, the human interest is the all-in-all, and therefore we are ready to be taught.

Mr. Wilkinson is deeply impressed with the feeling of this great want. The very title of his book proclaims it. The human body and its connexion with man! The great professor of Anatomy must at once conclude the man insane; yet he is not mad, most noble Festus. He only believes and assuredly knows that the human body is not man at all, that man (not *has* but) *is* a living soul, and that he (not *is* but) *has* an anatomical body. These things he believes, not only in church of a Sunday, or in the society of simple people of an evening, or with a patient and his weeping friends at a deathbed, but habitually, scientifically, and also practically in the chamber of sickness which is not unto death. The knowing belief of it never leaves him, if we may judge from the unvarying tenor of this singular work, which we cannot pass without introducing it to the notice of our readers.

It is necessary to premise that, although the work purports to be a popular treatise, and is strictly such in its manner of procedure, it is scarcely popular in the customary sense of that adjective. Old yet new in its essence or pervading spirit, new and often startling in many of its developments, and big with a thousand suggestions, it is very difficult reading to the unaccustomed mind. It is thoughtful, far-reaching, profound, and occasionally difficult. It has no affinity to the books of the society for the diffusion of useful knowledge. Those who have confined their physiological reading to such works as Dr. Combe's, for example, can form no conception of the nature of it until they have read it, and even then they must read it again, and perhaps again. In counterbalance of this difficulty (a difficulty altogether proceeding from the depth and width of the author's views) it is nobly written; and, even if only for its poetic enthusiasm and beauty of style, it is a memorable piece of work. In these circumstances of its character, and also because it is an unmistakably original production, it stands not a little in need of something like an introduction to the vast majority of the Christian public,—which we accord it very heartily to our particular circle. It is necessary, however, to accompany such an introduction with some words of explanation and comment, which will, perhaps, facilitate the studies of those who may be induced to procure the book itself, while they may convey some dim notion of its bearings to those who cannot.

"Throughout the following pages," says Mr. Wilkinson, in a preface, which is as frank as it is quaint, "we have taken for granted the divinity of Christ, and the truth of Christianity, and with this tacit assumption, we have endeavoured to correct the whole of our general views." Maintaining that the atheist and even the universal sceptic do an essentially similar thing, he openly subsumes Christ as a hypothesis capable of solving the intertwisted facts of life, never finds the hypothesis fail to answer to the facts, and therefore concludes that no man has a right to gainsay his hypothetical starting-point. "By pursuing this method, we have convinced ourselves that our Lord is written down in the pages of nature herself, as the truth of her whole creation." In addition to this profession of an unrefining faith in Christ, we learn that he cannot altogether take up with either of "those two

little parties, who think that they are the only two, the contenders for the principle of authority on the one side, and for that of reasoning on the other." Like the greater proportion of British Christians, he takes "some silver and gold from both;" and like himself, we presume, he resolves to "choose the party of science, as that to which the Lord of science is about to commit the kingdoms of the earth,"—a style of expression which betrays what the body of the book makes clear enough, namely, that he is an enthusiastic student of Swedenborg. In fact, this remarkable writer has translated several of Swedenborg's scientific works into admirable English, a service for which all studious men must thank him, even while repudiating the illuminated Swede as the hierophant of a sect. Be the specific details of his church-creed what they may, however, his doctrine of natural theology is nobly put:—

"If Christ," he exclaims, "be the God of the Christian, then natural Christology is the only theology of this kind which is possible in a Christian state." . . . "We feel it necessary to insist upon this, because even those who accept Christ's Godhead strangely pass Him by, when they are attempting to trace up all nature to their God. The consequence is, that it is only the truths of mere development and creation that occur in the sciences, and not those of love and redemption; whence moral and spiritual life is banished from the book of nature."

He has, therefore, no sympathy with *a posteriori* arguments for the existence of a divine artificer:—

"The proof that nature is full of Deity, lies in its power, when rightly seen, to soften the heart and moisten the eyes of the unbelieving world, and, without a controversy, to send the scoffer to his knees."

Such are the prefatory central beliefs of this out-spoken man of science. There is no mistaking his meaning, at least; which is as rare as it is satisfactory, among the secular authors of this century. It only remains to be said, that in philosophy he abhors materialism, detecting and exposing it even when it does not wear that name; that he rejects idealism as a system of pretentious inanities; and that he covets the honours and satisfactions of that inexorable realism, which he believes to proceed from God in Christ. The reader will now understand something of the sort of man and the thinker who offers him this discourse on the body of man; and he cannot but feel that, without pronouncing upon his preliminary creed, such an author must write a strange new book on such a subject, if (unlike all preceding Christian anatomists) he remain true to his central ideas.

Although mainly and essentially an affirmative treatise, this work delivers certain stout protests against the tendency of more than one prevalent mode of studying physiology. For instance, the ultra-physical views of the organic chemists, as they call themselves, are condemned with infinite zest; as also the microscopical ways of the structural physiologists. It is curious that the chemists will heartily agree with our author in his denunciation of the cell-germinal doctrines, while the structurists will join issue with him against the analysts; but the best of both parties are pretty sure to feel a strong distaste for the contemptuous raillery with which he treats those whom he impugns. The results of the Liebigs are represented as certainly true,—"if not for the physiologist, at least for the candlemakers." And as for the microscopical revelations of structure, "the Manchester manufacturers would do well to dress out the ladies of this generation in the spoils of the colours and forms of these brilliant creatures," for "there should be something new as well as charming in a mantilla on the back of a professor's wife glorious with mimic cell-germs." There is, undoubtedly, some ground for such assaults, but the manner of them betrays an undervaluation of the real discoveries of the investigators assailed. Let us pause a little over the relations of chemistry to physiological science.

It is some sixty years since the Lavoisierian definition of a chemical element gained a fair and sure footing in the world of scientific thought. An element is just a body which analysis has at any given time failed to decompose into simpler substances. No known force has yet extracted anything from gold but gold, or sulphur but sulphur, and sulphur and gold are therefore to be considered (always provisionally) as elementary or simple forms of matter. Potash was an element in the hands of Lavoisier, because he could not prove it to be compound, although he surmised as much; but it became a compound as soon as Davy resolved it, by a cunning device, into oxygen and potassium, the former being an element known to Lavoisier, the latter a new element thus discovered by the British Chemist. Sulphur will cease to be an element, if any one ever prove strong enough to break it up into two or more factors; for no substance yet within the reach of man is positively known to be really elementary, although some speculators have not been slow to argue that there must be at least two true elements in nature, else there could be no compound bodies

there either. It is therefore the main business of the chemist proper to endeavour the decomposition of every body he can lay his hands upon. Proceeding in obedience to this acknowledged instinct of the science, nothing has been sacred from his eager grasp. Everything is put to the torture, with a view to its secret composition in particular, and in the general hope of eventually discovering out of how few simple principles the world, with all its overwhelming variety of material forms, is built up. But there are (as yet) more than half a hundred substances impregnable to analysis, and they are therefore chronicled as elements in the meantime. In fact, every few years there is discovered a new one, so that there may well be a hundred simple bodies before the end of the century. As it is there are five elementary gases, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, fluorine—and chlorine; two simple liquids, bromine and quicksilver; and some fifty unde composed solids, carbon, boron, silicon, sulphur, phosphorus, selenium, tellurium, and the metals. All these so-called first principles of matter are extracted from the unorganized or mineral world around us, and it is curious to observe that the tendency of present progress is not to make the list of elements smaller and smaller, but quite the reverse. In short, the obvious probability is, that if the chemist could go deeper into the surface of the earth in quest of new rocks and mineral veins, or transgress the limits of the air, and pass to Jupiter or Mars, this sort of elements (namely bodies which his present instrumentation cannot decompose) would become innumerable by either tens or hundreds.

There is another and a higher task, however, close at hand. Dead plants and animals must be analyzed in their turn. All sorts of exorganic products and exuviae, the excrements and the corpses of organized nature, are therefore macerated, decocted, distilled, and submitted to the last analysis. But they yield no new element, being just made of the common dust of the ground! Some fourteen or fifteen of the old mineral elements are all they contain; four of them in a more notable proportion (by a great way) than the other ten or eleven—hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and carbon, three gases and one solid. So large and prominent a place in the chemistry of dead bodies is occupied by these three soft airs and that one hardest of matters, (airs and the diamond!) that Stöckhardt, a recent systematic writer, classifies them under the title of organogens. There seems to be an impression that they are the essential elements of matter that has been organized; and that the other ingredients, such as sulphur, phosphorus, chlorine and iron, are only of secondary importance. It is very striking to find that water and common air contain the four chief constituents of plants, animals and the body of man, common air containing carbonic acid (or carbon dissolved in oxygen) as well as ammonia, which is composed of nitrogen and hydrogen. Out of water and common air the vegetable world builds its thousand living forms. These forms, once dead, contain cheese, fibrin and albumen of the very same composition as the albumen, fibrin and cheese of dead animals, to say nothing of starch, and sugar, and oil, and a hundred other less important principles. Vegetable and animal fibrin are mainly composed of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen. Sugar and starch are composed of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen; in other words, of pure coal and water. The compounds, the transitions, the analogies, the transformations of what has been called organic chemistry, are as wonderful and instructive as they are multitudinous.

What has been called organic chemistry,—for after all it is nothing but a name, and a wrong one. There is no such science; it is only the chemistry of exorganic forms, of substances that have been living, but are now dead, of the mere refuse and remains of organisation. The composition of those favoured substances from which the vegetable world weaves its tissues is known—water, carbonic acid, ammonia—the last of these being a product of the spontaneous decomposition of dead plants and animals, and all of them (taken together) containing hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and carbon, the four organogens of the elemental list. The composition of the proximate principles (such as vegetable fibrin, cheese and albumen, sugar and oil,) which are extractable by easy processes from dead plants, on the other hand, is also known. But the composition of the truly living tissues of vegetable forms neither is nor can be known. They die the moment chemistry puts her finger on them. She can trace the organogens into the living plant and out of it, but not in it. What may be the mode of arrangement of these organogens, or of their possible ingredients in matter which is genuinely alive, chemistry can never know. The living frame even of a mushroom is enchanted and sacred ground, where the poor chemist can only take the shoes off his feet, and confess the sanctity of life.

All this is to be said with still more emphasis of animal figures, for it is not always easy to discriminate between what is exuvial and what is really alive in a plant. But

the ox and the wether crop the grass of the field, thereby sustaining an incalculably more vivid life than what they destroy, and when they die their bodies yield fibrin, cheese and albumen of precisely similar composition to those of the plants they have killed and fed upon. Man himself supplies the wants of his body from either the roots, fruits and seeds of the earth, or from the dead remains of the animal kingdom; unless, indeed, when he draws his sustenance from an ingenious and culinary mixture of both vegetable and animal remains, as is the case among the minority in these temperate latitudes. In this capital instance also the chemist can follow the organogens into the thrilling organism—the food with its understood composition into the mouth and digestive viscera, the air into the lungs, and water to every pore; but he cannot pass a step beyond the threshold. He can but await the hour of death, and then submit what was the body of a brother to his fiery taxis. He may take a dead muscle and get fibrin out of it, a dead brain and find albumen, and then resolve his albumen and fibrin into their common elements, but he shall never analyze either a muscle or a brain.

There is even a gulf between those compounds, into which the constituents of a living creature fall on dissolution, and all the ordinary compounds of chemistry: the very ruins of life are as inimitable, as they are sacred in their origin. After all, it is in vain that the chemist assures the world how sugar is nothing but a compound of carbon and water, so long as he cannot make a particle of sugar out of water and carbon. And, if this is to be said of sugar, which is almost half-way down from the mount of life to the general plain of mineral existence, it must be affirmed with loud protest concerning what are called the plastic ingredients of the dead, fibrin and the rest. In brief, we do not, certainly, know the composition even of exorganic products:—we only know that, when submitted to particular processes of analysis, they yield the organogens in such and such proportions. It is a beautiful science, this of exorganic chemistry, (for we cannot consent to call it organic,) but it is only analytical; it is not synthetical at all. It can only take its things down, it cannot put them up again. The inorganic chemist resolves water into oxygen and hydrogen, but he also unites hydrogen and oxygen again, thereby reproducing water: whereas, the exorganic chemist cannot make a particle of oil, or alcohol, or cheese, or flesh, although he is able to destroy them and read off the carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen they yield, and must therefore have contained in some sense or other. Even exorganic chemistry is only a half-opened book, while organic chemistry, proper, is a volume never to be opened at all. There it gleams ever before us, beautiful, assuredly full of more than oriental marvels, but clasped with living adamant, guarded by a flaming sword, not to be approached. It is surely nothing less than a ceaseless memorial, that there are things which the very nature of them inexorably hides from the unready eye of man, so long as he is in the flesh; for none but a disembodied soul can ever pursue the study of the chemistry of life. Yet, everything that exists is for study, and this surpassing sphere must have its surpassing students in reserve; whence some fond Liebig or Mülder might well argue the confident hope of a future state, as different from the future state belonging to their present doctrine, as heaven from earth.

In the meantime, it is to be most thankfully acknowledged, that the results of the so-called organic chemistry of the day are full of importance and beauty; and that neither for "the candle-maker" nor the speculator, but for the practical student of the sciences of nature. It is an immense affair to know precisely what mineral compounds and elements the vegetable world takes to itself, spins into such a strange variety of unanalyzable shapes, and quickens with life. It is no less interesting to observe the proximate principles composing the excrements and exuviae of these curious creatures, and then to discover the proportions in which the organogens can be extracted from those inimitable proximates. In one word, the tracing of the common chemical elements into the living plant, followed by the exact recovery of them after death, and that in combinations as unique as they are multifarious and mutually related, is knowledge of the most engaging and valuable nature. It is still more desirable, of course, to be apprized of the precise analytical (if not synthetical) composition of the food thus prepared for the animal kingdom, its exact relations to that of animal remains, if not of animals themselves, the nature of the processes of expiration and inspiration in so far as these are chemical, the manner of action of the properly chemical poisons, and so forth through a thousand details. In brief, there is no domain of physical science more positive and instructive, or even more wonderful than the exorganic chemistry of the present school, notwithstanding the inevitable but too often forgotten fact, that it is only the chemistry of the lifeless and the dead;—the lifeless food of plants, the organogens with the secondary ingredients of these living fabrics, and the

dead proximate principles (fibrin and the rest) of both plants and animals. It has already vastly extended the boundaries of chemistry, if not of physiology; and it is likely to lead, in the long run, to ideas which may be invaluable (were they only negative) in the future study of physiology itself. It appears to us, in fact, that the only thing wanted to steady the perilous tread of the would-be organic chemistry is the ever-present recognition of the fact, that there is no evidence yet forthcoming of the existence of carbon and its companions (as such) in even dead flesh and blood, much less in "the blood which is the life," and the muscle which leaps under the prick of pain or moves obedient to the will. And if it be in the very highest degree probable, though neither proved nor easily conceived to be capable of being proved, that living creatures use carbon and the rest (just as they are) for its purposes, it is certainly neither susceptible of proof, nor probable, that they are arranged into particles of fibrin and so forth in the live body. No sooner does that cease to be alive than it falls down into masses of fibrin, jelly, and their likes; exposed to moisture and air, these in their turn speedily fall down into still less organoid compounds; and at last the whole affair falls down into water, carbonic acid, ammonia, and other common bodies, lapsing back into the bosom of ordinary nature, where compounds can be not only decomposed, but compounded again by the hand of skill. That is all that can be said, and then the circle is complete.

The structural physiologists agree with all this, for they have never given in to the views of the ultra-chemical school. Even the thoughtful exorganic chemist will allow the halfness of the conquests he has yet made; that he can take down everything and put up nothing; and that the living particle is for ever beyond his grasp. Mr. Wilkinson, too, is likely quite prepared to grant all the importance we claim for the analytical labours of the chemist, although his strong feeling of their irrelevancy to his own inquiries has tempted him to speak with light scorn of the dealers in carbon and chemical formulæ. The truth seems just to be, that each school overvalues its own point of view, and underrates the positions of the others. It is the old story: men are fragments; may man yet prove a whole! In the meantime the wise student will travel from school to school, like the old scholars, and await the development of a many-sided doctrine. In the prosecution of such a course of study, being in all likelihood more or less familiar with the ways of both the chemical and the structural physiologists, he cannot well do better than bestow a serious perusal on the volume now under notice. It will probably increase his temptation to do so, to be told that it may (with all respect for the striking originality of its author) be regarded as the Swedenborgian text-book on the subject, brought up to the present state of positive science, and set forth in the happiest style of illustration. It is now well understood that the Swedish seer looked at nature, say rather the universe, from a point of view never occupied by any other philosopher or school of science; and that alone is a circumstance to make his manner of thought dear to every open inquirer, especially since it is notorious that he was unquestionably one of the most learned and accomplished men of his own or any other time. In addition to this great recommendation—(the absolute newness of the point of view, in so far as the most of us are concerned)—the fact that Swedenborg and his disciples profess to look at all things from Christ, as the centre and soul of creation, must enhance the interest of a work written from that point of view for the Christian student of nature and of books.

After what has been said above concerning the true bearings of chemistry upon the science of the human body, the less initiated reader is prepared in some degree for the peculiar, altogether unassailable, and even mysterious character implicitly and habitually, we had almost said latently, assigned by our author even to the material stuff which gives its substance to the human body. But it has already been hinted that he has little more respect for the microscopists than for the chemists; the final cause of the microscope is the production of patterns for the weaver; and the microscopical observers deserve importance only as a sub-committee of Drapers' Hall! Alive to the stinging fact, that chemistry, like the antique Medusa, turns everything it touches to stone, he cannot, for the life of him, perceive what the peering of educated eyes through magnifying glasses at fibres, cells, cell-germs, and blood-globules can do for the knowledge of man's body as man's! All this is extreme and ungenial and illiberal, according to our thinking; yet it is very true that these structurists are, just like the chemists, prone to an overweening estimate of the vital bearings of their quaint and engrossing inquiries upon a large and manly doctrine of the physiology of man's body. But if those prying students have neglected the weightier matters of this law, neither should any critic overlook the anise and the cummin. Mr. Wilkinson knows this in his heart, for the gist of his complaint against the observers in

question (when stripped of its contemptuous banter) is just that they claim too much for their province, and that they are too soon ready with their quarried and well-cut stones for the future edifice. Yet surely the work must go on as it best can. The more that is prepared for the final building of the temple the better. Let every man work as hard as he can at his own task, for it will be but a small matter in the long run, that any one shall have thought he was cutting a capital, when he was only hewing a common and undistinguished stone for the foundation. By all means let the individual labourer strive to take a just and moderate view of his own importance and the real worth of what he is doing: and by all means too, let people try to put and keep their neighbours right on such points, for nothing but harm can come out of a false view of one's-self in the meantime; but let it be done courteously, respectfully, diffidently, in one word—christianly. Indeed a chemist or a structurist, coming on this militant or oracular book, will be little loth to declare it as Pagan in its practice of the social virtues, as it is Christian in its theory of the human frame and the destination of man: and yet the irritated critic would be wrong, for the inmost spirit of this book is still more truly christianized than its intellectual form.

Almost entirely rejecting the aid of the chemist, neglecting the painful acquisitions of the structurists, but holding fast by the positive anatomists from the beginning till now, our English Swedenborg descends on the physiology of the human body from the heights of thought, illustrating it by the principal organs. To convey an adequate idea of the procedure of these illustrations would be far from easy, and to review them critically is impossible within our limits. The only good account of the book is itself; and nothing but a counter-treatise could meet all the points we should have to question, to modify, to demur to, and to protest against. In this exigency it will be best to confine ourselves to a little gossip about one of the organs adduced; and it shall be the first—the human brain.

This chapter starts with the assumption, that the mind inhabits the head, or, according to anatomy, the brain; "the most general truth of consciousness, which lies in the head and speaks from the head." Yet it is strange that Aristotle assigned so unimportant an office to the brain, regarding it as nothing but a mass of earth and water, without blood or feeling, good for little else (apparently) than filling up the comely skull-piece and keeping the heart cool! If the "solid voice of the head" be so clear and unmistakable, it should not have been inaudible to the Stagyrite any more than to another surely. For our own parts we are conscious of the mind in the head, and readily refer it to the brain once made known by anatomy; but it is very questionable whether this consciousness of ours be a manifestation of the primitive consciousness of the race. To be conscious or sensible of a stomach is either to be guilty of afterthought, or to be the subject of disease; and the consciousness of thought in the brain or even in the head is referable to the same alternative. Everybody is given to understand from his earliest years that he thinks in or by his head, and everybody also is more or less morbid, so that a crucial experiment can scarcely be made. But it is to be presumed that an absolutely healthy and unindoctrinated man would be so harmoniously full of life that he should never dream of referring his thinkings to any part of his body whatever. Such analyses and local references are the product of afterthought and inquiry; and it is just as likely, to say the least of it, that our model man, beginning to think about the matter, should side with Aristotle as with us.

But our present author proceeds at once to a description of the brain and nervous-system,—the cerebrum, the cerebellum, the annular protuberance, the oblong medulla, the spinal cord, the forty-two pairs of nerves proceeding from or to the base of the brain and the sides of the cord, and the separable ganglionic or sympathetic system of nerves for the viscera,—"as it were a creeping or parasitical system, which weaves its meshes among the branches of the other." The description is admirable. Indeed, all Mr. Wilkinson's descriptions are first-rate; they could not be bettered. Knowing without being pedantic, quite sufficient for his purpose yet also quite popular, eloquent but precise, they convey a sense of the living realities as it had never been conveyed before. They thrill with the life of their objects; and the student, who has spent a year or two in the dissecting room, surrounded by all the common helps of the technical study of what is called human anatomy, could not do better than come here and breathe his knowledge a little in company with the quick poetic spirit of the writer of these glowing chapters on the brain, the lungs, the heart, the chylopoietic viscera, and the skin. His information will, of course, remain as exact as ever, while we venture to predict that his insight will be more alive and real than it was. On the other hand, these clear, picturesque, vivid,

and right eloquent narratives are invaluable for the purposes of the general reader.

But so rich a thinker, and ready a writer, could not possibly content himself, on any occasion, with mere descriptive work; and the functions of the successive parts or storeys of the whole nervous system are assigned with great clearness of definition and brightness of language. In pursuance of this part of the subject, there is introduced a striking speculation on the relation of the brain to the mind, followed by a judicious criticism of phrenology. There is next devoted a large portion of the chapter to the question of the existence of a nervous-fluid or nerve-spirit, the affirmative of the question being argued for at considerable length. The nerve-spirit, once established to the author's satisfaction, becomes thenceforth the true brain of the soul, being at the same time the soul of the vulgar brain, which is a sort of soul to the rest of the body. The probable proper motion of the brain is then discussed, not without ingenuity. The function of the cerebellum is speculated upon quite as cunningly, the necessity of there being two halves to the brain is illustrated, the relation of the brain to the body is discoursed about, and then the chapter expands into a gorgeous corolla of talk about the higher analogies of the brain. Is all this wondrous prattle sound science? Alas! it is impossible to enter into the question, it is so large. Suffice it, that it appears to us that this beautiful and thoughtful writer overestimates the value of analogy in positive science, and gives hypothesis a place which all the Masters disown for it, from Copernicus down to Dalton. Even if his doctrines be true, he has not made them out; and another scientific poet may weave as pretty a web to-morrow. All these high speculations seem to us the mere foregoing dream of discovery, worthy of a mighty discoverer's iridescent youth, but not worth more than their beauty until they be realized by actual research. At the same time their beauty is budding with suggestions on every side. It is impossible to consider them without wonder at the wealth of knowledge they display, at the sagacity which shines through them, at their excessive ingenuity, at the nobleness of their bearing, but also at the strange looseness of their methodology. It would be unjust to illustrate this by extracts, for the parts of this whole cannot bear isolation, else passages might be offered by the score, which are "either madder than all Bedlam, or inspired beyond the guess of folly." All we wish to do, is to carry into the mind of the reader some sort of clear-obscure notion of the kind of book, to the study of which we summon him with hearty goodwill and even enthusiasm, although we can neither indorse many of the dogmas it inculcates, nor approve of its plans of investigation and its sneers at slower methods. It will complete this attempt of ours at the clear-obscure, to give it to be understood, further, that the book is sprinkled all over with observations and thoughts which are as true and important, as they are original; that teetotalism and vegetarianism are discussed with so much quiet wisdom, as to make one feel that one might safely follow the author anywhere; that the sanitary question is treated with a breadth and penetration as instructive as they are rare; and that the whole subject of healing is expounded here in its manifold principles by the most catholic doctor of the day. Mr. Wilkinson is a homœopathist, a hydropathist, a kinesipathist, an anthropopathist, a phrenopathist, a pistopathist, and also a plain believer in the christopathy of the early Christian church! To sum up all, there is hardly a subject within the reach of human interest which is not touched; if not directly, then indirectly, if not in exposition, then in figure, and by allusion, if not explicitly. It is at once the most multitudinous and the most orderly of modern treatises, professing to be works of science; and it must be repeated that it is written in a style so luminous and rich, as to accredit its penman the poet of the human body, if he is not yet the philosopher predestined to unlock its more interior secrets. Even if any or all of his new propositions should eventually turn out to be true, Mr. Wilkinson will be remembered by posterity as a seer, not as a man of science; for the philosopher not only finds the truth, but knows how he found it, while he is always able to teach the ingenuous student how to find it for himself. A thoughtful observer, widely informed, highly inventive, having a keen eye for analogies, those clews of science, most orderly, enamoured of simplicity, as candid as day, patient and sagacious, possessed of a solid understanding, and also owning a fund of common sense, our author might well become the high-priest of the doctrines of life and humanity, if he would but take the vow of self-denial on his teeming head, and dedicate himself to some thirty or fifty years of such painful conference with the reality of things as has been endured before him by Copernicus, by Cuvier, by Dalton, by Humboldt, and by all the master-spirits of this ongoing age of positive and indefeasible science.

ART. VI.—*König Alfred, und seine Stelle in der Geschichte England.* Von Dr. REINHOLD PAULI. Berlin, 1851.

2. *The Life and Times of Alfred the Great.* By the Rev. J. A. GILES, D.C.L. London, 1848.

WE are again indebted to that peculiar quality in our German neighbours, which they themselves quaintly denominate "Sitzfleisch," for a contribution to the history of our country, which, following as it does on the back of so many foreign labours, may well excite our fears lest the reproach of "incuriosi nostrorum" should in the end attach to us. The best biography of the most remarkakle of all our kings, of him to whom, more than any one else, we owe the present form of English life, and whose memory was fondly cherished for ages, by the endearing epithet of "England's Darling," lies before us—compiled by German hands.

It may be that the Germans are not altogether disinterested in the researches which they have bestowed on the earlier portions of our history. A desire to promote the glory of their own country, rather than of ours, may have induced them to undertake the task of demonstrating how rich were the beginnings of a life which emanated from themselves. The same motive which prompted Thierry to write the history of Norman William, and Guizot to declaim at Falaise in his honour, may not impossibly have had its share in inducing Dr. Pauli to vindicate his true position for the King of the West Saxons. Still the task has been skilfully and manfully performed, the favour has been ungrudgingly conferred, and if the motive were a much less worthy one than that which we have indicated, there is a proverb which forbids us to receive a gift in a questioning spirit. But in addition to the benefit which the labours of Anglo-Saxon scholars have conferred upon us, by increasing the amount of our historical knowledge, we are farther indebted to them for the means of striking the balance between the claims which the two great elements of our existing race severally have on the national gratitude. More probably from ignorance of our early history, than from any other cause, it had for ages been the fashion to attribute all that was great and generous in England to Norman influences. Our kings and our nobles boasted of Norman descent, to the chivalrous spirit of the Normans our warlike supremacy was attributed, and even the existence of our much coveted constitution was scarcely traced farther back than to the reign of a Norman king. Now, though it must still be admitted that it is to the new impulse which the Conquest gave to a people who never were aggressive abroad, and who for some generations had ceased to be even active at home, that we must ascribe not only the dominant position which England has so long held among the surrounding nations, but also that marvellous internal industry which she has exhibited, it has come to be recognised that the roots of our liberty, of our laws, of our language, and above all of that deeper individual life to which we owe our poetry and our philosophy, are all to be traced to Saxon times. Every objection to the study of the political, social, or spiritual condition of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, on the ground of its want of interest or importance for a cultivated age, has thus been happily exploded, and though—in so far as the domestic broils of their numerous petty states, or even perhaps their Danish wars, are concerned—some might still join with Milton, in asking "what more worth is it to recount them, than to chronicle the wars of kites and crows flocking and fighting in the air," the observation is one which most of us would be disposed to extend to the minuter chronicling of all "flockings and fightings" whatsoever. A detailed account of the fightings of modern soldiers in the field, or of modern "citizens" round a barricade, would be little more edifying than if they belonged to the times of Egbehrt or Alfred.

There is an "obiter dictum" in one of Schelling's Academic Lectures, which occurs to us as not unimportant in considering the extent to which we ought to regard our Saxon ancestors as barbarians. "Amongst the mass of false and idealess attempts of our day, stands prominently forward that so-called history of humanity, which takes its conception of the original condition of our species from traits of barbarious nations, compiled from books of travels. There is no such thing as a barbarous state which is not the result of a lost and degraded culture. It is a task which lies before those who shall in future endeavour to write the history of the world, to shew how even those who at present are in the condition of savages were torn loose from the rest of the world by revolutions, and are in fact the shattered remains of nations who, from being robbed of the already existing means of civilisation, have sunk down into their present condition. I regard the original condition of mankind as one of culture." It was not very fair in the German professor thus to charge the frivolity of his own time with an error, which, if error it be, has at

all events abundance of antiquity to recommend it. Without going back to the origin of the theory in Epicurus and his followers, the lines in which Horace has summed it up might at any rate have suggested themselves,—

> 'Quum prorepserunt primis animalia terris,
> Mutum et turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia propter,
> Unguibus et pugnis, dein fustibus, atque ita porro
> Pugnabant armis," &c.
>
> Sat. i. 3, 99, *et seq.*

The view of Schelling, viz., that all culture is the result of a revelation in which all the races of men originally participated, ought, at no time, one would think, to have been a novelty in a Christian land; and if he had chosen to enter into it at greater length, he could have had little difficulty in supporting it by considerations derived from profane as well as sacred history. But if it was not in place to discuss it farther in an Academic Lecture, much less would it be so in the pages of a Review, and we shall therefore content ourselves by deducing from it a distinction which it obviously suggests, and which we believe to be a sound one, that, viz., between a *rude* and a *savage* people.

That the Saxons were a rude people, in the sense of being but scantily supplied with the results of mechanical invention, is certain; and it is probable that the code by which their social intercourse was regulated was vastly more simple than that which Lord Chesterfield imposed on their descendants. They had few of the appliances, either physical or moral, which grow up in a densely peopled country, as the fruits of peace, and leisure, and time. But the question comes to be,—are these in truth the tests and only tests of civilisation? must all culture clothe itself in the garments of external refinement and physical convenience? or does not the real test, on the contrary, consist in the presence of those qualities, in virtue of which man differs from the animal and approaches to the image after which he was framed? In their outward circumstances the Germans of Tacitus did not greatly surpass the Canadian Indians of the present day, and they certainly fell short of the condition in which the Chinese have existed for centuries, and yet their life, in all the diviner qualities which belong to the life of man, differed far more from the thoughtless animal existence of the one, or the objectless and aimless artificial vegetation of the other, than from that of the most cultivated nations which the world has known. In place of being the slaves of those immediate impulses by which the conduct of savages is regulated, we can see that in their present life there was a constant reference at once to the future and the past. In the whole of their institutions, rude though they were, we discover not only those elements of progress, those upward tendencies, which are equally significant as an index of the present, and a guarantee for the future, but we farther recognise the presence of a developed moral life, of which in many respects we ourselves might be envious. The last stage of progress which Horace enumerates,

> "Ne quis fur esset, neu latro, neu quis adulter,"

they had already reached, and such being the case, even if they had omitted some of its earlier steps, and had continued to fight for acorns with their fists, we should scarcely have been entitled to denominate them barbarians. History is but too conversant with forms of refinement in which the former stages have failed to act as a portal to the latter, and in which, though man's animal qualities have been curbed and weakened, the diviner element within him has by no means been strengthened in proportion.

It is no easy matter to form an estimate of the effects which the other great elements of our existing race may have had on our present condition. Whatever the original character of the companions of Rollo may have been, it is certain that their case was no exception to that historical law by which the nationality of the conqueror gives way before that of the vanquished, where the advantage in respect of civilisation is on the side of the latter.* They soon adopted the manners and the speech of the people among whom they settled, and it cannot be doubted that it is to the influences which they brought along with them from France that we owe those elements of dissimilarity which, since the Conquest, have existed be-

* *E.g.*, The Franks in Romanized Gaul, the Goths or Visigoths in Spain, the Lombards in Italy. The reverse was the case with the Greek and Roman colonies. In all the Italian and Sicilian colonies the language continued Greek; and France and Spain, at the present day, are instances of the extent to which the Romans influenced the speech of their provinces. Where no women are brought, as in the case of the Normans, the tendency to adopt the language of the country is much greater. To the sons of the conquerors it is the *mother*-tongue. In ancient times, the public life of the men in the ἀγορὰ, and of the youth in the παλαίστρα, along with the degraded position which the women held, prevented them from exerting their natural influence in this respect.

tween ourselves and the Germanic nations, of which till then we formed an integral part. Our insular position in itself would scarcely have given rise to a nationality very different from that of other seafaring Teutonic nations: those, for example, which surround the Baltic at the present day. Instead of that restless impulse towards external exertion, which we have in common with the French, we should alongside of a not very energetic application to mercantile pursuits, have retained that truest mark of a pure Teutonic people—a tendency to relapse into subjectivity, so soon as external motives to exertion are withdrawn. Instead of seeking new lands to conquer and colonize, we should have dwelt contentedly among our own people, meditating on the phenomena of individual consciousness, and revolving the problems of human destiny. It is remarkable that during the whole Saxon period there is not a single instance of an attempt at the acquisition of foreign influence; and when we find more than a century and a half before the times of Alfred the whole of the unobtrusive existence of a man so important as Bede, spent in the most varied mental avocations within the walls of his cloister of Jarrow, and behold him at last, as the only tokens of his good-will, distributing among his admiring and sorrowing disciples "the little articles of value which he had in his chest, such as *pepper, napkins, and incense,*" we seem to recognise in him rather the predecessor of the simple-minded Scholars and Theologians of Germany, than of the rich, busy, and business-like English Bishops of our own day.

But it is with King Alfred more directly that we have here to do, and in him we shall find, if we mistake not, precisely the ruler whom we should look for in a people amongst whom Bede had been a "servant of Christ and priest." It may be thought that in taking the character of a man of remarkable endowments as the type of a people, we run a risk of adopting the exception as the rule, and no doubt exceptional characters, liable to the objection, exist in all times and places. Still, where we can find a man who differs from his contemporaries, not in kind but in degree, who carries out into actuality what they but imperfectly and fitfully indicate, the shortest method of arriving at an acquaintance with their qualities and tendencies is by regarding them in the steadier light which his greater energy and consistency sheds upon them. We must be sure that our man is a man of his country and of his time, and then the more completely his genius is the culminating point of the life of his day, the more secure will be the glance with which we are enabled to look around us from the vantage ground which it affords. Now Alfred, as it seems to us, was a Saxon indeed, and when we come to consider him in the two leading relations in which he stood to his people, we shall find that the directions which his energy took were those neither of a Norman nor of an Englishman, but of a leader of that purer Teutonic race which then inhabited our land.

The method which we purpose to follow in our endeavour to gather for our readers something of what Bacon would call the "vintage" of Dr. Pauli's labours, is to view the great Saxon in the two main features in which he there presents himself, first as the spiritual,* and then as the material leader of his people.

The youth of Alfred was remarkably favourable to the growth of a character naturally deep and thoughtful. Though his education, in the stricter sense, was neglected in a manner which to himself was the cause of many regrets, there were many circumstances which combined to supply its place. The care of his mother Osburh had familiarized his youth with the poetical treasures of his country. We are happy to find that Dr. Pauli's criticism has not deprived us of Asser's well-known story of the book which she promised to the first of her children who should become acquainted with its contents, and which was speedily awarded to Alfred, the youngest and fairest of them all.

Though his first journey to Rome, when little more than four years of age, could scarcely have exercised a conscious influence on his character, it is not impossible that impressions received even at this early period may have given a tinge to his future habits of thought.

The cause of the journey seems to have been the desire on the part of his father to obtain, as early as possible, for him into whose hand he, from the first, was desirous

* It is necessary that we should explain that the sense in which we here use the word "spiritual" is different from that in which it is employed by theological writers. Though for many reasons we prefer it to such colder words as "intellectual" and "mental," we are far from intending by its use to liken the position of Alfred to that which belonged to those human instruments by which the Jewish Theocracy was governed; and if we find that his influence operated in a very high degree on the moral and religious, as well as on what may be more strictly called the mental progress of his people, we shall probably be furnished with a sufficient apology for using the word in our language which most nearly conveys the idea of his position. The corresponding word in German is "geistig."

that the sceptre should descend, the benefits which he imagined would flow from the benediction of the head of the Church. Whether Alfred, in after life, retained any distinct recollection of his early anointing,* we are not informed, but it is probable that he was very far from attaching to it the same importance which it had in the eyes of his pious and somewhat superstitious father. But it was not by one journey alone that Alfred's infant powers of reflection were stimulated: scarcely had he returned when he again set forth, in company with his father, on the self-same pilgrimage. On this occasion, some time seems to have been spent at the Court of France, where Æthelwulf was received by Charles the Bald with every mark of honour; and no less than a year was devoted to his religious exercises, in the Christian Mecca, by the feeble king. This was the period between Alfred's sixth and seventh year, and the events connected with it, following so immediately upon those of his former journey, could not have failed to be deep and lasting. Dr. Pauli attributes to this second journey the "presentiment (Ahnung) of what we call classic, which in after days shewed itself in the Saxon king, alongside of that love for his own people and their speech, which he had inherited from his mother."

Whether or not we attribute to Alfred's early residence in Rome his future translation of the last of the Romans, there cannot be a doubt, that not only on him, but on our Saxon ancesters severally, the intercourse which they maintained with the then capital of the world must have exercised an influence of the most important kind. Their constant journeys thither, and the establishment which, from a very early period, they there maintained, are in themselves a tolerable guarantee for their having been more *au courant* of European affairs than we are usually in the habit of imagining. On this subject Dr. Pauli says,—

"Even since the arrival of Augustin, the islanders had preserved an uninterrupted communication with Rome. No long period elapsed till a house was there established for the reception of their pilgrims, and the instruction of their clergy. We have already seen two kings of the West Saxons die there. It was from the hands of the Chief-Shepherd of Rome that the English Archbishops received their pallium, many bishops their consecration. Offa's name was as familiar at St. Peter's as in the court of Charles."

Æthelwulf's enthusiasm for the Catholic Church induced him to signalize his arrival by presenting to the Pope and higher clergy of Rome gifts which, by their magnificence, conveyed no mean impression of the wealth of the land from which they came. But what is more important for us, he rebuilt the Saxon school, which, for the second time since its erection, had been burned down, and at the same time enriched it with the most liberal endowment. With the advantages which the Saxon school must have afforded, it may well be questioned whether the benefits which a Saxon youth must have derived from a visit to Rome, did not very greatly exceed those which it confers, for the most part, on a modern Englishman; and it has often appeared to us that, apart of course altogether from their ecclesiastical character, the existence of some such establishments in the great capitals of Europe, would have the effect of converting foreign travel from being little better than an idle amusement, into a serious and important part of the education of our youth.* It ought also to be remembered, that in earlier times, a journey such as that from England to Italy, was not only a more difficult, but a far more important affair than it is at present. The time which it occupied, and the contact with foreigners which, both on that account and from the absence of all organized means of transport, it must have occasioned, would render its effects very different from those which are produced on an Englishman who, by means of railways, and by the help of English speaking couriers and waiters, is transported from the west end of London, through a series of magnificent inns, to the Piazza d'Espagna. It is a fact which we are too apt to forget, that the more completely travelling is organized, the less important are its effects on the character of him who travels. The so-called "overland" journey to India, now-a-days, is not half so fruitful in human experience as a ride on horseback from Edinburgh to London must have been in the days of King James.

During the short and unhappy reign of Æthelbald, his eldest brother, we hear little of Alfred. It was during that of the second, Æthelbehrt, that his youth was past, and it was then that, impelled by his inborn desire for instruction, he searched the kingdom of Wessex for a tutor in vain. It was about this time, however, that notwithstanding the difficulties which he encountered, he contrived to acquire the art of reading those Saxon

* As an instance of the carelessness with which the historians of the old school did their work, we may mention, that Hume supposes the anointing to have taken place on the *second* journey, and the *first* to have been in company with his father!

* We are aware that there is still an establishment for the instruction of English Catholic priests at Rome, but if it serves this purpose, it serves no other.

poems which hitherto he had carried about in his memory, and there is reason to suppose, that it was then also that he learned to write. To these acquirements he added those which were supposed to be more proper to his age and rank. In martial exercises, and more particularly, in the chase, he surpassed all contemporaries.

In the year 866, when Alfred was approaching his 17th birthday, King Athelbehrt died, after a reign which Asser characterized as having passed "pacifice et amabiliter et honorabiliter." But the sceptre was not yet destined for the hands of Alfred. The third brother Athelric, who, according to the order of succession which his father had fixed, ought to have preceded Athelbehrt, mounted the throne, and though, according to custom, the provinces of Kent and Sussex ought now to have been entrusted to the government of Alfred, as the next heir to he throne, they remained united to Wessex, Alfred readily and willingly assuming the position of "Secundarius" to his brother. It is now for the first time that we hear of those Danish invaders at whose hands Alfred was destined to suffer so much, and it is now also that, grown to man's estate, he appears in the field by the side of his brother, excelling in all those gifts of mind and body which had so endeared him to his parents, and which now rendered him the pride and the hope of the people. It is in connexion, moreover, with this period of his life that a circumstance is mentioned by Asser, which probably affected his personal character and mental complexion as deeply as any other which has been recorded; we refer to the mysterious disease from which he had suffered in his youth, which revisited him on the occasion of his marriage feast, and which continued through life to be a thorn in his flesh. Ingenuity has been expended in vain on the investigation of its nature, but the most probable conjecture appears to be, that it was some form of epilepsy. The whole account of its first appearance, and of its cause, of its miraculous cure, and of its return on the occasion we have mentioned, bears on its face the most unequivocal signs of romance. All that is certain is that, during the greater part of his life, Alfred had to perform the task which Providence had assigned to him under the pressure, or at all events, under the continual apprehension of a bodily infirmity, and that in so far as he himself was concerned, his constant prayer was, that whatever he might suffer from it otherwise, neither it nor any other malady, such as leprosy or blindness, should be permitted to interfere with the fulfilment of his kingly mission. It is not improbable, that in the case of Alfred, as of so many others, he gained quite as much by the habit of mind which his malady compelled him to form, as he lost by its occasional interference with his efficiency. It is only when a conflict arises between mind and body, that it is possible for a majority of men to place the latter as it were over against the former, and to feel that their mental action is independent, not only of the external circumstances in which they are placed, but even of the trammels of their material existence. So long as the two continue in harmony, the former is but too apt to give way to the solicitations of the latter, and even where the life is irreproachable, there is danger of its qualities being the spontaneous result of easy temper, rather than the conscious effort of virtue. It is not improbable, that the same cause may have tended to strengthen those feelings of deep and simple piety for which Alfred during his whole life was so very remarkable, and which by removing from his mind all undue solicitude for the future, left him fresh and free for the discharge of his present duties.

Five years after his accession, on the 23d April 871, the third son of Æthelwulf died, and, notwithstanding he had left two sons, the succession opened to Alfred by the destination both of his father and brother, as well as by the then universal custom of preferring the uncle to the nephew, if the latter happened to be in infancy, or otherwise incapable of government. The circumstances of the case on the present occasion seemed to justify the rule, for King Æthelred's death followed immediately on the back of a serious reverse which he had suffered from the Danes, and Alfred mounted the throne at a period when no ordinary anxiety filled the minds of his subjects.

With Æthelred's death, terminated the period which Dr. Pauli has aptly characterized as the "years of preparation." The next section, which he calls the "period of trial," is chiefly occupied with the "fightings and flockings" of which Milton speaks. It contains the account of Alfred's successes, his reverses, his exile, his wanderings, and his ultimate glorious return, and though the changes of fortune which he then experienced were far from unimportant with reference even to that side of his character which we are here endeavouring to bring into view, the actions themselves will fall more properly under that portion of our sketch, in which we propose to glance at him for a moment, in the light of the material leader of his people. In the section in which his "working in State and Church" is treated

of, he comes more directly before us, as influencing their spiritual progress.

Dr. Pauli commences this section with a quotation from an early work of Gibbon—his "Outlines of the History of the World." "Amidst the deepest gloom of barbarism," says the great chronicler of Decline, "the virtue of Antonius, the learning and valour of Cæsar, and the legislative genius of Lycurgus, shone forth united in that patriot king."

"And it is true," continues Dr. Pauli, "that we look around us in vain, in ancient, in mediæval, and in modern history, for one in whom these traits are exhibited in harmony so perfect. Our wonder indeed becomes overwhelming, when we see one man alone adorned with so many great qualities, whilst during almost his whole life he had to struggle with difficulties so formidable. In such circumstances a comparison with Frederick or Charlemagne will not carry us far in our endeavour to form for ourselves a conception of the Great King of the Small Wessex."

For a verification of what to some of our readers may perhaps appear an overcoloured picture, we must refer to the pages of Dr. Pauli's work; our limits preclude us from attempting to do more than to mention a few of the leading grounds upon which Alfred's claim to the lofty character which is here assigned to him are founded. Dr. Pauli repudiates, and apparently for good reasons, the charge of despotic propensities which has been brought against Alfred, though he agrees that he made his personal influence felt in a manner which had not been customary with his predecessors. The "Earldormen," or chiefs of shires, who, in their respective provinces, had enjoyed a power little inferior to that of the King himself, now appear in the less dignified position of courtiers, and what is singular, and very significant of Alfred's clearness of view, notwithstanding his passion for learning, and the deep interest which he took in religious matters, the Bishops were by no means permitted to exercise the same amount of political influence which they had possessed in previous reigns. Alongside of that serious and child-like reverence, not only for the institutions of Christianity, but for those of the Mosaic ritual, which caused him to incorporate in his laws a greater number of texts from Holy Writ, than is to be found in any other code, even of the middle ages, we find in Alfred the most perfect freedom from all superstitious reverence for the Church or its ministers. He maintained the best relations with the priesthood, but he was far from permitting them any undue influence in the affairs even of the Church itself, and the idea which was revived at the Reformation, of the rulers of the State being the temporal head of the Church likewise, was one to which the mind of Alfred was no stranger. Even on such occasions as his annual missions to Rome, Alfred seldom availed himself of the services of the clergy, and amongst all his messengers whose names are preserved, but one has been positively identified as a Priest. Yet the true interests of the Church were the objects of his most anxious solicitude. Since the scholars of Bede disappeared from the stage, a rapid decline in learning and efficiency, the result partly of troubles from without, and partly of inactivity within, had established itself among the clergy of England, and the ninth century did not boast of one single eminent divine. We cannot present a more lively picture of the state of matters as they then existed, and the manner in which Alfred regarded them, than by quoting his own words from the introduction to his translation of Gregory's Regula Pastoris. "I have often reflected," he says, "on the wise men, both clerical and lay, who once existed among the English people, and on those fortunate times when Kings ruled who obeyed God and his Evangelists, who preserved peace at home, upheld the purity of manners and their own power, and even stretched their influence beyond the limits of their dominions. How zealous were then the clergy both in learning and teaching, and in all the duties of their sacred office, when from foreign lands men came hither in search of learning, whilst now if we wish it at all, we must seek it amongst strangers. So entirely," before his time, "had it forsaken the English people, that there were few on this side the Humber who understood the service of the Church in English, or could translate an epistle out of Latin, so few were they when I began to reign, that I cannot recall to my recollection a single one south of the Meuse."

In Alfred's time, England still enjoyed some of the advantages which its remote position had given it, in being freed from several of the more objectionable regulations which a desire to separate the clergy from the people had induced the Church to introduce into other countries. The service was still read in the vulgar tongue, and that "worst best instrument of Papal dominion," the celibacy of the clergy, had not yet been introduced. In all, however, that pertained to Catholicism, as it had been preached here heretofore, Alfred was a good Catholic, and his lamentation over the decline of learning among his clergy did not confine itself to empty words. He sought

in foreign lands the assistance which his own country denied him, and Flanders and Germany sent him two learned monks whose activity he himself has celebrated. The latter, who was called Johannes from the similarity of name, has been improperly supposed to have been the celebrated father of the Realists, Johannes Erigena.* Nor was his zeal for the interests of the Catholic faith confined to his own dominions. On one occasion whilst the heathen Danes lay encamped before London, he vowed that if he should succeed in conquering them, and driving them from the land, in token of gratitude to God, he would send an embassy to the Christian Churches which the apostles, Thomas and Bartholomew, had planted in the far east, with messages of comfort and rich gifts. With the fulfillment of this vow commenced our connection with our Indian Empire. Asser tells us, moreover, that he had read letters and seen gifts, which were sent to his King by the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and Dr. Pauli very naturally conjectures that these may have been brought by the Indian Missionaries, who, most likely, would not fail to visit the Holy Land on their return. The story of Alfred's meeting with that "child of nature," the cow-herd, Danewulf, whilst wandering in the wilds of Somerset, and his future promotion to the Bishopric of Winchester, are too well known to require mention here. Of far greater importance is the connexion which Alfred formed with his future biographer, Asser, the Welsh monk of St. David's.—We shall follow Dr. Pauli's example in quoting the very interesting passage in which Asser himself recounts their meeting.

"About this time," he writes of the year 884, "I came also, by the King's invitation, from the farthest parts of Western Britain into Saxony, and when I had travelled through many provinces I arrived in the land of the South Saxons, which in Saxon is called Sussex, under the charge of guides of that people. There, in his Royal Vill, called Dine, I saw him for the first time. After he had received me with kindness, in the course of conversation he entreated me to devote myself to his service, to establish myself with him, and to leave whatever I possessed on the other side of the Severn for love of him; he promised to reward me bountifully, and he has kept his word. I replied that I could not consent without some time for reflection; for it did not seem to me right that I should leave those sacred places in which I had been born, nurtured and consecrated, for the sake of earthly honour or power, unless I was forced to do so. Upon which he said, 'If you cannot consent to this, bestow upon me, at least, the half of your services; spend six months with me, and the other six in Wales.'"

Asser still hesitates, but promises to return with an answer from his monastery in six months, and thereupon, on the fourth day he and his set forth on their homeward ride. Scarcely had he quitted the king when he was seized with a violent fever, in the city of Winchester, where he lay for a whole year, day and night, struggling between life and death. When the promised six months had elapsed, Alfred sends messengers to inquire into the causes which had delayed the return of the learned monk. Asser assures him that so soon as his illness leaves him his promise shall be fulfilled, and finds, as we may imagine, no great difficulty in persuading the heads of his monastery of St. David's to consent to an arrangement likely to prove so advantageous to them all, though the condition of spending six months of each year in Wales (either six on end, or three alternately) was still adhered to. When Asser returned, the King, who according to Saxon custom continually changed his residence from place to place, was at Leonaford, where he tells us he "was very honourably received," and remained eight months, during which he read to him from all sorts of books, such as he suggested or had by him, for it was his constant custom, day and night, amidst all distractions of mind and body, either to read himself or hear others read to him.

Though at the risk of fatiguing those of our readers who are already familiar with the subject, we cannot deny to those who are not, the pleasure which we know they will derive from the life-like picture which Asser gives of the studies in which these eight months were spent by the knowledge-loving and simple-hearted son of Cedric,—

"As we sat one day in the royal chamber, and conversed after our accustomed manner, it happened that I mentioned to him a passage from a certain book. After he had listened to me with the closest attention, and followed my words with the most lively interest, he drew from his bosom a book which he constantly carried about with him, and in which the daily lessons, psalms, and prayers, which from his youth he had been accustomed to read, were written, and requested me that I might copy the quotation into it."

Asser, joyfully thanking heaven for the zeal which quickened the heart of the king, is speedily at his service. When he had set himself to write, however, he found that every corner of the book was already filled,

* See a note on this subject in Turner. He says that as Actæon was eaten by his own hounds, so the two Johns, being pedagogues, were murdered by their own boys, and argues from thence that such ferocity not being very frequent even in boys, they must have been the same John.

Alfred himself having written many things in it. Asser pauses, but when the king urges him, he says,—"Permit me to write this quotation on a leaf apart; who can tell whether we shall not find many other passages which may please you? If such should chance to be the case, then we shall feel glad that we have commenced a new collection." "That is a good thought," said the King; and Asser hastened to fold a sheet, in the beginning of which he wrote the passage in question. He had judged rightly; for that very day, at Alfred's request, he copied no less than three other passages into the sheet, and no long time elapsed till it also was filled, so numerous were the thoughts which occurred in the conversation which Alfred desired to treasure.

His first acquaintance with Latin seems to have been made through Asser, and it is a question whether he was not also indebted to his teaching for the still more elementary art of writing. To us it seems strange to find

> "the wisest mon
> That was in Engelonde on,"

commencing, in middle life, what we are accustomed to regard as the rudiments of education, and yet it cannot be doubted that, even under such disadvantages, his mental condition was far preferable to that of the great majority of persons in our day, who, long before the age which he had reached, have *ceased* to learn. It was a boast of Goethe, which his practice justified, that at whatever age he might die he would die a student: he might have added, that he would die young. He who can say, γηράσκω δ' ἀεὶ πολλὰ δεδάσκομενος, is furnished with the only antidote against the inroads of age. But it was not for himself alone that Alfred learned. In the scholar he never forgot the King, and his first thought was to impart to his people the comfort and the strength which he himself had derived from the sayings of the wise. To the great regret of his admirers no copy of the precious collection which he called his hand-book "quem Enchiridion suum, id est manualem librum nominari voluit, eo quod ad manum illum die noctuque solertissime habebat," has reached our times, though it was commonly known so late as the twelfth century. Its loss is the more to be regretted from its having contained, besides quotations, notices of the earlier history of his country and his house, and thus, in a certain sense, being an original, and the only original work which he is known to have composed.

In Alfred's day, and for several centuries after him, Boethius's consolations of Philosophy supplied, to the thinking world, the place of those purer and deeper sources from which it was drawn, and we may readily suppose that his zealous instructor did not fail to impart to him its treasures. The consequence was that Alfred, with Asser's aid, immediately undertook the task of rendering it acceptable to his less learned subjects by means of a translation. It is not a little remarkable that on a book so little heeded in our day, the honour of translation which the hands of Alfred conferred, should have been repeated, after the lapse of some four centuries and a half, by those of Chaucer. It is not our purpose to follow Alfred through the similar works which he performed, the number of which, his descendant Ethelwerd tells us, was unknown in his day. In all, his system was the same, that, namely, of allowing himself not only a royal license as regards freedom of translation, but of introducing his own sentiments wherever he found it convenient. In that which, for historical purposes, is the most important of his works—his translation of Orosius, he has carried this practice farther than in the others. The geographical knowledge of his author with reference to the north being peculiarly imperfect, he quietly comes to his aid with such farther information as he himself possessed. He defines the Germany of his day, and specifies the races to which its inhabitants belonged, and though the information which he obtained from the great whale fisher Ohtheric, with reference to Scandinavia, did not serve to correct the then prevalent belief of its being an Island, they exhibited the zeal with which Alfred threw himself into inquiries which were little in accordance either with his own pursuits, or with those of the priests and bishops who were his fellow-labourers.

The same patriotic views which incited him to become the geographer and ethnographer of his day, naturally gave rise to the desire that his subjects should be furnished with a Saxon version of the Church History of their great countryman Bede, and whether the translation be the work of Alfred or not, there can be little doubt that, directly or indirectly, it was to him that they owed it.

But we are not here writing either a history of Alfred or a review of his works. Enough has been said to show that "amidst the deepest gloom of barbarism" his ambition took a direction far more elevated, and far more elevating, than that of any of his successors. In the long list of Plantagenet, Tudor, and Stuart kings, we have heroes and conquerors, men whose conceptions were grand, and whose energy was great; but we search in vain for one who was not

only the constitutional head of the clergy, but the actual leader of the "clerisy" of his time, and to whose eyes the kingly office seemed to impose the duty of being the interpreter of wisdom, not less than the representative of power.

It is a common error to suppose that the qualities of a great thinker and of a great actor can scarcely be united in the same person. The possibility of their union is not denied, but the idea is, that the habit of treating questions in the abstract has, in all cases, a tendency to diminish the power of dealing with them when they present themselves in a concrete form. The mistake, we believe, arises from the circumstance of our opinions being formed from observations which are of necessity restricted to persons of no extraordinary powers. In the majority of cases, if a man, either from chance or temperament, has betaken himself to abstract studies, he finds it necessary, in order to make any way in them, to withdraw himself from the distractions of detail, and the consequence is, that the habit of dealing with what is called "business," is lost. On the other hand, he who has no call to higher pursuits, lives in the bustle of the market or the forum, and by cultivating the habit which the other has neglected, becomes as expert and ready as his neighbour is clumsy and hesitating. But the inability of the one no more resides in the nature of his abstract studies, than the dexterity of the other is the necessary consequence of his banishing all loftier considerations from his mind. In the one case and in the other, the character is the result of limited powers, which necessitated the formation of exclusive habits. But where nature has been more bountiful, no such necessity is felt, and no such habits are formed. In such persons, an acquaintance with principle gives security and steadiness to practice, whilst practice furnishes a continual test of the accuracy of principle. The two parts of their nature, far from conflicting, aid and support each other, and the clearer and deeper the one becomes, the greater will be the efficiency of the other.

We know no case in which this double nature was more conspicuously and harmoniously exhibited than in Alfred, for whilst he asserted to himself, as we have seen, the position of "England's Head," in a sense altogether different from that in which it was claimed by any of our other kings, he is, at the same time, entitled to the very first rank as a guardian of the material interests of his people.

In history, from the external manner in which, till within the last half century, it was written, Alfred flourished chiefly as the conqueror of the Danes, and his character in this respect is consequently so well known, as to render it altogether superfluous that we should dwell on it here. We shall, at once, take leave of it with the remark, that if success, as a general, be a guarantee for the possession of practical ability, to Alfred it must have belonged, in a degree which few have surpassed, and that if his conquests were less showy than those of Edward III. or Henry IV., the practical benefits which his country derived from them were infinitely greater.

But it was in his political institutions, more especially, that the practical genius of Alfred shone forth, and so great was the reputation which he enjoyed, in this respect, among his contemporaries, and so vast the fame of his deeds which descended to his posterity, that in the 12th century, when the hand of the Norman was heavy on the land, every institution which the Saxons regretted, and every liberty to which they clung, was invariably attributed to their now almost mythical king. Of the social arrangements thus indiscriminately imputed to him, one was the division of England into shires, whereas an exactly corresponding division into the *gá* or *sár*, existed from the very first settlement of the Germans, and was, indeed, common to all Germanic tribes.

It is to his enlightened insight into the principles of government, that we are indebted for the first separation of the judicial from the executive functions, and in the appointment of professional judges, we trace the working of one who was guided by an idea, in an age in which we should have expected chance or necessity to be the only teachers. Nor was this all. From the difficulty which he found in discovering persons qualified to fill the offices which he thus created, he thought it necessary himself to superintend their proceedings. He constituted himself into a sort of "Cour de Cassation," and with the industry of a Chancellor of future times, he addressed him to the task of reviewing the judgments which were brought before him.

"It was his special care," says Dr. Pauli, "to discover if any from ignorance or dishonesty, from love, fear, hate, or corruption, had been guilty of injustice. It happened sometimes that the Judges confessed their unskilfulness. Then Alfred read them a lecture after this fashion—'I wonder exceedingly at your presumption, now that you are clothed by God and me with the office and dignity of the wise, that you neglect to make yourselves acquainted with what wise men have done and thought. Either lay down instantly the insignia of power, or set yourselves to work diligently to acquire wisdom.' . . . Oftentimes Earls and high dignitaries went from his presence, and

endeavoured in their old age to acquire what they had neglected in their youth, nay even contended with boys in the schools, choosing rather to set themselves to the rudiments of learning, than to lay aside the offices which they held."

Dr. Pauli adds that if any portion of the history of Alfred is credible it is this, since it is repeated frequently, and rests beyond all question on the testimony of eye-witnesses. In addressing himself to the duties of a legislator, Alfred was not unmindful that the only system of laws which can be suited to the condition of a people, is one which has grown out of their natural genius and the conditions under which it acts, "nec unius hominis est, nec temporis, constituere rempublicam." "I durst not venture," he says, "to set down much of my own, not knowing whether it would please those who should come after us." As the basis of his work, he adopted the existing codes or customs of his predecessors, the Kentish collection of the first Christian King Athelbert, with the addition of his successors Lothare, Eadric, and Wilfred, that of his own ancestor, Ine, of that which Offa the great had given to Mercie. Of these he adopted that of Ine almost entirely, adding to it from the others, and modifying it in accordance with his own Christian views. It is not a little remarkable that the now almost exclusive, and apparently indispensable punishment of deprivation of liberty should have dated no further back than Alfred. The first mention of imprisonment which we find among the Germanic nations is the imposition of it by him as a punishment for perjury! Another innovation still more significant of the altered position of affairs, and of his own idea of the royal prerogative, is the introduction of the punishment of death for treason.

Dr. Pauli's last section professes to treat of Alfred "in the family and as a man," but little beyond what is contained in, or may be conjectured from, the provisions of his most paternal testament, is brought to light.

Having provided for all whom nature or accident had entitled to his bounty, he divided his remaining treasure between the two great objects which had shared the energies of his life—the advancement of the material and spiritual interests of his people; and it is not a little significant of his character, that in an age such as his he gave to the latter its full share. Nor did the Church gain over the dying Alfred the ascendency which it then so often obtained; for in the quadruple division which he made of this latter portion of his effects, two parts only were devoted to the support of monasteries, and to purposes which might be called ecclesiastical, whilst the third was to be distributed in alms, according to the celebrated rule of Gregory, "Nec parvum cui multum, nec multum cui parvum; nec nihil cui aliquid, nec aliquid cui nihil;" and the fourth was destined for the support of the school of Winchester, which he had founded for the education, more especially, of the children of his nobles.

That such arrangements were made by one possessing the deepest sense of personal religion, in an age when not only religion itself, but all spiritual life whatsoever, seemed to centre in the Church, is a sufficient witness to the truth of Dr. Pauli's remark, that Alfred felt and thought more as a German than a Roman Catholic, and that in his character were already to be traced the rudiments of those opinions which afterwards showed themselves in the independence of Protestantism.

Such, according to the latest and best considered judgment, was Alfred. In his own day, in addition to the well-founded gratitude which sprang from a sense of benefits conferred, and the rational admiration which the display of the highest human qualities, in the widest sphere of action, elicited, his person was surrounded by the halo which, even after the introduction of Christianity, their mythical descent from Wodan conferred on the posterity of Cedric. In after times, when his people groaned under the Norman yoke, their regrets for him and for his race magnified to almost heroic proportions the virtues of the Great West Saxon. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries Alfred had become a semi-mythical character, and the same feelings of reverence which deduced his origin from the gods, thus, as it were, restored him to them again.

Our opinion of the manner in which Dr. Pauli has discharged the duties of a biographer has already been indicated during the progress of our sketch. The industry with which he has investigated and compared, and the acuteness with which he has criticised the sources of Alfred's story, has enabled him not only to reject much of what the undiscerning zeal of his predecessors had adopted, but what is still more valuable, to bring back within the pale of authentic history much which formerly we had only hoped might be true. It is refreshing to find how well the historical Alfred of Dr. Pauli fills up the proportions which our imaginations had traced out for the traditionary hero. But in addition to the "thoroughness" which we scarcely feared to miss in the disciple of Niebuhr and of Bunsen, we find a clearness of style and a sprightliness of narration, of the presence of which we do not always feel so confident, when we open the pages of one

of Dr. Pauli's countrymen. Whoever may translate the book into English will find no difficulty in adapting it to the reading powers even of those of our countrymen who are least conversant with German ideas, and we are very gravely mistaken if it does not speedily become an integral portion of our national literature. The subject is naturally treated with far greater fulness than in any of the works (those of Turner, Lappenberg, or Kemble) in which it occurs incidentally, and the superiority of Dr. Pauli's book to all of those in our own tongue of which the life of Alfred has been made the special subject, is more manifest than those who are sensitive for the honour of our national literature could have wished. We have turned over the tedious and puerile pages of the latest of them all, "The Life of Alfred the Great, by the Rev. J. A. Giles," and it is not without some degree of national abasement that we concur in the opinion of it which Dr. Pauli has expressed in the section in which he treats of the literature of his subject.

"The newest work," he says, "merits to be mentioned only as the last, so faulty is it in every respect, so destitute of all investigation of the sources, and of all elegance in the representation. It does the English little honour, that so glorious a subject as the life of Alfred, the darling of old England, on the thousandth jubilee of his birth, should not have found a more worthy treatment."

Since the above was written, we have learned with pleasure that the translation of Dr. Pauli's work is in able hands, and that, too, under the auspices of a very liberal publisher. We consider the enterprise to be one, the success of which is by no means a matter of indifference to our countrymen. Without in any degree giving way to the extravagancies of "hero-worship," it is scarcely possible to over-estimate the benefits which a nation derives, from keeping steadily before its eye the images of its worthies. For the effect of lofty characters on the popular mind, secured by the apotheosis of heathen and the canonization of Catholic times, we must now trust to the labours of the historian; combined in the present case with those of the translator. In the character of Alfred it is fortunate that the closer view which we thus obtain, more than compensates for the halo of mysterious grandeur which it removes. Many of his qualities are such as may not only be contemplated, but imitated with advantage by all whose position has conferred upon them the power of influencing the fate of others; and who, even of the humblest of us, can say that his own position has not done so more or less? Even a constitutional monarch might now find it difficult to assume the functions of the legislator to the extent to which Alfred did, and the opportunity of displaying the talents of a general do not occur to many; but it was in neither of these directions that his energies were habitually exercised, or that his daily influence was felt. It was as an example of earnest, patient, and pious striving after a diviner life, than that into which, when effort is laid aside, the human animal of all times inevitably relapses, that he went as a pillar of fire before his own generation, and that he goes before ours. True it is, that his light was set on a high place, but we may remember for our comfort, that the rays which emanate from qualities such as he exhibited, have in themselves an upward tendency. Eminent virtue is far too valuable, and far too rare, to permit any one who possesses a trace of optimism to fear that, however little it may be rewarded with worldly prosperity, it will ever be concealed by obscurity of station.

ART. VII.—1. *On some remarkable and hitherto unobserved Phenomena of Binocular Vision.* By CHARLES WHEATSTONE, Esq., F.R.S. *Philosophical Transactions*, 1838.

2. *On the law of Visible Position in Single and Binocular Vision, and on the Representation of Solid Figures by the vision of dissimilar Plane Pictures on the Retina.* By SIR DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., D.C.L., F.R.S., and V.P.R.S., Edinburgh. *Edinburgh Transactions*, vol. xv., Part ii., 1843. Reprinted in *Philosophical Magazine*, May and June 1844, vol. xxiv.

3. *On the Knowledge of Distance given by Binocular Vision.* By SIR DAVID BREWSTER, *Edinburgh Transactions*, vol. xv., Part iv., 1844. Reprinted in *Philosophical Magazine*, May 1847, vol. xxx., pp. 305.

4. *On the Conversion of Relief in Inverted Vision.* By SIR DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., D.C.L., F.R.S., and V.P.R.S., Edinburgh. Reprinted in *Philosophical Magazine*, June 1847, vol. xxx., pp. 432.

5. *Description of Several New and Simple Stereoscopes for Exhibiting as Solids, one or more Representations of them on a Plane.* By SIR DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., D.C.L., F.R.S., and V.P.R.S., Edinburgh. *Transactions of Royal Scottish Society of Arts*, 1849. Reprinted in *Philosophical Magazine*, January 1852.

6. *Account of a Binocular Camera, and of a*

Method of obtaining Drawings of Full Length and Colossal Statues, and of Living Bodies, which can be Exhibited as Solids by the Stereoscope. By Sir David Brewster, K.H., D.C.L., F.R.S., and V.P.R.S., Edinburgh. *Transactions of Royal Scottish Society of Arts*, 1849. Reprinted in *Philosophical Magazine*, January 1852.

7. *Notice of a Chromatic Stereoscope.* By the Same, &c., &c.
8. *Le Stéréoscope*, Bulletin du Monde Scientifique. Par M. L'Abbe Moigno, Aumônier du Lycée Louis le Grand. Feuilleton de *La Presse*, du 28 Décembre 1850.
9. *Binocular Perspective.* By James Hall, Esq. *Art-Journal*, March 1852, pp. 89, 90.

The History of Science presents us with numerous cases where an important idea, or an ingenious invention, have long failed to attract the attention which they merited, and where the development of the one, and the improvement of the other, were requisite to bring them into public notice or practical use. An original idea may derive all its importance from the discovery of its useful application, and a rude instrument may be forgotten by all but its author, till a more fortunate inventor reproduces it under a new form, and with more valuable and extensive properties.

Even for centuries the Microscope of Roger Bacon, and of Drebbel, served but to astonish the young and amuse the curious; and without greatly detracting from the merits of Leuwenhoek, and other naturalists who used it, we may safely assert, that till it became achromatic by the labours of Lister, Ross, and others, it was not fitted for those noble researches in natural history and physiology, in which it has performed so important a part. The refracting Telescope, too, whose inventor we cannot confidently name, was a small and useless toy, till Galileo turned it to the heavens; and though in the hands of Huygens and Hevelius, it added new satellites to our system, and displayed new forms and structures in the primary planets, yet it was only, when made achromatic, through the labours of Hall, Dolland, Frauenhofer, and others, that it became an essential instrument for the advancement of astronomy. The Reflecting Telescope presents to us the same peculiarity. We do not know its inventor. Even in Sir Isaac Newton's hands, and as constructed and applied by himself, it effected no discoveries in the heavens. Sir William Herschel gave it magnifying and penetrating power, and opened its eye upon those glorious worlds, which in the dark bosom of space might have been for ever concealed. Even then, however, the sidereal universe presented new subjects of research. Matter, as if reduced to its elements, whitened in nebulous forms the more distant regions of space, and the genius of Lord Rosse was evoked to construct gigantic instruments, to resolve into suns and systems the pale atoms of light which clustered on the receding frontier of creation.

Like these valuable inventions, the Stereoscope has had its infancy and its manhood. At first a simple experiment exhibited by a rude and imperfect apparatus, it was soon forgotten; and it was not till the discovery of its true theory and its valuable applications, and till the invention of new combinations by which these applications were to be effected, that it was brought into public notice, and made one of the most popular and interesting instruments which science has presented to the arts. We propose, therefore, to devote this article to an account of the history, construction, and application of the Stereoscope, and of those principles and phenomena of binocular vision, or vision with two eyes, on which it depends, and with which it is connected.

The term Stereoscope, from στερεος a solid, and σκοπειν to see, is the name of an apparatus employed by Mr. Wheatstone, "*for representing solid figures*," by combining in one image two plane representations of the object as seen by each eye separately, a combination which can be easily effected by the two eyes alone, without the aid of any apparatus, merely by directing them to a point nearer than the two plane representations of the solid. The fundamental facts in binocular vision, on which this remarkable illusion depends, may be thus expressed:—

When we view, with both eyes, or with each eye successively, any solid object, that is, any object in relief, or in the converse of relief, any cameo or intaglio, for example, each eye sees the object differently, or, what is the same thing, dissimilar pictures of the object are painted on the two retinæ.

This important fact has been long ago published by optical writers, and is well known to optical observers, though Mr. Wheatstone has claimed it "as a new fact in the theory of vision." The first writer who has distinctly referred to it, is the celebrated Leonardo da Vinci, in his "Treatise on Painting." The following account of his observations is given by Dr. Robert Smith:—*

* *Compleat System of Opticks*, vol. ii. Remarks, p. 41, § 244. As Dr. Smith does not give this passage under inverted commas, it might have been presumed that it was an abstract of Leonardo da Vinci's Obser-

"Leonardo da Vinci," says Dr. Smith, "has made a curious observation, not improper to be mentioned in this place:* That a painting, though conducted with the greatest art, and finished to the last perfection, both with regard to its contours, its lights, its shadows, and its colours, can never shew a relievo equal to that of the natural objects, unless these be viewed at a distance, and with a single eye. Which he thus demonstrates:—If an object, C. be viewed by a single eye at A, all objects in the space behind it, included, as it were, in a shadow, E C F, cast by a candle at A, are invisible to the eye at A; but when the other eye at B is opened, part of these objects become visible to it; those only being hid from both eyes that are included, as it were, in the double shadow C D, cast by two lights at A and B, and terminated in D; the angular space E D G, beyond D, being always visible to both eyes. And the hidden space, C D, is so much the shorter, as the object, C, is smaller and nearer to the eyes. Thus, he observes, that the object, C, seen with both eyes, becomes, as it were, transparent, according to the usual definition of a transparent thing; namely, that which hides nothing beyond it. But this cannot happen, when an object, whose breadth is bigger than that of the pupil, is viewed by a single eye. The truth of this observation is, therefore, evident; because a painted figure intercepts all the space behind its apparent place; so as to preclude the eyes from the sight of every part of the imaginary ground behind it."

Upon this interesting paragraph Mr. Wheatstone makes the following observations:—

"Had Leonardo da Vinci taken, instead of a sphere, a less simple figure for the purpose of his illustration, a cube, for instance, he would not only have observed, that the object obscured from each eye a different part of the more distant field of view, *but the fact would also, perhaps, have forced itself upon his attention, that the object presented a different appearance to each eye. He failed to do this, and no subsequent writer, within my knowledge, has supplied the omission; the projection of two obviously dissimilar pictures on the two retinæ, when a single object is viewed while the optic axes converge, must, therefore, be regarded as a new fact in the theory of vision.*"—Pp. 372, 373.

Now, it is quite true, that Leonardo da Vinci does not state that the two spheres do not present a different appearance to each eye; but his figure demonstrates ocularly, that each eye sees different pictures, because each eye sees parts of the sphere which are not seen by the other, two pictures so dissimilar, that if combined, they would represent the sphere in relief. In commenting upon the passage, Dr. Smith observes, that we distinguish the place of a near object "more accurately with both eyes than with one, in as much as we see it more detached from other objects beyond it, *and more of its own surface, especially if it be roundish.*" Here Dr. Smith does not speak merely of a sphere, but of any solid object whatever, and as he distinctly states that *the two eyes exhibit parts of the object which are not seen by one eye, the pictures on each eye must be dissimilar.* And in proof that Dr. Smith considers the demonstration of Leonardo da Vinci already quoted, as referring, not only "to the object obscured from each eye," but to the pictures of the sphere in each eye, he draws the conclusion, "that an object does not appear larger to both eyes than to one, *unless by reason of some particular circumstances, as in the observation of Leonardo da Vinci.*"*

Subsequent writers, too, were well acquainted with the existence of dissimilar pictures in binocular vision. Mr. Harris remarks in his *Treatise on Optics*,† that "by an inspection of the figures, it is manifest enough, that a larger segment of a round object can be seen with both eyes open, than with one eye alone;" and in Dr. Smith's curious experiment with a pair of compasses,‡ and in Dr. Wells' experiment with two rulers,§ referred to by Mr. Wheatstone, the pictures seen by each eye were totally dissimilar.

Dr. Smith, indeed, who first made the experiment with the ruler, gives a drawing of it by each eye, and not only shews in the drawing that the right eye sees the right side only, and the left eye the left side, but he distinctly states that the right side of the ruler is seen by the right eye, and the left side by the left eye. But to remove all doubt, if there could be any doubt, of the truth of our position, we have only to refer to Dr. Porterfield's *Treatise on the Eye*,‖ where he actually gives drawings of an object as seen by each eye, the one exhibiting the object as viewed "endwise" by the right eye, (to use a word of Dr. Berkeley's,) and the other the same object as viewed laterally by the left eye. These views of the object as seen by the eye, not

vations. Mr. Wheatstone gives the passage in inverted commas, and calls Dr. Smith's paragraph a quotation from Leonardo's *Trattato della Pittura*, and he refers to a separate work, viz., "A Treatise of Painting," p. 178, London, 1721, as if it were a different work from Leonardo's. We mention this, as we were misled by the mistake to search for it as a separate treatise. Since this note was written, we have looked into the *Trattato, &c.*, Roma, 1817, p. 245–6, and find that the passage referred to is not a quotation.

* *Treatise of Painting*, p. 178. London, 1721.

* Opticks, vol. ii., Remarks, p. 109, § 708.

† Page 113, § 64.

‡ Optics, vol. vi. p. 388, § 977, 978.

§ Wells' Essay on Single Vision with Two Eyes, p. 44.

‖ Vol. I., Book III., chap. III., axiom 2, pp. 412, 413, plate v., fig. 37. Edinburgh, 1759.

as drawn in Dr. Porterfield's diagram, are actually binocular pictures, suited to the stereoscope, if a line protended from the eye, which the instrument will display as stretching out into space.*

In support of these observations, we may refer to the experience of every optical, or even of every ordinary observer. What artist does not shut one eye when he paints or models? Who has not observed the fact, that their left eye sees only the left side of their nose, and their right eye only the right side, two pictures altogether dissimilar? Who has not noticed, that when they look at any thin, flat body, edgewise, such as a thin book, they see both sides of it, *the left eye only the left side, and the right eye only the right side*, while the edge or back nearest the face is seen by both eyes? What student of perspective, male or female, who has drawn the picture of a chair or a table from *one point of sight*, or as seen by *one* eye, does not know for certain that the picture of the chair or table drawn from *another point of sight*, or as seen by the other eye, must be *dissimilar* to the first?

"We have other helps," says Mr. Harris, "for distinguishing the prominences of small parts, besides those by which we distinguish distances in general, in their degrees of light and shade, *and the prospect we have round them*. And by the parallax on account of *the distance between our eyes*, we can distinguish *besides the front part of the two sides of a near object* not thicker than the said distance, and this gives *a visible relievo to such objects*, which helps greatly to raise or detach them from the plane on which they lie. Thus *the nose on a face is the more remarkably raised by our seeing each side of it at once*."—*Treatise on Optics*, p. 171, § 205.

That is, the *relievo is produced by the combination of the two dissimilar pictures given by the two eyes*, which is clearly the principle of the stereoscope,—a principle which Mr. Wheatstone has the merit of having

* Since the above paragraph was written we have found a complete confirmation of the opinion which it contains in Aguilonii *Opticorum Sex Libri*. Antwerpiæ, 1613, folio. In the fourth book of this elaborate work Aguilonius treats at great length of the Fallacies of Vision, *De Fallaciis Aspectus*, and discusses the subject of *Binocular Vision* with great distinctness. After shewing, what Euclid did before him, how to find the part of a sphere, whether convex or concave, that is seen by one eye, he gives a separate diagram, (lib. iv. prop. lxxxv. p. 307,) in which he proves that each eye, in binocular vision, sees different pictures of it, the portion of the sphere that is seen by the left eye being invisible to the right eye, and *vice versa*, there being one portion of it between these two that is seen by both eyes. He then lays down a rule for ascertaining in all solids whatever, which part of the body is seen by one eye, and which part by the other. This rule may be thus expressed: If a line or ray, as he calls it, drawn to the one eye reaches it, that part will be seen; but if it does not reach it, that is, if it is stopped by any prominence on the body, it will not be seen. To the mass of rays that reaches each eye, and gives the vision of it to that eye, he gives the name of the optical pyramid, which is different for each eye. The following is the passage in which he shews that in all bodies whatever the same rule holds, and that the pictures of such bodies in each eye are dissimilar. *Non sphæræ modo, sed etiam cylindro et cono, ac ceteris corporibus universis convenit, eam quæ spectatur portionem radiis tangentibus comprehendi. Cum enim tangentes lineæ extremæ sint illarum omnium quæ ab uno eodemque signo (in quo oculus positus esse intelligatur) ad propositum corpus duci possunt; perspicue sequitur, eam corporis partem quæ videtur, tangentibus undique radiis contineri. In hac enim parte nullum punctum reperire est a quo recta linea ad oculum duci non possit, per quam proinde aspectabilis forma recta efferatur.* Page 313. In an earlier part of his work, namely in book ii.,* where he is treating of the vision of solids of all forms, *de genere illorum quæ τα στερεα (ta sterea) Græce nuncupantur*, he has great difficulty in explaining, and fails in doing it, why the two dissimilar pictures, arising from the same parts of the solid being at different distances from each eye, do not, when united, give a confused and imperfect view of it. *Cum res una duobus spectatur oculis, anguli qui ad vertices sunt pyramidum opticarum, non semper equales inter se existunt; nam præter directum obtutum, quo pyramides æquales esse oportet, in quamcunque partem limi oculi convertantur, imparibus semper angulis formas rerum admittunt, quorum is major est quæ ad propinquiorem oculum terminatur; is vero minor, qui oculum spectat remotiorem. Quod sane manifestum per se esse arbitror; id vero admiratione dignum puto, quo pacto fiat ut quæ limis oculis cernuntur non omnia confusa ac velut informia videantur, etsi per axes opticos in res ipsas defixos intuitus fiant. Nam majoribus spectata angulis majora, minora minoribus apparent. Si ergo res una eademque altero quidem oculo major, altero vero minor propter angulorum in quos pyramides terminantur inequalitatem conspiciatur, illa profecto se ipsa major et minor, eodem tempore, et eodem intuente videbitur, atque ita cum singulorum oculorum phantasiæ minime sibi congruant, confusa quædam ac perturbata rei imago sensui principi exhibebitur.* Aguilonius does not venture to assert that though the solids are seen clearly and distinctly, (*clare et perspicue cernuntur*,) the major and the minor line exactly coincide, (*sibi mutuo et exacte congruunt*,) but he talks of a common sense exerting its power to correct the imperfect union, and prevent the dissimilarity of the two pictures from passing into the primary sense: *Non tamen eadem diversitas in primarium sensum transit si modo per axes intuitus fit.*

But, to go still farther back in the history of optics, the celebrated Physician Galen, who lived *seventeen hundred* years ago, has given such a distinct account of the phenomena of binocular vision, in the 13th chapter* of the 10th book of his work, *De usu partionis corporis humani*, that it is certain that he was clearly acquainted with the dissimilarity of the pictures in each eye. We are almost ashamed to adduce any evidence to prove that every author who has written on the binocular vision of solids, and every optical observer who has looked at them, were well acquainted with the fact which Mr. Wheatstone claims "*as a new one in the theory of vision*" discovered by himself, namely, that there is a "*projection of two obviously dissimilar pictures on the two retinæ when a single object is viewed while the optic axes converge*," and consequently that the vision of objects in relief is produced by the union of these two dissimilar pictures.

* Aguilonii *Opticorum Sex Libri*. Lib. II. prop. 38, A.B.

* Edit. Lugduni, 1550. Tom. ii. pp. 591-594.

been the first to exhibit practically, by combining the pictures of objects as seen with each eye, by means of an apparatus, consisting of two plane mirrors placed at an angle of 90°, in which the eyes of the observer see, by reflection, the superimposed images of the two plane representations of the object.

Such is the principle upon which the operation of the stereoscope depends, and such its practical application. We come now to consider the theory of the process by which two plane figures *apparently* coalesce, and exhibit, in virtue of this apparent coalescence, the perfect representation of the object in relief from which the figures were taken. In attempting to give such a theory, Mr. Wheatstone proceeds to consider the "Binocular vision of objects of different *magnitudes*," to which he devotes a section of his Paper:—

"We will now inquire," he says, "what effect results from presenting similar images, differing only in magnitude, to analogous parts of the retina. For this purpose two squares or circles, *differing obviously*, but not extravagantly in size, may be drawn on two separate pieces of paper, and placed on the stereoscope, so that the reflected image of each shall be equally distant from the eye by which it is regarded. *It will then be seen, that notwithstanding this difference, they coalesce, and occasion a single resultant perception.*"—*Philosophical Transactions*, 1838, p. 355.

Mr. Wheatstone then proceeds to describe an experiment for ascertaining the difference between the lengths of two lines which the eye, by some magic power hitherto unknown, can *force into coalescence*, or, to use his own words, for ascertaining "the limit of the difference of size within which the single appearance subsists." He does this by employing two images of equal magnitude, and making one of them visually less than the other, "by causing it to recede from the eye, while the other remains at a constant distance." "By this experiment," he adds, "*the single appearance of two images of different size is demonstrated.*" Mr. Wheatstone then proceeds to give a sort of *rule* or law, for ascertaining the ratio between two lines which the eyes can force into coincidence or coalescence, so as to "occasion a single resultant perception:"—

"If the pictures be *too unequal in magnitude*, the binocular coincidences does not take place. It appears that if the inequality of the pictures be greater than the difference which exists between the projections of the same object, when seen in the most oblique position of the eyes, (*i.e.*, both turned to the extreme right or extreme left,) ordinarily employed, they do not coalesce. Were it not for *the binocular coincidence* of two images of different magnitude, objects would appear single only, when the optic axes converge immediately forward, for it is only, when the converging visual lines form equal angles with the visual base, (the line joining the centres of the two eyes,) that the two pictures can be of equal magnitude, but when they form different angles, the distance from the object to each eye is different, and consequently the picture projected in each eye has a different magnitude."—*Philosophical Transactions*, 1838, pp. 385, 386.

Having laid down these principles, as proved by direct experiment, but which, as we shall afterwards demonstrate both from theory and experiment, are the results of incorrect observation, Mr. Wheatstone goes on "to examine *why* two dissimilar pictures projected on the two retinæ *give rise to the perception of an object in relief*:"—

"I will not attempt," he says, at present to give the complete solution of this question, which is far from being so easy, as at first glance it may appear to be, and *is, indeed, one of great complexity*. I shall, in this case, merely consider the most obvious explanations which might be offered, and shew their insufficiency to explain the whole of the phenomena.

"It *may be supposed*, that we see but one point of a field of view, distinctly, at the same instant, the one, namely, to which the optic axes are directed, while all other points are seen so indistinctly, that the mind does not recognise them to be either single or double, and that the figure is appreciated by successively directing the point of convergence of the optic axes successively to a sufficient number of its points to enable us to judge accurately of its form.

"That there is a degree of indistinctness in those parts of the field of view to which the eyes are not immediately directed, and which increases with the distance from that point, cannot be doubted, and it is also true, that the objects thus obscurely seen, are *frequently doubled*. In ordinary vision, it may be said, this indistinctness and duplicity is not attended to, because the eyes shifting continually from point to point, every part of the object is successively rendered distinct, and the perception of the object is not the consequence of a single glance, during which a small part of it only is seen distinctly; but is formed from a comparison of all the pictures successively seen, while the eyes were changing from one point of the object to another.

"*All this is* IN SOME DEGREE, *true;* but *were it entirely* so, no appearance of relief should present itself, when the eyes remain intensely fixed on one point of a binocular image in the stereoscope. But on performing the experiment carefully it will be found, *provided the picture do not extend too far beyond the centres of distinct vision, that the image is still seen single*, and in relief, when in this condition. Were the theory of corresponding points true, the appearance should be that of the superposition of

the two drawings, to which, however, it has not the slightest similitude."—*Philosophical Transactions*, pp. 391, 392.

Mr. Wheatstone proceeds to give two experiments, which he says are *equally decisive against this theory*, the first of which only is subject to rigorous examination. He draws "two lines about two inches long, and inclined towards each other, on a sheet of paper, and having caused them to coincide by converging the optic axes to a point nearer than the paper, he looks intently on the upper end of the resultant line, without allowing the eyes to wander from it for a moment. The *entire line will appear single*, and in its proper relief, &c. . . . The eyes sometimes become fatigued, which causes the line to become double at those parts to which the optic axes are not fixed, but in such case all appearance of relief vanishes. The same experiment may be tried with more complex figures, but the pictures should not extend too far beyond the centres of the retinæ." Now these are not the correct results of the experiment, for no sooner does the eye see the real phenomenon—the duplicity of the image at all points but one—than Mr. Wheatstone ascribes it to ocular fatigue, and to too great an extension of the pictures. As the two lines are equal, in the present experiment, the difficulty of obtaining an apparent combination of the lines is greatly diminished; but Mr. Wheatstone has previously maintained, that when the two lines are unequal they are not only single, but *mathematically coalescent*.

In the different passages which we have now quoted from Mr. Wheatstone's paper, and in the remaining pages of it, he is obviously halting between truth and error, between theories which he partly believes, and ill observed facts which he cannot reconcile with them. Had he placed his reliance on the law of visible direction, which in a previous part of his paper he acknowledges to have been established in opposition to D'Alembert by Sir David Brewster, and "with which," he says, "the laws of visible direction for binocular vision ought to contain nothing inconsistent," he would have seen the impossibility of the two eyes uniting two lines of unequal length; and had he believed in the law of distinct vision, which has been established by the same author, he would have seen the impossibility of the two eyes obtaining single vision of any more than one point of an object at a time. These laws of vision are as rigorously true as any other physical laws—as completely demonstrated as the law of gravity in astronomy, or the law of sines in optics, and the moment we allow them to be tampered with to obtain an explanation of physical puzzles, we convert science into legerdemain, and philosophers into conjurors.

Such was the state of our stereoscopic knowledge in 1838, after the publication of Mr. Wheatstone's interesting and important paper on the physiology of vision. In the same year, at the meeting of the British Association at Newcastle, and before the publication, or perhaps even the printing, of Mr. Wheatstone's Memoir, Sir David Brewster communicated to the mathematical and physical section a paper "on the law of visible direction," in which he established this great law of vision, which, though it had been maintained by preceding writers, had been more recently proved by the illustrious D'Alembert to be incompatible with observation, and the admitted anatomy of the human eye. At the same meeting Mr. Wheatstone exhibited his stereoscopic apparatus, which gave rise to an animated discussion between Dr. Whewell and Sir David Brewster, in which the learned Master of Trinity, adopting Mr. Wheatstone's views, already explained, maintained that the eye, or rather that the retina, in uniting or causing to coalesce into "a single resultant impression" two lines of different lengths, had the power either of contracting the longest, or lengthening the shortest; or, what we would have suggested, in order to have given the retina only half the trouble, that it contracted the long line as much as it expanded the short one, and thus caused them to combine with a less exertion of muscular power! Sir David Brewster, on the other hand, maintained that the retina had no such power, that so extreme an hypothesis was not required, and that the law of visible direction afforded the most perfect explanation of all the stereoscopic phenomena. Subsequent to this discussion, Mr. Wheatstone accepted of Sir David Brewster's demonstration of the law of visible direction as satisfactory, and thus refers to it in his paper on the Stereoscope, in the Phil. Transactions, to which we have so often referred:—

"The law of visible direction for monocular vision has been variously stated by different optical writers. Some have maintained, with Drs. Reid and Porterfield, that every external point is seen in the direction of a line passing from its picture on the retina through the centre of the eye; while others have supposed, with Dr. Smith, that the visible direction of an object coincides with the visual ray, or the principal ray of the pencil which flows from it to the eye. D'Alembert, furnished with imperfect data respecting the

refractive densities of the humours of the eye,* calculated that the apparent magnitudes of objects would differ widely on the two suppositions, and concluded that the visible point of an object was not seen in either of these directions, but sensibly in the direction of a line joining the point itself and its image on the retina; but he acknowledged that he could assign no reason for this law. Sir David Brewster, provided with more accurate data, has shewn that these three lines so nearly coincide with each other, that 'at an inclination of 30°, a line perpendicular to the point of impression on the retina, passes through the common centre, and does not deviate from the real line of visible direction more than half a degree, a quantity too small to interfere with the purposes of vision.' We may therefore assume, in all our future reasonings, the truth of the following definition given by this eminent philosopher,—'As the interior of the eyeball is as nearly as possible a perfect sphere, lines perpendicular to the surface of the retina must all pass through one single point, namely, the centre of its spherical surface. This one point may be called the centre of visible direction, because every point of a visible object will be seen in the direction of a line drawn from the centre to the visible point.'

"It is obvious that the result of any attempt to explain the simple appearance of objects to both eyes, or, in other words, *the law of visible direction for binocular vision, ought to contain nothing* inconsistent with the law of visible direction for monocular vision."—*Phil. Trans.* 1838, pp. 387-8.

Notwithstanding this acceptance of the law of visible direction, and the correctness of the conclusion at which he has here arrived, every succeeding page of Mr. Wheatstone's paper, in which he explains the phenomena of the stereoscope, not only stands in direct opposition to this law, but as we shall shew in the sequel, in direct opposition to the most obvious and irrefragable experiments.

In consequence of the discussion at Newcastle, and the high authority upon which the law of visible direction was impugned, Sir David Brewster re-examined the subject, repeated his calculations, and especially set himself to determine by rigorous experiments, whether or not the human eye had the power of causing two lines of different lengths or of different apparent magnitudes to coalesce into one. He found that the eye had no such power, and that no such power was required to convert the two plane pictures for the stereoscope into the apparent solids from which they were taken, as seen by each eye. These views were made public in the lectures on the *Philosophy of the Senses*, which he occasionally delivered in the College of St. Salvator and St. Leonard, St. Andrews, and the different stereoscopes which he invented were also exhibited and explained. Mr. Wheatstone's inventions were at the same time fully communicated to the class, and his stereoscopic apparatus was even lent to the students to take to their own lodgings, that they might fully appreciate the value of his labours.

In examining Dr. Berkeley's celebrated theory of vision, the undoubted foundation of our sceptical philosophy, to which two lectures were generally devoted, Sir David Brewster saw the vast importance of establishing, upon an impregnable basis, the law of visible direction, and of proving by the aid of binocular phenomena, and in opposition to the opinion of the most distinguished metaphysicians, that we actually see a third dimension in space. He, therefore, submitted to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, on the 23d January and the 6th February, 1843, a paper "*On the law of visible position in single and binocular vision, and on the representation of solid figures by the Union of dissimilar Plane Pictures on the Retina.*" Nearly *ten* years have elapsed since this paper was published, and no reply has, as far as we know, been made to it by Mr. Wheatstone or any of his friends.

In continuing his researches, Sir D. Brewster submitted to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, on the 15th of April 1844, a paper "*On the knowledge of distance given by binocular vision,*" and on the 6th of May of the same year, another "*On the conversion of relief by inverted vision,*" or, to use a word recently introduced by Mr. Wheatstone, on *Pseudoscopic vision* with one eye. During these inquiries, Sir David Brewster invented, and had constructed in St. Andrews and Dundee several new stereoscopes, but particularly the *Lenticular stereoscope*, now in universal use. They were made of all materials, of wood, of tin, of brass, and of bristol board, and of all sizes, from that now generally adopted to a miscroscopic variety which could be carried in the pocket. New drawings were executed for them, and binocular pictures taken by the sun, were lithographed for the instrument by Mr. Schenck of Edinburgh. Stereoscopes made by Mr. Loudon, optician, Dundee, with various binocular diagrams, lithographed at his expense, were sent to several of the nobility in London, and to other places in England, and an account of these stereoscopes, and their application to portraiture and sculpture, and of a binocular camera for taking portraits and copying statues, was submitted to the Royal Scottish

* And also, he might have added, respecting the relative positions of the different parts of the eye.

Society of Arts, in 1849, and published in their Transactions.*

After endeavouring, though in vain, to induce some London opticians and photographers to construct his stereoscope and execute binocular pictures for it, Sir David Brewster carried to Paris in the spring of 1850, a very fine instrument, executed by Mr. Loudon, optician in Dundee, and a binocular photographic portrait of Dr. Adamson of St. Andrews, by himself. He showed this instrument to M. l'Abbé Moigno, the distinguished author of *L'Optique Moderne*, and to M. Soleil, and his son-in-law, M. Duboscq Soleil, the eminent Parisian opticians, and to some members of the Institute of France. These gentlemen saw at once the value of the instrument, not merely as one of amusement, but as an important auxiliary in the arts of portraiture and sculpture. M. Duboscq Soleil immediately began to make the new stereoscope for sale, and executed a series of the most beautiful binocular daguerreotypes of living individuals, statues, boquets of flowers, and objects of Natural History, which thousands of individuals flocked to examine with the new instrument. After giving a brief notice of the labours of Mr. Wheatstone, and of Sir David Brewster's lenticular stereoscope, and binocular camera, for taking the pictures with mathematical accuracy, the Abbé Moigno in the article placed in our list of papers on the Stereoscope, gives the following account of the introduction of the instrument into Paris:—

"In his last visit to Paris, Sir David Brewster intrusted the models of his Stereoscope to M. Jules Duboscq, son-in-law and successor of M. Soleil, and whose intelligence, activity, and affability will extend the reputation of the distinguished artists of the Rue de l'Odéon, 35. M. Jules Duboscq has set himself to work with indefatigable ardour; without requiring to have recourse to the Binocular Camera, he has with the ordinary Daguerreotype Apparatus procured a great number of dissimilar pictures of statues, bas-reliefs, and portraits of celebrated individuals, &c. &c. His Stereoscopes are constructed with more elegance and even with more perfection than the original English instruments, and while he is shewing their wonderful effects to natural philosophers and amateurs who have flocked to him in crowds, there is a spontaneous and unanimous cry of admiration."—*La Presse*, Dec. 28, 1850.

In the beautiful collection of philosophical instruments which M. Duboscq Soleil contributed to the Great Exhibition of 1851, and for which he received a council medal, he placed one of Sir David Brewster's Lenticular Stereoscopes with a fine series of Binocular Daguerreotypes. The Stereoscope attracted the particular notice of the Queen, and M. Soleil executed a beautiful instrument which was presented to Her Majesty in his name by Sir David Brewster. In consequence of this public exhibition of it, M. Soleil received several orders from England, and a large number of the Lenticular Stereoscopes were thus introduced into this country. The demand, however, became so great that English workmen, and particularly Mr. Pearce, 36, Bedford Bury, Covent Garden, devoted themselves to their manufacture, and sold in a few months many hundreds if not thousands of the instrument. The Photographers, both Daguerreotypists and Talbotypists now take Binocular portraits, to be thrown into relief by the Stereoscope, as an important branch of their profession, and we have no doubt that the time is near at hand when no other portraits will be taken. The Sculptors too are beginning to see the application of the Stereoscope to their art, and we have recently learned from Paris, that an artist in that city has modelled a statue from the relievo produced in the Stereoscope.

Such is a brief history of the introduction of the Lenticular Stereoscope into Paris and London, and of its application to portraiture and sculpture. The Stereoscopic apparatus of Mr. Wheatstone had been before the public for upwards of twelve years, without exciting any general notice, and without any useful application being made of it; and yet when Sir David Brewster's instrument became an article of general sale in London, his Lenticular Stereoscope was sold as an invention of Mr. Wheatstone's, and with his name actually attached to it. An article appeared in the "Illustrated News" of January 26th, 1852, in which the Lenticular Stereoscope, as made by M. Soleil, is represented in a drawing under the name of the *Refracting Stereoscope*, as if to conceal both the nature of the instrument and the name of its inventor, and we have no hesitation in characterizing the whole article as one of the most extraordinary perversions of scientific history with which we are acquainted. The theory of the instrument is not ascribed to the person to whom we owe it. It is called a modification of an instrument to which it has no resemblance whatever, and its peculiar property of magnifying by means of semi-lenses, or quarter-lenses, the plane pictures to which it is directed, at the same time that it unites them to produce the solid, or rather the figure in three dimensions, a

* See *The Transactions of the Royal Society of Edin.* Vol. XV. Part III. pp. 349–368, and the *Phil. Magazine* for May and June 1844, Vol. XXIV., pp. 356 and 439.

property which enables us to make Microscopic Stereoscopes,* is never once mentioned.

Having thus given a brief history of the introduction of the Stereoscope, and of the general principles of Binocular Vision, which it is intended to illustrate, we shall now proceed to explain its theory and describe its construction as an instrument applicable to the advancement of the fine arts. When we look at a statue with one eye, suppose the left, and project it upon a plane surface, or draw it as seen by that eye, we shall have the left eye represented by a point which we may call E, the tip of the nose by a point N, and the chin by a point C. If we do the same with the right eye, without moving the head, we shall have another picture in which *e* is the left eye of the statue, *n* the nose, and *c* the chin. If we now place these two pictures side by side opposite the eyes to which they belong, we shall see in the picture obtained by the left eye more of the right side of the statue, and in the picture obtained by the *right* eye more of the *left* side of the statue. The two pictures of the statue thus taken are therefore dissimilar. The distance E*e* between the two left eyes of the picture will be less than the distance N*n* between the two noses, because the eyes are nearer the plane of projection than the noses, and the distance C*c* between the two chins will be intermediate between E*e* and N*n*, that is N*n*>E*e* and C*c*>E*e*. When we look at the statue with both eyes, the dissimilar pictures of it are united on the retina and seen as one. When we look at the left eye E of the statue, we see it distinctly and singly by converging the optic axes to the point E. In like manner when we see N distinctly and singly, we converge the optic axes to N; but when we have done this the point E is seen *double* and not so distinct as before. When we look at the statue we see only one point of it single and distinct at the same instant, but the two eyes, with the rapidity of lightning, run over every part of it, uniting the two images of that point in succession, and thus producing a general and *apparent* coalescence of the two images. In the very same manner, when we unite the two dissimilar pictures placed beside each other, either by the eyes alone or by the Stereoscope, when the pictures are interchanged we can unite only two points at once, namely, E*e*, or N*n*, or C*c*, and these points are seen raised above the plane, and placed at such distances from it as correspond with the distances, E*e*, N*n*, and C*c*; that is, the nose will rise higher than the eyes, because the optic axes must unite at a greater height above the plane, in order to bring the points N, *n*, together. The whole of this process is distinctly represented in figs. 16 and 17 of Sir David Brewster's paper on the Law of Visible Direction, and in conformity with that law. In this, as in all the phenomena of binocular vision, we must consider all images as formed by points of the objects which they represent, and we must recollect, not merely that only one point of any object can be seen distinctly and singly at the same instant, but that in the union of dissimilar pictures, only two similar points at a certain distance can be thus united, a new convergence of the optic axes being necessary to unite any other pair of similar points.

In the case of geometrical diagrams or plane pictures consisting of lines, each inclined line of the picture seen by one eye, being less or greater than the corresponding inclined line in the picture seen by the other, the lines never coalesce, and never can by any process be made to coalesce as maintained by Wheatstone and Whewell. When the nearest end of one line coincides with the corresponding termination of the other, the remotest ends of the lines are seen separate and indistinct; and when the remotest ends coincide in a single point, the nearest ends are seen separate and indistinct. To get over a difficulty, by supposing it possible that a short line could be made to coincide at each end with a long one, would be a hypothesis of the same order, as if the astronomer were to surmount a difficulty about the tides, by supposing that the moon acted upon our seas according to the law of the squares, and the sun according to the law of the cubes of the distances. The laws of vision, in virtue of which, and the process by which, we see a solid, a body of three dimensions in space, are precisely the same as those by which we see it by the successive and rapid union of similar points of the two pictures, by a change in the convergency of the optical axis. The law or rule, according to which this vision of the solid is effected may be thus expressed:—

The various distances between all the similar points in the two plane pictures, such as the distance of the two right ears, the two right eyes, and the two noses which may be called 10, 11, 12, (10 *being the shortest distance of the most prominent points,*) *correspond with the distances of the same points of the solid, from the eye represented by* 20, 22, 24, *&c., or any other numbers which measure the dis-*

* By means of the Microscopic Stereoscope, Binocular Daguerreotypes for lockets and rings may be used in the instrument and magnified.

tances along the common axis of the eyes, and from the visual base of the points of convergence of the optical axes, when the points* 10, 11, 12 *are seen single, or united in the Lenticular Stereoscope.*

Having thus explained how two perfect binocular pictures appear exactly like the solid from which they were taken, we now come to inquire by what means such perfect pictures of a solid can be taken, so as to be accurate representations of the solid as seen by each eye. The solution of this very difficult problem has not even been attempted by Mr. Wheatstone, or any other writer. Three methods, and all of them imperfect, have been employed. After fixing upon the distance at which the statue, for example, should be viewed, a photographic picture of the statue is taken at that distance by a camera of such a focal length, as will give the picture of the required size: The camera is then shifted to a position previously ascertained, so that the view of the statue shall be the same as if it had been viewed by the right eye, the first picture being that which would be seen by the left eye, care being taken that the distance of the camera from the statue is precisely the same as before. This arrangement is easily made by drawing from the statue, upon a fixed table, lines representing the optic axes, and marking two points in those lines, equidistant from the statue; but in taking a portrait we cannot expect the sitter to maintain his position while this arrangement is going on, and while a second photograph of him is taking. To avoid this, two cameras have been employed; but as it is next to impossible to obtain two cameras which shall give two pictures of exactly the same size, and as a perfect equality of the pictures is most desirable, if not necessary, Sir David Brewster has described a binocular camera, fitted up with two semi-lenses, obtained by the bisection of a whole lens. These semi-lenses can be placed at any distance we choose, or may be put, when required, into separate cameras, and it is obvious that the pictures which they furnish will be perfectly equal. Mr. Slater of Euston Square has already constructed several of these binocular cameras, which have been sent to America. As the semi-lens will give only half the light of a whole lens, a longer time will be required to take the Daguerreotype or the Talbotype; but these processes have been so greatly accelerated that this disadvantage becomes insignificant when compared with the advantage of obtaining two perfectly equal pictures. The semi-lenses, however, have another advantage, the statement of which will startle the Photographer. *They will give better binocular pictures than two whole lenses whose focal length is exactly the same*, if two such lenses could be made.

In order to make the reader understand this, we must write a new chapter on optics for the special benefit of the Binocular Photographer, which we trust all Photographers will be. The Daguerreotypist and the Talbotypist justly pride themselves on the size of the achromatic lenses of their cameras, on the perfection of which their superiority as artists must always depend. They will be surprised to learn, however, for the first time, that owing to the size of their lenses, even if absolutely perfect, they never can obtain a picture such as that which is seen by one or by both eyes. To explain this we must make some observations on the nature of monocular and binocular vision, that is, on vision with one or two eyes. Lord Bacon has said that we see more exquisitely with one eye shut than with both. He might have said that we see more exquisitely with one eye than with both, for it is not necessary to shut the other eye in order to obtain better vision. Mr. Wheatstone has given an explanation of this superiority of single vision, which we cannot for a moment admit. Having previously stated, that beyond the distance when the optic axes are parallel, (nearly parallel must be meant,) "we see with both eyes all objects precisely as we see near objects with a single eye," he observes, "that every one must be aware how greatly the perspective effect of a picture is enhanced by looking at it only with one eye, especially when a tube is employed to exclude the vision of adjacent objects, whose presence might disturb the illusion. Seen under such circumstances from the proper point of sight, the picture projects the same lines, shades and colours on the retina, as the more distant scene which it represents would do were it substituted for it. The appearance which would make us certain that it is a picture is excluded from the sight, and the imagination has room to be active." Now, this is really nothing more than guessing at the cause of a distinct physical fact, which demands a distinct and intelligible physical explanation. The tube has nothing whatever to do with the question, because *two* tubes might be used, as they often are, in binocular vision. Nor has the distance of the scene anything to do with the matter, because the proposition is true, and much more strikingly true of scenes not distant. The "appearance which would make us cer-

* These useful names have been employed by Dr. Wells, the *visual base* being the line joining the pupils of the two eyes, and the *common axis* or line drawn perpendicular to the visual base, and bisecting it from the point of convergence of the *optical axes*.

tain that it is a picture" is not mentioned, and even if it were "excluded from the sight," we should still be certain that it is a picture however "greatly the perspective effect of it is enhanced." We demur too, to the help of the imagination, and we demur the more, the more room that is given it to be active.

The following is, we doubt not, the true physical cause of the very interesting fact, that the perspective effect of a picture, especially of pictures in true perspective, such as those taken photographically, is best seen with one eye. When we direct both eyes to such a picture and survey its parts, the optic axes maintain throughout the same convergency, so as to prove to us that every part of the canvas or the ground of the picture is at the same distance from us. In nature the optic axes would have constantly changed their convergence as they were directed to the nearer and remoter portions of the scene. But when we look at the picture with one eye, we are deprived of the means of ascertaining that the different parts of the picture are at the same distance from the eye; and the artist's skill in aerial perspective, and in characterizing the foreground and middle distance by their proper touches, is left to make its full impression on the mind. But besides this another cause is in operation; the canvas or ground reflects light from its surface, that is the light from the walls or other objects which lie in the direction of the incident rays, which correspond with the rays reflected to each eye; and the sight of the canvas destroys the illusion. When one eye is closed the reflected light is diminished one half, and therefore the illusion is increased. A greater portion of the reflected light may be destroyed by looking through a polarizing prism, or by placing a black cloth so that the reflected picture of it may hide the whole of the canvas.

From the representations of nature on a plane let us pass to the vision of bodies of three dimensions. Here too monocular vision is superior to binocular. With one eye every part of the solid is seen with the degree of light which falls upon it, and with equal distinctness as the eye directs itself to its different parts; but with two eyes there are many parts of the solid that are seen only with one eye, while all the other parts of it are seen with both eyes, and hence the parts of it seen with one eye are only half as luminous as the other parts. If the object viewed is a six-sided pyramid, with its apex more turned to one eye than the other, there are certain positions of it in which the left eye sees only *four* faces of it, while the right eye sees all the six, so that the two sides seen only by one eye must be much less luminous than the other faces.* But there is still another imperfection of binocular vision which requires to be mentioned. With two eyes we see more of the *round* of objects in lines parallel to the visual base than we do in lines perpendicular to that base, that is, more in horizontal than in vertical planes. When we view a sphere, for example, with one eye, its projection on a plane is circular, while with both eyes its projection is an oval, the large axis of the oval being horizontal. Hence we do not see the true forms of objects in binocular vision. Two eyes, however, were necessary to give beauty and symmetry to the human form, and to enable us to form a more correct estimate of distance and position; and they have the still greater advantage of preserving us from blindness when one of them is lost. The superiority of monocular vision would have been a poor compensation to Polyphemus *cui lumen ademptum.*

We are now prepared for the consideration of the influence of size in lenses over the images which they form. The object of photographic art is to obtain an accurate representation of nature, as it appears when seen either with one or with two eyes. We have already proved that with one eye a sphere is truly seen, that is, it is seen perfectly spherical, its roundness being equally well developed in all sections of it by a plane passing through its centre and the eye. The same is true of all irregular solids. The appearance of the sphere, however, and of all such solids, changes as the pupil expands. Rays from parts of the sphere, and other solids that do not enter the smaller pupil, enter the larger one, and exhibit portions of the solid not previously seen. This change of form, however, is too small to be noticed, and we may assume that we have a perfect representation of an object of three dimensions when we view it with one eye. It is such a picture as this that the artist paints, and all photographic delineations should resemble a picture thus painted. In order to produce such a picture the lens of the camera should have the same diameter as that of the pupil of the eye. Every addition to the area of the lens introduces parts of the object which have nothing to do with the picture, and when we use lenses of two, four, or six inches in diameter, we obtain, though a common eye may not discover it, monstrous representations of humanity, which no eye and no pair of eyes ever saw or can see. Every portion of the lens exterior to the central portion, the size of the human pupil, introduces parts of the picture which ought not

* See *Edin. Transactions*, vol. xv. pp. 355, 356.

to be seen. The face is enlarged all round, so as to be larger and broader than it ought. The ears are expanded, the head, nose, and chin elongated, hollows enlarged, prominences elevated, and different degrees of illumination which do not exist in the original mark the photographic picture. The likeness is therefore imperfect, and we now see the cause of defects which have hitherto been ascribed to want of steadiness in the sitter. The only remedy for such defects is to diminish the aperture of the lens to the smallest size, and the photographic art will not be perfect till we can take portraits in the shortest possible time, and with the smallest possible lenses! In order to explain this result, let us suppose that we look at a cone with its base turned to the eye, the true picture of the cone is a circle, as we see only its circular base; but if we place the cone before a camera with a large lens, and if the cone is small, so that rays from its conical surface fall upon the marginal parts of the lens, its picture will be a circle as before, surrounded with a luminous ring representing the surface of the cone. In like manner every solid will be incorrectly represented, and the resultant picture will be a combination of pictures, some as seen by binocular vision, with eyes at various distances, and some as seen by one or both eyes in different positions.

The most important application of these views is to binocular portraits as taken at the same time with the usual cameras, in order to be combined by the stereoscope. The portraits as now taken in London by professional photographers, are gross misrepresentations of the human form, *because taken with large lenses*, in order that they may be taken quickly. Each picture, which ought to be strictly monocular, is *really binocular* and much worse, so that the stereoscope unites into a monstrous solid, two binocular or worse than binocular portraits. If the sitter, for example, is placed in such a position, that his left ear is hidden from both eyes of the artist, the portrait taken by the camera on his right hand, will exhibit this ear, while the portrait taken by the camera on his left, will exhibit a portion of the head behind his ear. In like manner, the broad margin of the lens on his right hand will shew the right ear much more expanded than it should be, and also a considerable portion of the head beyond that ear. For the same reason, the upper and the under margins, and all the other margins of the lenses, will exhibit portions of the figure in vertical and all other planes, which ought not to be seen at all. When these two pictures, therefore, are united by the stereoscope, the resultant portrait is anything but an accurate or an agreeable representation of the individual. Hence, it is obvious, that semi-lenses, such as those in the binocular camera, will give better binocular portraits than the whole lenses of the same diameter, because the effects which we have described will be reduced in the proportion of 2 to 1 in all *horizontal sections* of the solid, the most influential sections in binocular vision. But, though semi-lenses have this advantage, their area is still too large, and photographic portraiture can be perfected only by a very great reduction in the area of the lenses employed. For statues, busts, and buildings, where quickness in the photographic process is not necessary, we should use exceedingly small lenses, and thus obtain very accurate representations of that class of objects.

Having obtained a camera fitted to give good monocular pictures, the next step is to apply it to take binocular ones. After determining the best aspect for the portrait, that is the distance and line of direction at which it should be taken, the camera must be placed in succession on each side of the line of direction, and at equal angular distances from it; or if we use two cameras, this line of direction must bisect the line of direction of the two cameras. If we call D the distance of the object from the camera, d the distance between the eyes, and A the angle subtended by the distance d, at the distance D or at the object, we shall have

$$\text{tang } \tfrac{1}{2} \text{ A} = \frac{d}{\text{D}} \text{ and making } d = 2\tfrac{1}{2} \text{ inches,}$$

we shall obtain the following values of A, or the inclination of the two lines of direction of the camera, in order to obtain pictures of the solid as seen by each eye.

Distance of the Camera from the object.	Angle formed by the two directions of the Camera.
5 feet	23° 32′
6	19 42
7	16 56
8	14 50
9	13 12
10	11 54
12	9 56
15	7 57
18	6 37
20	5 58

Having obtained the binocular portraits or pictures, the next step is to unite them, so as to reproduce the original solid. This may be done either by the eyes alone, or by a stereoscope. When we do it by the eyes alone, we must place the picture as seen by the left eye on the right side, and the picture as seen by the right eye on the left side; and if we have not the power of doubling each of the pictures by squinting, so as

to cause the two middle ones of the four to unite into one, we must do it by looking at an object nearer the eye, while we at the same time look at the two pictures. The best method, however, is to unite them with the stereoscope.

The only stereoscopic apparatus, in so far as we know, that was ever constructed for sale till recently, is that of Mr. Wheatstone. It is an apparatus rather than an instrument, and consists of two glass mirrors, each of which is *four* inches long by *three and a quarter* broad, placed at right angles to each other. The two binocular pictures are placed 16 inches from each other, so that each of them is about 7 inches from the centre of the corresponding mirror, the line joining the centre of the picture and the centre of its mirror, forming an angle of 45° with the mirror's surface. The nose of the observer being placed at the angle where the mirrors meet, each eye sees the reflected image of the picture in the mirror opposite to it, and the pictures are thus united into one, and rise into relief. We have seen this apparatus so made as to be easily taken to pieces and put into a box to render it portable; but the trouble of taking it down and putting it up again, makes it unavailable for popular use. The apparatus indeed, 16½ inches long, by 6 inches broad, which we have now before us, as made by Ross, under the direction of Mr. Wheatstone, and which cost, we believe, 25 or 30 shillings, is so awkward and unportable, that it never excited any general interest. Besides these disadvantages of size and shape, it has many others, such as, the difficulty of getting the pictures equally illuminated, the loss of half the light by reflexion from the mirrors, and the doubling of the lines of the pictures by the two surfaces of the glass. The last of these indeed, might have been avoided by making the mirrors of black glass, which would have darkened the picture much more, or of speculum metal, which would have made the apparatus too expensive.

It was under these circumstances that Sir David Brewster invented the *Lenticular Stereoscope*, which has been ignorantly called a modification of Mr. Wheatstone's, to which it has not the slightest resemblance in any one of its features. It is the only instrument, indeed, in optics, in which *semi-lenses* or *quarter lenses* were ever used for the purposes of vision, and by this means a single lens which costs only twopence, unless when it is achromatic, is sufficient to make two lenticular stereoscopes. In this way, too, a pair of stereoscopic spectacles suggested by Sir David Brewster, as a substitute for the stereoscope, could be made for *threepence* or *fourpence*, and yield a good profit to the manufacturer.* He constructed also a stereoscope consisting merely of the two semi-lenses, or quarter lenses, fixed in a piece of tin, and at the point between these lenses was soldered a rod of tin, upon which the binocular pictures, having a hole between them, could be moved. An instrument of this kind did not cost more than threepence or fourpence. In employing Daguerreotype pictures, it was necessary to exclude the light, and the stereoscope was, therefore, made in the form of a pyramidal box, with two eye-pieces, containing the lenses. These eye-pieces were originally made to approach or separate, in order to accommodate themselves to eyes at different distances, and the instrument had a movable bottom which, when taken out, enabled the observer to apply the instrument to objects that would not slide into its base. This was the form of the instrument constructed in brass, by Mr. Loudon, optician, Dundee, and it was from this model that M. Soleil constructed the beautiful stereoscopes of which he sent such numbers to London. In the lenticular stereoscope there is almost no loss of light, and it has the peculiar property of *magnifying the pictures at the same time that it combines them.* Besides this lenticular stereoscope, Sir David Brewster has described several others, one of which, namely, *The Total Reflexion Stereoscope*, deserves to be noticed, from its possessing the remarkable property of creating, by total reflexion, from a prism, one of the two binocular pictures to be combined. The created picture of the solid, seen by one eye, is obtained from the other picture, and is united with that other picture, as seen by the direct vision of the right eye.

Having thus given a brief account, and as popular a one as we can, without diagrams, of the history, principle, and construction of the stereoscope, we shall now endeavour to point out its application to the arts of portraiture and sculpture. After describing the manner of obtaining "dissimilar pictures of living bodies," buildings, natural scenery, machines, and objects of all kinds of three dimensions, and reproducing them by the stereoscope, so as to give the most correct idea of some of these objects to those who could not understand them in drawings of the greatest accuracy, Sir David Brewster thus concludes his article on the Binocular Camera:—

"The art which we have now described can-

* We have now before us excellent spectacles made in Birmingham, with good lenses and good frames, at the retail price of four shillings a dozen, or fourpence each!

not fail to be regarded as of inestimable value to the sculptor, the painter, and the mechanist, whatever be the nature of his production, in three dimensions. Lay figures will no longer mock the eye of the painter. He may delineate, at leisure, on his canvas, the forms of life and beauty stereotyped by the solar ray, and reconverted into the substantial objects from which they were obtained,—brilliant with the same lights, and chastened with the same shadows as the originals. The sculptor will work with similar advantages. Superficial forms will stand before him in three dimensions, and while he summons into view the living realities from which they were taken, he may avail himself of the labours of all his predecessors, of Pericles as well as of Canova; and he may virtually carry in his portfolio, the mighty lions and bulls of Nineveh, the gigantic sphinxes of Egypt, the Apollos and Venuses of Grecian art, and all the statuary and sculpture which adorn the galleries and museums of civilized nations."

The celebrated French painter, M. Delaroche, has pointed out the advantages which photography gives to his own art. He considers it as "carrying to such perfection certain of the essential principles of art that they must become subjects of study and observation even to the most accomplished artist. The finish of inconceivable minuteness disturbs in no respect the repose of the masses, nor impairs in any manner the general effect. The correctness of the lines, and the precision of the forms in the designs of M. Daguerre, are as perfect as it is possible they can be, and yet, at the same time, we discover in them a broad and energetic manner, and a whole equally rich in tone as in effect. The painter will obtain, by this process, a quick method of making collections of studies which he could not otherwise procure without much time and labour, and in a style very far inferior, whatever in other respects might be his talents." If such, in the estimation of so competent a judge, be the advantages of photographic pictures on a plane surface, how great must be the benefit which stereoscopic photography confers upon the artist! Binocular Daguerreotypes or Talbotypes of the human face, taken under all the conditions of repose and of muscular action, and reconverted into the original solid, give a new power to the portrait and the historical painter. In place of drawing from the living object, whose different attitudes and positions he cannot, by any contrivance fix, till they are delineated, he will draw from innumerable forms fixed, as if by death, and yet exhibiting the vigour and plumpness of life. Instead of trying to catch with his pencil those evanescent and ever-varying forms, which give beauty and expression to the living subject, but whose shades and shadows are ever shifting, as the day advances, or as the clouds are dispersed, he may study the same forms under a fixed shadow, which neither time nor circumstances can change. The plane pictures indeed, which are thus combined into solid forms, may be supposed more suited for imitation than his own drawings from the solid; but this would be to copy merely the solar picture, and not to improve himself by appealing directly to the living subject. From the stereoscopic art, too, the historical painter would derive great advantage. Groups of living figures might be taken binocularly, and reproduced for his study and imitation.*

But it is to the sculptor that the reproduction of statues from their binocular representations will be of most avail. In order to master the difficulties of his art, the sculptor must have before him, as studies, either casts or drawings of those great works of art which have immortalized their authors. The one he cannot procure, and he must therefore travel to foreign lands or to distant parts of his own country to make drawings of these works of art. However great be his powers of delineation he will find it a difficult task to record those beautiful forms and expressions on which their beauty depends. If the sun shines into the gallery where he works, even though his rays are not incident upon the statue, its shadows will not only correspond with numerous points of illumination, but will be varying every minute as the sun advances in the heavens, and as his rays fall upon objects in the apartment reflecting different quantities of light, and differently inclined to his own locality. Even in a day without sun the shadows upon his statue will imperceptibly change, and with whatever accuracy he may draw its outline he will find it impossible to transfer to his tablet those delicately convex and concave forms which can be appreciated and measured only by the length and nature of their shadows. We hold it therefore to be impossible to copy a statue, which it requires a day or a considerable portion of time to finish,—we mean, of course, to take such a copy that the artist can use it in his studio to observe the nice details of the original, and to transfer them in their real or modified character to some analogous work of art in which he is engaged. In this predicament the art of photography comes powerfully to his aid, and at one instant of time he may procure views of the statue in all its different aspects, and

* The same observations are, *mutatis mutandis*, applicable to landscape painting, where distance of space from the eye can be represented by the union of binocular pictures.

with all the shadows which variegate its surface; and by taking pictures in each aspect, by means of the binocular camera, with the smallest possible aperture, he may take right and left eyed representations of it which, when combined stereoscopically, will enable him to draw from this temporary statue all the forms of its parts with their fixed shadows, and thus to transfer to his own work the ideas which it is so well calculated to supply. We have already said that a French sculptor has upon such principles, and with such auxiliaries, actually modelled a statue. In taking busts and statues from the *living* subject the sculptor will derive pre-eminent advantage. Double pictures of the whole or of any portion of the subject may be taken and raised into relief, and from such pictures executed on one side of the globe, an artist on the other side may produce an admirable statue. The dying and the dead may thus be modelled without the rude contact of a mask, and those noble forms preserved, which affection, or gratitude, or patriotism has endeared.

But if such are the advantages which this new auxiliary to art gives to the painter and the sculptor, how are we to estimate the boon which it confers on society and on the domestic circle? We have endeavoured, in another place, to describe these advantages in reference solely to monocular photogenic pictures which represent external scenery and living objects upon a plane surface: but when we read this description, under the conviction that the scenes, and objects, and persons which are named or referred to, may, or might have been reproduced from binocular photographs, and displayed to the eye in true retiring perspective, or in the relievo forms of life and beauty, it will appeal to the judgment and the affections in a deeper tone, and with a more powerful influence.

"How limited," we have elsewhere said, "is our present knowledge of the architectural glories of other nations—of the ruined grandeur of former ages—of the gigantic ranges of the Himalaya and the Andes, and of the enchanting scenery of lakes, and rivers, and valleys, and cataracts, and volcanoes which occur throughout the world. Excepting by the labours of some travelling artists, we know them only through the sketches of hurried visitors, tricked up with false and ridiculous additions which are equally mockeries of nature and of art. But when the photographer has prepared his truthful tablet, and 'held his mirror up to nature,' she is taken captive in all her sublimity and beauty; and faithful images of her grandest, her loveliest, and her minutest features are presented to her most distant worshippers, and become the objects of a new and fascinating idolatry. The hallowed remains which faith has consecrated in the land of Palestine, the scene of our Saviour's youth, and pilgrimage, and miracles—the endeared spots where he drew his first and his latest breath, the hills and valleys of the holy city—the giant flanks of Horeb, and the awe-inspiring peaks of Mount Sinai, will be displayed to the Christian's eye in the deep lines of truth, and appeal to his heart with all the powerful associations of an immortal interest. With feelings more subdued will the antiquary and the architect study the fragments of Egyptian, Assyrian, Grecian, and Roman grandeur—the pyramids, the temples, the aqueducts, and the obelisks of other ages. Every stone, every inscription, will exhibit to them its outline and its story. The gray moss will lift its hoary frond, and the fading hieroglyphics will utter their faltering voice and tell their mysterious tale. The fields of ancient and of modern warfare will unfold themselves to the soldier's eye in faithful perspective and unerring outline; while in his fancy reanimated squadrons will again form on the plains of Marathon, and occupy the gorge of Thermopylae.

"But it is not merely the rigid forms of art and of external nature—the mere outlines and sub-divisions of space, that are thus fixed and recorded. The self-delineated landscape is seized at one epoch of time, and is embalmed amid all the co-existing events of the social and physical world. If the sun shines, his rays throw their gilding over the scene. If the gentle shower descends, the earth and the trees glisten with its varnish. If the wind blows, we see in the partially obliterated foliage the amount of its agitation. If the air is nearly at rest, the indistinctness of the aspen leaf measures the zephyr's breath. The objects of still life, too, give animation to the scene. The streets display their stationary chariots, the esplanade its military array, and the market place its colloquial groups, while the fields and the woodlands are studded with the various forms and attitudes of life. In this manner are the incidents of time and the forms of space simultaneously recorded. Every picture becomes an authentic chapter in the history of the world, and the direction and the length of the shadow of the spire marks the season, while the shadow of the dial's gnomon points to the hour when nature has been caught in her charms.

"In considering the relations of photography to the art of portraiture, we are dis-

posed to give it a still higher rank. Could we now see in photogenic light and shade, Demosthenes launching his thunder against Macedon, or Brutus at Pompey's statue, bending over the bleeding Cæsar, or Paul preaching at Athens, or Him whom we must not name, in godlike attitude and celestial beauty, proclaiming good will to man—with what rapture would we gaze on impersonations so exciting and divine! The heroes and sages of ancient times, mortal though they were, would thus have been embalmed with more than Egyptian skill, and the forms of life and beauty, and the lineaments of glowing affections and intellectual power, the real incarnations of immortal man, would have replaced the hideous fragments of royal mortality scarcely saved from corruption.

"But even within the narrower though not less hallowed sphere of the affections, where the magic names of kindred and home are inscribed, what a thrilling interest do the realities of photography excite! In the transition forms of their offspring which link infancy with manhood, the parent will observe the traces of his own mortality, and in the successive phases which mark the sunset of life, the child in his turn will read the lesson that his pilgrimage too is destined to close.

"Nor are these delineations interesting only from their minute accuracy, or their moral influence. They are instinct with associations at once vivid and endearing:—Sensibilities peculiarly touching connect the picture with its original:—It was the very light which radiated from the hallowed brow, the identical gleam which lighted up the speaking eye, the pallid hue which hung upon the marble cheek, that pencilled the cherished image, and fixed themselves for ever there."

The subject of binocular vision is by no means restricted to the recombination of *dissimilar* plane pictures into the original solids which they represent. The union of *similar* pictures forms an interesting branch of binocular optics, and has been treated of with great fulness by Sir David Brewster in the article "On the Knowledge of Distance given by Binocular Vision." This class of phenomena are best seen by using a numerous series of plane figures, such as those of flowers, or geometrical patterns upon paper hangings or carpets. These figures being always at equal distances from one another, and almost perfectly equal and similar, the coalescence of any pair of them, effected by directing the optic axis to a point between the paper-hanging and the eye, is accompanied by the coalescence of every other pair. If we therefore look at a papered wall without pictures, or doors, or windows, at the distance of three feet, and unite two of the figures—flowers for example—at the distance of twelve inches from each other, the whole wall will appear covered with flowers as before, but as each flower is composed of two flowers united at the point of convergence of the optical axes, *the whole papered wall, with all its flowers*, (in place of being seen, as in ordinary vision, at the distance of *three* feet,) *is seen suspended in the air at the distance of six inches from the observer.* At first the observer does not decide upon the distance of the suspended wall from himself. It generally advances from the wall to its new position, and when it has taken its place it has a very singular character. The surface of it seems slightly curved. It has a silvery transparent aspect. It is more beautiful than the real paper, and it moves with the slightest motion of the head. If the observer, who is now three feet from the wall, retires farther from it, the suspended wall of flowers will follow him, moving farther and farther from the real wall, and also, but very slightly, farther and farther from the observer. When the observer stands still, and the picture is suspended before him, he may stretch out his hand and place it on the other side of the picture or wall, and even hold a candle on the other side of it, so as to satisfy himself that the suspended paper wall stands between his hand and himself.* This is a true pseudoscopic phenomenon, in which the nearest of two objects appears the most distant.

In looking attentively at this picture some of the flowers have the appearance of real flowers. In some the stalk retires from the plane of the picture; in others it rises above it; one leaf will come farther out than another; one coloured portion, *red* for example, will be more in relief than the blue, and the flower will then appear thicker and more solid, resembling a real flower compressed, and deviating considerably from the plane representation of it as seen by one eye. All this arises from slight and accidental differences of distance in similar parts of the united figures. If the distance, for example, between two corresponding leaves is greater than the distance between other two corre-

* Errors in the construction of complex geometrical diagrams may be detected by this process. These errors, or rather unavoidable imperfections, arise partly from the points of the compasses sinking into different depths in the paper, and from the difficulty of making a number of lines pass through the same point. This effect is finely seen in the diagram of the homogeneous curve which forms plate IX. of Mr. Hay's work "On the Harmony of Form."

sponding leaves, then the two first, when united, will appear nearer the eye than the other two, and hence the appearance of a solid flower is partially given to the combination.

In surveying the suspended image another remarkable phenomenon often presents itself;—a part of one of the pieces of paper, and sometimes a whole stripe, from the roof to the floor, will retire behind the general plane of the image, as if there were a recess in the wall, or rise above it as if there were a projection, thus displaying on a large scale an imperfection in the workmanship which it would otherwise have been difficult to discover. This defect arises from the paper-hanger having cut off too much of the white margin of one or more of the adjoining stripes or pieces, or leaving too much of it, so that in the first case, when the two halves of a flower are joined together, part of the middle of the flower is left out, and hence when this defective flower is united binocularly with the one on the right hand of it, and the one on the left hand united with the defective one, the united or corresponding portion being at a less distance, will appear farther from the eye than those parts of the suspended image composed of complete flowers. The opposite effect will be produced when the two portions of the flowers are not brought together, but separated by a small space. We have, therefore, by means of this result, an accurate method of discovering defects in the workmanship of paper-hangers, carpet-makers, painters, and all artists whose profession it is to combine a series of similar patterns, in order to form a uniformly ornamented surface. The smallest defect in the similarity and equality of the figures or lines which compose a pattern, and any difference in the distance of single figures, is instantly detected, and, what is very remarkable, a small inequality of distance in a line perpendicular to the axis of vision, or in one dimension of space, is exhibited in a magnified form, as a distance coincident with the axis of vision, and in an opposite dimension of space.

A little practice will enable the observer to realize, and to maintain the singular binocular picture which replaces the real one. The occasional retention of the picture after one eye is closed, and even after both have been closed and reopened, shews the influence of time over the dissolution, as well as over the creation of this class of phenomena. On some occasions a singular effect is produced, which is thus described by Sir David Brewster:—"When the flowers on the paper are distant six inches, we may either unite *two six* inches distant, or *two twelve* inches distant. In the latter case, when the eyes have been accustomed to survey the suspended picture, I have found, that after shutting and opening them, I neither saw the picture formed by the two flowers, twelve inches distant, nor the papered wall itself, but a picture formed, by uniting all the flowers *six* inches distant! The binocular centre (the point to which the optic axes converged, and consequently the locality of the picture) had shifted its place, and instead of advancing to the wall, as is generally the case, and giving an ordinary vision of the wall, it advanced exactly as much as to unite the nearest flowers, just as in a ratchet wheel the detent stops one tooth at a time; or, to speak more correctly, the binocular centre advanced in order to relieve the eyes from their strain, and when the eyes were opened, it had just reached that point which corresponded with the union of the flowers *six* inches distant."

The phenomenon of a suspended paper wall removed *beyond* the real wall, would be exhibited, could we fix the binocular centre on a point beyond the wall, so as to unite the flowers as before. The opacity of the wall does not permit this, but we may make the same experiment by looking through transparent patterns cut out of paper, or metal, or a particular kind of trellis work, or windows with small lozenges; but the readiest pattern is the cane bottom of a chair placed upon a table, the height of the eye, with the cane bottom in a vertical plane. If the observer, pressing his two hands against the cane bottom, directs his optic axes to a point beyond the chair, or doubles the picture of the cane bottom till he unites the open patterns, as he formerly did the flowers, he will then see the cane bottom suspended in front of the real cane bottom upon which his hands press, and which is absolutely invisible. He *actually feels what he does not see, and sees what he does not feel.* If he feels the real cane bottom all over, with the palms of his hands, the result will be the same. No knowledge derived from touch, no measurement of real distances, no actual demonstration from previous or subsequent vision, that there is a real body which his hands touch, and nothing at all where he sees it, can remove or even shake the infallible conviction of the sense of sight, that the cane bottom is *where he sees it*, and at the distance at which he sees it.

In the body of his paper, Sir David Brewster states it as a remarkable circumstance, that no examples have been recorded of false estimates of the distance of near objects, in consequence of the accidental binocular union of similar images; but after his paper had

been read, the two following interesting cases, given in an appendix, were communicated to him :—

"A gentleman who had taken too much wine saw, when in a papered room, the wall suspended near him in the air." . . . . "Some years ago," says Dr. Christison, in a letter to the author, "when I resided in a house, where several rooms are papered, with rather formally recurring patterns, and one, in particular, with stars only, I used, occasionally, to be much plagued with the wall suddenly standing out upon me, and waving, as you describe, with the movements of the head. I was sensible that the cause was an error as to the point of union of the visual axes of the two eyes; but I remember it sometimes cost me a considerable effort to rectify the error; and I found that the best way was to increase still more the deviation in the first instance. As this accident occurred most frequently while I was recovering from a severe attack of fever, I thought my near-sighted eyes were threatened with some new mischief; and this opinion was justified in finding, that after removal to my present house,—where, however, the papers have no very formal patterns,—no such occurrence has ever taken place. The reason is now easily understood from your researches."—*Edin. Trans.* vol. xv. p. 675.

From this department of binocular vision some practical results may be deduced. In the decoration of apartments, both private and public, and in the dresses both of males and females, patterns, consisting of the regular recurrence of small figures, or of narrow stripes, at short distances, should be carefully avoided; and when it is deemed necessary to adopt some regularly recurring figure, they should be placed at such a distance that the two nearest could not be readily united by the convergency of the optical axes. When the patterns consist of small squares, as in the plaid dresses now so common, the observer cannot avoid uniting some of these squares, and thus causing a portion of the dress, and consequently of the part which it covers, to bulge out beyond its proper place. In such cases the eyes are distracted by the sight, and actually suffer pain in the vision of surfaces so unnecessarily subdivided.

Hitherto we have studied the union of dissimilar and similar figures viewed in a direction perpendicular to the plane in which they are drawn, but a series of very curious results have been recently published by Sir David Brewster, on the union of the images of lines meeting at an angular point, when the eye is placed at different heights above the plane of the paper, and at different distances from the angular point. In these experiments, two lines, or two binocular or plane pictures, forming an angle with each other, can be united by the eye or by the stereoscope, so as to exhibit a single object inclined at any angle we choose, on the ground on which they appear, from 90° to 180°, their apparent magnitude diminishing as they advance towards the end of their quadrantal motion. This remarkable effect, which cannot be well explained without diagrams, admits of being made a very popular exhibition.*

It would be unprofitable to devote any more of our space to this branch of the subject. Those who have occupied themselves with the study of binocular vision, have necessarily observed many phenomena which, though highly interesting, it would be too tedious to describe. Sir David Brewster has indicated in the following passage several of these phenomena, which others may have also seen, and which, no doubt, will be brought forward by subsequent observers as new discoveries :—"In the course," says he, "of the investigation which I have now brought to a close, I have had occasion to observe several interesting phenomena which it would be out of place to describe at present. They relate partly to the effects produced by uniting unequal and dissimilar pictures which have a tendency to represent incompatible solids;—to the union of dissimilar pictures where the parts of the solid lie wholly or principally in a plane perpendicular to a line joining the eyes and the object, and to the plane of the optic axes;†—to the union of pictures, one of which is more or less turned round in its own plane;—to the phenomena exhibited by uniting the images of two similar real solids, the one elevated and the other depressed; to the union of dissimilar plane figures which should at the same time give a solid in relief, and in the converse of relief;‡ and to the union of portions of dissimilar figures, those which are wanting in the one figure existing in the other. Among the singular effects produced under these various conditions, nothing is more remarkable than the tendency or desire, as it were, of the eyes to unite and fix the two pictures hovering before them, and convert them into some figure of three dimensions, (sometimes in relief, sometimes in the converse, sometimes in both at the same time); and the suddenness with which the images start into union, give birth to a solid figure, on which the optic axes are con-

* *Edinburgh Transactions*, vol. xv. pp. 667–671.

† Such as the magnified teeth of a saw or a thin section of a hexagonal prism, whose axis is parallel to a line joining the eyes and the object.

‡ In order to produce simultaneously this double effect, the lines of the pyramid, for example, which are to give the converse of relief, should be fainter than the other lines, or in different and feebler colours.

verged,—and release the eyes from that unnatural condition in which they had previously been placed."

We come now to another branch of the subject of binocular vision, which possesses a very high degree of interest, namely, what has been improperly called the converse or conversion of relief, an effect which is shewn in the conversion of cameos into intaglios, and of intaglios into cameos, by inverted vision either with one or two eyes. This subject has been hitherto treated as one of monocular vision, but the influence of two eyes over the phenomena has been recently studied by Sir David Brewster in his paper "On the Conversion of Relief by Inverted Vision." It had hitherto been believed, that the first notice of the remarkable fact of the conversion of an intaglio or hollow seal, into a cameo or a raised one, was published in the *Philosophical Transactions* by Dr. Philip Gmelin of Wurtemberg in 1744; but we have found a very interesting account of the principal phenomena in Aguilonius's *Opticorum Sex Libri* already referred to. After proving that convex and concave surfaces appear plane when seen at a considerable distance, he then goes on to shew that the same surface when seen at a moderate distance frequently appear *converse*, that is the concave convex, and the convex concave. This conversion of forms, he says, is often seen in the globes or balls which are fixed on the walls of fortifications, and he ascribes the phenomena to the circumstance of the mind being imposed upon, by not knowing in what direction the light which illuminates the body reaches it. He states, that a concavity differs from a convexity only in this respect, that if the shadow is on the same side as that from which the light comes it is a concavity, and if it is on the opposite side it is a convexity. Aguilonius remarks also, that in pictures imitating nature, a similar mistake is committed as to the form of surfaces. He supposes that a circle is drawn upon a table and shaded on one side, so as to represent a convex or a concave surface: when this shaded circle is seen at a great distance it appears a plane surface, notwithstanding the shadow which it contains. But if we view it at a short distance, and suppose the light to come from the same side as the part not in shadow, the plane circle will appear to be convex, and if we suppose the light to come from the same side as the shaded part, the circle will appear to be a concavity.

In these experiments of Aguilonius the mind alone acts, and deceives us. There is no physical change in the conditions of the light or of the eye of the observer, such as we shall have presently to consider. Sir David Brewster, who had not seen the observations of Aguilonius which are now here published for the first time in English, and which have been noticed by no writer on the subject either foreign or domestic, made a number of experiments on the influence of the mind in thus deceiving itself, not upon artificially shaded planes as Aguilonius did, but upon real concavities and convexities, and obtained some singular results. "If we take," says he, "one of the intaglio moulds (about three or four inches long) used for making the bas-relief of that able artist Mr. Henning, and direct the eye to it steadily without noticing surrounding objects, we may coax ourselves into the belief that the intaglio is actually a bas-relief. It is difficult at first to produce the deception, but a little practice never fails to accomplish it. We have succeeded in carrying this deception so far, as to be able by the eye alone to raise a complete *hollow* mask of the human face (the size of life) into a projecting head. In order to do this we must exclude the vision of other objects, and also the margin or thickness of the cast. This experiment cannot fail to produce a very great degree of surprise to those who succeed in it; and it will, no doubt, be regarded by the sculptor, who can use it, as a great auxiliary in his art."*

This remarkable phenomenon was observed by the same author in four other cases where the mind and the unassisted eye of the observer were alone employed. In the mineral called *Hammered Agate*, the name is derived from the dimples or apparently concave round spots which cover it, as if they had been produced by the blows of a hammer. The concavity of these spots arises from the edge *opposite to the light* being always the most luminous, and as this can take place only in concavities, these spots have the appearance of being hollow. The same thing takes place on whatever side we place the light. The same fact is frequently exhibited by the round sections of knots in highly polished tables of mahogany and other woods. When the eye is placed so that the line joining it and the knot forms a great angle with the surface of the table, the side next the light is dark, while the side opposite to it is light, and consequently the section of the knot appears to be hollow.† The same thing is finely seen in mother-of-pearl. Owing to this property of transparent bodies, it is obvious that in alabaster and partially transparent marble busts, a de-

* *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, Jan. 1826, vol. iv. p. 108.

† Ibid. p. 106. In the passage here referred to there is a mistake respecting the side of the knot, which the intelligent reader will easily correct.

pression and elevation cannot be too truly represented, an observation which merits the attention of the sculptor. Other two illusions of an analogous character are described in the same paper. In one of these, the clustered columns of a Gothic pillar sunk into hollow fluting, and in another, a field of wheat viewed through an erecting telescope, when illuminated by the setting sun, exhibited the strange appearance of having been trenched, and of the wheat growing in the trenches as well as upon the elevated beds between them, an effect which would have perplexed the painter had such a conversion of form formed part of his picture. Another example of this class of illusions is given by Dr. Joseph Wolff in his Journal.* "Lady Georgiana," says he, "observed a curious optical deception in the sand about the middle of the day, when the sun was strong; *all the foot-prints and other marks that are indented in the sand, had the appearance of being raised out of it;* at these times there was such a glare that it was unpleasant for the eye."

Dr. Gmelin of Wurtemberg, describes these illusions as seen under a different condition. He had learned from a friend, "that if a common seal was applied to the focus of a compound microscope or optical tube, which has two or three convex or plano-convex lenses, that part which is cut the deepest in it would appear very convex, and so on the contrary; and that sometimes, but very seldom, it would appear in the same state as to the naked eye." Dr. Gmelin found these results to be true, and he extended them considerably. He found, however, that friends who assisted him saw often the very converse of what he saw, and that on a darker day he could not see what he had seen the day before. He concluded, however, that all these fallacies were owing to shadow, and "that when the raised object was so placed between the windows that *it must be illuminated on all sides*, it did not change its convexity. Mr. Rittenhouse, in 1780, explained these illusions by the inversion of the shadow by means of the inverting eye-tube. He used an eye-piece with two lenses placed at a distance greater than the sum of their focal lengths, and "by throwing a reflected light on the cavities observed, in a direction opposite to that of the light which came from his window, he was able to see them raised into elevations by looking through a tube without any lens. This, however, was still seeing them by inverted vision, for he inverted the shadows, though his tube did not invert the objects themselves.

Our limits will not permit us to describe the various interesting changes, apparently very capricious, which take place by introducing into the field of view, a pin whose shadow shews a new direction of the illuminating body, or by combining the sensations of touch with those of vision.* We shall confine ourselves to a notice of the *Single* and the *Binocular Cameoscope*, for converting cameos into intaglios, and generally for altering, optically, the forms and inverting the distances of bodies. The *Single cameoscope* consists of two lenses, achromatic if possible, of short focus, placed like the optical tube of Gmelin, at nearly the sum of their focal distances. If the lenses are equal they will have no magnifying power, and if magnifying power is desired, one of the lenses must have a shorter focus than the other. With this instrument convex bodies appear concave, and concave convex, near objects are placed at a distance, and many other illusions are produced which are very interesting. The *Binocular Cameoscope* consists of two of these little inverting telescopes placed together exactly like a double opera glass, so that whatever is seen by the one is seen by the other. With this instrument we combine the effects produced by the inversion of the solid with the stereoscopic effect arising from the binocular pictures which are combined by the instrument We observe in the newspapers that an instrument to which Mr. Wheatstone gives the name of Pseudoscope is advertised for sale, and we see in the article already referred to in the Illustrated News, that it shews the same effects as those which are shewn in the cameoscope. We have now before us one of these pseudoscopes, but we have seen no other account of it but the notice of its effects. It is a most capricious and unsatisfactory instrument, which often fails to shew what it ought to shew. It seems to us to differ in nothing from the cameoscope excepting that the inversion of the objects and their double pictures are produced by two reflecting prisms in place of lenses, the inversion of the prisms being an inversion only in a direction parallel to the line joining the eyes of the observer, whereas in the *binocular cameoscope* the inversion is in every direction. The inversion of the picture by means of prisms is precisely the same as that which is used in the *total reflec-*

* Journal, 1839, p. 189

* An account of these experiments will be found in Sir David Brewster's Letters *on Natural Magic*, and the theory of the conversion of relief, in his Memoir on that subject, referred to in the list at the head of this article.

tion stereoscope already referred to. It is not easy to get two prisms properly ground to throw the two images exactly together. In the instrument which we recently got from a skilful London optician, not only was one of the prisms made of glass filled with striæ, but owing to the incorrect position of the rectangular faces of the two prisms, the one image could not be brought to lie upon the other. An instrument with lenses is therefore much more appropriate and correct.

In our list of papers at the head of this article we have referred to one on the *chromatic stereoscope*. When we look at the coloured boundary lines of a map through the opposite edges of a reading glass 2½ inches in diameter or more, the lines rise in relief from the paper. Sir David Brewster was thus led to construct *chromatic stereoscopes* in which relief was obtained by difference of colour alone. The same relief takes place in unassisted vision, but in a much less degree. The effect, however, is such as to hold out an important lesson to the artist in the management of his colours, as he must take care to make them correspond with the distance of the parts of the picture to which they are applied. We expect to see binocular pictures for the lenticular stereoscope executed by Mr. Baxter's beautiful process of oil painting, as well as other pictures for exhibiting the curious effects of the chromatic stereoscope.

The laws of binocular vision, when studied in all their generality, throw much light upon many physical and metaphysical questions of high importance. They enable us to place in its true light the celebrated theory of vision on which Bishop Berkeley reared the ideal philosophy of which he was the founder; and they give us powerful aid in explaining many physical phenomena which have baffled the ingenuity of philosophers. It would be out of place to give any account of these at present, but there is one so remarkable, and at the same time so instructive as to merit special notice. In order to exhibit solids in relief, and hollow at the same time, Sir David Brewster effected this by three drawings in the same straight line, so executed that the left hand one and the middle one gave the *hollow cone*, and the middle one and the right hand one the *raised cone*. The cones having their summits truncated exhibit circles either at the bottom of the hollow, or at the top of the raised cone, and when these are placed in an *open lenticular stereoscope*, so that we can see not only the hollow and the raised cones, but the flat drawing on each side of them, we are enabled to give an ocular and experimental proof of the cause of the large size of the horizontal moon, of her small size when in the meridian at a high altitude, and of her intermediate apparent magnitude at an intermediate altitude.

As the summit of the raised cone *appears* to be nearest the eye of the observer, the summit of the hollow cone farthest off, and that of the flat drawing on each side at an intermediate distance, these distances will represent the apparent distance of the moon in the zenith of the elliptical celestial vault, in the horizon, and at an altitude of 45°. The circular summits thus seen are in reality exactly of the same size, and at the same distance from the eye, and are therefore precisely in the same circumstances as the moon in the three positions already mentioned. If we now contemplate them in the lenticular stereoscope, we shall see the circular summit of the hollow cone the *largest*, like the *horizontal* moon, because it seems at the *greatest* distance from the eye; the circular summit of the *raised* cone the *smallest*, because it appears at the *least* distance, like the *zenith* moon; and the circular summit of the cones on each of an *intermediate* size; like the moon at an altitude of 45°, because their distance from the eye is intermediate. This effect will be distinctly seen, by placing three small wafers of the same size and colour on the square summits of the drawings of the cones or four-sided pyramids. No change is produced in the apparent magnitude of these circles by making one or more of them less bright than the rest, and hence we see the incorrectness of the explanation of the size of the horizontal moon, as given by Dr. Berkeley.

The only other topic which the subject of this article requires us to notice is what has been called *Binocular Perspective*, in an ingenious article under that name, by James Hall, Esq., in the Art Journal. Mr. Hall is well acquainted with the laws of distinct vision, and of single vision with two eyes, but in his application of them to painting and perspective he has not succeeded in giving "the true theory of a picture, which he is convinced has *never yet* been expounded." Before we can determine its true theory, we must first decide what a picture is—a landscape, for example. It is a portion of natural scenery which we see and survey in all its parts. We might see it by directing both eyes to a feature in its centre, without moving them, or the point of convergence of their axes, from a fixed position. In such a case the theory of the picture would be, that this central feature would alone be seen *singly* and distinctly, while every other point would be seen double and indistinct,—indistinct from the duplication of the lines, and

indistinct from the different distances of its parts from the eye. The lines of the painting, though known to be double, are never seen double, and therefore can be expressed only by a particular kind of indistinctness which we have tried in vain to observe, and which we believe no artist can convey to his canvas. But supposing that he could, his foreground would be exceedingly blurred and indistinct; curious optical phenomena, arising from the intersection of the curved and rectilineal branches of trunks of trees, would characterize the right and left sides of the foreground, and something quite ridiculous would be the result of such a combination. The middle and the background would display similar combinations of light and shadow, and the picture, when completed, could be tolerated only when the spectator placed himself before it, and looked at the canvas in the very way in which the artist had viewed and painted it. But when we look at nature in her grandeur and beauty, the eyes range with the rapidity of lightning over all its parts, converging its optical axes upon every point, readjusting their focus to each point in succession, now admiring the cloud-capt tower, now the gorgeous palace, now the picturesque hamlet, now the cattle grazing in the meadow, now the stream and the waterfall, now the impending boughs and the gigantic trunks which almost overhang and touch him, now starting to the far distance, and taking cognizance of the evanescent outline which mingles with the sky. By an act of the memory, and the rapid return of the eye to renew the impression, he surveys and sees, in one field of view, the various parts of the scene with the same distinctness. Setting aside, therefore, all consideration of aerial perspective, it is the duty of the painter to delineate every part of the picture with the same distinctness with which he sees it, whether it be foreground, or middleground, or distance; and when such a picture is hung up, and the object of admiration, the observer runs his eye over all its parts, and obtains the very representation of the scene which was drawn by the artist.

So long ago as 1828, Mr. Hall drew up a paper on this subject for the Royal Society of Edinburgh, but never communicated it. The following is his own abstract of it; and such of our readers as wish to see copious extracts from the paper itself will find them in the Art Journal for March 1852:—

"The true theory of a picture I believe to be as follows: Having fixed upon a particular view of an object, at a distance calculated to show it off to the greatest advantage, let us imagine a vertical plane to pass through the principal part of the object chosen; a plane right opposite the spectator, and parallel to the line which joins the centres of his two eyes.

"All work, whether portrait, history, landscape, or miniature, ought, I conceive, to be *first constructed of the full size of life or nature* on this imaginary vertical plane passing through the principal part of the principal object, and so as to take into account the spectator's *two eyes*, which eyes are, of course, supposed to be adjusted for the principal object.*

"All due allowance being thus made for the two eyes, the next step, for either portrait or landscape, is to reduce the whole to a miniature, retaining all the duplications and 'regulated obscurities' in strictly the same proportions as in the large-scale picture.

"We have been taught heretofore that a picture is produced by intercepting the rays from an object to *one* of the spectator's eyes, upon a vertical plane interposed between the spectator and the object; which theory of *perspective*, though strictly demonstrable as any proposition in Euclid, for the circumstances supposed, has yet two capital defects. First, that its results are always necessarily less than the size of nature; and, secondly, that no account is taken of the spectator's two eyes, which is, however, one of the most important provisions in our economy for enabling us to judge of the relative distance and magnitude of near objects.

"The law of distinct and single vision with two eyes, by the concourse of the optic axes at any given point, has long been perfectly known, but its application to painting and perspective appears to have been hitherto entirely overlooked or evaded.

"The operation of the law to painting is chiefly upon the background and retiring portions in portrait and history, and chiefly upon the foreground in landscape; the foreground in landscape and the background in portrait being, respectively, amongst the greatest of all the difficulties and perplexities that embarrass the student, and even the practised master.

"The production of roundness and relief, in place of hardness and flatness, is chiefly the result of our using both our eyes in painting; which is likewise, I am persuaded, the key to the subordination of parts, or what the painters call 'breadth' and 'keeping,' and is one of the main secrets for the production of A WHOLE."

In perusing this passage, and the extracts from the original paper, it seems to us very manifest that Mr. Hall was well acquainted with the fact that the pictures in each eye of the artist were dissimilar, and that roundness and solidity were, as Harris remarks, the result of the union of the two dissimilar pictures.

* Mr. Hall has forgotten that when the eyes are directed to the principal object in the landscape, objects seen laterally will vanish and reappear in succession.

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D.* By his Son-in-law, the REV. WILLIAM HANNA, LL.D. Four volumes 8vo., 1850–52.

IT may well be supposed that the readers of the NORTH BRITISH REVIEW have already perused the volumes before us, or even if there should be a few exceptions, we shall not think ourselves called upon to turn out of our path on the account of such, and should feel it to be an impertinence to occupy the space allotted to this article in that manner which may be quite proper in ordinary instances, when volumes of memoirs come under review. *Our* readers, in this present instance, will not ask us either to furnish a condensed memoir of him who is the subject of these volumes, or to bring forward copious extracts from them, as samples of the matter which they contain. Such extracts from Dr. Hanna's pages as we may introduce will be selected with a view to a purpose of a more general kind.

Very little ambiguity can attach to those cases, rare as they must be, in which the man of an epoch comes to take his place in the company of historic persons: there can be little risk of mistake on any such occasion. Let it be supposed either that we were intending to compile the history of the country that boasts of him, during the period of his public life—such a history must bring forward his name on almost every page; or, on the other hand, if we were composing a memoir of the man—this biography could differ little from the history of his times; at least in relation to those of its interests with which principally he had to do.

Can we be wrong in saying that THOMAS CHALMERS was one of these EPOCH PERSONS—that he was the man whose mind and soul, whose energies and opinions, and whose public conduct, so impressed his personal image upon the religious and moral aspects of his country, as that his likeness can never be thence effaced, nor himself forgotten? A century or two hence it will not be that the name of CHALMERS has gone to its final resting-place in forgotten books. The youth of Scotland, some hundred years on, will not be putting any such question as this to their sires—"Thomas Chalmers!—who was he?" The religious cottager of Scotland's remotest glens, after a generation or two has passed away, will not need to be told that he owes an endless debt of love and reverence to the memory of Thomas Chalmers. None of these things will happen; or not unless social catastrophes shall in the interval sweep Scotland clean of its true heart, its fervent mind, and its retentive memory! Scotland, we think, will forget Chalmers when it has forgotten KNOX, and when it forgets the worthies of its age of martyrs; or to say what we mean in a word, when Scotland shall be Scotland no more.

In thus speaking, we (let the writer just say it) are not borne aloft above the level of sobriety by the prejudices of national feeling;—for *we* are not of North Britain; nor again do we lose sight of cold realities, blinded by exaggerated notions of Dr. Chalmers's merits, powers, or accomplishments, as a philosopher, or as a writer, or as a statesman. We shall use no disguise in showing our entire freedom from any such tumid suppositions, as to the precise place which should be assigned him in some of the above-named characters. There may be room here for differences of opinion, and our own opinion may differ a little, in certain respects, from that of his most ardent admirers, or of his countrymen generally; but among those—at least among any whose happiness it may have been to pass an entire day in his company, there will be no difference of opinion when we say—THOMAS CHALMERS was a Great Man. All the characteristics of genuine greatness marked him as he stood among others. It was not that he surpassed all men around him in pure intelligence, or in any single element of moral excellence; but, taken altogether, mind and heart, and visible bearing—you gave him involuntarily, and he naturally took, the foremost position in almost any assemblage of notable persons with whom he had to do. The unassumingness of a child did not avail to screen him from that homage of which he was the object. The admitted merits and talents of others, on the right hand or the left, did not render that homage ambiguous—did not abate it. There might often be men near him who surpassed him in talent, but they did not dislodge him, in the view of others, from his place.

All was harmony in CHALMERS's conformation. His figure and attitude very nearly accorded with the IDEAL of such a man, after Michael Angelo; and if it showed a rusticity to which that great artist would have applied his chisel, there was beneath the rugged surface a refinement, an intellectuality, to which only the hand of Raphaelle could have given expression. On an occasion dating not many days before his death, he stood in the midst of a company—urging an argument—with hands uplifted, just as a Michael Angelo, or a Raphaelle, might

have wished to catch him when in search of a study. With his broad build, and square massive contour—shoulders, cranium, *chevelure* and all, he seemed to take immovable possession of the ground that sustained his weight—not in elegant antithesis of limb to limb—not in easy mobile equipoise of the person, as if floating in air; but solidly, and as if really he had a muscular consciousness of the round world beneath him, and stood, statue-like, surmounting its great curvatures. Yet this man of mass and weight was flexible toward every human sympathy. He remembered you, even as to the items of your individual and domestic weal; he felt with you; and in a moment he was on your level; he was courteous as the most polished; genuine and sincere as the most home-bred. He was firm as man should be, loving as woman, transparent as a child.

We have said, that whatever abatements there might be room to make on certain grounds, THOMAS CHALMERS was a Great Man. And what does this greatness which we claim for him imply? It has these elements: *first*, it implies amplitude of soul in the three dimensions of height, depth, and breadth; and what we mean is this.—He who is great, intellectually, and morally, has a stature *loftier* than that of other men, so that he commands a clearer view of the high heavens above him; and, so that his thoughts tend thither, as if by a spontaneous upward gravitation. Leave him alone at any time, distract him not with the things of earth, let his soul go whither it would go—whither it is wont to go, and you will be sure to find that he is conversing with the upper world —that he has soared—not, indeed, as if to spurn the earth, but as if to bespeak his entrance upon heaven. That we may show that we do not thus speak of Chalmers at the impulse of a mindless inflation, we say his mind had this altitude more by moral instinct, or *tendency*, than absolutely by intellectual stature; and thus also *depth* was his. John Foster's depth was that which makes a man tranquilly at home while treading, or exploring, the lowest profound of sombre meditation. Chalmers's depth was not of this sort: he was far too buoyant in temper to follow easily where Foster went; but he could approach the brink of the abyss, and gaze into that chaos, long enough to bring thence a settled solemnity of spirit, an awe, a seriousness, that gave force to his every energy while labouring for the good of his fellow-men.

Breadth, that other characteristic of greatness, most conspicuously belonged to Chalmers, both in mind and heart. Whether or not we go with him in his doctrines, as a political economist, or as an ecclesiastical theorist, the view he took of social interests was always wide, comprehensive, statesmanlike. Right or wrong in his principles, it was never a narrow ground that he occupied: never was it a pinched-in aspect of things that held his attention. He thought of INSTITUTIONS with approval, or with disapproval, according to their bearing, in *his* view, upon the social system at large. In heart, and as to his sympathies, his benign affections, his hopeful temperament, his laborious benevolence, his scorning of selfish cavils, and over-caution, when good on a great scale might be done, or attempted, what breadth of soul was his! How wide was that bosom! So wide was it, that within its compass, thoughts and purposes embracing the welfare of the human family, found their constant home and lodgement! In breadth of soul, even more than in height or depth, Chalmers was great. Great, also, in that further characteristic, so constant in all the instances to which, with a spontaneous readiness, we apply the term: —that is to say, MOMENTUM. He to whom this property belongs, how mild soever he may be in temper, and even if he be sweet-natured as a child, yet inspires, among all around him, not merely respect and awe, but a sort of dread;—for one feels, that to stand in his path, or to hold up the hand, as if to beckon him to stop in his course, is to risk, for one's-self, the being crushed. A mass, ample in its dimensions, is in rapid movement;—it is speeding itself onward by its own forces:—it is power in progress: it will not easily be turned aside; it will not wait for the tardy, for the inert, for the half-hearted, for the double-minded.

Nearly allied to this onward force, this *momentum*, was that UNITY OF INTENTION, or moral homogeneousness, which is the mark, always, of men of a high order—or, as we say, of Great Men; and Chalmers had it. This does not mean that there is a paucity of ingredients in the intellectual and moral structure of the man; but that all faculties, intellectual and moral, take a single direction, and obey a sovereign and unresisted law. One's recollections of some men, known and conversed with on very different occasions, do not cohere: it is easier to frame two or three ideal men out of those recollections, than to cluster them into one. One's recollection of some men is simple and uniform, just because it is poor and meagre; but Chalmers lives in the memory, as do certain images of natural objects, which are great, bright, rich, and yet all of a piece:—so it is that one thinks

of a sunset in the tropics, with its flaming arches over head, and its burning fringes in the West; so one thinks of the heaving of the ocean, seen in a windless swell, midway of the Atlantic; so of an Alpine precipice, when a curtain of cloud is hastily drawn up from its foot to its snowy summit.

There is yet one other feature of greatness—and in how signal a degree did it belong to Thomas Chalmers! this was the transparent simplicity of his nature. What this means, is not the contrary of duplicity; it is not precisely, or it is not merely, guilelessness and probity in speech and feeling; but rather it is the opposite of what is factitious in mind and manner. Most of us would suffer great loss if all that is conventional were, by some rude hand, torn away from us;—and as to some men, what would there be left of them at all, but a shred, if *they*, and the *conventional*, were rent asunder! Chalmers's simplicity was that of a full-fraught soul, that has worked out, from, and for itself, all that is; all that it wants, as to its impulses, sentiments, and principles of action. In *character* he had not derived himself from other men's notions, or listened to their dictation: he was home-spun; this was his simplicity. As to speculative principles—or his philosophy, or his notions of abstract theology, we do not intend to claim for him a foremost place among those who have wrought at the forge of thought, in every case for themselves, and who have borrowed nothing from others.

Robust, forceful, impulsive, as nature had made him, he was also, by constitution, as all men are upon whose shoulders great public cares are to come—self-confiding, self-esteeming, highly susceptible of ambition, covetous of applause, impatient of control, and irritable;—he was a man not to be sported with. Such, we think, was he by *temperament;* and thus the reader of his early journal and letters cannot fail to think of the "Mr. Thomas Chalmers" who is therein depicted; and the thoughtful reader of the first volume of these Memoirs will judge indulgently of that feeling, on the part of the Editor, which has given place to these personal materials so copiously, seeing that, by this means, we are shewn the vast extent of that change which Christianity effected in this instance. It is reckoned a triumph of the gospel when a man of the ordinary stamp, whose passions have carried him far from the path of virtue, is brought back thereto and reformed. But should it be thought a less triumph of the same heavenly energy, when the most intense of all the impulses to which human nature is liable—the ambition of a master spirit, yields itself—gives in, and learns to submit itself to motives of a higher order? In the instance of Chalmers, this substitution of the sense of duty, as a Christian, and as a minister, and this dislodgement of the ambition and the self-seeking of the man, presents itself as, perhaps, the centre-lesson which these four volumes convey to the heart of the seriously-minded reader. This subordination of the man, and this supremacy of a motive more pure, was a revolution which (as we may well suppose) went on through many years, bringing itself gradually to its culminating point. But effectively and substantially, the change occupied a very brief transition period. The conflict between the man and the Christian was brought to a crisis, within a few months, or even weeks.

Considerations of a general kind, such as a solemn conviction of the comparative worthlessness of the best things of earth, when placed in comparison with the things that are unseen and eternal, meet us in the Journal very often.

"My confinement—wrote Mr. Chalmers, (this was in the February of 1809,) has fixed in my heart a very strong impression of the insignificance of time,—an impression which I trust will not abandon me, though I again reach the heyday of health and vigour. This should be the first step to another impression still more salutary—the magnitude of eternity. Strip human life of its connexion with a higher scene of existence, and it is the illusion of an instant, an unmeaning farce, a series of visions and projects, which terminate in nothing."

Passages such as this may be called the commonplace of religious sentiment; for every seriously minded man has at times thus felt and spoken, especially on occasions of a similar kind, namely, when returning to life, as from the brink of the grave. The difference was, that, with Chalmers, feelings of this sort had an intensity of which ordinary minds can know nothing. But he passed on beyond this ground: he learned that to vanquish the mighty strugglings of nature within him, to bring personal ambition and the desire of distinction into the place proper to them, he needed the aid of principles that have more vitality. It was not as in a cell, with a skull poised between his fingers, and musing upon the brevity and vanity of life, that this man of commanding powers and of unrivalled gifts acquired an habitual feeling which could, with a profound sincerity, express itself in the often-cited words, "I count all things as dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." It was to this higher order of motives that he desired to yield himself.

"Not much satisfied with my performance,

but had a livelier glimpse this evening of the propitiation than I had before experienced; and the peace and confidence and delight in prayer which I felt while under it, convinces me that this is the object which I must ever strive after and maintain. Give me, O God, 'to hold fast my confidence and the rejoicing of my hope firm unto the end.'

"*Sunday, December 8th.*—Let all vanity, O my God, be crucified within me. Let my sole aim be to win souls; and though I cannot at all times command a clear and enraptured view of Divine truth, let me fill up every interval with works which bespeak the Christian. Bring me closer and closer to Him to whom Thou hast given all power, and committed all judgment. Fill me with His fulness; and may I have peace and joy with Thee through Jesus Christ my Lord."—Vol. i. pp. 229, 230.

If Chalmers—the Christian man and minister, were to be held up as an example, one of many, of the working of Christian motives upon the natural dispositions, these citations must be regarded as edifying; yet not as extraordinary: the value attaching to them results from their bearing upon a public course so unusual as was his. The hinge of this great man's life, before his country and the world, was the subordination of the impulses of a gigantic spirit to motives of a purely Christian order. Ambition *alternating* with such motives might have consisted with a career splendid, and useful also—useful perhaps in a more than ordinary degree. But no such compromise of such impulses would have consisted with the course of the man who was to renovate the Christianity of his country.

"*Sunday, 24th.*—Rose about nine: went immediately to the composition of my sermon. Could not attend church in the forenoon: preached in the afternoon. Have reason to question myself seriously as to my spirit in regard to all public services. Do I seek the glory of God? Have I no secret longings after my own glory? Have I a greater desire to ascertain the good I have done to souls, or the good I may have done to my own reputation? Do I not feel the impression of the splendid auditory that comes to hear me? Let me set myself in good earnest to quell this humiliating affection. O my God, let me lie low, and know what it is to be divested of self.

"*25th.*—I have to record this day, that I am not mortified to the love of praise. . . . . I do much fear, or rather I certainly know, that I feel a complacency in all this,—and what if it be not superior to the pleasure I should feel in having been the instrument of a saving and spiritual impression? This is so distinct a preference of my own glory to that of God, so obvious a preaching of self instead of the Saviour, so glaring a preference of the wisdom of words to the simplicity which is in the cross of Christ, that my carnal tendencies in regard to this matter should be the subject of my strictest vigilance and severest castigation."—Vol. iii. p. 91.

It would not be easy to find an instance—in truth, we do not recollect one, within the compass of modern times—comparable, on the whole, to that to which, for a moment, we are now intending to advert, if it be considered as a trial of a man's conquest over the idolatry of SELF. The initial stages of this mastery had been passed through in those critical weeks of early life during which Chalmers awoke to the consciousness of Christianity, such as throughout his after course he proclaimed it. The particular instance we have now in view, shews that that was not a spring-time fervour, quickly to subside, but that it was a firm life-long principle which had come in to rule his heart, and to give direction to his labours. In every sense it was the very choice of the three kingdoms—as to rank, station, official position, personal intelligence, notoriety, that had crowded itself into the spacious room where he delivered his "Lectures on Religious Establishments." An audience rather to be chosen than this, by an ambitious orator, could nowhere have been found. But the effect actually produced upon this cultured and this self-esteeming company, by the orator, far overwent all ordinary bounds of excitement: he carried with him all the mind and feeling that came within the sound of his voice: when he rose—all rose; and the acclamations of that aristocracy of the British empire came in, as a thunder, to shake the soul of the man who was thus taught to feel what his power was:—

"Nothing," says one who met him in private, after the delivery of his first Lecture, "nothing was more striking, amidst all this excitement, than the child-like humility of the great man himself. All the flattery seemed to produce no effect whatever upon him; his mind was entirely absorbed in his great object; and the same kind, playful, and truly Christian spirit, that so endeared him to us all, was everywhere apparent in his conduct."—Vol. iv. p. 40.

If one were to sit down, coldly, to analyze Chalmers's qualities, intellectual and moral, for the purpose of reporting thereupon, and of shewing from which of these elements his power over the minds of others resulted, or from which, chiefly, there might seem to remain a something not fully accounted for: it would be so—for this power (so irresistible wherever it is found) sprung not from this or that faculty, eminent in him; nor merely from the accumulation of such gifts; but rather from a condensation of all faculties—spirit, mind, heart, bodily energy, effected by the force of the one-master influence to which he had surrendered his being. Whenever this sort of concentration has

place, even in instances that stand at an immeasurable distance below the one before us, as to mind and accomplishment, yet the same power over other spirits shows itself in its degree. The moment when the tones of a voice, (never to be mistaken when once they had been heard,) and which are proper to this species of influence, fall upon the ear, we all—great and small, or how highly soever we may rate our individual superiority to the speaker, we all fall before it:—we surrender at discretion, for the hour, at least: such is a law of the world of mind; and such is also a law in the "kingdom of grace." But when, as in the instance of Chalmers, forces of the rarest kind came to be thus concentrated, the effect was in the properest sense of the word—irresistible. One might, perhaps—if well-cased in the coldest suit of analytic severity, have stood out against the orator, if listened to as an orator merely; but not against this "man of God," whose many splendid gifts were used by him, as tools only, and used with a lavish disregard—a high contempt of all things, except the making full proof of his ministry, "and the finishing of the work which had been given him, by the Lord," to do it.

It would not be a very difficult (although an invidious) task, to take in hand the several articles of this great man's intellectual furniture, and to show, that, in each, he has had his equals, or his superiors. Be it so; nor does he stand alone, far from it—looking only to recent times, as an example of Christian devotedness and simplicity. But we think he does stand quite alone—we do not recollect an instance fairly comparable to this, of natural gifts so remarkable, we may say—so splendid, that have been in any such manner concentrated, and brought to bear upon the highest purposes, with so absolute a subordination and exclusion of inferior and disturbing motives. On this ground, we should be content to rest our challenge, in behalf of Chalmers, of a foremost place among the noted, and the best men of modern times.

It could be of no sort of avail—even if any who knew the man better than we did, were inclined so to act, to bring against us, while we make this challenge, some exceptive instances, with the whispered cautionary saw—"the best of men, are but men at the best:" and—"I could tell you—so and so." We do not doubt you could, but we do not want to hear it. We know already all that your string of pretty anecdotes could teach us; we know that Chalmers was not a seraph; but a man: we know that the mastery he had acquired over inferior motives and over personal ambition, must have cost such a man mighty struggles;—and, therefore, that there must have been moments when Satan (the great detractor, or when petty detractors) might have caught him at a disadvantage. So it *may* have been: so it *must* have been; and therefore it is that his example is of that kind which so well breathes holy purposes into young bosoms: we know of this Elijah, that he "was a man of like passions with ourselves."

We give this prominence to this characteristic of Chalmers's oratory, because we think it, in fact, the secret of his power, not as a pulpit orator merely, but in every aspect in which he has a claim to be spoken of, as a public man. It was this same concentration of his faculties, and this subordination of all to the higher purposes of his life, which made him what he was—not only as a Preacher and Writer; but as the Restorer of evangelic doctrine and evangelic feeling in Scotland;—as the Economist, and municipal Reformer; and as the Leader of the great Ecclesiastical movements of his times. In each of these principal aspects, it is our purpose (with all brevity) to regard him.

Not because he was not a most effective pulpit orator, and a powerful writer, should we hold his merits in these respects in a secondary place; but because what he was, either as Preacher or Writer, comes most naturally into its fit place of *Instrumentality*, in relation to the substantial purposes to which Dr. Chalmers devoted his powers, both as a speaker and a writer. From his public appearances in the pulpit, or through the press, deduct the whole of that massive force which sprang from the sense he had of the importance of the object before him, and what remains would not have been enough to fill out a tenth of that space which, through life, he occupied in the esteem, the admiration, and the reverential regard of his contemporaries. An Orator truly, and a Writer too, but immeasurably more was he to his country, and to the world, than either.

In speaking of Dr. Chalmers as the main mover of a revived evangelic feeling in Scotland, it is (we should think) superfluous for us to protest against the putting an invidious interpretation upon what we may advance, as if we were either unconscious of the part that had been nobly and well sustained by others, or were too slenderly informed as to facts relating to the antecedent period, or were inclined to disparage what was good and admirable, already existing. If anything that follows should seem to bear

a meaning of this sort, we beg the reader to understand us otherwise. Nor let it be too readily imagined that a feeling more allied to things south of the Tweed, than to things north of it, throws a prejudicial shade over the latter in our view.

As to the *relative* religious condition of England and Scotland at the time when he entered upon his course as an evangelic preacher, it is decisively expressed in several passages of these Memoirs. His journeys southward, and the intimacies he formed among the religiously-minded upper classes of the Established Church, produced a decisive impression upon his mind, and sent him back to Scotland such as probably he would never have been if he had not crossed the Tweed, or had made himself extensively familiar with *English* evangelical writers. We refer below to passages which need not be cited, but which afford quite enough support to what is here affirmed.*

All counterpoising instances allowed for to the utmost extent that can be thought reasonable, it must yet be stated as a broad fact, that the evangelic revival of the last century, which took its rise in the Methodistic movement, had affected England more widely, more deeply, and in a more auspicious manner than it had affected Scotland. The question is not, whether Whitefield's preaching or Wesley's had met with as much immediate acceptance as it might and should in Scotland; but the impulse did not, in the same degree or manner, convey itself to the religious masses; nor, in any such way as in England, did it call up a body of ministers influenced by the same spirit, and attached to the same principles. Little might there be to choose between the lip-orthodoxy of the English Church of that time, and the semi-infidelity or the *moderatism* of the Scotch; for the one was a mere "form of godliness," and so was the other; if there be an intrinsic difference between the two that is worth the pains of hunting for, let it be hunted for. But herein an extrinsic difference may be noted; that while the one was, in many instances, giving way before a genial life-stirring influence, the other offered a fixed resistance to any such influences: in the one country—England—the existing formalism had become little more than a breathless representative of what had once lived; but the other sat in its place of authority, eyeing with jealousy any signs of life about it.

The mind of Scotland, decisively intellectual and logical as it is, and the close contact of many of its clergy with the fathers of the infidelity of the age, gave to that shadow of Christianity which they professionally respected more of coherence and more of philosophic completeness than was ever thought of or cared for among the chubby, rosy, portly, beneficed-ones—the sleek lookers-out for stalls, deaneries, and mitres, of the English Church. Demas loses his own soul; but then he stands less in the way of the progress of the Gospel than do the sallow-visaged gownsmen of Mars Hill. These, while they mock at Paul's sermon, reason too, and they make good their ground. Demas betakes himself to what he so well loves, and is silent; but the anti-Christianity of Scotland, and its non-Christianity, was not mere worldliness—it was a distinctly pronounced scheme, framed for the express purpose of shutting out the Gospel. Yet this is not all; and should not an entire candour lead us to acknowledge something more in behalf of the *moderate* party, of that time?

The men—many of them highly accomplished, as they were, and distinguished too by their genius and intelligence, who headed the non-evangelic feeling of the last century, in Scotland—the intimates of Hume and Adam Smith, when they recoiled from what we regard as First Principles in Christianity, thought of those principles only as they were embodied and enunciated in those forms with which themselves were proximately connected. Among those bright spirits, how many of them could be named who had ever given themselves the pains to inquire what it was which the Apostles had taught? Very, very few. That which they *did* think of, that concerning which they had any sufficient information, or any definite idea, was (not the Greek of the Apostolic Epistles and Gospels, but) the "Westminster Confession." It has been customary with candid Protestant writers to offer a word—not exactly of apology or of vindication—but a word of extenuation, in behalf of the French Encyclopædists. True; we say, they *ought* to have informed themselves better concerning the Christianity which they rejected with so much scorn; they did not do so—they thought it enough that they knew something of the "Church." If they blasphemed Christ, it was because they

* Dr. Chalmers refers in terms of high approval, and as having much affected his own views and feelings, to the following among other *English* evangelical writings:—"Wilberforce's Practical View," vol. i. pp. 184–186; "Baxter's Body of Practical Divinity," p. 213; "Life of Henry," p. 217; "Foster's Essays," p. 226; "Hannah More," pp. 210, 211; "Romaine's Life of Faith," vol. ii. p. 455, vol. iii. p. 87. He experienced similar benefits from the acquaintance he had formed with several eminent Christian men in England. See vol. i. p. 335, vol. ii. pp. 360, 363, 364, vol. iii. p. 395.

thought of the Church as His appointed interpreter, and that Church they had reason enough to contemn.

Assuredly, we are not intending, in this unfit place, to moot the "Westminster Confession." Uncalled for, and unproductive of any good, would be the introduction of a theme so vast in its compass, and so various in its bearings. Yet, while leaving this great subject untouched, does not bare justice demand so much as this to be said, that what the non-evangelical ministry and laity of Scotland of the last century recoiled from —what they disbelieved and endeavoured to ignore, was not the Christianity of the Apostolic Scriptures, but the definitions and the specialities of the "Confession?" In the view of these thoughtful men, there stood, on their left hand, the specious sophisms propounded by their accomplished infidel associates; together with all those bordering negations among which a man may, all his life, go in and out, and may continue to hide from others, and from a congregation, and indeed from himself, what it is which he does really believe, or how much he has ceased to believe. Among these negations he may at least evade the pursuit of those who would hunt him down with inconvenient questions as to his creed. On their right hand there stood—not the indulgent brevities of "Thirty-Nine Articles," only a few of which need to have troubled them; but those "Thirty-three Chapters," in which definitiveness does its utmost, not merely to exclude differences of opinion, but to render doctrinal individuality an impossibility;—if not to brand it as a crime! We ask then—does not bare justice demand that this state of the case should not be overlooked, when the facts are before us of the non-evangelical, and almost anti-Christian condition of a large portion of the Scottish ministry, in times gone by? As to that form of fervid piety which still survived at many points in Scotland, and which brightly illuminated many a private home, and more than a few manses, throughout the country, it had, (without a noticeable exception,) taken to itself an iron-bound conformity, in contour and in substance, to the same doctrinal standard. "Mighty in the Scriptures" were many of the silvery-crowned patriarchs of that time. But could you, among a hundred such men, have found so many as three whose blood would not have curdled at hearing the most modest suggestion of a difference between St. Paul and the "Confession?" We would not overstate the matter; and would most readily listen to counter-averments; yet must not so much as this be granted—that the philosophic, non-believing body of ministers, in the Scottish church, were presented with nothing, as the alternative of their own cold negations, but the most inexorable of those interpretations of Christianity under which the Reformation had uttered its mind?

Justice, at least, if not honour, let it be rendered to the departed! As to that revival of evangelic doctrine in bringing about which Chalmers had so much to do, it did not cast away the "Confession:" far from it: but as one might say—it uplifted it, bodily, from off the national mind and heart. During the powerful heavings of this modern revival, the "Westminster Confession," like an incrustment, has been fairly borne aloft—still an undoubted object of homage, even as heretofore, and yet so carried up from its bearings as to give free access to the light and breath of heaven—vastly for the comfort and health of the dwellers in the house!

The mission of Chalmers, for which the peculiar structure of his mind so well fitted him, was—not that of a dogmatic reformer, who passes the creed of a nation through the refining fires of his own mind, and who issues it anew, bearing upon it his likeness: his mission was one of a far more fruitful sort; for it was to bring back the soul of his countrymen to the vitality of those doctrines which the nation had always *professed* to believe. For fulfilling *this* ministry there could be no necessity to extract from Scripture any one new article of belief:—there appeared no urgent necessity even for bringing the existing belief under a process of critical revision. All that could be required, as a point of discretion, was, to leave in the shade those matters which men's instincts prompt them there to leave. With apostolic power did Chalmers force upon the mind of the Scottish people the principal elements of "the Faith once delivered to the Saints." The people, and their ministers, met and accepted this call to return to the ground which they had, in feeling at least, abandoned. Had he taken the other course—by mistaking his qualifications—namely, that of forging anew a Theology, the issue would have been—tens of thousands of reams of printed paper, defending, expounding, and impugning, this dogmatic recension of Christian principles. There would have been no end of the war of words, and in how small a degree would such a contention have been compensated by the solid fruits of the Christian life!

Much to be noticed is the easy acquiescent manner in which Chalmers passed into the heart of evangelical doctrine—just such as he found it. He did not forge himself into

it; he walked into it. He did not fight his way; but found it open. Without throwing too much stress upon the distinctive import of the two words, we might say that the POWERS of the gospel came upon him, rather than its FORCE vanquished him. So far as such a comparison might be instituted, Thomas Scott yielded slowly, and with a struggle at each step, to the "Force of truth." Chalmers gave himself up, willingly, and joyfully, and at once, to its power. Thus it was that while the one was fitted for his office as a Biblican champion, who, through the Press, was to instruct and guide thousands of his countrymen, and was to lead and inform their teachers;—the other, through the Press and Pulpit, (but the Press as a reflection from the Pulpit,) was to stir the soul, and wake up the heart of the nation—a nation needing to be thus moved, far more than to be merely informed; while in England, instruction more than movement, was the urgent want. On one ground of comparison, the two men—so unlike in almost every sense, as to intellect and temper, were of the same mould; for to both belonged that robust mental conformation, and that firm, or, we might say, stern moral tone, which held them far—fixedly remote—from all those laxities of doctrine or of devotional sentiment, which, in too many instances, have given a colour of reason to the reproaches of those who are always assailing evangelic teaching, and who affirm that it genders, or excuses, licentious practice. The entire tenor of the writings and preachings of these two eminent men—both of them *pronounced* Calvinists, convincingly proved that a sensitive jealousy for the honour of Christian morals comports well with *that* doctrinal system; and that, for the sake of morality, it can never be necessary to Arminianize with Wesley.

In relation to this mission, as the mover of evangelic feeling among his countrymen, it should be said that Chalmers's mind was cumulative more than analytic; powerful, more than severe; rich, more than exact; abundant, more than selective. That his intellect had more of breadth, than of acuteness; more of grasp, than of delicacy of hold; that it was excursive more than incursive or penetrating; and therefore, that he was one whose part it would be boldly and effectively to maintain the position upon which he had, at first, established himself; not to push enterprises upon untried ground. Master he was of HIS OWN; and most happy in the use and enjoyment of his possessions, as a Christian man, as a teacher, and as a theologian; nor was he easily to be tempted to risk any portion of these, the goods of his spiritual existence, upon a "speculation," in the regions of divine philosophy. He knew perhaps little of those recurrent disquietudes that beset more tranquil and more meditative spirits. The TRUTH was with him a vivid consciousness, to which his whole soul and understanding responded; and he would give ear in patience, or in courtesy, rather than with curiosity, to any who might quietly approach him with "new views," or with professions of a "further insight" into the meaning of Scripture.

Such, as we think, was the man, as to his mental structure—to say nothing now of his extraordinary powers as an orator—who was sent into the vineyard to proclaim anew the "Mystery of Godliness," and to call away the people, not merely from formality, from infidelity, from worldly-mindedness, but especially, and in a more peculiar sense, from the dialectic distinction-making, and the system-making "Divinity" which so easily comes in the place of, and destroys, a cordial communion with the SUBSTANCE of Christian belief and practice.

For any who (like ourselves) must derive their idea of Dr. Chalmers's *ordinary* pulpit style, solely from his published writings, it may be fair, and indeed sufficient, to take the volumes containing his "Lectures on the Epistle to the Romans," as the ground of the opinion we should form on that subject; and to regard them as true samples of the quality and tendency of his preaching, when he is thought of, not as the great preacher, called out on peculiar occasions to display his powers, and to prove himself the idol of audiences; but as the pastor and teacher who, whether in his own parish church or elsewhere, or through the press, laboured to awaken the ear of Scotland (well-taught already) to that message of God to man, which emphatically is—the GOSPEL. By no attempt at ingenious or erudite elucidation are these Lectures recommended: the intention *so* to treat that portion of Scripture is disclaimed in the Preface; nor do they stimulate a prurient religious curiosity, by the promise or the insinuation of any novelties of "view," in rendering the substance of Christian doctrine into the mind of the modern Church. The preacher is *not* saying, from page to page, "the Church has misapprehended such and such vital matters *hitherto;* and now I am come to set things right:" what he *does* say is, in substance, this—these things we *do* believe, as did our fathers; now therefore let us see to it that this faith comes home to our souls, and that it works within us as it should.

A better criticism upon these Lectures—

better inasmuch as it represents, in the most genuine manner, the effect they are adapted to produce, we should not ourselves easily put into words than the one which, at the moment, has been given us by a reader precisely of the class to which the preacher would have been most pleased to address himself; it is to this effect,—"These Lectures are full of that eloquence which flows without effort from a great and *rich* mind—itself full of the Gospel, and which makes its way at once to a soul loving the Gospel. In reading these Lectures my feeling has been that of wonder that there *can* be infidelity in a world before which *such* an exhibition of the Christian system has been made."

It was thus that, taking up the conspicuous grandeur of the Christian dispensation, and its fitness to move the conscience, and to appease it, Chalmers, affecting to add nothing to the wealth he administered, but labouring only to administer it without abatement, made proof of the divine axiom, "him that honoureth Me I will honour." So *was* he honoured as the instrument (no disparagement to others) of effecting a revival of evangelic feeling in Scotland, which was not merely of the widest extent, at the time, but which promises to be the more permanent, because, although all men know, nor will they ever forget, who, mainly, was the instrument employed to bring it about, it did not take to itself any of those specialities of the individual mind which serve to attach a *name* to a new utterance of Christianity. Happy, most happy was Chalmers in this respect, that, while he has left a name which Scotland will never cease to pronounce with love and veneration, he has held it off from that proclamation of the Gospel which himself made. No such egotism, or semblance of egotism, could he have endured as that which in certain noted instances, has fixed upon a religious community a designation—a *name*, boding its doom, as proclaiming its origin, its quality, and, too much, its feeling.

That those of Chalmers's writings in which he shines as the orator will live, we should not question; but yet should confidently predict, if not a longer, a wider, and a more potential immortality to those of his works—as these Lectures—in perusing which the reader loses all recollection of the *preacher* and of the author, and is absorbed—mind and soul—in the subject which concerns his own highest welfare, his own immortality. As to the one class of these writings, if the reader of taste often admires and is delighted, he sometimes is tempted to pause and to halt, and to exercise the discriminative and critical faculty. But as to the other class, although the same peculiarities of style, or, as we say, the same *mannerisms*, do present themselves (frequently in some places) the reader ceases to notice them, for he feels that the preacher is labouring with incessant, reiterated, and even importunate assiduity, to promote his spiritual advantage, to dispel every dangerous illusion, to open up every concealed spring of evil, and, most of all, to invite and provoke his cordial acceptance of the free grace of God toward him. Then, along with this urgent incitation, there is a grave intensity of language, in every instance, in which, in the course of exposition, he is led to insist upon the practical influences of a Christian faith. The bold outline, the fresh and vivid colours, the depth of the shadows, the brightness of the lights, everything in these expositions, has the aspect of a near reality: the reader, whether he accepts or rejects, as for himself, that which the preacher propounds to him, does not find himself able to resist this one feeling, that truths the most momentous are before him.

Far beyond the boundaries of the Church which Dr. Chalmers and his associates led off from the Establishment, has gone his influence in restoring a genuine Christian feeling; for long before the Disruption he had stood in a prominent position in this character; nor can it be doubted, that what has been termed—we do not ask with what appropriateness, the "Residuary Church," has received, to a large amount, the very highest benefits from his personal ministry; or that it is now receiving much of the same, through the medium of his writings. Besides, he had already, and extensively, moulded the young mind of Scotland while discharging his duties as Professor; first, of moral philosophy (at St. Andrews), and then of theology (at Edinburgh).

At this point it becomes necessary to bring forward, and to insist upon, a distinction for which there may, indeed, often be room, in reference to public men; but in few instances is it so conspicuously necessary as in the one before us. This distinction is, that by means of which, we set off, the one from the other—the influence which a man of high quality personally possesses, and exerts over all near him, and upon the public mind at large;—and then, the position he occupies in the world of religious opinion, or philosophy, as the originator, or advocate, of this or that scheme of dogmas—whether theological, ethical, metaphysical, or political. Only three or four men among those known to history, could be named, whose Personal Influence—apart from the doc-

trine they maintained, might seem to have surpassed that which Chalmers exercised—over popular assemblies—over the soul and reason of the youth who crowded his class-rooms, or generally, over society—Scottish and English, wherever he was seen and listened to. As to that irresistible power which a spirit of this order, indeed one of the "mighty," exerts within its circle, it may be said, that he "carried all before him;" or all in whose souls there was just enough of the rudiment of the same greatness to afford a ground of communion. Himself burning with intensity of devotion to the object in view, at any one time—an intensity in the midst of which every thought of self was utterly consumed, he bore with him every mind that might be capable of a similar oblivion, and that was natively sensitive toward the great, the vast, the good, the beautiful. Let there be only a smouldering spark of the INFINITE in any man's bosom, only a yearning toward the TRUE, and then Chalmers held that man as his own: in the hearing of his voice that spark flamed up! that fire glowed! and, as he went on, the yearning—never so feeble at the first, quickened into a fervent desire; soon it was an anguish, and the man came to the resolve (whether or not maintained) to sell all that he had, so that he might only possess the pearl of great price—even immortal truth!

Yes, but Chalmers *did* fail sometimes as to this, his own power over human souls; he failed when there was before him the man over whose frosty-clear view of his own selfish ends, no cloud of generous emotion ever passes: he failed when he had to do with the interested, with the frivolously egotistical, with the factitious, as well as with the false: in one word, his personal influence was at zero in respect of all between whom, and himself, there was quite wanting that which, with him, was the foremost quality of his nature—the bold—involuntary—seraph-like oblivion, of small, sinister, and self-seeking impulses.

This personal influence Chalmers possessed, and used, as an orator on special occasions; as a preacher of the gospel; as a Professor, and academic teacher, and as a man in society. Few could step forward as his rivals on this ground. Luther might, and so, although so wholly dissimilar as men, might Wesley. We could not allow any one to come into such a competition who, great as might be his influence during his hour or two, when on his legs, in the senate, at the bar, on the hustings, or in the pulpit, dropped out of that place of power the moment when he walked away from his proper stage. When Chalmers was led away from his place in front of enraptured audiences, and carried to his home to repose among the hearts of a few, he became, indeed, in his unbendings, "one *among* us;" but never was he a man less than himself, or small as "ourselves." Never, (so we think, and we do not wish to be contradicted,) never did Chalmers fall into the posture of the god which the worshipper himself contemns, as only a block, the next hour after he has burned pounds of incense at its shrine. Never, as we think, or very rarely, did he lose his grasp of some great purpose—religious or political, and, therefore, seldom or never did he appear in the eyes of those around him, other than an object of reverential regard.

But now when thus the personal influence of the man has been thought of, and set down at its value, a question presents itself involving considerations of a wholly different kind. The place that should be assigned to Dr. Chalmers in the several spheres in which he took a position, cannot be determined in any other mode than by instituting an inquiry which must be irrespective of all personal feelings, and must be pursued on grounds not at all, or very remotely related one to the other. He, in his writings, occupies a place in the departments of theology—moral philosophy, and intellectual science, of ecclesiastical polity, of political economy, and of that science which has not yet, authentically, received its designation, but which embraces whatever bears upon the social, domestic, and individual wellbeing of the masses of the people in a civilized and industrial community.

In each of these respects Dr. Chalmers may rightfully claim a standing of note, in some of them a place of high note; but as to each, or within each of these spheres, he has his competitors, and, perhaps, his superiors. Now, if any attempt were made to indicate what might be the relative value of his contributions to these above named sciences, it must proceed upon the ground of a carefully conducted analysis of his writings. Manifestly, no *such* process, no such analysis, could there be room for within the compass of an article which is professedly devoted to the MEMOIR at this time before us. And yet, undoubtedly, it is to be desired that some such distributive analysis of writings so voluminous and important, should be undertaken. But, whether the greatness, the variety, and the difficulty of the task, should discourage any one from attempting it, we cannot say; and yet think that, if undertaken and performed modestly and assiduously, and with a feeling at once of independence

and of respectful and affectionate regard to the memory of so great a man, a criticism of this kind could scarcely fail to be in some manner serviceable to readers of the Works, and that it would involve small risk of damage to a reputation such as that of Dr. Chalmers. Thus thinking, we propose, therefore, in a future Number of this Review, and at some length, to enter upon the ground we have named; and in making this announcement we feel the more free to return to our immediate purpose. Apart from such an intention here professed, it would have seemed proper or indispensable at this point to advance an opinion, more or less amply expressed, as to the characteristics of that system of doctrines which Dr. Chalmers maintained and promulgated from his chair, first at St. Andrews and afterwards at Edinburgh.

The Professorial Chair was, in truth, Dr. Chalmers's best loved position as a public man. It was this which he had most desired; and when it came in sight, he stepped forward to it with the most thorough satisfaction: it was for the sake of this that he relinquished tempting emoluments—tempting to men of ordinary mould.

"The ministerial charge of the West Church in Greenock having recently become vacant, the patron, Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, requested Dr. Chalmers to accept of that living; a generous and unsolicited offer, which was thus gratefully declined:—

"*Edinburgh, 27th December*, 1839.

"To Sir Michael Shaw Stewart.

"Dear Sir Michael,—I deeply feel the whole force of the compliment you have done me in offering to my acceptance the most lucrative ecclesiastical living in Scotland, and whose endowments, I believe, are nearly double those of the one which I now occupy. You may well believe that nothing could induce me to decline the honour and the advantage of such a proposal but a firm conviction of the superior importance of a Theological Chair to any Church whatever, along with the rooted preference which I have ever felt for the Professorial over the ministerial life.

"My personal gratitude to yourself for this truly handsome proposition is in every way as strong and as heartfelt as if I had acceded to it. You have in fact conferred upon me a substantial favour by having placed within my reach a benefice so lucrative. You have enabled me to say, in language which cannot be mistaken, in what estimation I hold the Professorships of Theology throughout Scotland; and in pleading, whether for the virtuous patronage or for the adequate endowment of these high offices, your offer of the parish of Greenock will effectually shield me from any ungenerous imputation to which I might otherwise have been exposed.

"Permit me to state the cordial satisfaction I feel in the deep sense which you express of the deep responsibility that attaches to the exercise of the Church patronage wherewith Providence hath invested you; and with my most earnest prayers both for your public usefulness and for your highest personal interests, I have the honour to be, dear Sir Michael, your most obliged and most obedient servant,—Thomas Chalmers."—Vol. iii. pp. 310, 311.

This decisive preference of the Professor's Chair to the pulpit carries with it much meaning, as indicative of Dr. Chalmers's intellectual and moral conformation; and the more so when it is recollected that the man who thus loved and chose the class-room had always at his command crowded and overcrowded churches. It would have been no wonder if a preacher, so much followed and flattered, had found for himself a plea of "usefulness" sufficient to overbear any reasons which would have confined him to the less exciting duties, and to the drudgery of the teacher's office. As subsidiary motives, tending to confirm him in this preference, we should be safe in naming that opinion of the value of "popularity" which had settled itself upon his feelings, as well as fixed itself in his understanding. A *contemptuous* feeling it was not; for his nature was too generous, and his humanity too deep and broad, to admit of a sentiment the harbouring of which implies coldness of heart and pride. He would and did scorn *baseness*, but it was not in him to scorn the mere folly, levity, and waywardness, that rush in to lay their contributions at the feet of a popular preacher. He did not haughtily set his foot upon these offerings, but he gladly escaped from the place where they were wont to be heaped upon him. This class of worshippers have only themselves to thank if they sometimes drive into retirement one whom they would gladly have retained; give them an *idol*, a puppet, and the thing will stay with them until they are tired of it, and call for another; but if, as happens once in three centuries, it is a man they have to do with, it is likely that he will get himself away from them as quickly as he may. Chalmers's instinctive sagacity and his keen perception of human nature, together with his high moral tone, and the constitutional impatience of his temper, altogether operated to abate very much the pleasurable emotions attendant upon popularity; the disgust nearly balanced the gratification.

There was yet another class of considerations that went to the side of the Professor's duties, as compared with those of the Preacher and Pastor. The unwearied energy of his nature, his lofty conceptions of the

ministerial office, the practical turn of his mind in whatever related to social interests, his talent for organization, and, as the "bond of perfectness," around all these forces—the depth and animation of his benevolence, combined to bring with them such a sense of what should be done, or attempted by a parish minister, that, when he set himself to do it, the mighty task well-nigh crushed him: a giant's strength broke down beneath the load of an archangel's labours. It was with feelings of prostration that he left Glasgow, on his way to St. Andrews. We should, perhaps say, that a mingled consciousness of the collapse of his physical and mental powers was that which drove him from his field of pastoral labour:—

"I should like to unite the labour of preparation for the pulpit with the labour of household ministrations in the parish; this is a union which I have made many attempts to realize, and I now find myself to be altogether unequal to it: this mortifying experience has grown upon me for a good many months, but never did it become so distinct and decisive until the present winter. My very last attempt at exertion out of doors has been followed up by several weeks of utter incapacity for fixed thought. I find it impossible any longer to acquit myself both of the personal and mental fatigues of my present office."—Vol. ii. p. 374.

That no feeling of personal mortification, as if he had slenderly or with little fruit, discharged his high functions as a parish minister, mixed itself with the reasons that led him from Glasgow to St. Andrews, is quite certain. Dr. Hanna, in a very effective passage, sums up the product of his ministrations there; and it is a sort of justice, even to the biographer, to cite this testimony, in this place—every count of which we believe to be strictly conformable to truth:—

"When Dr. Chalmers came to Glasgow, by the great body of the upper classes of society evangelical doctrines were nauseated and despised: when he left it, even by those who did not bow to their influence, these doctrines were acknowledged to be, indeed, the very doctrines of the Bible. When Dr. Chalmers came to Glasgow, in the eye of the multitude evangelism stood confounded with a drivelling sanctimoniousness, or a sour-minded asceticism: when he left it, from all such false associations the Christianity of the New Testament stood clearly and nobly redeemed. When Dr. Chalmers came to Glasgow, for nearly a century the Magistracy and Town-Council had exercised the city patronage in a spirit determinedly anti-evangelical: when he left it, so complete was the revolution which had been effected, that from that time forward none but evangelical clergymen were appointed by the city patrons. When Dr. Chalmers came to Glasgow, there and elsewhere over Scotland, were many most devoted clergymen of the Establishment who had given themselves up wholly to the ministry of the word and to prayer, but there was not one in whose faith and practice week-day ministrations had the place or power which he assigned to them: when he left it he had exhibited such a model of fidelity, diligence, and activity, in all departments of ministerial labour, as told finely upon the spirit and practice of the whole ministry of Scotland. When Dr. Chalmers came to Glasgow, unnoticed thousands of the city population were sinking into ignorance, infidelity, and vice, and his eye was the first, in this country, to foresee to what a fearful magnitude that evil, if suffered to go on unchecked, would rise: when he left it, his ministry in that city remained behind him a permanent warning to a nation which has been but slow to learn that the greatest of all questions, both for statesmen and for churchmen, is the condition of those untaught and degraded thousands who swarm around the base of the social edifice, and whose brawny arms may yet grasp its pillars to shake or destroy. When Dr. Chalmers came to Glasgow, in the literary circles of the Scottish metropolis a thinly disguised infidelity sat on the seats of greatest influence, and smiled or scoffed at a vital, energetic faith in the great and distinctive truths of revelation, while, widely over his native land the spirit of a frigid indifference to religion prevailed: when he left it, the current of public sentiment had begun to set in a contrary direction, and although it took many years, and the labour of many other hands to carry that healthful change onward to maturity, yet, I believe, that it is not over-estimating it to say, that it was mainly by Dr. Chalmers's ministry, in Glasgow—by his efforts, at this period, in the pulpit and through the press—that the tide of national opinion and sentiment was turned."—Vol. ii. pp. 483-485.

It was from a field thus tilled by himself—a field so extensive, and with a sense of responsibility most vivid, that he turned away to place himself in the Professor's Chair. We do not think that the foremost motives, in this instance, were those which sprung from his conscious need of repose—bodily and mental; nor, if we might say it, without risk of being misunderstood, do we think that the one motive named by himself, as determinative of his preference, was in fact, the impulse (though he thought it to be so) that carried him from the one sphere of labour to the other. He said, and he fully believed it, that he would rather spend himself as a Professor, than as a Pastor, because, while discharging the one function, his influence would touch a single congregation only; but in the other case it would immediately be spread over a hundred. This was a good reason for such a preference, and an obvious one too; but, we think, a far deeper instinct of the intellectual nature was that which worked within him, though he knew it not.

Instincts have relation always to the functions which the being is destined to discharge; and this is true of man in his highest developments, as well as of the insect tribes. Minds of the very first class—of which Bacon and Newton may stand as the fittest samples—are swayed by an instinct of a less determinate sort than that which so irresistibly takes its course with others. These first-class men know, with a tranquil assurance, that, in due time, they shall enter upon their kingdom, and shall rule the mind of the species through ages that are future. *Their* function is to carry the mind of the species forward on to new ground; and this is a function which no turbulent or very vivid emotions must disturb. Minds of the class next below these, whose mission in the world is to take up the body of admitted and accepted truth, and to shed it (as one might say) fraught with a new energy into other minds, these are urged forward by an impulse than which none within the compass of our nature is more potent, or is more irrepressible. "Nature," as we are used vapidly to say, "does nothing in vain." When she launches into the world a MIND that can carry, and sway, and ingerminate other minds, she binds in the bundle of its faculties a faculty, a force, an impulse, of undying elasticity, which carries that mind onward towards its field, its sphere; bringing it, as by an unfailing guidance, into the midst of the minds upon which it is to work. When this one potential intelligence does find itself at the very core of a cluster of minds, then, and not till then, it feels itself at home: then the destined faculties, the destined function, and the destined sphere of action, are all brought into productive juxta-position. The one mind has reached its centre of stable equipoise, and the man says,—"Now I am where I would be; nor would I change places with a king." No; why should he? for himself is a sovereign; the Chair, which is a "chair" only to a professor of ordinary stamp, is, to such a man, truly a throne.

But why should not a mind like that of Chalmers content itself with, or prefer, a congregation, offering to his eye, as it does, twenty times the number of faces every week? Plainly this will not be to him what he is in quest of—his own sphere. The assemblage in church is far too promiscuous, and it comprises a large admixture of what is worthless in relation to the main purpose of the governing mind: it has none of that unity of intention which belongs to the select congregation of the class-room, every individual of which is, or seems to be, resolvedly fixed upon the definite purpose which all are pursuing. A governing mind, like that of Chalmers, must have under its hand masculine intellects, capable of following on an arduous path; young intellects, too, susceptible of, and yielding to, the plastic hand; and intellects already determined to a high object; and these must come under the moulding influence daily.

Then, as the means of greatly enhancing his influence over the minds and souls of young men, Dr. Chalmers entered the class-room, already invested with a reputation of the highest sort, acquired in the pulpit and through the press. He had won a bright fame, more extensive than the British islands, and he came among these young men, dedicating to their service powers which, at all times, could secure to him splendid audiences, and, if he had chosen, large emoluments. Among those men of mark who have distinguished themselves in Universities, as public teachers, very few have brought with them so large an amount of wealth acquired in other fields—that is to say, the wealth of a great reputation—as did Chalmers. And when he appeared before his students he came with his mind and heart entire. His step, as he advanced, was the steady tread of a man who comes, body and soul, to discharge his office. It was not that of one who, at the call of the college-clock, has dragged himself reluctant from the more favoured occupations of his study, and who, when the grudged hour has been given to his class, turns upon his heel, well pleased to go, and conscious that his stay is undesired by those whom he leaves.

And as there was no perfunctory listlessness in the class-room where Chalmers met his students, so neither did he labour under the disadvantage which attaches to the professorial function in the English Universities. In fact, to no *such* disparagements would it have been possible for *him* to have submitted. At Oxford and Cambridge the system of private tuition—the "coaching"—prodigal as it is of the life-power of so many accomplished men—the teachers, and costly, in a pecuniary sense, as it is to the learner, is nevertheless found to have an efficiency, as compared with class or professorial teaching, which probably will always secure for it the preference; or, at least, will do so until changes the most extensive shall have been introduced into the methods of training that are pursued in the same places. But, it need not be said, there can never be two paramount systems, taking effect within the same circle. At Oxford and Cambridge the working men—the men who are intent upon taking the highest honours to which they can aspire—the men who draw upon themselves the expectant eyes of their

peers, and the quiet approval of their superiors—these men perfectly well know that their chance of success is affected scarcely in any degree by what they do, or what they may listen to, in the lecture-room, with the professor, (and *he* knows this to be the fact too,) but that all must turn upon the use they can make of that hour of earnest attention which they pass daily with their tutor alone. Given, in any two instances, an equal amount of natural capacity and of previous acquirement, then the question, as to the success of either of the two, is—"Who is his coach?" This known, the result might be predicted with little risk of error.

The Professor, let him be what he may—able and zealous too—must be content to regard the function he discharges as formal merely or chiefly. He well knows, as to every hard-reading and aspiring man who frequents the lecture-room, that every moment spent there is, and must be, intently grudged, as so much time deducted from his available hours of labour. One cannot even fancy Dr. Chalmers filling a professor's chair under any such conditions as these. An empty honour would he have deemed the very highest appointment at Oxford or at Cambridge, which would have compelled him thus to "beat the air" daily. But a Scotch professorship was that which fully satisfied the requirements of his intellectual and moral constitution. He needed to stand among those—a limited and *selected* company—into whose souls he could breathe his own soul, whose aims in life he could elevate, whose purposes he could fix, and to whose principles of action he could impart singleness of direction. As to scientific proficiency, or as to the individual attainments and competency of the men before him, it may be doubted whether his habits and bearing as an academic man were in any remarkable degree adapted to the furtherance of the students in the attainment of a thorough scientific proficiency. Chalmers, at Edinburgh, would send forth men full of soul and high purpose: Mr. Hopkins, at Cambridge, a perennial tide of senior wranglers!

Scotland is now filled with men, and England has more than a few such, who are never weary in giving utterance to their feelings when they speak of those times of happy excitement which they spent in the Moral Philosophy or the Theology Class-room, while Dr. Chalmers held the mind and soul of all present in his powerful grasp. Far are we from saying or surmising that the strictly academic or professorial part of the intellectual nourishment then and there imparted was any way less than it might or should have been; probably it was more than the average amount of instruction conveyed by those who have occupied the same position. But we think that, what was more than this—even the whole, or nearly so, of that moral impetus which he communicated to the young men around him, might be wanting, and yet a college system might be reckoned good and efficient in every substantial respect; nay, in some respects the ends of a college course may be attained more completely, and more securely, apart from so much excitement, than along with it.

The extraordinary impulse which Dr. Chalmers gave to the young ministerial mind of Scotland, from the professor's chair, had relation to those great movements which afterwards he originated or promoted. What was needed throughout the country during the years of the national struggle then impending was, that which he with unexampled power imparted. The young ministerial mind of Scotland needed to be put afresh into possession of a thorough and unabated evangelic scheme of belief, as opposed, on the one hand, to all semi-infidel evasions, and, on the other, to a stern and rigid doctrinal *notionalism*, the wordy dialectic fixedness of the Covenanting era. The stiff adherence to principles, and the unbending following out into practice of a general rule, much needed to pass under a process which should retain the *moral substance* of this firmness, while it loosened, and broke up, and scaled off, the time-thickened crust of pertinacity and scrupulosity. A master's hand was needed in Scotland—(one might say a giant's arm)—to rend away from deep and earnest piety its Pharisaism, and to rid Christian morality of Rabbiism. There was needed a Great Soul, and a strong mind, competent to the task of putting upon things Christian, a *Christian* interpretation, instead of a Jewish gloss. Chalmers rendered this service to the Church without relaxing any great principles, and without letting in the latitudinarian feeling. Always serious himself, and observant of whatever is indeed sacred, he could, without risk of mischief, bring down the forces of his robust understanding to bear, with a crushing weight upon any of those solemn frivolities, or punctilious overdoings, which Scotland had retained as keepsakes of its ancient Puritanism. Much was done by Chalmers incidentally among his students, to set their genuine seriousness—their proper conscientiousness—upon a broader and more solid foundation than heretofore it had occupied; but we are far from sure that this same process, so im-

portant and necessary in relation to the spreading impiety of the present times, does not *yet* need to be carried a stage or two farther still.

Much was done also—(we need not doubt it)—by Dr. Chalmers from the Chair, and in the course of his personal communications with his students, to loosen from their minds that overweening regard to the religious usages peculiar to Scotland, which has operated to encase its ministers in their ecclesiastical nationality. His frequent visits to England, and the felicitous friendships which resulted from his intercourse with the ministers and lay members of the Episcopal Church, produced in himself a cordial and very unreserved recognition of the fact that the highest order of piety may, and does flourish, beneath the shadow of Episcopacy; and that a worship thoroughly spiritual may consist with, and does express itself through, a liturgy.

Breadth of feeling, breadth of view, an all-embracing grasp of whatever matters might be before him, and, in a word, a statesman's comprehensiveness, a statesman's sagacity, a statesman's power of continuous attention to details, while retentive of his larger purposes, and ulterior projects, these, as we think, were those characteristics of Chalmers's mind, which, as more or less prominently developed in the class-room, were slowly, and through the course of his twenty years of professorial life, coming to bear upon the rising ministerial body in Scotland, giving to it, not merely a new and extraordinary impulse, but what was not less needed, a far more freely developed Christian intelligence than had heretofore belonged to it. The word which Chalmers might have addressed to the young mind of Scotland, as from year to year it came under his training, was of this sort, (using a little paraphrastic license)—"For God, at this time, and in preparation for the great movements in which we are to act our parts, has not given us the spirit of bondage, and of straitness, and of inferential scrupulosity; but the spirit of love, of power, and of a sound mind."

If any zealous admirer of this great man were to come forward, and to allege, in his praise, certain specific services which he had rendered to philosophy, in carrying forward, as a teacher, moral and theological science, (or political science,) in the first place, the bringing forward a claim of this sort might perhaps impel us to demur as to certain particulars; but more than this, we should feel that, in so doing, the panegyrist was taking up a questionable, instead of an unquestionable ground of commendation. For, whether or not Dr. Chalmers, as Professor of moral philosophy, or of theology, has materially advanced sacred and ethical science, it is quite certain that, from his chair, he did render a service to his country which was of incomparably higher importance and value; inasmuch, as he sent forth over its surface, a body of men, who, if they turn not aside from the path whereon he set them forward, may, and with God's help, will, bring about, *within* the enclosure of the Establishment, as well as outside of it, the Christian Regeneration of Scotland. To do this, Chalmers was given to Scotland. Let her see to it then, that the mission of a man whom she delights to name, does not fail of its effect!

The view which we have thus been led to take of Dr. Chalmers's position, while he was occupying academic chairs, would naturally extend itself over the wider field of which he took possession, before the world, as a writer, strenuously and effectively maintaining a certain scheme of doctrines, in political economy, and in its related practical subjects. What those doctrines specifically were, we may find opportunity in a future article to state; and may then, perhaps, venture to advance an opinion as to their quality and value. But at present we may well hold off from all such questions. As a writer upon political economy, upon municipal administration, and upon the statistics of Christian benevolence, Chalmers stands before us—and in this light we think he will appear to the men of the next age, not as the originator, or peculiarly, as the furtherer of Science; but as the man who, with a suasive power, and a practical efficiency, unequalled, certainly not surpassed by any man of his times, gave an impulse to that altogether *modern* mood of Christian benevolence which concerns itself with the well-being, temporal and spiritual, of the industrial classes, and of the class below these.

This recent product of Christianity, (a product so worthy of it, and so congenial,) this mighty force, working in the bosoms of the privileged—the favoured—the provided for, and which forbids them to slumber upon their comforts, while thousands of their kindred are in extremity of suffering, this modern business-souled benevolence, destined as it yet is, to bring about noiseless renovations throughout the human system, shifting the position of all things, and giving a new form and colour to all, was in a transition state at the moment of Chalmers's coming before the world, for it was just then in course of movement to return upon its true foundations. A word will suffice to explain what we mean.

At length, that is to say, at a time of which some now surviving, may retain a recollection, there took place a sudden move-

ment in HADES. The long rejected, or rather let us say it, the long postponed prayer of DIVES came to be favourably listened to, and LAZARUS, gladly springing upon his feet, left Abraham's bosom on a mission of mercy, and coming up upon earth, he visited in turn the palaces of the "five brethren" of the man who, in his time, had thoughtlessly "fared sumptuously every day." This ghostly messenger, drawing aside the silken curtains of each of these men of indulgence, whispered an alarm in the drowsy ear of each, and flitted away, and returned to his place in Paradise; but it was enough; for a conscience-panic had stirred the deepest impulses of these awakened men, and they shook off their sloth, and went forth among their fellows with an earnest purpose, the world wondering after them, in seeing so new a thing—the rich, the noble, the refined, the philosophic, not as if wrought upon by a fitful and romantic sympathy, which must soon exhaust itself; but effectively roused for labour in behalf of the forgotten millions of the people. The rich man's "five brethren" were, as we have said, at that time, thus awakened from their slumber of selfish ease.—The Man of golden heaps had thus been "pricked to the heart," and the strings of his bags were loosened. The Man of earthly joyousness had taken alarm also, and had sickened of his pleasures. New schemes were put on paper in the counting-house of the Man of business, the British merchant, for he had listened to the same call. The Man of science and of literature also found purposes more noble than the winning of immortality in the temple of fame; and, most to be wondered at, not least to be admired, was the Statesman who, snatching moments from cares he might not abandon, listened to proposals which, heretofore he would have scorned; and he gave his serviceable counsels to the movers of every scheme of beneficence.

In its earlier season of development, this systematic, or organized philanthropy expressed itself in relation, chiefly to those physical evils that affect humanity; and, particularly, to certain definite classes of suffering; thence it went forward toward a more refined concernment for the moral and spiritual destitution of the lower classes; and thence it ripened into its most recent condition, which takes the practical form of ecclesiastical organization, and which embraces the two elements in an adjusted administration of aid and reform, at once spiritual and physical. The process of transition, not easily detected in a conspicuous form at any one moment, becomes evident when we look at the public career of individuals who stand a few years remote from each other. Thus, for instance, if we compare Howard's visitation of the prisons of Europe, with Elizabeth Fry's labours among the incarcerated wretches of her time, we cannot but note the indications of a progress in public feeling, which is full of meaning. The sighing of the prisoner which Howard had listened to, and to which he had compelled the world to give some heed, had at length come to waken up a more searching and deep-going compassion, and to instigate endeavours for alleviating those of his woes, of which the prisoner himself was regardless.

In a manner analogous to this, and as indicative of a silent but momentous advancement of the Christian spirit, from its rudimental towards its more reflex and more refined expression, the labours of Wilberforce and Clarkson, and of their successors, in behalf of the negro race—labours which are yet waiting to reach their desired consummation—were followed by the great evangelizing enterprises of the time that is now just gone by; and these have been succeeded by those ecclesiastical and colonizing organizations which, under forms so various, have undertaken to administer the funds of voluntary zeal.

Chalmers, as a Political Economist, and more distinctly as the mover of municipal and parochial schemes of beneficent labour, and again, as the champion of Establishments, and as the vindicator of Endowments, and still more decisively as the Founder and Economist of a Church-National, though not Established, fulfilled a function incalculably more fruitful of good toward the masses of the people, than could have been the concocting, and the divulging, and the defence of any new scheme of doctrines in philosophy. Although, therefore, we may hereafter ask, what his philosophy was, and wherein distinguished from that which he found ready to his hand, the answer to such an inquiry is, in our view, unimportant when compared with the fact, that so powerful a mind, impelled by the warmest philanthropy, and informed by Christian principles, came forward to guide the minds of his countrymen, during the season of an extraordinary convulsion.

Chalmers's *moment*, as a political and ecclesiastical economist, was precisely that juncture in the history of Christian benevolence, when a two-fold revulsion was coming about in the world of religious and political feeling. In the first place, the vague and ill-considered, although true-hearted missionary fervour which had rushed out upon the remote wilderness of heathenism, know-

ing scarcely what it intended, and unprepared to meet the sharp disappointments it had provoked, was beginning to collapse, and to think upon its ways; and was, in a somewhat more hopeful manner, applying itself to the vast enterprise before it, under the guidance of dearly-bought experience. But then, in the second place, there was coming on a not less needed and an incalculably momentous revolution, at least in the best constituted minds, which thus expressed itself in tones of self-reproach and amazement:—"We are expending vast revenues, and we are sacrificing the best lives, in the endeavour to Christianize the far-off heathenism of this heathen world;—but we have, meantime, nearly forgotten the fact, that thick around us on every hand, there is a heathenism more virulent in its quality than any which elsewhere, throughout all the world, we shall find—the heathenism of our fellow-citizens, of our nearest neighbours!"

Now the structure of Chalmers's mind, and the decisive tendency of his dispositions, fitted him, peculiarly, for assenting to, and for helping forward, this two-fold revulsion of the religious mind. If a fervent benevolence has ever glowed in a human bosom, it did in his; and he was susceptible also of that species of excitement to which, in a qualified sense, the term *enthusiasm* may be rightfully applied. But, then, with this preparation of the heart, there was conjoined a most robust good sense, an impatience of sentimental inanities—a scorn of unproductive popular agitations—a far-seeing sagacity, as to the workings of any scheme which involves the ordinary impulses of human nature: and withal an extraordinary power of intellect in dealing with, and reducing to order, the details of "matters of business," which placed him always at the post of difficulty, whenever arduous undertakings were in view. Chalmers wanted few, if any, of those natural endowments which might have made him an able minister of State. As thus qualified, then, it was that he put his Hercules shoulder to the wheel of Christian beneficence, at the very moment when the mindless fervour of its spring season was passing on towards a ripened condition of considerate and instructed energy.

It was fraught with these impulsive feelings, and as furnished with these rich mental endowments, that Chalmers gave himself to his favourite subjects—political economy and municipal administration, and, at length to the religious Establishment question; and it was thus, too, shewing himself as a man, and as a clergyman, alive to every call of duty and humanity, that he engaged in those extraordinary ministerial labours which distinguished his discharge of the pastoral office at Glasgow. Of these labours it could answer no purpose which we have in view here, to take account. Every young man, henceforward devoting himself to the work of the Christian ministry, will take care to make himself fully acquainted, by perusal and study of the volumes before us, with the details of a ministry so instructive. How exciting, and how salutary a tendency is the example therein held up of ministerial devotedness, and of that true and high tone of feeling which leads a man so thoroughly to forget himself and his popularity, while he thinks only of the miseries and the degradations which a faithful discharge of his duties may, in some measure, alleviate or redress! Political economist he was—and so he stood before the world, and so did he shine in his honours, as member of the French Institute, and the like. But he was an economist, *because* a fervent philanthropist; and an economist, *because* his reason told him that Christian principles must be the beginning and the end of all schemes for brightening the homes of the wretched; and because his sense of duty, as a parish minister, so brought him into daily contact with that misery, as that he could never cease to inquire concerning the causes of it, proximate and remote:—

"The dearest object of my earthly existence," he says, "is the elevation of the common people—humanized by Christianity, and raised by the strength of their moral habits, to a higher platform of human nature, and by which they may attain and enjoy the rank and consideration due to enlightened and companionable men."—Vol. iii. p. 433.

Political economy—church extension, and ministerial laboriousness—independent as they might seem, one of the other, were molten into a mass in Chalmers's mind. What he thought on abstract scientific grounds, connected itself with what he saw around him, in the course of his parochial visitations.

"On this day of national calamity, (sermon preached on the death of the Princess Charlotte,) if ever the subject should be adverted to from the pulpit, we may be allowed to express our rivetted convictions on the close alliance that obtains between the political interests and religious character of the country. And I am surely not out of place when, on looking at the mighty mass of a city population, I state my apprehension, that if something be not done to bring this enormous physical strength under the control of Christian and humanized principle, the day may yet come when it may lift against the authorities of the land its brawny vigour, and discharge upon them all the tur-

bulence of its rude and volcanic energy." "Personal and local interests," says Dr. Hanna, "conspired to direct his thoughts into this peculiar channel. He had lately finished his own survey of the Tron Church parish, and by personal inquiries within every dwelling, he had found that, out of 11,120 souls there were not more than 3500 who had seats or were in the habit of worshipping in any Church. In many districts two-thirds of the adult population had wholly cast off the very form and profession of Christianity. Dissent had done much, twice as much, as in its hampered and ill-administered condition, the Established Church had done to arrest the evil; but such, despite of all previous efforts, was the awful magnitude to which that evil had already attained, growing too in a much more rapid ratio than did the general increase of the population. After most anxious and profound reflection—reflection based upon personal and minute observation of the condition and habits of the lowest and poorest of the people, Dr. Chalmers was convinced that the only effective remedy was to purify, remodel, and extend the parochial economy. The extension of that economy was what, perhaps, might be soonest attained, as the want of it could most easily be made apparent."—Vol. ii. p. 140.

A fervent benevolence, informed by Christian motives, lodged in a mind of statesman-like capacity, of extraordinary power in despatching the details of business, and of strong practical tendency, had combined to make this great man the advocate of National Religious Establishments. It was not that he *found* himself pledged to an Establishment, for so he might have continued, passively, with a hesitating compliance with things as they are: such is the position of very many men of note who yield themselves through life to the trying and often perplexing conditions that are inseparable from the working of institutions of this kind. Men of Chalmers's order of mind will stand by ESTABLISHMENTS as long as it is possible so to do. To attribute to interested motives the adherence of such men to the church-and-state principle, is a course insufferably illiberal; it is an imputation which those will be the readiest to cast at others, who, themselves, would be the very last to make a sacrifice for conscience sake.

There is a class of minds, and Chalmers's was an eminent sample of the class, that, from the power and compass of the reasoning faculty, range themselves on the Establishment side of the great problem of the Christian organization of communities. We shall be smartly told that we beg the question in debate when we thus roundly affirm that it is the most broadly constituted minds that take this side; and yet, whether it be relished or not, we must profess to think so; and nothing that has occurred of late years (not the Scottish Disruption, nor Chalmers's own defection) has shaken our belief that so it is. On the other side we see men, highly to be esteemed and respected as they are, whose spiritual sensitiveness, which is more their characteristic than is their practical wisdom, impels them to draw back, hurt, and grieved, and scandalized, from every contact with things of the world, even with those things to avoid a touch of which we must needs go out of the world. If these good men would but acknowledge the fact, we should hear them confess with sighs, perhaps with tears, that from the secularities and the vulgarities of their own non-established "denomination," they often get rubs as cruel as any that could be inflicted upon them by the sharpest of the sharp corners of a Christianity "by law established." Nay, this is not all, for these over-sensitive good men are sometimes tempted to wish that, instead of having to do with the individually obtruded selfish secularity of the men of their own denomination, they, and all, found their respective interests, and their duties, and their claims, clearly defined by Act of Parliament, or by immovable ecclesiastical usages. The LAW is a tyrant much rather to be chosen than the "thirty tyrants," every one of whom will try his lash upon the shoulders of the "meek of the earth." Along with these good men, and ranging themselves on the side opposed to religious Establishments, are THEORISTS of various sorts, the paintings, and the dottings, and the notches upon whose gay wings we have not leisure, just now, to describe particularly; but who agree in this, that all things actual are quite out of sorts, and that the Millennium means —"universal reform, according to my system." Next come, and never are they wanting in their places, the uncompromising assailants of "authorities"—the totallers as to every social constitution which assumes to bridle the wantonness of individual pride, and which scalds that pride by putting one man in a position of official superiority towards his fellows.

Chalmers, with all tenderness toward the "weak brother" who "eateth the herbs" of a denominational kitchen-garden, and who drinks water from the shallow and babbling brook of pure Voluntaryism, yet could never have endured to stand looking upon the miseries and the degradations of millions of the people, turning the winch of some crazy machinery from year to year, which, a hundred times over, has proved itself to be intrinsically inefficient. Something he must DO, and some means he must lay hold of, that will bear the handling, and that will

not break up into dust or splinters when brought to bear upon great evils. As to the spinners of theories he just left them to pursue their innocent pastimes. As to Radicalism, political or religious, he knew human nature well enough to know that, except at moments when the social body is approaching a crisis, this species of malignancy is the least hurtful when it loudly eructates itself, unrebuked and unregarded.

Chalmers would not and could not have consummated the last and the immortally memorable act of his ecclesiastical life—the DISRUPTION, and the founding of the FREE CHURCH—if he had not come up to that great occasion furnished with the principles of a National Establishment, master of its regulated procedures, accustomed to its routine, and personally instinct with that consciousness of dignity which belongs to the members of a great and recognised corporation in correspondence with the State.

But now, if Chalmers carried into the Disruption movement every advantage which his long connexion with the Establishment, and his advocacy of it, had conferred upon him, did he not, it will be asked, in heading the Disruption, lay all these advantages upon the altar of the anti-Establishment cause? Did he not, in this one act, erase his former testimony in favour of Establishments, and practically, if not formally, affirm that to be hopeless and impossible, which, heretofore, he had laboured to recommend as eminently good and useful? We read these facts in a wholly different manner. We render the Disruption and the origination of the Free Church, into terms interpretable into a sense which at some future time shall bring into harmony the earlier writings of this great man, and the later acts of his course.

The Disruption, vast as may be its *present meaning*, in relation to the Christianity of Scotland, doubtless has a further meaning, as bearing upon those ecclesiastical problems which now stand in the pathway of Protestant Christian nations, and which the inevitable course of events must bring to an issue at no very remote time. The religious wellbeing of SCOTLAND must of course be allowed to stand foremost in this instance; but next to it stands that ecclesiastical crisis which ENGLAND waits for, and which, whether she likes it or not, she must pass through. Perplexities analogous to those that attended the controversy between the Church and the State in Scotland, will not fail to make themselves known, in a troublesome manner, as often as any religious movement has place in a Christian country; nor will they be cleared up until certain misunderstandings, as to the early Church, have been rectified, of which all modern Churches have partaken. To these mistakes we may perhaps advert in a future article.

But we should bring before us, in a succinct form, the Disruption itself, the conditions of the question then at issue, and the course of events which led to it.

At this time of day it might have been deemed unnecessary to affirm that which the public men of the time appear not to have understood, not to have been capable of comprehending—that Scotland is not England—that the Scotch are not the English in a religious sense—and that the Scotch Reformation differed in its tone, its spirit, and its consequent institutions, *essentially* from the English Reformation. But now, if it be a good maxim of government that differences of this sort, how great and deep-seated soever they may be, should be disregarded by a government, and that the components of an empire should all be dealt with, wholesale, in high contempt of their "peculiarities" and of their "crotchets"—if it be true that Nebuchadnezzar does well, in these modern times, when he sends forth his couriers to the "hundred and twenty provinces" of his empire, all bearing the very same ecclesiastical edict; if it be so, then might we well spare ourselves the trouble of entering upon any inquiry as to the fitness of what was done in 1843, on either side of that controversy which broke up the Establishment in Scotland. But we hold a different doctrine as to the course which a government should pursue toward the people under its sway, and therefore we shall use the utmost liberty in our review of those transactions. In using this ample measure of liberty we have the less scruple, because, personally, we have no harboured resentments to give vent to; we have no wounded pride to appease; we have no smothered imprecations to utter in tones of affected candour; we are not Scotch; we have no interests at stake in the Free Church (or in any other Church.) If we care for the one country more than we care for the other, it is for England rather than for Scotland. While we grieve for the damage which has been done in Scotland, we blush the more to remember that it was England that did it. In the upshot Scotland may be the gainer by the Disruption; but a time will assuredly come when the wrong which was then done by England, through the hands of the public men of that time, will avenge itself upon English institutions. Only let another set of English statesmen, some few years hence, and in a similar manner, misunderstand what they will then have to do with, and

the English Church Establishment falls! Again, let the highest considerations that can affect the wellbeing of a people be compromised and contemned, for the sake of some paltry interest, or because a minister cannot afford to risk a dozen votes from his precarious majority; let it be so, and English Christianity will resolve itself into its elements, to be re-assembled and re-composed, we know not how.

When the several forms of doctrine and worship under which the REFORMATION embodied itself are brought under review, *the two extremes* are found to have located themselves in the nearest juxta-position; for a small river is all that, geographically, separates two modes of the same Christianity, between which, ecclesiastically, doctrinally, and ritualistically, a great gulf yawns. This vast dissimilarity symbolizes (as it sprung from) radical differences of national temperament: differences, not incidental and temporary, but deep seated, and very likely long to resist the amalgamating forces of our modern quick intercourse dispensation. The Railway may actually wear itself out before it has quite broken down the two national tempers into one. We do not know that any such assimilation is an issue to be desired. We incline to think the contrary, and undoubtedly we think that those—statesmen to wit—who busy themselves in hastening forward the process, give evidence of the shallowness of their philosophy.

The differences that marked the English and the Scotch Reformation might, no doubt, be traced up, in various particulars, to peculiarities in the temper, and to special circumstances in the training, of the Individual Men who led the way in each country, and who, to some extent, fashioned each church to their private liking. But allowing as much as ought to be allowed to any such influences, we hold it to be certain, that the radical dissimilarity of the two people's moral and intellectual conformation was the main cause of those differences in the ecclesiastical edifices of the two countries, which are so glaring.

So long as the two kingdoms were neighbours only, this religious antagonism did not breed state perplexities, on either side: it only served (and perhaps usefully) to deepen the bed of the Tweed. And when at length the two kingdoms came under one sway, it seemed as if treaties, memorials, parliamentary enactments, and royal promises, might avail to hold in abeyance the difficulties which otherwise were likely to accrue from the political fusion of two races, so opposed the one to the other, in religious temper and feeling. And so these means *might* have availed, if the lust of spiritual domination could have been persuaded to cast no wistful eye northward. But this could not be: English churchmen, and England's priest-ridden princes could not be quiet so long as Scotland held the hated Puritanism extant. Haman could relish none of his honours until Mordecai should fairly be hanged. What, in a word, is the history of Scotland's wrongs, and what the reason of its martyr times, but this—that treaties and stipulations, the most explicit, protecting Scotland in the enjoyment of her own understanding of Christianity, were as straws in the path of those wilful men, prelates, princes, statesmen, of the Stuart times!

But in *these* times have we not become more philosophical, and are we not more reasonable than our ancestors of the Stuart century were? Do we not better understand what is due to national engagements, as well as to the unwritten and the non-enacted, but understood relationships of the several members of a great imperial community? We are so, in certain instances. How careful, for instance, have we shown ourselves not to tread on the toes of our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens, even when they are spurred and ready to ride rough-shod over our heads! And how sensitively have we behaved ourselves towards the delicate "religious peculiarities" of the subjugated people of India! But Scotland—ought it to look for the same measure of indulgence?

Among the many dissimilarities that form the contrast between the English and the Scottish forms of the same Christianity, that one which is the most striking, as one crosses the border, on a Sunday, although it has so often been referred to, has not been well understood, (scarcely at all regarded in England,) in its bearing upon the great question which has lately been agitated between the Scotch Established Church and the English Government. The English Sunday service is *mainly* ritualistic; the Scotch is *mainly* concionative. In England the church-going bell calls the people together to *worship:* Scotland clusters its people to *hear a preachment.* In England the sermon is a twenty minutes' supplement to the service; well to be subjoined to it, if, and when, it can be had; yet by no means an indispensable element of the congregational routine. In Scotland, not only is the sermon the main matter, and it is lengthy accordingly, and it is elaborately prepared, and it is critically listened to—Bible in hand; but the very prayers are the minister's creation at the moment; whether better or worse,

they are what the minister, as an individual, is qualified to deal out to the people. These exercises of the individual man—both hortatory and devotional—are either adapted to the tastes of the congregation, or they are not so, and are offensive to it; they either delight and comfort the people, or grievously offend them. In the one country the minister's prime qualification consists in his *official authenticity;* in the other country his qualifications are those of his mind, temper, tone, manner, and function, as a man, as a Christian, and as a preacher. In the one country the personal difference between one clergyman and another is an affair of less than vital consequence: in the other country this difference touches to the quick the soul of the people—that is to say, of every frequenter of Church who is better than a listless filler-out of eighteen inches' pew-room.

Grant it, that we have here stated the contrast between England and Scotland in terms somewhat absolute, and which may be open to exceptions. Nevertheless, *mainly* the difference is just such as we here present it. Whenever an English congregation comes into a spiritualized condition (which often it does) such as to put, in its view, the *preacher* foremost, and the *clergyman* aftermost, then, and to this extent, it has gone off from its normal standing-place, as an assemblage convened for worship, according to the rites of the Episcopal Church. Some element of Methodism must have lodged itself in the bosom, as well of the preacher as of the people, when so it is. But it is not so in Scotland; Scotland wants no influx of Methodism for bringing its people into a vivid condition of soul-contact with its ministry. People and preacher are commingled in one harmony, *authentically*, and they are in perfect accordance with the IDEA of the national faith, when the listeners to the sermon, and to the prayers also, yield themselves to the guiding hand of their own loved minister. A Scotch congregation *is* then in its normal condition, when thus the individual spirit of the minister comes into spiritual communion with the minds around him.

Such are the plain facts which so broadly distinguish the Scotch from the English Sunday feeling. Now, will any one be audacious enough to affirm that PATRONAGE is just the same thing in the one country as it is in the other? Is it endurable to listen to the frigid barbarism of those who tell us that the mode of appointing ministers to parishes which is good for England—(is it *good?*) is good also for Scotland? Is it not so? If men, as Christians, may call their souls their own, it is nothing less than an atrocity to treat the deep religious instinct which impels a Scotch congregation to desire a minister who can bring himself near to its heart, as a whim to which no heed should be given. We need not wonder when we find English public men, who themselves have no hearts, or none on a Sunday, shewing that they are incapable of understanding feelings of this order. To such men what signifies the individual difference between the Rev. Mr. B. and the Rev. Mr. C., whose fifteen minutes' inanities it would need very keen and practised ears to distinguish one from the other? But the Scotchmen, the statesmen at the time of the Disruption, who so wantonly sported with the feelings of their countrymen, could not be ignorant of the vastness of that national difference, which, while it makes the right of the patron just a supportable usurpation in England, renders it an insufferable usurpation in Scotland! Yes, but has not Scotland, in times past, actually allowed this grievance to be fastened on her neck? She has done so; yet never without exacting conditions, and uttering remonstrances; and so it is that the infatuated outrage which was perpetrated by Government, nine years back, takes to itself the character of a proceeding worse than would be the putting a cruel contempt upon a sensitive people; for it was substantially a breach of public faith—it was a treason.

The relationship of an English clergyman to his parishioners being what it is, and the feelings and habits of the people being what they are, so long as there is going on in the clerical body, an improving tone, and an always rising regard for decorum, and especially while that style of sedulous attention to the religious condition of the people which has lately shewn itself so generally, continues unabated, the existing practice as to patronage is not likely to excite any feeling leading to popular resistance; and especially if (as at present) patronage, as exercised by the Crown, and by many of the aristocracy, is seen to give heed to the personal merits of the presentee, and is employed manifestly with a view to the welfare of the people.

In Scotland no ameliorations or palliatives of this kind, even if they had place, could avail for bringing patronage into a tolerable position toward the people; or a position that should be analogous to that which it occupies as related to the church-going population of England. It is indeed true that, through cycles of years, the people of Scotland may have slumbered, and therefore may have endured what was so contrary to

their proper and to their better feelings. But it is quite certain that, between the moment of awakening and the utterance of a loud complaint on this head, the interval will be very short. England *may* live religiously under the yoke of patronage; but as often as Scotland becomes spiritually alive she will struggle to throw it off. So it has been: so it will be again.

As to the Disruption of 1843, a greater or a less share in that convulsion, and in the proceedings which led to it, may be assigned to Dr. Chalmers individually. It may not be possible, in fact, rightfully to distribute to every man therein concerned his exact proportion of the general responsibility incurred by the leaders of the Free Church movement. Certainly *we* shall attempt no such apportionment, whether it be of praise or of blame; nor is it of much consequence to fix the relative amount of these individual deservings. This, meanwhile, is abundantly evident, that the great man whose public course is now in review, was just so far the author and the mover of the Disruption as he, by his energetic preaching, his abounding labours, his writings, and his commanding influence, as a theological Professor, had been the instrument of Scotland's awaking to a state of evangelical vitality. What the course of events might have been if he had held himself entirely aloof from ecclesiastical affairs, no one should venture to say; but even if he had done so, the same agitation must, sooner or later, have come on. The fatal error of the Government and of the public men, generally, of that time, consisted in this, that, in attributing the actual agitation to the personal influence of Dr. Chalmers, and of a few men his associates, they quite failed to perceive, or to understand that deeper heaving of Scotland's heart, of which (mainly) he had been the instrument, and of which the "Non-intrusion" agitation was only an incidental consequence. These public men—even the most intelligent of them, had no eye to see, no ear to hear, no heart to understand, that which Chalmers and his friends had already effected, as God's ministers, in waking their countrymen from their long slumber of formality, of Moderatism, and of infidelity. They thought, therefore, that the hubbub which this famous orator had given rise to, about this, that, or the other pretended invasion of Church privileges by the Court of Session, would presently subside, and that the display of a little firmness on the part of Government would suffice for bringing this momentary disturbance to a speedy and ignominious end. Foolish supposition! Yet, on the ground of it, Scotland was split, the domestic harmony of many families was blighted, the best and ablest men that the Established Church had ever had at its command were driven from their flocks and their homes:—the existence of *two* Establishments was put in peril; and more than this, an illustrious example of moral courage and constancy was entered upon the pages of history, which the men of another time will read—will ponder, and will follow;—and when they do so, the consequence will serve to attach an immortal obloquy to the names of the public men to whose blindness the Disruption must be attributed.

If, on this occasion, and in such a connexion, we must employ the ill-sounding word—"Party," we must remind our readers that, in consequence of the religious revival which marked the early years of this century, in Scotland, and with which Dr. Chalmers's preaching and writings had so much to do, accessions were constantly making to the evangelical party, in the General Assembly; the Moderate majority, in proportion, declining; while the popular feeling went on, more and more decisively, to sustain, and to enhearten the former, and to render the position of the latter increasingly precarious. At length it became manifest that the evangelical members of the Assembly would see their way open to the exercise of a preponderating influence, and that it would soon be competent to them to carry measures tending to renovate the Church, according to its own idea, as embodied in its Confessions and Formularies. The tendency was not to *innovate*, or even to *reform*, in the sense of abrogating what was extant, or of instituting things new; but in a word, the ruling desire was to reanimate or to vivify the body, which had suffered paralysis.

In going about to effect this reanimation, the evangelical ministers could not suppose themselves to be taking a blame-worthy, or even a hazardous course, when they laid their hands upon explicit passages in the authentic documents of their Church, and announced their wish to restore what had fallen into desuetude, and to regain what was once the undisputed right of the people, and of their ministers. It may indeed often be a question, calling for all the wisdom which a Church has at its command, whether such *restorations* are, in fact, desirable, or are practicable; or whether a community has not, in the course of a century or two, passed forward far beyond the applicable intention of its antiquated institutions;—whether such institutions, or modes of procedure, ought not to be thought of as super-

annuated, defunct, and good for nothing but to be forgotten.

This will not be the judgment passed upon those usages or principles which, while they are elementary constituents of an extant institution, have been removed from it surreptitiously—have been set off from it by means of some *foreign* interference, have been snatched away by reckless, selfish, and lawless hands; and when such subductions have not been resisted, only because the wronged parties were, at the time, somnolent, or were false to their trust. This, we think, is much about the state of the case as to the whole of that controversy between the Church of Scotland and the Government, which ended in the Disruption of 1843. We think so, standing as we do a thousand miles off from the Free Church, and in no ways implicated in its credit, or in its destinies.

What we have just above said, as to the essential and immeasurable difference which makes up the contrast between the Established Churches of England and Scotland, may suffice for shewing that, though a revival of religious feeling may advance some way within the former (as it has done) and yet not bring into jeopardy the (rights ?) of the patron in presenting to benefices — the wishes of the people no way consulted or considered—no revival spreading beyond a parish or two, no general recovery of religious feeling could possibly take place in Scotland, unaccompanied by a deep-felt, and, probably, vehemently uttered desire to modify at least, the patron's influence; or to subject it to *some* conditions rendering it less intolerable;—or, if that might be, to recover for the Church and the people, the privileges that had been snatched and stolen from them at a moment when the clergy had become secularized, and the people were benumbed. The cry—the outcry, will be heard from every side—"give us what we have been wrongfully deprived of."

If at the moment of this religious revival there had been among the statesmen of the time, Whig or Tory, one—we do not say, a spiritually-minded and a Christian man, but one, conversant with religious history, and of sagacity to take note of what was going on in Scotland, and to interpret those events aright, and to forecast their inevitable issues —if there had been one such man at hand, it would have been easy for him to make way, legally, for that movement, thus saving the Establishment, and saving patronage too, so far as it ought to have been saved. No such mind—no such large soul was at hand. Scotland, therefore, fell into the hands, not merely of worldly-minded men, but of merely technical men—men of routine, and lawyers—men whose heads were stuffed with verbalities;—men whose tact would much sooner have enabled them to beseem themselves well in office at the Sublime Porte, or under the emperor of China, than to apprehend those heavings of the heart, and those revoltings of the understanding which agitate a parish in Scotland upon which a godless laird has forced a godless minister.

Although, as to many of our readers, or to most of them, the facts we shall now have to advert to, need no repetition, yet we may fairly assume it as probable, as to some who look into these pages, that those facts are not familiar. Using all brevity, we shall therefore adduce them; and, as far as we can, shall follow, or avail ourselves of, Dr. Hanna's statements, as presented in the volumes before us.

Dr. Chalmers found himself Moderator of the General Assembly of May 1832. His position as such forbade his taking a part, directly, in a discussion over which he then presided, and which touched the question of patronage in a vital manner. Eight presbyteries and three synods had sent up overtures (petitions) to the supreme ecclesiastical court, entreating the Assembly to devise means, such as might avail to prevent the intrusion upon parishes of ministers unacceptable to the congregation; in a word, for giving reality to that which had become a mere form, namely—The *Call* of the people. When the parish became vacant the immemorial usage of the Church of Scotland, in inducting a clergyman, had been of this sort: —the patron, by a deed or declaration, laid upon the table of the presbytery, nominates to the vacant living, and therein requires it to "take trial of the qualifications" of the person so presented; and then, having found him duly qualified for the function of the ministry, at the parish of —— (a trial corresponding with the bishop's examination of candidates for holy orders) to admit and receive him thereto, and give him his act of ordination and admission, in due form. In pursuance of this requisition the presbytery enjoins the presentee to preach in the vacant Church, on one or two Sundays named, to the end that "the people over whom he is to be ordained, may have some knowledge and trial of his qualifications." After this trial has been had, the presbytery meets in the Church of the vacant parish, for the purpose of "moderating in, or presiding at the call." At this meeting, and after divine service, a paper is presented to this effect: "We, the heritors, elders, heads of families, and parishioners of the parish of ——, taking into consideration the present destitute state of the said parish, through the want of a

gospel ministry among us, occasioned by the death of our late pastor, and being satisfied with the learning, abilities, and other good qualifications of you, Mr. A. B., and having heard you preach to our satisfaction and edification, do hereby invite and call you, the said Mr. A. B., to take the charge and oversight of this parish, and to come and labour among us, in the work of the gospel ministry, hereby promising to you all due respect and encouragement in the Lord. We likewise entreat the reverend presbytery of —— to approve and concur with this, our most cordial call, and to use all proper means for making the same effectual, by your ordination and settlement among us, as soon as the steps necessary thereto will admit. In witness whereof we subscribe these presents." . . . . .

The people are invited accordingly to sign this invitation, in the presence of the presbytery; which done, they, the presbytery, proceed to sit in judgment upon the call, and finding it sufficient, enter next upon the trial of the literary and theological attainments of the presentee. This trial duly had, they appoint a Sunday for "serving the edict," that is to say, for announcing to the congregation the proposed day of ordination; to which announcement is appended a notification, that, if any one knows any reason against the admission of the presentee, he is to present himself before the Presbytery, and give in the same. On the day fixed for the ordination, proclamation is again made by an officer of the Court, giving opportunity to any who may wish to advance objections to the life or doctrine of the presentee, so to do, and to make good his objections as he can. No such objections having been advanced, the presentee is required, in hearing of the congregation, to answer various questions, the last of which is thus worded, —"Do you accept and close with the call to be pastor of this parish, and promise through grace to perform all the duties of a faithful minister among this people?" Neither in this question, nor in the affirmative reply to it, is any allusion made to the patron or to his presentation. *On this occasion* patronage is ignored. Ordination then takes place in the mode used in the Presbyterian Church.

This form, a mere fiction as it had become of late years, is yet full of meaning; for it recalls *a reality* of which the people of Scotland had been despoiled; and it symbolizes a relationship to which nothing in the English Church corresponds. On the ground of this form of induction, albeit the substance it represented had been removed, the reanimated Church was fully warranted in seeking to recover for the people what had been lost. There should be noted in this Form these points, namely,—The patron brings forward his man, the presentee; but no ordination takes place, and no entrance upon the temporalities of the benefice is granted to him until after the presentee has been listened to by the parishioners, approved by them, and by them invited to become their pastor. Such is the CONDITION under which Patronage is allowed to take its course in the Church of Scotland. This condition, let us mark it, does homage to that principle, historically anterior to the allowance of the patron's intervention, which pervades the Presbyterian system of discipline, government, and worship, and the operation of which places that system in a point of extreme contrast with the English Episcopacy, and its liturgical worship. Let it be noted that, until the people have approved the presentee, and have given him their call, even the preliminary inquiry as to his literary and religious qualifications is not entered upon. Whether he be a fit man to exercise the Christian ministry *anywhere* is not authentically known until the people of the parish before which he appears have said, "We wish him (if found to be otherwise qualified) to become our pastor."

Patronage was saddled upon Scotland by the Act of 1712, nevertheless the above described form of induction long afterwards retained its significance; and in very many instances (we here follow Dr. Hanna) the popular voice took effect, the patron's presentee having been frequently rejected by the Presbytery, solely on the ground of the opposition of the parishioners. Never in those times was the signature of three or four individuals allowed to pass as a sufficient call. But the spread of lax principles among the clergy themselves, and the growth of a thoroughly secular feeling, inclined them more and more to throw themselves upon the good chances of patronage; and to rid themselves, as far as possible, of the troublesome intervention of the people. Was it to be endured that a man who had a benefice straight before him, through the favour of a noble friend, should be condemned to stand, in tremulous incertitude, for two Sundays, before his masters—the clowns and bigots of a country parish? "Like parson, like people." The people, ministered to through a course of years by men of this worldly stamp, would easily slide into that place of acquiescent nihility to which their superiors beckoned them to retire. Patron, parson, people, being all of one mind, "the house" and its "goods were in peace." So things went on until that time came on when

Scotland's heart warmed and beat again. Thenceforward, and when at length the people and their ministers stood up on their feet, fronting each other, and became reciprocally conscious of what this relationship means—thenceforward, either the patron must return to his *original position*, or ministers and people must take their own in their own way. The patron, by help of the English government, kept his ground, and the Disruption ensued by sheer necessity.

In the course of time, after the restoration of patronage, the General Assembly decided that effect should be given to the Patron's presentation, *in all cases*, however decisive and unanimous might be the opposition of the people. The attachment of a single name to the call was held to render it valid, and, on the ground of such a farce, the Presbytery was enjoined to induct and ordain. Still, however, the Church continued to declare that this "Call," which it had allowed to be virtually annulled, was "agreeable to its immemorial and constitutional practice, and that it ought to be retained." So said the General Assembly of 1782. Notwithstanding these enacted incongruities, there were never wanting some of the clergy who protested against this disregard, at once of the letter and of the spirit of the Presbyterian Establishment. Some Presbyteries prayed to be excused from acting their part in the painful ceremonial of ordination, where the people were recusant. Some clergymen, rather than do so, relinquished their benefices.

The people, after finding that appeal to the General Assembly availed them nothing, in some instances adopted violent means to prevent the induction of an obnoxious minister. Sometimes the patron's darling was safely lodged in his Church and manse by the bayonet. Often a sullen acquiescence followed these compulsory inductions; and very often the people sought relief in the natural and rightful mode of providing for themselves a chapel and a minister. In the course of half a century more than 100,000 of the people had thus been driven to secede from the Establishment.

Insanity is curable, but not infatuation; interested folly never learns wisdom; but the time of its confusion was now drawing on. Some will tell us that the patronage infatuation did triumph in 1843. So it did; but it triumphed in a sense which nothing short of ineffable folly will prompt a man to speak of as if it should be gloried in.

The leading men of the Church, Chalmers and others, did not wish for an absolute abrogation of patronage. They well knew that the method of appointing ministers to parishes or congregations is a problem of extreme difficulty. In no direction could they look around and find a Church system and practice which, in itself, was desirable, or which was rather to be chosen, than would have been the existing practice of the Church of Scotland, if only some reasonable modifications of the patron's right, securing the people against intolerable oppressions, could have been admitted.

As it had been by a series of decisions contravening the popular voice that the "Call" had been gradually reduced to a nullity, Dr. Chalmers proposed that, instead of attempting to legislate on the general question, the Assembly, in which the Evangelic party was every year gaining ground, should, by a series of decisions, as cases arose, come to decisions in the contrary sense—determining, as circumstances might dictate, what number of signatures, or what proportion, in a parish, should be held sufficient for giving validity to a Call. This course, however, though it seemed eligible, would have perpetuated controversy and litigation; and it was not adopted. A legislative Act of the Assembly, fixing a uniform practice, was thought more advisable. Dr. Chalmers then urged an application to Government to legalize, by Act of Parliament, the proposed Act of the Church. Some, who better knew what might be looked for from Government, and from an English Parliament, (Lord Moncrieff was of this opinion,) earnestly deprecated any such application; and it was not then attempted.

Of the several legislative modes of applying a check to the wanton exercise of patronage, that one was at length preferred which assumed the mildest and most reasona le form, and which was embodied in the "Veto Act." The import of this Act was, that in any case in which a majority of the parishioners came forward to declare their disapproval of the patron's presentee, this dissent should be held to bar the settlement. The introduction of this measure in the General Assembly of 1833 was assigned to Dr. Chalmers. In pleading for this measure he showed that it was not a novelty, but a revival only of the practice of those times immediately following 1649 and 1690, when the power of negation, as a force in reserve, rather than in operation, being lodged with the people, the Church of Scotland was in its most prosperous condition. "Persecution put an end to the one period, and unrestricted patronage put an end to the other." The negative which it was proposed to leave with the people, as uttered by a majority, should be held a sufficient bar in *itself*, apart from reasons assigned, which, as Dr. Chalmers al-

leged, might often be the most valid and the most reasonable, in fact, when they were of a sort to which the people could give no distinct utterance. The dissent of a majority, unsustained by reasons alleged, should only be disregarded in bar of the presentation, when it could be clearly proved to take its rise from some "corrupt and malicious combination."

This motion was lost in the Assembly of 1833, by a majority of twelve against it. But as modified by Lord Moncrieff, and introduced by him, it was carried in the General Assembly of 1834. It was technically termed "an Overture and Interim Act on Calls:" and was declaratory to this effect—*generally*, that it is contrary to the fundamental law of the Church for any pastor to be intruded into any congregation, contrary to the will of the people: and then, specially, it is declared that, in any case, if "the major part of the male heads of families," members of the vacant congregation, and in full communion with the Church, shall disapprove of the person in whose favour the call is proposed to be moderated in, such disapproval shall be deemed sufficient ground for the Presbytery rejecting such person, and that he shall be rejected accordingly." But it was required that all persons so dissenting should, when required, solemnly declare in presence of the Presbytery, that they are not actuated by factious or malicious motives; but only by a regard to the spiritual interests of themselves, or the congregation. Any one of the dissentients refusing so to declare, his vote is rejected.

Such was the Veto Law. It had been maturely considered, it had received the approval of the most eminent legal persons, and it had been sanctioned by the legal and political advisers of the Crown in Scotland. More than this, or more, if we think of subsequent events, it had been warmly commended by Lord Brougham, then Lord Chancellor, in the House of Lords.

"The late proceedings in the General Assembly (in passing the Veto Law) have done more to facilitate the adoption of measures which shall set that important question of *Patronage* at rest, upon a footing advantageous to the community, and that shall be safe and beneficial to the Establishment, and in every respect desirable, than any other course that could have been taken; for it would have been premature if the Legislature had adopted any measure without the acquiescence of that important body, as no good could have resulted from it. I am glad that the wisdom of the General Assembly has been devoted to this subject, and that the result of its deliberations has been these important resolutions (the Veto Act) which were passed at the last meeting."—Vol. iii. p. 362.

Such an approval might seem enough, at least to screen the Assembly of 1834 from severe reprehension, as if it had acted precipitately, or at the impulse of those fanatical motives which sometimes take their course in clerical assemblages. Then, again, in the year 1836, a fit occasion presenting itself, Sir George Clerk, in the House of Commons, followed by Sir James Graham, did, in the most decisive terms, assert the constitutional liberties of the Church of Scotland, and its rightful exemption from the interference of the secular courts, in all matters spiritual; that is to say, when acting upon the ground of its independence, *as secured to it by the Act of Union*, and when carrying out its own disciplinary laws. Sir James Graham said,—

"What the people of Scotland had conquered with their arms had been recognised and guaranteed to them by repeated Acts of Parliament, and the Act of Union had recognised the independence of their Church as complete and entire. The Church of Scotland acknowledged the right of no authority to interfere with their ecclesiastical government. They recognise not the sovereign of these realms as the Head of their Church, and he (Sir J. Graham) would always contend for the privileges which that Church had guaranteed to it by the Union."

We pointedly request our English and Episcopalian readers to note these testimonies of men so competent to render them, and uttered where they were uttered.

We, on this *southern* side of the Tweed, have been wonderfully slow to apprehend the depth and the vitality of the differences which distinguish the two Establishments. The very same acts and courses of proceeding which, if adopted by the English clergy, would intend little less than a *Revolution*, in Scotland mean only a *Reclamation* of solemnly-admitted rights. Too often, and too far, the Disruption has been looked at *Anglicè*, and therefore as a revolt, or as an assumption of new ground. In this way *we* English have utterly misunderstood the Disruption movement. Sir Robert Peel, and the men who then surrounded him, seemed in some degree conscious of the idiosyncrasy of the Scottish Establishment, and he, as it appears, would cordially have sustained it in those endeavours to effect Church Extension which Dr. Chalmers so earnestly promoted. As to the Whigs, the feeling was of another sort;—with an ear open to Romanism, or to any form of assault upon Protestant Establishments, they had a cold shoulder for the Church: this was the rule. It should in justice be said that Lord John Russell's personal feelings towards the Scottish Establishment (as toward the English) were less hostile, less jealous, and supercilious, than were those of his colleagues.

From the subject of Church Extension we must, in this present article, entirely abstain. We say so just now, because it intervenes between the earlier movements of the Church, in relation to Patronage, and the issue of the same; and so likewise must we remit to another occasion, Dr. Chalmers's advocacy of Religious Establishments, which, in like manner, here intervenes.

The year 1838 brings before us the beginning of the end of the NON-INTRUSION controversy; and each of the following five years gave a new prominence to the fact that the *real* controversy between the Church and the Government had a far deeper meaning than that which obviously attached to it, in relation to Patronage; and that the issue of the conflict must either be to overthrow, to exclude, and to trample upon, the then reviving spiritual life of Scotland, or to allow and promote it, as then it was growing and acting within the Establishment. In this conflict, the patron's interests were indeed zealously protected; but to have secured these would not have satisfied those whose hearts were set upon the repression and expulsion of the Evangelic party, or what would have been better, their humiliation, by bringing the principal promoters of it before the world in the degraded attitude of men who, after making a great stir and noise, became suddenly quiet when they found their temporalities to be in jeopardy. To effect *this* end, all the measures of Government were steadily directed, under a confident persuasion (this is the besetting error of public men) that conscience would break down, and that "discretion" would have its triumph.

In rapid succession, throughout the Church, mere forms and mockeries were, at this time, being displaced by realities. The Eldership had been reformed, regard being had, in the appointment to this office, to the personal qualification of the men who were to fill it. Candidates for the ministry were subjected to an effective examination, and a necessary discipline was applied to cases of ministerial delinquency. The relationship connecting Presbyteries with Synods, and these with the General Assembly, were rendered effective. At the same time obstacles to communion with other orthodox Churches were removed; and one of the several seceding bodies had returned to its pale; and moreover, all those projects of Christian benevolence which Christian hearts devise, received a hearing, and were put in act. In the course of five years, the contributions of the Church in promotion of religious and charitable purposes, had become *fourteen times* greater than they had hitherto been. Of this period, Dr. Chalmers says:—

"We abolished the union of offices,—we are planting schools,—we are multiplying chapels,—we are sending forth missionaries to distant parts of the world,—we have purified and invigorated the discipline,—we are extending the church, and rallying our population round its venerable standard,—we are bringing the sectaries again within its pale,—and last, though not least, we have reformed the patronage; and our licentiates, instead of a tutorship in the families of the great, as their stepping-stone to preferment, now betake themselves to parochial assistantship, or to a preaching station, with its correspondent home-walk of Christian usefulness among the families of the surrounding poor, as the likeliest passage to a higher place in their profession even as it is the best preparation for the duties of their high calling. And not only is the visible glow of this great and wholesome reform abroad over the country, or in the outer departments of the Church; but in the business of its courts and judicatories, in the General Assembly itself, there is the same great and obvious reformation; so that, instead of the ecclesiastico-political arena which it once was, more at least than half its time is taken up with the beseeming cares of a great moral institute, devising for the Christian good, and the best interests of men, both at home and abroad."

Was it well done to assail and to discourage all this reviving energy? Was it wisely done in a Government, to drive beyond the pale of the Establishment, men who were thus labouring for its good? Was it discreet in those who had one Establishment in England to uphold, and another in Ireland to defend—so hard to be defended, to give the world a lesson to this effect—That no indulgence *within an Establishment* should be granted to laborious faithfulness, or to effective zeal? If the same men had been Irish priests, or English dissenters, their merits would have been acknowledged, and their "claims of right" allowed!

Dr. Hanna, in the sixth chapter of the fourth volume, narrates succinctly, clearly, and temperately, the circumstances attaching to the much-noised AUCHTERARDER case. Our readers, if not already conversant with these circumstances, will best become so in perusing these Memoirs. So far as any purpose now in view is concerned, the meaning of this case may be given in a few words.—We have seen that the VETO LAW, passed by the General Assembly of 1834, had obtained the approval of those public men whose opinion should be regarded as having the most validity in such an instance. The Church believed that this ACT, especially when thus authenticated, although it had not become law, by Act of Parliament, did mean something, and that it might be used

as occasion should demand. An occasion did very soon occur, and it offered a case which stood clear of every imaginable ambiguity. The patron's man had preached in the Church twice or thrice, and then, from out of a population of 3000 souls—precisely two persons came forward to sign the call! When, in compliance with the terms of the recent act, the heads of families, in full communion, were required to tender their dissent, 287, out of 300, who were entitled to do so, came forward to declare themselves opposed to the settlement of the presentee; and all these dissidents professed their readiness to make the required declaration, as to the motives of their disapproval. This disapproval was persisted in; and when, on appeal to the General Assembly the rejection of the presentee was sustained, on the ground of the Veto Act, the patron and presentee carried the case before the civil court—the Court of Session—by instituting an action against the Presbytery. In a word, this court—eight to five of the judges—decided against the Church—against its ancient usages, as well as in contravention of its recently passed Act. The minority, included (one is glad to record it) Lord Jeffrey.

This decision of the Court of Session still left some obscurity on the two main questions then at issue, namely, the legality of the Veto Law, as the act of the Church:—and the competence of the civil court to interfere *beyond the limit of regulating the destination of the benefice.* It might determine the cause, ignoring the act of the Church—the Veto Act—and, therefore, disposing of the *benefice;* and yet it might abstain from the attempt to over-ride the purely spiritual function of the Church, the exercise of which had been so explicitly secured to it by Acts of Parliament, and by the terms of the Act of Union. For the purpose of removing these ambiguities, the General Assembly of 1838 carried the case, by appeal, up to the House of Lords. In taking this course the Church, by a majority in the General Assembly of 183 to 142, passed a resolution, in the terms of which it professed its willingness to yield implicit obedience to the civil authorities, in all matters touching "civil rights and emoluments;" but reserving the *rights* and the *duties* of the Church, as a spiritual body, to exercise its spiritual functions, exempt from all interference. In this resolution the Church announced its determination to stand its ground, as so professed, and, as a necessary consequence, to enforce obedience upon its own office-bearers and members, as thus related to itself;—that is to say, while discharging its purely spiritual functions.

In the following year the cause was heard before the Lords, when, under the direction of Lords Brougham and Cottenham, the appeal was dismissed, and the sentence of the Court of Session was confirmed. In the interval of five years, since Lord Brougham had uttered his approval of the Veto Act, as above cited, he and other Statesmen had, no doubt, become convinced that, not only patronage, but the subserviency of the clergy of *three* Establishments was being put in jeopardy by the evangelic movement which was then taking place in Scotland; and, therefore, that, notwithstanding the heretofore recognised spiritual independence of the Scottish Church, an absolute bar must be placed across its path, when presuming to exercise any, even the most unquestionably spiritual of its functions. From this time forward, the policy of the Government, whether Whig or Tory, had one conspicuous intention—namely, to quash all vitality, and to sustain or encourage a slavish compliance, on the part of the clergy, and to frighten the people from off that ground of spontaneous feeling and free action, on which they were taking up a position.

We must be far from wishing to enter upon questions, as between one portion of the clergy of the Scotch Establishment and another;—between the majority and the *then* minority—the Evangelic and the Moderate party. It is *now* of far more importance, besides that it is a more seemly course, to regard the question of the Disruption as it then stood and as it now stands, and as it will, doubtless, stand in the view of the time coming—as a question between the Church of Scotland, renovated and becoming conscious of its own principles, and the Public Men of that time, whose misfortune it was to take part, as antagonists, in a movement which they wholly failed to understand.

As to those of the clergy who, with a too forward zeal, lent themselves to the usurpations and encroachments of the Civil Courts, and who, in so doing, aided the delusion under which the Government was acting, great allowance should always be made for men acting in a similar manner, and in adherence to the principles and the feelings which, from their entrance upon life, had always ruled their conduct. Every era of movement finds its Erasmus, and he always, his numerous followers. There was a ground upon which those who yielded themselves so obsequiously to the pleasure of the Court of Session might easily persuade themselves that, in so doing, they were rendering to

Cæsar nothing more than was his due. As to those who thus thought, we have no quarrel with them. Yet it cannot be doubted that, if these same men, as a body, (excepting only the thoroughly secular-minded few among them,) had then had magnanimity enough to waive the theological differences subsisting between themselves and their brethren—the remonstrant majority, and if they had shewn themselves alive to the spirit, and jealous for the fundamental principle of their Church, statesmen must at once have seen their error in attempting to reduce the Church of Scotland to a condition which, though apparently analogous to that of the Church of England, was in fact out of all harmony with its own constitutions—with its history—with the spirit of its worship, and with its discipline, as well as with the sturdy temper of the people. One is tempted to imagine, as to the men who then, in so cruel a manner sported with the welfare of Scotland, that not one of them had ever spent a fortnight upon its soil, or had ever been guilty of the condescension of worshipping God in one of its Churches.

But let oblivion rest for ever upon the circumstances of the conflict as carried on WITHIN the Church, on those several occasions that arose to alienate its ministers, one from another! The Court of Session went on, during the five years preceding the Disruption, to show its determination to overrule, absolutely, every act of the Church. It did so, as it seems, on the comprehensive ground that the Church can do nothing which does not immediately, or remotely, touch, or trench upon, or put in peril, men's secular interests, or rights, or their reputation. If it refuse to ordain an objectionable man, in so doing it openly trespasses upon the patron's preserves, and spoils the fortunes of the presentee! Nay, although when, refusing to ordain a man, it fully and fairly relinquished the temporalities of the parish, it still inflicted a civil injury upon the presentee's character, either as a man, or as a minister; and, therefore, he might rightfully enter an action to recover damages. There was, in fact, no one act of discipline, how necessary soever, or merely spiritual, which might not be thus construed as involving the infliction of a civil wrong. And thus it was that the civil court did interpret each of those acts of the Church which, from this time forward, were brought under its review.

The Parliament of 1840 was implored by the people of Scotland, in petitions more numerously signed than on any occasion since the times of the Reform agitation, to protect the Church from those encroachments. Deputations were despatched—interviews with statesmen of both parties were had;—bland things were uttered, in frivolous style by one set of them, more seriously and more speciously by the other set; but all meaning nothing, as the issue too plainly shewed. So far as the difference between the evangelical party in the Church and English statesmen was *avowed* by these, it turned upon the question whether the expressed disinclination of the parishioners towards the patron's patentee, *when it was of that sort which could not be formally substantiated by reasons clearly defined*, should be held to be a sufficient ground of rejection—*as judged of by the presbytery*. We are willing says Dr. Chalmers, in a letter to Lord Aberdeen, January 27th, 1840,—

> "That reasons should always accompany dissent, and that these reasons should always be dealt with and canvassed to the utmost; but we are not willing that we should be bound to admit the presentee, if the people do not make good their reasons. On the contrary, we hold ourselves free, though not obliged, to exclude a presentee because of the strength of the popular dislike, though not substantiated by express reasons,—a case which may occur, though not once in a hundred, I believe not once in a thousand times."—Vol. iv. p. 156.

The bill introduced by Lord Aberdeen, in 1840,—

> "Altogether disallowed a dissent (on the part of the parishioners) without reasons. It disallowed unacceptableness to the people as a disqualification. It refused to the presbytery the power of giving effect, in any instance, to the popular opposition, simply as such, no matter how general, or how strong that opposition might be. That which the Veto Law had said should be done in every case, (viz., allow the people to profess *disinclination* merely,) this Bill said should be done in none. It left the judgment of the House of Lords, in the Auchterarder case, untouched; and it afforded no protection whatever against such aggressions on the part of the Court of Session, as it had recently committed."

This could not be accepted as a measure of *relief*;—it left things just as they were; on the ground of a bill such as this, the Court of Session would have set no bounds to its proceedings in reducing the Church to a state of silent impotency.

Dr. Chalmers and his friends were slow in admitting the belief that the intention of those with whom they had to do was really such as the event shewed it to have been; and that this intention had been deliberately formed from the first. Individually and personally, these public men were honourable and trustworthy, and were well inclined to allow the slave whatever might enable

him to do his drudgery: everything in short, but—treat him as a man. They did not know, having none themselves, that men have souls; they did not know that a soul-fraught religious community requires, and that it should have, a treatment greatly differing from that which may safely be applied to the leathern consciences of a community that has been morally dead hundreds of years: they did not know that a body of Christian ministers which is so minded as to set about the reform of the masses of the people, and which therefore may become really *serviceable* to the state as a bulwark of order, is itself sensitive, and is principled, and is conscious of its rights, and will be mindful of its merits. These things public men did not know, nor were they able to appreciate facts so patent and so intelligible as these—that though the Church of England and the Church of Scotland are both called "Establishments," and therefore both confess their relationship to the State, and acknowledge themselves to owe peculiar submission to it, the two stand in a position of absolute contrast, in every other respect. The one acknowledging the royal supremacy—the other religiously denying it; the one not to be feared, because its splendid prizes, and its shining honours, are all in the gift of the Crown, and of the minister; the other to be feared, humble in its position as it is, and commingled with the lay element, only when it is aggrieved, or has been maddened by the violence of a bigot Government, or when it is outraged, as in this instance, by a Government without soul or feeling. These public men did not know that, though the one Church, aristocratic as it is, and opulent, and inflated with undefined pretensions, demands a jealous eye to keep the implements of spiritual despotism far out of the reach of its St. Dunstans, and St. Beckets, the other Church, from which the national aristocracy has almost severed itself—which has no free revenues at its command—which has no bribes for lofty ambition—which has no pomps of worship by aid of which to awe the multitude, and the machinery of which moves upon the sluggish broad wheels of the "Eldership"—that such a Church need not be jealously watched. Truly a paltry act of tyranny it was, to come in upon the homely folk of a Scotch parish, to whom the Sunday sermon and its accompaniments, its minister and its ministrations, are the chief matters of the week, and to say—"we can't afford to let you have the man you like: you must take the man we send you, and be thankful—like him or not. If you don't like him now, you must learn to like him. At any rate the patron has not a better article for you in his bag."

The men who did all this needless wrong would not have sent Claverhouse and his troopers to scour the hills of Scotland, for this would not have suited the taste of the times; but what they did was, in every high sense, as great an enormity, and as unwarrantable a cruelty. And how impolitic was it! A Government only moderately wise would better have calculated its own interests, at that critical moment. The population of Scotland (as of England) in its dense centres, was then (as now) in a condition which statesmen looked at with dismay, and philanthropists with anguish. There was nothing of political catastrophe that was then improbable. Yet, at length, a remedial energy had sprung up in Scotland, and was coming into contact with the depraved and debauched million. The life which had lately returned to the Church, instead of wasting itself, as heretofore so often it had done, among ecclesiastical or theological controversies, had turned itself, in genuine Christian style, to its proper office. The Church was minded, and was quite willing to go down into the abyss of the popular misery, and there to carry healing for the putrefying sores of the social body. This Church wanted only a word of bidding, or only of leave:—only the hundredth part of a smile of approval from men in authority, how would it have gladdened the loyal hearts of the men who had then girded themselves for the afflictive labours of a hand-to-hand encounter with the loathsome pestilences of the people!

And under what sort of rule or guidance had this reviving Christian benevolence come at that time? This Christ-like soul, prepared to endure all things, had come under the control of a set of men, apostolic, in the sense which even a Nero might have understood and hailed as good—in this sense, namely, that they ranged themselves on the side of civil authorities, just as Paul and Peter had done; and thus, as related to the malignant turbulence of the people, they were the very men who should have been favoured, sustained, greeted, by a Government—a Government itself in peril. And of what temper was that one man who stood as the Prince of this serviceable company? A man, take him altogether, such as the world does not see, nor the Church produce, oftener than at intervals of five hundred years! Or grant it, that you may name a dozen such, looking over the entire field of church history, for eighteen centuries. Read now the twenty-first chapter of the fourth of these volumes, and there see what sort of

spirit it was, and how he stood related, specially, to the dangers and the diseases of the time then instant, which the Government of that time cast forth from the Church. A man, for the sake of whom, and of his services, and of his loyal temper, not an atom of compromise could be granted which might have retained him in his place! What!—so it is, and after this fashion is it that the wise in this world are wise! Could not so much as a corner of the Patron's usurpations be notched off just as the price of keeping a man like Thomas Chalmers in his place?

We will just say, that, while reading the chapter of this Memoir to which we have already referred, every reader who has a heart, will find heart and soul—flesh and spirit, melting into one passionate reverential ardour of affection toward this man. What a genuine "successor of the Apostles" did Scotland then see burying the blaze of a European reputation—burying it gladly, and never so happy as when thus losing himself, and quite forgetting Thomas Chalmers—busy in a tan-loft of the West Port at Edinburgh.

"A school-room was at length obtained. It lay at the end of the very close down which Burke and his associates decoyed their unconscious victims. Fronting the den in which these horrid murders were committed, stood an old deserted tannery, whose upper store-loft, approached from without by a flight of projecting wooden stairs, was selected as affording the best accommodation which the neighbourhood could supply. Low roofed and roughly floored, its raw unplastered walls, pierced at irregular intervals with windows of unshapely form, it had little either of the scholastic or the ecclesiastical in its aspect; but never was the true work of school and church done better than in that old tannery-loft of the West Port."—Vol. iv. p. 401.

Rather than have taken any part in the cold policy of the men who could so grievously misunderstand the true interests of a Government as to drive Thomas Chalmers and his colleagues out from the Church—rather than have so done, and have done it in these enlightened times, a man might wish himself any one of those blind bigots of the middle ages, who, when all principles were misunderstood by all men, fanned the fires of Papal cruelty.

The Disruption, looked at broadly, and in the light either of our surest moral impulses, or of mere state policy, looked at in the light in which, beyond a doubt, the men of after times will regard it—the work of the men to whose pertinacity, and purblind adherence to technicalities, and to vested interests, it must be attributed—the Disruption of 1843, will for ever stand historically grouped along with those doings of bigot governments which, though triumphantly successful at the moment, have brought upon nations centuries of terrible retribution. The parallel instances we purposely abstain from naming; for it shall not seem as if, for the purpose of adding thunder to a paragraph, we were ending it with scenes of wholesale murder. It is enough—and we are content if, with this hint, the philosophic and well-informed reader, removing from the facts attendant upon the breaking up of the Established Church of Scotland, all circumstances of an extrinsic kind, shall recognise in it, as chargeable upon the English Government at that time, those essential characteristics of False Wisdom of which our own history, and still more so that of France, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—the seventeenth especially—afford the memorable examples.

But even when we come upon the levels of the technical question, all moral considerations dismissed, the same inference holds,—namely, that the wisdom of the public men who then broke up the Church Establishment was False Wisdom. It is amazing, in reading the speeches of men like Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Brougham, Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, and others of less note, to find them sustaining the course they then took (and which Parliament under their guidance pursued) as toward the Evangelic majority of the Scotch Church, by aid of a sophism that is quite transparent! With the utmost confidence of tone do these statesmen rest themselves upon ground which has no support in any practice of the British Constitution. Much misunderstanding on this ground prevailed at the time in England, and perhaps still prevails—and perhaps in Scotland too—and we must yet exceed bounds a little while we do our endeavour to place the question, if not out of the reach of controversy, yet, at the least, exempt from the confusions which then enveloped it.

Do not English statesmen yet understand that the constitution of this empire, so felicitously out of joint and out of order as it is, in every limb of it, works itself forward so well as it does, over the rugged surface of all sorts of anomalies, and against them too; yes, and by the very aid of them? Who does not know this? It is a truism of English political philosophy. Then why imagine that, in the relationships (so difficult always to adjust *theoretically*) of Church and State, a bold anomaly, well and effectively provided for by due counteractions—an anomaly, an offence as it is in the lawyer's

eye, may not practically be quite safe, and be infinitely rather to be yielded to than to pursue the outrageous course of driving half a thousand right-minded and loyal clergymen out upon the bleak wolds of Dissent! and all this, that a technicality *good only in theory*, if good at all, might not by any chance get a crack!

If it be said, "No, it was not for the sake of any such lawyer's prudery that we broke up the Scotch Establishment; but for the preservation of the sacred rights of the patron;" if this be said, let it be said, and then there is an end of all argument on the subject. But in truth we think better of the men who then were so sadly prodigal of the goods of the empire, and who, in a season of spiritual famine, burned the wheat, and stored the twitch and the chaff in the national garner! We cannot, we will not, so think of Sir Robert Peel; and as to the motives of the living, we speak not of them.

The question as to the intrusion of the patron's presentee upon remonstrant congregations had, in 1842, or even earlier, ceased to stand as the *foremost* grievance of which the Church had to complain; for the course that had been so steadily pursued by the Court of Session, in setting aside the Acts of the Assembly, and in interdicting its procedures of every sort, had convinced the leading men—Dr. Chalmers and the most intelligent of his colleagues—that a resolution had been come to by the civil authorities, secure as they were now of the support of the English government, not merely to enforce law in the manner most obnoxious to the feelings of the people, and the most insulting to their ministers, but to hunt the clergy down vindictively, and to rob them of their already acquired popular influence, as high-minded men, by bringing them into the dirt. The battle, therefore, was *now* not so much for the people's liberties, in the choice of their ministers, as for the INDEPENDENCE of the CHURCH as a spiritual community—a community having a conscience of its own to satisfy, and principles of its own to maintain, and a history of its own to remember, and duties of its own to discharge.

"Yes, but if this be the question between the Church of Scotland and the State—if you are aiming to set up a spiritual despotism, and if you are intending that we should tolerate co-ordinate authorities, you must be content to take our answer at once—we can do no such thing."

And why might not co-ordinate authorities be recognised in this instance, since a hundred such are embraced in the composition of the British political system? And why may not a spiritual despotism—if, indeed, you choose to employ that offensive phrase, why may it not be tolerated in this case, as in fifty others, which the State has learned to look down upon with absolute indifference? A free country, a country in which religious toleration is complete, offers precisely the field whereupon, without danger, either of trouble to the State, or of invasion of the rights of the people, Spiritual Despotisms, balancing one another, and all neutralized, as to their noxious properties, by the overwhelming omnipotence of public opinion, may not merely be admitted, but may be regarded complacently, by the philosophic statesman, as engines efficient for their special purposes, and which never can be efficient, except so far as they *are*, in a sense, despotic—that is to say, have an inherent power, and a tendency too, to outstep their proper limits.

A village-reading society, consisting of a dozen members, of which the rector and the squire, hand and glove, are secretary and treasurer, is a spiritual despotism; and it may, in fact, do, and often does, very unkind things. Nay, it is an authority *co-ordinate* with the "Estates of the Realm, in Parliament assembled." And it actually stands contemporaneously confronting the High Court of Chancery, wielding independent powers! And so assuredly is the "North-eastern division of the county of * * * * * Particular-Baptist-Ministerial-Association," a spiritual despotism; and in right Philpott style, may it, as in awful synod constituted, overstep reason and charity, toward any of its members. Nevertheless, and even while the state is harbouring scores of such "Holy Offices," and is winking at their doings, things do go on among us tolerably well; for, as to *indefinite wrongs*, inflicted upon individuals, by any of these tyrannic corporations, public opinion on the one hand, comes in to curb the wrong doers, and on the other hand, it avenges, in most cases, the cause of the sufferers. Meantime, as to any *definite wrong*—a jury will see to it. Nevertheless, it is fully granted that, when we leave the fen-country, and come to tread the loftier table-lands of the social system, caution is needed, if we are called upon to recognise, or to give place to, a spiritual despotism. In *that* case, we ought to know something of our customer; and we should be sure that he is not one who, if we give him an inch, will take an ell, and who, if we allow him to build a factory on the sea-shore, will not soon be found to build a fortress inland. A government, therefore, is not to be blamed

that thinks twice, and makes some inquiries, before it recognises a co-ordinate authority, and grants space to a spiritual despotism, which already holds in its hand the means of intimidating a government.

Thus, then, and on this ground, we could not blame the English Government if, at the time of the religious resuscitation which has lately affected the Church of Scotland, and the consequent advancement of a claim, on its part, to be reinstated in its true ecclesiastical position, the whole question of what that claim involves, or what it might bring in its train, was very narrowly looked into. This was quite proper; but then two things should have recommended this justifiable course of caution;—namely, *first*, that the genuine merits of the question—historically and legally considered, should have been fully understood—ENGLISH NOTIONS APART; and, *secondly*, that this caution as toward one state client, should not have been belied by an abeyance of all caution, at the same time, in an instance which demanded tenfold more. Yet so it was, that, while nothing could be granted to the Church of Scotland, and while little heed was given to its reasonable pleas—Popery was truckled to, and was allowed to dictate the terms on which it would sustain ministers in Parliament! It is abundantly certain that, when a power or a corporation claims for itself the exercise of an independent authority—when it asks leave to set up, along side of the civil authority, another authority related to it by no right of appeal from the one to the other, the utmost caution should be used. And what folly is chargeable upon those who use absolutely none, when they have to do with a power which keeps faith with none, which has no conscience, which spurns the control of public opinion, which owns subjection to a lawless foreign Potentate, and which, if anything more be needed, obtrudes its head among us, dripping with the cruelties of millions of murders, and haggard with the debaucheries of a thousand years!—Always ambitious, always sanguinary, and always false.

But we turn to the state of the case, as to those pleas, on the ground of which it was thought to be wise, good, and unavoidable, to break up the Scotch Establishment. It was said—"It is monstrous to come to us, and ask Parliament to grant to the ecclesiastical courts, in Scotland, an authority co-ordinate with the Civil Courts—the Court of Session; or to allow to those Church Courts a jurisdiction of any sort, from which there should be no appeal to the Civil Judicature. Be sure this is what we will never do."

But how does this plea hold, either with fact, or with the axioms of a Free State? It holds with neither.

Not with any such axioms. The principle of absolute centralization—that is to say, of the subordination of all authorities, down to the very lowest, and the consequent right and custom of appeal, upward and upward still, from the lowest to the highest, has scarcely been carried out, even in Oriental despotisms, or in Turkey or Russia. As to constitutional and free states, NON-CENTRALIZATION is their reason, their life, their glory. From the energies of co-ordinate powers, indirectly, but not directly related one to the other, free states draw their vital heat and their expansive force. In free states, it is from the invisible interaction and non-parliamentary counterpoise, of independent bodies and interests—it is from the *virtual*, and not the *legal* right of appeal, carried over from one body to another, that the community derives, at once, its onward momentum, and its interior harmony. Masses moving with high velocities, in one and the same direction, move safely, so long as they are not rigidly bolted, one to the other. All goes smooth and noiseless, if you will but leave them alone; but if busy M.Ps., with a lawyer or two among them, set to work to screw things tight, all bursts asunder.

In virtue of what quality is it that Christianity adapts itself so well to the manners, feelings, and institutions of a free people, and how is it that, as fixedly lodged in the convictions of the people, it becomes the guarantee of their political, as well as of their religious liberty? It is just thus, that Christianty, when deeply felt to be true, and when bowed to as an ultimate rule of conduct, is—and will be—and peremptorily insists upon its right to be regarded as, an authority *independent of every other*, anterior to every other, and so, when once it has come to be embodied in institutions of its own, it stands as CO-ORDINATE with the secular authority: it is thus that Christianity acts as the guardian of civil liberty. Despotisms have never comprehended this truth. The papacy has misinterpreted it. Constitutional Protestant governments have understood it more or less clearly; and after many struggles, and while clearing their way, *empirically*, through many perplexities, they have reached in *practice*, if not in *theory*, some workable solutions of the problem which this same co-ordination involves. These Protestant solutions of this problem have rested on very different, or even on antagonistic grounds; and yet, in practice, the *result* has been nearly the same, so long as there has been, on the part of governments, discretion enough, temper enough, intelligence enough,

to manage among, and between, these several solutions, and to avoid the bringing them into collision with each other, or with itself. A strange want of intelligence among the statesmen of 1843, as to the first principle of the Scotch, as opposed to the English Church, together with the ordinary lack of that temper and discretion which a *right feeling* supplies, hurried the government on in a course which rendered the Disruption inevitable. In one word, four hundred and seventy clergymen were cruelly driven from their benefices, nine years ago, just because English statesmen could not be made to understand that the PROTESTANT PROBLEM of the co-ordination of the secular and the spiritual in a free state, had been solved *in one manner* in England, and in another manner in Scotland; nor that the one mode of solution is as safe and as practicable as the other, if not altogether as good.

The legal circumstance of a Church being established, or non-established, conglomerate with the State, or only tolerated under, and recognised by it, does not touch the question of granting to it an independent functional existence, and of allowing it to exercise a co-ordinate authority. Or, so far as this circumstance does, or may affect the question, it does so, by at once enhancing the motives which should impel the secular power to allow this independent action, and by putting into its hands the easy means of applying a check should it be needed.

In this country, non-established religious bodies—some of them despotic enough in their interior constitution, and some of them holding the means to touch men's secular interests, very nearly, do exist in perfect consistency with the public tranquillity, and ordinarily with the safety of the people individually. We live in the very midst of co-ordinations innumerable. Yes, but our legal adversary will say—"every one of these independent bodies or hierarchies is liable to be called before civil courts, there to give account of its doings, and there to be made to feel that there is power seated over its head." No, we say, never is one of these independent authorities dragged by appellation from its sphere, or called to account, unless it has itself, by some overt act, stepped out beyond its limits. A very little over-stepping of its boundary line, as understood by the world around them, brings any of these transgressing bodies under the eye and lash of public opinion; and in most instances all is soon set right: if not—if this community persists in planting itself outside its enclosure, an appeal to the civil power, in the course either of law or equity, as the case may require, presently sets things straight, and we go on again smoothly—until next time. Independent authorities, within a free state, may blaze away, and shew all sorts of portentous colours in the sky, as harmlessly as the aurora borealis, so long as they keep to their proper ideal; and so long as they hold no correspondence with foreign influences.

When we come to deal with Protestant Churches, as *national*, or *established*, and as, therefore, carrying more momentum in the social system, and as more nearly amenable to the secular authority, we are not to suppose that we *can* (or that there is in fact any motive for wishing to do so) cashier such a Church of its intrinsic independence, or strip it of its functional co-ordinate authority. We *cannot* do it; for a Church which should be subjected to any such violence would cease to be a Church. Then, there is no motive for attempting it; for a body of men, thus treated, within a community that is itself free and spontaneous, must quickly cease to be serviceable to the State in any way. These degraded men will not earn their wages: they will hang about a government as a millstone. A government, wise indeed, will desire to connect itself, constitutionally, with a Church which has some life in itself, which can stand on its legs without propping, which has a head and a heart of its own. A despotic government dares not marry itself to a bride of this high bearing; but a free State may safely do so; and with high advantage may do it.

We come then to the two Protestant modes of solving the problem, the first condition of which is this, that Christianity, *undamaged in its vitality*, shall so be constituted in immediate connexion with the State, as may enable it to render the maximum of service to the community, in the mode of an endowed territorial scheme of popular instruction. As a spiritual existence, anterior to any such compact and combination, possessed of powers of its own, which are unalienable, it must be regarded by the State at the first; and so must it be treated with, continuously. We can have no argument with any who will not grant so much as this—for such men, profess what they may, are infidels; or if not infidels, it is only because they know absolutely nothing about Christianity itself.

The *second*—and the perplexing condition of our problem is this—that Christianity, thus visibly established, and placed in amicable contiguity with the State, should bring its unalienable independent authority into a working harmony with the State, so as that, though it be co-ordinate, collisions, and an actual antagonism, may be avoided.

A short cut to a solution of this difficulty seems to be offered, when it is said—"let the State look to, control, and dispose of, all things secular; and let the Church concern itself with, and supremely control all things spiritual." Yet before we can avail ourselves of this obvious distinction, we must subjoin some explanations; and here it is that the misunderstanding between England and Scotland first meets us in a definite form. The term "spiritual," easily gives place to the ambiguous term "ecclesiastical," and to this word, ideas widely different attach in England and in Scotland. In the latter, the two words are much more nearly convertible than they are in the former. When Englishmen hear of "Church Courts" in Scotland, as having *final* control over "ecclesiastical matters," and claiming to give judgment thereupon without room of appeal, they take alarm, thinking of this lofty pretension as if it included the disposal of benefices, stipends, manses, glebes, revenues, and palpable goods and interests, anent the Church. John Bull gruffly says—"this will never do." No, it will not do as *you* understand it; but the Church Courts in Scotland, when they claim final action in matters *ecclesiastical*, are thinking only of matters that are purely spiritual, or, let us say, entirely *religious*, and they have *in fact* carefully held themselves back from interference with "temporalities;" when, for instance, they have refused to ordain the Patron's presentee, they have let the benefice in question go adrift. Just on the ground of this misunderstanding of the technical meaning of a word, has the conduct of those who broke away from the Establishment been utterly misunderstood in England, and heedlessly condemned by many.

But the main point of the difference between the Church of England, and the Presbyterian Church (all sections of it, in Scotland) is this:—The Church of England acknowledges, and professes openly, and yields itself to, the Royal Supremacy. The Church of Scotland not merely refuses to acknowledge this Supremacy, but it professes, as a fundamental article of its faith, what it calls "the Headship of Christ"—a headship, the recognition of which it understands to be irreconcilable with the Royal, or with any analogous Supremacy. Now this characteristic doctrine is not a bare abstraction, for it means something that is applicable to Church Government; it has, and it demands to have, an interpretation practically affecting the discipline, and the working of the Church. Especially it demands to be considered when questions arise touching the relationship of the Church to the State.

It would carry us beyond all bounds, and lead us far remote from our proper subject, if we were to attempt to set forth, in the way of a comparison, that scheme, highly complicated as it is, on the ground of which the Church of England relates itself to the State—while acknowledging the Royal Supremacy, and yet holding to, and maintaining its intrinsic powers as a Church—whether established or not established. On this wide field we must not here set a foot. But it is manifest that, when men who have been trained under, and whose minds are occupied with, the English Church-and-State system—the Royal Supremacy *included*, come to take in hand the Scottish Church-and-State system—the Royal Supremacy *excluded*, and peremptorily denied, they are almost certain to misjudge the matters before them, and to *go* wrong, and to *do* wrong, grievously. So was it at the time of the Disruption, and during the preceding seven years, in which the usurpations, encroachments, and violences of the Court of Session were winked at, or abetted, by the English Government. It was moreover on the ground of those same mis-apprehensions that the Free Church movement came to be regarded suspiciously in England, by many whose sympathies, as Christian men, would otherwise have carried them warmly over to that side of the Disruption controversy. Chalmers, and his band of sufferers for the truth's sake, will however come to stand right, ere long, on the page of Church history.

But let it well be noted that, whatever of practical inference, in an ecclesiastical sense, belonged to the dogma of the Headship of Christ, as professed by the Presbyterian Church—that dogma, and the inferences it carried, were openly, and even loudly professed, at the time when the State allied itself to that Church; and that, throughout the course of three centuries it—the Presbyterian Church—has held to the same profession, and has protested against all infringement of it; and, when these infringements were accompanied with violence, it has suffered, *precisely* in bearing testimony to this, its fundamental dogma. The blood of eighteen thousand martyrs, shed within the compass of a few years, sealed this solemn testimony.

At the moment when the Church and the State met in conference, to adjust the terms of an alliance, the doctrine of the "Headship of Christ" was not merely written upon the hearts of the Presbyterian ministers; was not merely graven upon the palms of their hands; but it was inscribed in letters of gold upon their banners. All men read those words; all men knew what they meant. And what did they mean? The

Church has interpreted them with an elaborate perspicuity of phrase. It says—Christ, the only Head of the Church, has founded, and has specified (it is not a question now in hand whether *we* think so, or not) a form of Government for it, by ministers, and lay elders, duly appointed, and acting in Presbyteries, Synods, and General Assemblies, and which, when thus acting or speaking, does so in the name of Christ, as Head of the Church, and with His sanction and authority. This Church, thus constituted, and so acting, and while confining itself within its province—that is to say, while concerning itself only with matters purely spiritual—religious—must be, and is, whether allied to the State or not—exempt from all interference or control, on the part of the secular authority. The Church, so constituted, and so acting, is, and must be, so long as it keeps to its own ground—an authority independent of every other, and competent to take final action in causes spiritual, without room of appeal to any other judicatory.

We come then to the very core of the question. The Church is not an abstraction, floating in men's minds; but it is an INSTITUTION—visible in itself, and visibly planted upon, and in, and among, the things of this world. How earnestly soever it might wish to hold itself off from all contact with the things of this earth, it cannot do so. When carrying out its proper functions, as a spiritual power, and when acting in the most cautious, unambitious, and abstinent manner, its decisions often do, and inevitably must sometimes, touch—remotely, or directly, the interests, properties, reputation of individuals, as citizens. Human ingenuity has not hitherto, and we confidently say never will, succeed in devising means that shall entirely evade this perplexing incidental consequence of the existence of Visible Christianity in a free country. The most obscure and powerless of our religious sects is as much entangled in this difficulty, as is the most powerful.

What then are the ways out? There are several. The first is to declare the Church to be supreme, as well in things secular, as in things sacred. This is the Papacy, and it solves the problem neatly; benefices or kingdoms—glebes or empires—are, on this principle disposed of in the readiest manner. Another way out of the difficulty is that taken by secular despotisms, such as that which our Harry the Eighth sought to establish, and which, in the same style of simplicity and of unembarrassed promptitude, makes itself the judge of doctrine—creates Churchmen—orders ceremonies—disposes of ecclesiastical interests, summarily, and without appeal. Extensively modified, chiefly by the course of events, but also by acts of the legislature, by the progress of opinion, and at length by the substitution in the Church itself, of a proper Church-feeling, in the place of the utter secularity of the last century, this has worked itself into the complicated and equipoised system of the English Church-and-State machinery, crowned and knit together by the Royal Supremacy. Whatever objections, *in theory*, this scheme may be open to, *in practice* it consists well with the movements and with the spirit of English civil Institutions: and it is, for the most part, cordially approved of by the best informed classes of the English people. At this time there is no wish (general) to see anything put in the place of the Royal Supremacy. On the contrary, the people have lately learned to look toward the throne with a religious feeling of comfort, security, and hopefulness. So may it be, years many to come.

There is, however, another, (and the temper of the people of Scotland considered) a better and a more simple contrivance, by aid of which the perplexities that are *inseparable* from the co-existence of Christianity in a free state—may be reduced to a minimum, and may, in practice, if not in theory, be disregarded as evils exceptional, and of rare occurrence. In fact, this simpler scheme *has* worked well throughout all those periods of Scotch history in which Scotland has stood exempt from English cupidity, or bigotry. Mischief and confusion have come on, just as often as the restlessness of the English Church and Government has sought to overturn it; and of all these instances of mischievous meddling, this last with which we are now concerned, is the most egregious, when law lords in Parliament, carrying with them the Government, (men in and out of office,) thought it good to ignore the first principle of the Presbyterian Church, and to stretch over SCOTLAND the iron frame-work of the ENGLISH Church-and-State scheme!

The Church of Scotland, when left to act on its own principle, (of course we are going back to times gone by,) concerns itself with all matters of doctrine, worship, discipline, and religious movement, in a sovereign manner, appeal lying from the lower Church courts to the higher—the highest—namely, the General Assembly, the findings and enactments of which are final. But then, as often as such decisions, touching, for instance, the ordination or the location of ministers, carry with them consequences involving the temporalities of the Church—as, for instance, the enjoyment of stipends, manses, glebes, or the like—the Church recedes from inter-

ference, leaving Cæsar to do what he wills with his own.

This, we say, is a straightforward course. It does not, indeed—for that *in the nature of the case is beyond possibility*—remove all difficulties out of the way; but it leaves them, when they arise, in a position in which they may be dealt with, as thus:—We will assume nothing more chimerical than this, that the secular authority, speaking by the civil courts, fully understanding the principle of the Church with which it stands connected, and wisely alive to the importance of the function which this Church discharges toward the community, is always well disposed to fall in with, and to second its decisions, as far as it can do so—that it is wholly disinclined to attempt encroachments of any sort, that it is inflamed by no sectarian or vindictive purposes, and that it is not infidel at heart. In a word, we ask nothing more hypothetical than this—that the Church should find itself in alliance with a secular power, *national* in its feeling, and which, in all points, should be the very contrary of what it had to do with in the years immediately preceding the Disruption.

Now, in a state of things such as we here imagine, there is, on the side of the Church, a distinct and ever present recollection of the fact that, although its own acts cannot be over-ruled from without, and although no appeal lies from the General Assembly, these acts, if intemperate or unwarrantable, will *effectively* come under revision when the palpable interests therein touched are disposed of by another Court. This recollection will, for the most part, furnish a check quite adequate to the occasions when it may be needed. On the other side, the civil authority, with its right feeling toward the Church, and its natural solicitude for the avoidance of scandals and of irritation, is little likely to run things upon the rocks without some obvious necessity. Thus the two powers, co-ordinate though they be, and each supreme on its own ground, are held in harmony of action by a silent consciousness toward each other, a consciousness not collusive and not jealous, not quick to take offence, or captious; and yet observant and awake.

Yet this is not all, for that harmony of action which we are thus supposing to be possible, is further secured by other concurrent influences. So long as the Church Courts and the Court of Session should be known to be governed by a reciprocal feeling, appellants, whether they were rejected presentees, or thwarted patrons, or delinquent members, would understand their chances of success better than to carry their wrongs from the one court to the other, except in cases in which they might securely rely upon the support of public opinion. If we imagine a case of flagrant oppression, on the part, first of the General Assembly, and then as followed up collusively by the Court of Session, the wronged man might reckon upon it as certain that he held in his hands the means of bringing public opinion down upon both authorities in a formidable manner. Thus, by this silent inter-relationship of three bodies—the ecclesiastical, the civil, and the popular—so much harmony, or so much avoidance of serious mischiefs, is secured, as ought at all to be looked for in the adjustments of the social system, ever perplexing and precarious as they are. Do we not know that, just in proportion as such a system embraces powers, functions, influences, of the highest quality, and of inestimable value, these adjustments are difficult to be effected, are often inconclusive, and are liable to mischances.

Bold are the men who walk across a border, from one country to another, frivolously intending to tamper with institutions which, whether better or worse, abstractedly, are deep rooted in the convictions of the people—consist well with their habits of thinking and feeling, and which have come down to them commended to their care by the dying injunctions of an army of martyrs! Yet, such courage—such reckless temerity rather, inflated the minds of those English Statesmen, who drove the Disruption forward. For the history, in detail, of this outrage, every reader will turn to Dr. Hanna's clear, temperate, and very impressive narrative, as presented in the fourth volume of these Memoirs. A memorable history, indeed, and one which will go down to another time as fraught with instruction, if not more momentous in itself, yet more pertinent, as related to coming events, than any other which the page of church history offers to our perusal.

We return, for a moment, to our immediate subject, namely, the course of Dr. Chalmers, as a public man. Scarcely can we imagine anything of the kind more painful—more depressing, in a moral sense, than would have been the perusal of this fourth volume of these Memoirs, if the facts which were to occupy its pages had been the converse of what they are; or if, to say all in a word, the anticipations of those who thought themselves quite safe, when they estimated other men's virtue by what they knew of their own, had been realized in that hour of trial—the 18th of May, 1843. "Mark my words," said one of the wise, at that time, "not forty of them will go out."

"If Government is firm," said another, "I venture, upon pretty accurate information, to assert that less than one hundred will cover the whole secession." "But I am not satisfied that *any* will secede." Let us now imagine it to have been so, in fact, and that this man of power, (we are saying nothing just now of his worthy colleagues and like-minded adherents,) whom we have followed in affectionate admiration up to his sixty-third year, *hitherto* always bold for the truth, always oblivious of himself, and who had pledged himself to adhere to, and to maintain, a great principle, had, at the last, quailed—had stuck to "good things," and had employed his residue of days in fudging up apologies for this treason! We need not ask what sort of MEMOIR this, which we have now before us, would then have been, for it never would have been written at all;—those who thus had lost their Father and their Guide, *could not* have written any such disastrous history; and those who, in any such manner, had gained him, would have looked with dismay upon their victim, and would have been only too happy, if they could have hid their own shame, and his, in an eternal oblivion!

Yet, it is a part only of the whole case, and the smaller part, too, which we take into the account, when thus we imagine, as possible, what would have been so disastrous had it occurred.

The reader of these instructive and animating volumes will have followed a man of the rarest mental and moral qualities, through that long and triumphant course of preaching, teaching, writing, and personal administration of Church affairs, the end and upshot of which was—to resuscitate his country, and to impart to its admitted belief—a long lost vitality. Chalmers will take his place, in the eyes of posterity, as the restorer of evangelic feeling in Scotland. But now one cannot—stretching candour to the utmost, think of the reckless course pursued by the civil courts, and abetted by the English Government, during the ten years preceding the Disruption, otherwise than that the drift and purport of this policy was—not so much to save the endangered interests of patrons, as to put down—to quash—to discourage, that evangelical revival of which Chalmers was the prime mover. To turn the men of the evangelical party clean out of the Church was not intended or wished for; but only to disgrace them in the eyes of the people, and so to destroy their growing influence, and to check the spread of their opinions. In *this* respect, therefore, the policy of the Government toward Scotland differed from that which had prompted the Act of Uniformity; for the Government of that time, Church-ridden, intended nothing else than to sweep the Church clean of Puritanism, by the expulsion of every one of the Puritan ministers. In this modern instance no such result was calculated upon as that which actually ensued. What was thought to be probable—so we must suppose, was this, that after some few of the leaders—for their honours' sake, had resigned their benefices and their chairs, the great body of the evangelical ministers—becoming wise in time, would hold their livings, and when thus deprived of their leaders, would cower down before the Court of Session, would lose for ever their influence with the people, would dwindle away; and so, if the party had not become extinct, it would have ceased to command a majority in the Assembly. That is to say, Moderatism would have recovered its ascendency there, the kindly slumbers of the good old times gone by, would have returned upon Scotland: patrons and presentees would have ceased to be troubled by the popular voice: the Court of Session would have become courteous and compliant, and all would again have been right.

These anticipations—ill-founded as they had been, fell through, in fact; Chalmers, and his friends, and the men whom he had trained, amazed the prophets—lay and clerical; but satisfied the expectations of those who had better understood him, and them; and thus it is that he takes his place—a front place—among the venerated worthies of all time.

But we say, if he and his adherents had otherwise acted, not merely would so illustrious an example have been lost to the world, but the Christianity which so long he had laboured to restore to his country, must have sustained an overthrow, perhaps irrecoverable. In what way the Disruption told, at the time, and is likely henceforward to tell, upon the religious well-being of Scotland—evangelically considered, this is not the place to inquire. So far, however, as any such inquiry may seem to receive light from Dr. Chalmers's recorded opinions, our proposed review of his Works, in a future Article, may afford a not unfit opportunity to take it up. Meantime, from this important subject, along with several others, suggested by the volumes before us, we must at present abstain.

Scotland—we say nothing now of England, and all the world beside—Scotland will read these Memoirs with (pride is not the word) a glow of pleasurable exultation, which, as she admits it, will give force and

depth to the lessons they convey; and these lessons are such that a people duly heeding them, and giving them effect in its institutions, and bringing them to bear upon its temper and habits, and its modes of thinking, would make itself a pattern to all nations, specially of that fervour without acerbity, of that intensity without fanatical exaggeration, of that zeal for great truths without bigotry, and of that benevolent Christian laboriousness, as toward the masses of the people, of which THOMAS CHALMERS was the bright and shining example.

Perfectly sure as we are that our readers, every one of them, will look to the volumes themselves, rather than to these pages, for whatever relates to the personal history, and to the individuality of Dr. Chalmers, we have held to those points which touch his course as the PRINCIPAL PERSON, religiously, of his time; and, especially, as the Leader and soul of that course of events which issued in the establishment of the Free Church, and so, in the present ecclesiastical partitionment of Scotland. It is as connected with this great movement (in our opinion) that his name will take a foremost place in the religious history of this current century. In professing so to think, we do not involve ourselves in any questionable surmises, as to what, to use a secular phrase, may be called the "future fortunes" of the FREE CHURCH. In truth, as to this futurity, we are quite disinclined to risk any conjecture whatever. And that for several reasons—such, for example, as these; that a course of events which must hinge upon a thousand contingencies—each of them incalculable, is very likely to disappoint even the most probable conjectures; that, personally, we yet need a mass of various evidence bearing upon the subject, and prerequisite to the formation of any such predictive opinion; and, conclusively—that the utterance of an opinion of this kind would not tend to promote any desirable end.

What is far more safe, and more likely to be serviceable is, in a word or two, to note those two or three religious and ecclesiastical problems to which, in the Disruption movement, a marked prominence was given; or which received, in the course and issue of it, a solution, more or less complete. In attempting so to specify these problems, one is moved to introduce a name fitting to stand by the side of CHALMERS—the name of ARNOLD. An attempted comparison between men every way so dissimilar, would be a failure; they were not men of the same order, or of the same intellectual genius: both, indeed, were such that, in modern times, Scotland has only one to boast of, and England only one: both were men whose minds, by structure, always took in and grasped the widest aspect of the things with which they concerned themselves: both lost, in the presence of those things, all thought of selfish ends; both were morally prepared to do, and to dare, any work they should be called to undertake: both, with deep throes of the soul, revolved the conditions of the social system, and pondered the remedial means that should be used. But, as Arnold was incomparably the more accomplished man of the two, Chalmers had more in him of the statesman, and more of practical force, and of appliant energy; and he must, we think, be regarded as, in a Christian sense, the more advanced man of the two. But the point of contrast just now before us is this, that, while Arnold started several great problems—leaving them as he found them, unsolved, Chalmers brought the questions he touched a stage or two forward, if he did not actually bring them on to a conclusion.

The first of these problems, and the one which we hold to have been conclusively resolved in the course of events ending in the Disruption, is that, the CONCLUSION of which may thus be given:—That Scotland should never again look to Parliament, or to an English Government, as if expecting from either any enactments, or any course of proceeding touching its religious welfare, which shall truly meet its interests, or which shall, in any enlightened and liberal manner, do it good. Scotland must henceforward look to itself; that is to say, must bring itself and its parties, and its population, into a state of preparedness for measures which, when thus the country is ripe for them, it may apply for in a tone which no Government will dare to misunderstand. Parliament never does understand things that are a long way off; nor is it easily persuaded to hold itself together, for an evening, forty-strong, while *distant* interests are explained and pleaded for. How hard a matter has it been, often, to get or to keep a House, for the affairs of India, or of Canada, or of Ireland, unless indeed when the Ministry and the opposition were joining issue upon some single question. But as to Scotland, and the religious welfare of its people, every chance is against it! Its own aristocracy has long been alienated from that wellbeing, and is Episcopal, so far almost as it is religiously minded at all; its *true* wellbeing involves much that is obnoxious to English tastes, and, worst of all,

no ecclesiastical questions, purely and properly Scotch, can be cut off from their bearing upon questions relating to which the English ecclesiastical feeling is intensely sensitive and jealous.

The Free Church part of our readers, or some of them, will say,—"We care nothing for Parliament, or for Government, as related to our religious welfare: we have done with Establishments, with Parliaments, and with Sir Robert—and Sir James—and Lord John—and their successors for ever." We reply,—so you may think, just at this time; but it is not certain that *your successors* may not come to such a mind, as to what is, or would be, best for Scotland, as would lead them—not again—this will never be—to petition, and to crave attention, and to invite interviews, and to besiege the residences of Statesmen; but to make known the wants and wishes of Scotland, in peremptory terms, and to get them sanctioned and carried out by Parliament.

A great problem, which was brought forward by Dr. Chalmers, and carried on under his auspices, a stage or two toward a conclusion; but *not* concluded, was that of National Establishments;—to wit, the abstract desirableness of these institutions or their necessity, and the conditions under which they may be so framed as to consist with the Independence of the Church, and with a perfect development of individual civil liberty. We do not forget the fact that there are those who will triumphantly appeal to the Disruption, and to the founding of the Free Church, as affording evidence more than sufficient to outweigh whatever Dr. Chalmers himself, or others may have said in favour of the Church and State principle. Let this be thought by those who can so interpret the facts. We can ourselves imagine a course of events, as not impossible, which would turn the scale decisively on the other side, and thus bring to bear upon the question, with a new force, whatever he had written and uttered, thereto relating, at an earlier period. A course of events tending toward this issue, would not, or need not be, of a sort disastrous for the Free Church: the contrary rather. Let that Church extend itself continually; let it realize, more and more completely, Dr. Chalmers's own idea of a complete territorial occupation of the country; let it bring itself into frontage, if we may so speak, with the population of Scotland, and let it measure itself and its means, more statistically, against the unreclaimed thousands or millions of the people; and when it has done so, two results will then come into view—namely, *first*, the immense insufficiency of any means, and of all imaginable enlargements of such means, which the spontaneous zeal of the christianized portion of a community can furnish for christianizing the unchristian portion. Wonders have been effected *upon spots* by such means; and wonders have been done over wide surfaces *on extraordinary occasions;* nor need we look further than into the pages of these Memoirs for such instances, worthy of all admiration and imitation as they are. But neither these instances, nor any other, touch the great argument involved in the problem, How shall the masses of the people, already vitiated in the last degree, be brought under a systematic and effective and permanent process of religious instruction and discipline? Say—"by the efforts of spontaneous zeal:" yes, when Christianity has already possessed itself of the social system, in a manner of which hitherto we can cite no examples.

If now we imagine the Free Church to prosper, and to be setting the stakes of its tabernacle further and further outward every year, it will, as we think, while doing so, only convince itself the more of the vast and immeasurable inadequacy of its utmost powers of overtaking the work before it. A spontaneous Christian machinery grows, as related to a dense manufacturing population, at the rate of an arithmetical progression; but the vice, ignorance, and misery of that population—to the fuller knowledge of which it is coming, swells and spreads at the rate of a geometrical progression. Thus thinking, we take Dr. Chalmers's early and powerful advocacy of National Establishments in the one hand, and in the other, the history of the Disruption, and the entire mass of facts attaching to the progress of the Free Church, since his death; and we hold the two in contiguity, not as if they were elements, contradicting and counteracting each other, but as elements of a problem *which is still in progress toward a genuine conclusion;*—that conclusion not unlikely to be of the sort we are supposing, whether the Free Church prospers or declines.

But again. We are most willing to imagine, not only that the Free Church shall prosper, and shall spread itself over the land; but that the Church Established shall hold its own ground, and that, instead of becoming more and more secularized, as might have seemed probable, it shall at once disappoint the anticipations of its opponents, and thwart the views and purposes of its false friends, and that it shall, in good measure, partake of every better influence around it, and thus hold on, and go on, abreast of its sister community. Besides this, we are wil-

ling to suppose that each of the Dissenting or separate (orthodox) communions shall also hold its own, and shall win ample conquests from the wilds of impiety around it. Now, as the consequence of this state of things—and which is the best and the happiest we can picture to ourselves as probable—there would still present itself, not perhaps before our own old eyes—too long used as they have been to look indifferently upon such things—but to the young and undamaged eyes of our successors, that Enormity of our modern Christianity—that damning sin of Protestantism—that source, direct, of the perdition of the lost millions anear us—that inestimable prodigality which squanders the Infinite, and which wastes the funds of Eternity—(we will not allow that we are at all indulging in exaggeration when thus we speak of) that ill consequence of our boasted liberties, which shows itself in the overlapping of so many costly religious organizations—each Church, out of five or seven, interlacing its operations with every other—each planting itself athwart the path of every other, and each spending, *upon the very same acres*, an amount of ministerial body-and-soul power and of popular contribution, which, if it were wisely economized and carefully distributed, would suffice for reclaiming a wilderness!

It is this same reckless spontaneousness—it is this spurious product of a misunderstood conscientiousness—it is this wilful resolution to have things managed precisely in our own way—it is this opiniative egotism, sprouting itself out in wasteful committeeism, which, more than the obduracy of the heathen's soul, has stayed the course of the Missionary Work, filling our Annual Reports with sickening repetitions of vast labours, and vast expenditures, and slender results, and hopes always in the distance! So it is abroad—so it is at home—so it is that the heathen millions, at home and abroad, must wait until "you—and you—and you—and I," can be content to see the world saved, otherwise than just to *our* taste!

Here we say is a problem, urgent, and of incalculable importance, to which Chalmers, with his large soul, just gave the inchoative impulse, but died, leaving it to be taken up and solved by the men of a better age. But how was he minded towards its solution? Just so minded was he as we might be sure such a man would be; and so minded as that, if this great question had come on to stand in a more tangible and a more advanced state, directly in his path, he would have applied his giant strength to it, in the endeavour to bring things into a condition more Christian-like and rational. On one occasion, (after the Disruption,) with indignant vehemence, and "in the fervour of intense excitement," he rejected the imputation of sectarian aims, and thus spoke at a public meeting held at Edinburgh,—"Who cares about the Free Church, compared with the Christian good of the people of Scotland? Who cares about any Church but as an instrument of Christian good? for, be assured, that the moral and religious well-being of this population is of infinitely higher importance than the advancement of any sect."—Vol. iv. p. 394.

At this moment the supposition would be scouted as utterly chimerical, and fit only to amuse the meditations of a recluse, knowing nothing of mankind, that a time shall come when religious folks shall, with a sort of instantaneous and involuntary impulse, solve this above-mentioned problem in a moment, and without the help of argument or persuasion. All that is needed for bringing about so vast and desirable a result is this—that Conscience should be brought, perhaps by some accident, to take a right turn, instead of holding on to a wrong turn. We have all thought it an axiom in Christian ethics, that, in matters of religious opinion, of worship, and of discipline, we *may* and we *must*, individually, follow our particular convictions; but let it appear, nay, let it be demonstrated before our eyes, that the practical consequence of our adhering, all round, to this mistaken supposition is, that the gospel, instead of blessing all nations, and of running and being glorified in all lands—instead of confounding infidelity by its triumphs, and absorbing impiety by its spread, is pinched in upon a few spots, and is even surrendering each advantage that it has won! When Christian men, staggered and dismayed as they look at the map of the world, shall come in seriousness to ask themselves how, and why it is, and has been so, the answer will peal as a thunder, shaking their souls:—it is so because conscience, hitherto in league with an overweening selfishness, has failed to urge upon us our duty toward our fellows—a duty which SECTS never do understand, and can never discharge.

The admirable sagacity and statesmanlike ability which Dr. Chalmers displayed, first in devising the plan of his "Sustentation" Scheme, and then in giving effect to it—successful as this management was, operated very naturally to veil a little from his view the inherent difficulties that attach to the Fiscal Economy of a religious body. These difficulties—unless at moments of excitement, such as that of the Disruption, or when energies and intelligence quite extra-

ordinary are (as then) brought to bear upon the case—*press as a dead-weight upon all non-established Churches;* and if they do not so press upon Established Churches, it is only because exemption from that pressure has been purchased *at a cost which itself brings with it its full equivalent of perplexities.* Now this fiscal difficulty is *one* of the problems which, although in fact it was dealt with by Dr. Chalmers, stands over to a time future, to receive full and satisfactory solution.

But then the resolving of this fiscal problem must bring with it, by necessary implication, the resolution of others; such as, the true ground of the relationship between the clergy and the people—so strangely misunderstood on all sides, (we cannot except our nearest friends,) and the principle and practice of the division of ministerial labour within each Church circuit, and the Church at large.

Now, in a closing word, we incline to express the belief, that the function of CHALMERS, considered as an Ecclesiastical Person, was just this—To bring into a position the most conspicuous imaginable those great and perplexing questions which attach to the planting of Christianity, as a PALPABLE and VISIBLE INSTITUTION, among the things of this world; harmlessly toward itself, and beneficially as toward those things. What this great man has said, written, and done, thereto relating, will never be forgotten, will never come to be disregarded,—on the contrary, the fruit of his labours on this field is yet to spring up and to gladden Scotland—perhaps England also, and the world.

We find that, throughout this article, we have been serving Dr. Hanna, very much as he has served himself in the course of his labours, in compiling these Memoirs. He, occupied with his great subject, has kept himself out of view; and we, warmed at the same fire, have been almost forgetting him—as he himself. But he will have his revenge of us. All the world has read, or will presently be reading, what he has written; and thousands of readers will be grateful to him for what he has done, so well, for their edification and pleasure; or even if they forget to render this deserved tribute, it will be because, with them, as with us, a Memoir of Chalmers, if worthily compiled, must in the nature of the case, quite fill the reader's thoughts and heart—criticism forgotten.

THE

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

No. XXXIV.

FOR AUGUST, 1852.

ART. I.—*Life of Lord Jeffrey: with a Selection from his Correspondence.* By LORD COCKBURN, one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1852.

IT was in the winter of 1786–7 that the poet Burns, a new prospect having been suddenly opened up to him by the kind intervention of Blacklock, and a few other influential men in Edinburgh, abandoned his desperate project of emigrating to the West Indies, and hastened to pay his first and memorable visit to the Scottish metropolis. During that winter, as all who are acquainted with his life know, the Ayrshire ploughman, then in his twenty-ninth year, was the lion of Edinburgh society. Lord Monboddo, Dugald Stewart, Harry Erskine, Dr. Robertson, Dr. Hugh Blair, Henry Mackenzie, Dr. Gregory, Dr. Black, Dr. Adam Ferguson —such were the names then most conspicuous in the literary capital of North Britain; and it was in the company of these men, alternated with that of the Creeches, the Smellies, the Willie Nicols, and other contemporary Edinburgh celebrities of a lower grade, that Burns first realized the fact that he was no mere bard of local note, but a new power and magnate in Scottish literature.

To those who are alive to the poetry of coincidences, two anecdotes connected with this residence of Burns in Edinburgh will always be specially interesting. What reader of Lockhart's Life of Scott, is there who does not remember the account there given of Scott's first and only interview with Burns? As the story is now more minutely told in Mr. Robert Chambers's Life of Burns, Scott, who was then a lad of seventeen, just removed from the High School to a desk in his father's office, was invited by his friend and companion, the son of Dr. Ferguson, to accompany him to *his* father's house on an evening when Burns was to be there. The two youngsters entered the room, sat down unnoticed by their seniors, and looked on and listened in modest silence Burns, when he came in, seemed a little out of his element, and, instead of mingling at once with the company, kept going about the room, looking at the pictures on the walls. One print particularly arrested his attention. It represented a soldier lying dead among the snow, his dog on one side, and a woman with a child in her arms on the other. Underneath the print were some lines of verse descriptive of the subject, which Burns read aloud with a voice faltering with emotion. A little while after, turning to the company and pointing to the print, he asked if any one could tell him who was the author of the lines. No one chanced to know, excepting Scott, who remembered that they were from an obscure poem of Langhorne's. The information, whispered by Scott to some one near, was repeated to Burns, who, after asking a little more about the matter, rewarded his young informant with a look of kindly interest, and the words, (Sir Adam Ferguson reports them,) "You'll be a man yet, sir." Such is the one story, the story of the "literary ordination," as Mr. Chambers well calls it, of Scott by Burns—a scene which we think Sir William Allan would have delighted to paint. The other story, we believe, is now told for the first time by Lord Cockburn. Somewhere about the very day on which the foregoing incident happened, "a little black creature" of a boy, we are told, who was going up the High Street of Edinburgh, and staring diligently about him, was attracted by the

appearance of a man whom he saw standing on the pavement. He was taking a good and leisurely view of the object of his curiosity, when some one standing at a shop-door tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Ay, laddie, ye may weel look at that man! that's Robert Burns." The "little black creature," thus early addicted to criticism, was Francis Jeffrey, the junior of Scott by four years, and exactly four years behind him in the classes of the High School, where he was known as a clever, nervous, little fellow, who never lost a place without crying. It is mentioned as a curious fact by Lord Cockburn, that Jeffrey's first teacher at the High School, a Mr. Luke Fraser, had the singular good fortune of sending forth, from three successive classes of four years each, three pupils no less distinguished than Walter Scott, Francis Jeffrey, and Henry Brougham.

It is not for the mere purpose of anecdote that we cite these names and coincidences. We should like very much to make out for Scotland in general as suggestive a series of her intellectual representatives as Lord Cockburn has here made out for part of the pedagogic era of the worthy and long dead Mr. Luke Fraser. Confining our regards to the eighteenth century, the preceding paragraphs enable us to group together at least three conspicuous Scottish names as belonging, by right of birth, to the third quarter of that century—Burns, born in Ayrshire in 1759; Scott, born in Edinburgh in 1769; and Jeffrey, born in the same place in 1773. Supposing we go a little farther back for some other prominent Scottish names of the same century, the readiest to occur to the memory will be those of James Thomson, the poet, born in Roxburghshire in 1700; Thomas Reid, the philosopher, born near Aberdeen in 1710; David Hume, born at Edinburgh in 1711; Robertson, the historian, born in Mid-Lothian in 1721; Tobias Smollett, the novelist, born at Cardross in the same year; Adam Smith, born at Kirkaldy in 1723; Robert Fergusson, the Scottish poet, born at Edinburgh in 1750; and Dugald Stewart, born at Edinburgh in 1753. And if for a similar purpose, we come down to the last quarter of the century, five names at least will be sure to occur to us, in addition to that of Brougham—Thomas Campbell, born at Glasgow in 1777; Thomas Chalmers, born at Anstruther in Fifeshire in 1780, John Wilson, born, if we may trust our authorities, at Paisley in 1789; Thomas Carlyle, born at Ecclefechan in Dumfriesshire in 1795; and Sir William Hamilton, born at Edinburgh before the close of the century. In this list we omit the distinguished contemporary Scottish names in physical science; we ought not, however, to omit the names of Sir James Mackintosh, born near Inverness in 1765, and James Mill, born at Montrose in 1773. The short life of Burns, if we choose him as the central figure of the group, connects together all these names. The oldest of them was in the prime of life when Burns was born, and the youngest of them had seen the light before Burns died.

On glancing in order along this series of eminent Scotchmen born in the eighteenth century, it will be seen that they may be roughly distributed into two nearly equal classes—men of philosophic intellect, devoted to the work of general speculation, or thought as such; and men of literary or poetic genius, whose works belong more properly to the category of pure literary or artistic effort. In the one class may be ranked Reid, Hume, Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, Mackintosh, Mill, Chalmers, and Sir William Hamilton; in the other, Thomson, Smollett, Robertson, Fergusson, Burns, Scott, Jeffrey, Campbell, Wilson, Irving, and Carlyle. Do not let us be mistaken. In using the phrases "philosophic intellect" and "literary genius," to denote the distinction referred to, we do not imply anything of accurate discrimination between the phrases themselves. For aught that we care, the phrases may be reversed, and the men of the one class may be styled men of philosophic genius, and those of the other, men of literary habit and intellect. If we prefer to follow the popular usage in our application of the terms, it is not with any intention of making out for the one class, by the appropriation to it of the peculiar term "genius," a certificate of a higher kind of excellence than belongs to the other. Even according to the popular acceptation of the term, several of those whom we have included in the literary category—as, for example, Robertson, must be denied the title of men of genius; while, according to no endurable definition of the term, could the title of men of genius be refused to such men as Adam Smith, or Chalmers, or Hamilton. Nor even, when thus explained, will our classification bear any very rigid scrutiny. By a considerable portion of what may be called the fundamental or unapparent half of his genius, Carlyle belongs to the class of speculative thinkers; while, on the other hand, the case of Chalmers is one in which the thinking or speculative faculty, which certainly belonged to him, was surcharged and deluged by such a constant flood from the feelings that, instead of ranking him with the thinkers as above, we might,

with equal or greater propriety, transpose him to the other side, or even name him on both sides. His thinking faculty, which was what he himself set most store by, was so beset and begirt by his other and more active dispositions, that instead of working on and on through any resisting medium with iron continuity, it discharged itself almost invariably, as soon as it touched a subject, in large proximate generalizations. On the whole, then, instead of the foregoing classification of eminent Scotchmen into men of speculation and men of general literature, one might adopt as equally serviceable a less formal classification which the common satirical talk respecting Scotchmen will suggest. The hard, cool, logical Scotchman—such is the stereo typed phrase in which Englishmen describe the natives of North Britain. There is a sufficient amount of true perception in the phrase to justify its use; but the appreciation it involves reaches only to the surface. The well-known phrase, *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, used, Buchanan tells us, centuries ago on the continent to express the idea of the Scottish character then universally current and founded on a large induction of instances, is, in reality, far nearer to the fact. Without maintaining at present that *all* Scotchmen are perfervid,—that Scotchmen in general are, as we have seen it ingeniously argued, not cool, calculating, and cautious, but positively rash, fanatical, and tempestuous; it will be enough to refer to the instances which prove at least that *some* Scotchmen have this character. The thing may be expressed thus.—On referring to the actual list of Scotchmen who have attained eminence by their writings or speeches in this or the last century, two types may be distinguished, in one or the other of which the Scottish mind seems necessarily to cast itself—an intellectual type specifically Scottish, but Scottish only in the sense that it is the type which cultured Scottish minds assume when they devote themselves to the work of specific investigation; and a more popular type, characterizing those Scotchmen who, instead of pursuing the work of specific investigation, follow a career calling forth all the resources of Scottish sentiment. Scotchmen of the first or more recondite and formal type are Reid, Smith, Hume, Mill, Mackintosh, and Hamilton, in all of whom, notwithstanding their differences, we see that tendency toward metaphysical speculation for which the Scottish mind has become celebrated; Scotchmen of the other or popular type, partaking of the metaphysical tendency or not, but drawing their essential inspiration from the sentimental depths of the national character, are Burns, Scott, Chalmers, Irving, and Carlyle. However we may choose to express it, the fact of this two-fold forthgoing of the Scottish mind, either in the scholastic and logical direction marked out by one series of eminent predecessors, or in the popular and literary direction marked out by another series of eminent predecessors, cannot be denied.

After all, however, (for we cannot yet leave this topic,) there *is*, classify and distinguish as we may, a remarkable degree of homogeneousness among Scotchmen. The people of North Britain are more homogeneous—have decidedly a more visible basis of common character—than the people of South Britain. A Scotchman may indeed be almost anything that is possible in this world; he may be a saint or a debauchee, a Christian or a sceptic, a spendthrift or a usurer, a soldier or a statesman, a poet or a statistician, a fool or a man of genius, clear-headed or confused-headed, a Thomas Chalmers or a Joseph Hume, a dry man of mere secular facts, or a man through whose mind there roll for ever the stars and all mysteries. Still, under every possible form of mental combination or activity, there will be found in every Scotchman something distinguishable as his birth-quality or *Scotticism*. And what is this *Scotticism* of Scotchmen—this ineradicable, universally-combinable element or peculiarity, breathed into the Scottish soul by those conditions of nature and of life which inhere in or hover over the area of Scottish earth, and which are repeated in the same precise *ensemble* nowhere else? Comes it from the hills, or the moors, or the mists, or any of those other features of scenery and climate which distinguish bleak and rugged Scotland from green and fertile England? In part, doubtless, from these, as from all else that is Scottish. But there are hills, and moors, and mists where Scotchmen are not bred; and it is rather in the long series of the memorable things that have been done on the Scottish hills and moors—the acts which the retrospective eye sees flashing through the old Scottish mists, that one is to seek the origin and explanation of whatever Scotticism is. Now, as compared with England at least, that which has come down to the natives of Scotland as something peculiar, generated by the series of past transactions of which their country has been the scene, is an intense spirit of nationality.

No nation in the world is more factitious than the Scotch—more composite as regards the materials out of which it has been constructed. If in England there have been Britons, Celts, Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, in Scotland there have been Celts,

Britons, Romans, Norwegians, Danes, Anglo-Saxons, and Normans. The only difference of any consequence in this respect probably is, that whereas in England the Celtic element is derived chiefly from the British or Welsh, and the Teutonic element chiefly from the Continental-German source, in Scotland the Gaels have furnished most of the Celtic, and the Scandinavian Germans most of the Teutonic element. Nor, if we regard the agencies that have acted intellectually on the two nations, shall we find Scotland to have been less notably affected from without than England. To mention only one circumstance, the Reformation in Scotland was marked by a much more decided importation of new modes of thinking and new social forms than the Reformation in the sister country. But though quite as factitious, therefore, as the English nation, the Scottish, by reason of its very smallness, for one thing, has always possessed a more intense consciousness of its nationality, and a greater liability to be acted upon throughout its whole substance by a common thought or common feeling. Even as late as the year 1707, the entire population of Scotland did not exceed one million of individuals; and if, going farther back, we fancy this small nation placed on the frontier of one so much larger, and obliged continually to defend itself against the attacks of so powerful a neighbor, we can have no difficulty in conceiving how, in the smaller nation, the feeling of a central life would be sooner developed and kept more continuously active. The sentiment of nationality is essentially negative; it is the sentiment of a people which has been taught to recognize its own inviduality by incessantly marking the line of exclusion between itself and others. Almost all the great movements of Scotland, as a nation, have accordingly been of a negative character, that is, movements of self-defence—the War of National Independence against the Edwards; the Non-Episcopal struggle in the reigns of the Charleses; and even the Non-Intrusion controversy of later times. The very motto of Scotland, as a nation, is negative—*Nemo me impune lacesset.* It is different with England. There have of course been negative movements in England too, but these have been movements of one faction or part of the English people against another; and the activity of the English nation, as a whole, has consisted, not in preserving its own individuality from external attack, but in fully and genially evolving the various elements which it finds within itself or in powerful positive exertions of its strength upon what lies outside it.

The first and most natural form of what we have called the Scotticism of Scotchmen, that is, of the peculiarity which differences them from people of other countries, and more expressly from Englishmen, is this *amor patriæ*, this inordinate intensity of national feeling. There are very few Scotchmen who, whatever they may pretend, are devoid of this pride of being Scotchmen. Penetrate to the heart of any Scotchman, even the most Anglified, or the most philosophic that can be found, and there will certainly be found a remnant in it of loving regard for the little land that lies north of the Tweed. And what eminent Scotchman can be named in whose constitution a larger or smaller proportion of the *amor Scotiæ* has not been visible? In some of the foremost of such men, as Burns, Scott, and Wilson, this *amor Scotiæ* has even been present as a confessed ingredient of their genius,—a sentiment determining, to a great extent, the style and matter of all that they have written or attempted.

"The rough bur-thistle spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,—
I turn'd the weeding-heuk aside,
And spared the symbol dear.
No nation, no station
My envy e'er could raise—
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise."

In reading the writings of such men, one is perpetually reminded, in the most direct manner, that these writings are to be regarded as belonging to a strictly national literature. But even in those Scotchmen in the determination of whose intellectual efforts the *amor Scotiæ* has acted no such obvious and ostensible part, the presence of some mental reference to, or intermittent communication of sentiment with, the land of their birth, is almost sure to be detected. The speculations of Reid and Hume and Adam Smith, and, in some degree, also, those of Chalmers, were in subjects interesting not to Scotchmen alone, but to the human race as such; and yet, precisely as these men enunciated their generalities intended for the whole world in good broad Scotch, so had they all, after their different ways, a genuine Scottish relish for Scottish humours, jokes, and antiquities. The same thing is true of Carlyle, a power as he is recognized to be not in Scottish only, but in all British literature. Even James Mill, who, more than most Scotchmen, succeeded in conforming, both in speech and in writing, to English habits and requirements, relapsed into a Scotchman when he listened to a Scottish song, or told a Scottish anecdote. But perhaps the most interesting example of the ap-

pearance of an intense *amor Scotiæ*, where, from the nature of the case, it could have been least expected, is afforded by the writings of Sir William Hamilton. If there is a man now alive conspicuous among his contemporaries for the exercise on the most magnificent scale of an intellect the most pure and abstract, that man is Sir William; and yet, not even when discussing the philosophy of the unconditioned or perfecting the theory of syllogism which is universal, does Sir William forget his Scottish lineage. With what glee, in his notes, or in stray passages in his dissertations themselves, does he seize every opportunity of adding to the proofs that speculation in general has been largely affected by the stream of specific Scottish thought—quoting, for example, the saying of Scaliger, "*Les Ecossois sont bons Philosophes;*" or dwelling on the fact that at one time almost every continental university had a Scottish professorship of philosophy, specially so named; or reviving the memories of defunct Balfours, and Duncans, and Chalmerses, and Dalgarnos, and other "*Scoti extra Scotiam agentes*" of other centuries; or startling his readers with such genealogical facts as that Immanuel Kant and Sir Isaac Newton had Scottish grandfathers, and that the celebrated French metaphysician Destutt Tracy was, in reality, but a transmogrified Scotchman of the name of Stott! We know nothing more refreshing than such evidences of strong national feeling in such a man. It is the Scottish Stagirite not ashamed of the bonnet and plaid; it is the philosopher in whose veins flows the blood of a Covenanter.

Even now, when Scotchmen, their native country having been so long merged in the higher unity of Great Britain, labour altogether in the interest of this higher unity, and forget or set aside the smaller, they are still liable to be affected characteristically in all that they do by the consciousness that they are Scotchmen. This will be found true whether we regard those Scotchmen who work side by side with Englishmen in the conduct of British public affairs or British commerce, or those Scotchmen who vie with Englishmen in the walks of British authorship and literature. In either case the Scotchman is distinguished from the Englishman by this, that he carries the consciousness of his nationality about with him. Were he, indeed, disposed to forget it, the banter on the subject to which he is perpetually exposed in the society of his English friends and acquaintances, would serve to keep him in mind of it. It is the same now with the individual Scotchman cast among Englishmen as it was with the Scottish nation when it had to defend its frontier against the English armies. He is in the position of a smaller body placed in contact with a larger one, and rendered more intensely conscious of his individuality by the constant necessity of asserting it. But this self-assertion of a Scotchman among Englishmen, this constant feeling "I am a Scotchman," rests, like the feeling of nationality itself, on a prior assertion of what is in fact a negative. For a Scotchman to be always thinking "I am a Scotchman," is, in the circumstances now under view, tantamount to always thinking "I am *not* an Englishman." The Englishman, on the other hand, has no corresponding feeling. As a member of the large body, whose corporate activity has always, from the very circumstance of its being the larger, been positive rather than negative, the Englishman simply acts out harmoniously his English instincts and tendencies, the feeling of not being a Scotchman, never (except in the case of a stray Englishman located in Scotland) either spontaneously remaining in his mind, or being roused in it by banter. The Scotchman, in short, who works in the general field of British activity, has his thoughts conditioned to some extent at least by the negative of not being an Englishman; the Englishman thinks under no such limitation.

And this leads us to a definition more essential and intimate of the peculiarity of Scottish as compared with English thought. The rudest and most natural form of what we have called the Scotticism of Scotchmen, consists, we have hitherto been saying, in simple consciousness of nationality, simple *amor Scotiæ*, or, under mere restricted circumstances, the simple feeling of not being an Englishman. There are some Scotchmen, however, in whom this first and most natural form of Scotticism is not very well pronounced, and who are either emancipated from it, or think that they are. We know not a few Scottish minds who have really succeeded in transferring their enthusiastic regards from Scotland as such to the higher unity of Great Britain—men, who, sometimes speaking in their own Scottish accent, sometimes in an accent almost purely English, find the objects of their solicitude and admiration, not in the land lying north of the Tweed, but rather in England—its rich green parks and fields, its broad ecclesiastical hierarchy, its noble halls of learning, its majestic and varied literature, the full and generous character of its manly people. We know Scotchmen whose sentiment is more deeply stirred by Shakespeare's famous apostrophe to "this England," than by Scott's to the land of brown heath and

shaggy wood. And as Scotland and England are incorporated, such men are and must be on the increase. But even they shall not escape. If their native quality of Scotticism does not survive in them in the more palpable and open form of mere national feeling, mere *amor Scotiæ*, it survives, nevertheless, in an intellectual habit, having the same root, and as indestructible. And what is this habit? The popular charges of dogmatism, opinionativeness, pugnacity, and the like, brought against Scotchmen by Englishmen, are so many approximations to a definition of it. For our part, we should say, that the special habit or peculiarity which distinguishes the intellectual manifestations of Scotchmen—that, in short, in which the Scotticism of Scotchmen most intimately consists,—is the habit of *emphasis*. All Scotchmen are emphatic. If a Scotchman is a fool, he gives such emphasis to the nonsense he utters as to be infinitely more insufferable than a fool of any other country; if a Scotchman is a man of genius, he gives such emphasis to the good things he has to communicate, that they have a supremely good chance of being at once or very soon attended to. This habit of emphasis, we believe, is exactly that *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* which used to be remarked some centuries ago, wherever Scotchmen were known. But emphasis is perhaps a better word than fervour. Many Scotchmen are fervid too, but not all; but all, absolutely all, are emphatic. No one will call Joseph Hume a fervid man, but he is certainly emphatic. And so with David Hume, or Reid, or Adam Smith, or any of those colder-natured Scotchmen of whom we have spoken; fervour cannot be predicated of them, but they had plenty of emphasis. In men like Burns, or Chalmers, or Irving, on the other hand, there was both emphasis and fervour; so also with Carlyle; and so, under a still more curious combination, with Sir William Hamilton. And as we distinguish emphasis from fervour, so would we distinguish it from perseverance. Scotchmen are said to be persevering, but the saying is not universally true; Scotchmen are or are not morally persevering, but all Scotchmen are intellectually emphatic. Emphasis, we repeat, intellectual emphasis —the habit of laying stress on certain things rather than co-ordinating all—in this consists what is essential in the Scotticism of Scotchmen. And, as this observation is empirically verified by the very manner in which Scotchmen enunciate their words in ordinary talk, so it might be deduced scientifically from what we have already said regarding the nature and effects of the feeling of nationality. The habit of thinking emphatically is a necessary result of thinking much in the presence of, and in resistance to, a negative; it is the habit of a people that has been accustomed to act on the defensive, rather than of a people peacefully self-evolved and accustomed to act positively; it is the habit of Protestantism rather than of Catholicism, of Presbyterianism rather than of Episcopacy, of Dissent rather than of Conformity.

The greatest effects which the Scottish mind has yet produced on the world—and these effects, by the confession of Englishmen themselves, have not been small—have been the results, in part at least, of this national habit of emphasis. Until towards the close of last century, the special department of labour in which Scotchmen had, to any great extent, exerted themselves so as to make a figure in the general intellectual world, was the department of Philosophy—Metaphysical and Dialectic. Their triumphs in this department are historical. What is called the Scottish Philosophy, constitutes, in the eyes of all who know anything of history, a most important stage in the intellectual evolution of modern times. From the time of those old Duncans, and Balfours, and Dalgarnos, mentioned by Sir William Hamilton, who discoursed on philosophy, and wrote dialectical treatises in Latin in all the cities of the Continent, down to our own days, we can point to a succession of Scottish thinkers in whom the interest of metaphysical studies was kept alive, and by whose labours new contributions to mental science were continually being made. It was by the Scottish mind, in fact, that the modern philosophy was conducted to that point where Kant and the Germans took it up. The qualifications of the Scottish mind for this task were, doubtless, various. Perhaps there was something in that special combination of the Celtic and the Scandinavian out of which the Scottish nation, for the most part, took its rise, to produce an aptitude for dialectical exercises. Nay, farther, it would not be altogether fanciful to suppose that those very national struggles of the Scotch in the course of which they acquired so strong a sense of their national individuality, that is, of the distinction between all that was Scotch and all that was not Scotch, served, in a rough way, to facilitate to all Scotchmen that fundamental idea of the distinction between the *Ego* and the *Non-Ego*, the clear and rigorous apprehension of which is the first step in philosophy, and the one test of the philosopher. But, in a still more important degree, we hold the success of the Scottish mind in

philosophy to have been the result of the national habit of intellectual emphasis. A Scotchman, when he thinks, cannot, so easily and comfortably as the Englishman, repose on an upper level of propositions co-ordinated for him by tradition, sweet feeling, and pleasant circumstance; that necessity of his nature which leads him to emphasise certain things rather than to take all things together in their established co-ordination, drives him down and still down in search of certain generalities whereon he may see that all can be built. It was this habit of emphasis, this inability to rest on the level of sweetly-composed experience, that led Hume to scepticism; it was the same habit, the same inability, conjoined, however, with more of faith and reverence, that led Reid to lay down in the chasm of Hume's scepticism certain blocks of ultimate propositions or principles, capable of being individually enumerated, and yet, as he thought, forming a sufficient basement for all that men think or believe. And the same tendency is visible among Scotchmen now. It amazes Scotchmen to see on what proximate propositions even Englishmen who are celebrated as thinkers can rest, and how little the best of them, such as Whewell, Maurice, Hare, Henry Taylor, and some others, seem to feel the necessity of persisting towards first principles. The essays of Henry Taylor and of Arthur Helps are, in this respect, most characteristically English. As writings, they are most sweet, solid, and soothing; and yet there is many a Scotchman with not half the intellect of either of the writers, to whom, by reason of his native tendency to seek for the emphatic, they would appear almost shallow. So also with that much praised old English book, Browne's *Religio Medici*, and with many other old English prose writing. The truth is that, if Scotchmen have, so far, a source of superiority over Englishmen in their habit of dwelling only on the emphatic, they have also in this same habit a source of inferiority. Quietism, mysticism, that soft meditative disposition which takes things for granted in the co-ordination established by mere life and usage, pouring into the confusion thus externally given the rich oil of an abounding inner joy, interpenetrating all and harmonizing all—these are, for the most part, alien to the Scotchman. No, his walk, as a thinker, is not by the meadows, and the wheat-fields, and the green lanes, and the ivy-clad parish churches, where all is gentle, and antique, and fertile, but by the bleak sea-shore which parts the certain from the limitless, where there is doubt in the sea-mew's shriek, and where it is well if, in the advancing tide, he can find footing on a rock among the tangle! But this very tendency of his towards what is intellectually extreme, injures his sense of proportion in what is concrete and actual; and hence it is that when he leaves the field of abstract thought, and betakes himself to creative literature, he produces nothing comparable in fulness, wealth, and harmoniousness to the imaginations of a Chaucer or a Shakespeare. The highest genius, indeed, involves also the capability of the intellectual extreme; and, accordingly, in the writings of those great Englishmen, as well as in those of the living English poet Tennyson, there are strokes in abundance of that pure intellectual emphasis in which the Scotchman delights; but then there is also with them such a genial acceptance of all things, great or small, in their established co-ordination, that the flashes of emphasis are as if they came not from a battle done on an open moor, but from a battle transacting itself in the depths of a forest. Among Scottish thinkers, Mackintosh is the one that approaches nearest to the English model, a circumstance which may be accounted for by the fact that much of what he did consisted, from the necessities of the object-matter of his speculations, in judicious compromise.

But even in the field of literature we will not abandon the Scotchman. His habit of emphasis has here enabled him to do good service too. His entry on this field, however, was later than his entry on the field of philosophy. True, there had been, contemporary with the Scottish philosophers, or even anterior to them, Scottish poets and general prose writers of note—Dunbar, Gawin Douglas, King James, Buchanan, Sir David Lindsay, Henderson, Sir George Mackenzie, Allan Ramsay, and the like. True, also, in those snatches of popular ballad and song which came down from generation to generation in Scotland, many of them written by no one knew who, and almost all of them overflowing with either humour or melancholy, there was at once a fountain and a promise of an exquisite national literature. We could think of old Nicol Burn, the violer, till our eyes filled with tears.

> "But minstrel Burn cannot assuage
> His woes while time endureth,
> To see the changes of this age
> Which fleeting time procureth.
> Full many a place stands in hard case
> Where joy was wont beforrow,
> With Humes that dwelt on Leader side,
> And Scotts that dwelt on Yarrow."

There was literature in the times when

such old strains were sung. But the true avatar of the Scottish mind in modern literature, came later than the manifestation of the same mind in Philosophy. Were we to fix a precise date for it, we should name the period of Burns's first visit to Edinburgh, and familiar meetings with the men of literary talent and distinction then assembled there. Edinburgh was, indeed, even then a literary capital, boasting of its Monboddos, and Stewarts, and Robertsons, and Blairs, and Mackenzies, and Gregories—men who had already begun the race of literary rivalry with their contemporaries south of the Tweed. But, so far as the literary excellence of these men did not depend on their participation in that tendency to abstract thinking, which had already produced its special fruit in the Scottish Philosophy, it consisted in little more than a reflection or imitation of what was already common and acknowledged in the prior or contemporary literature of South Britain. To write essays such as those of the *Spectator;* to be master of a style which Englishmen should pronounce pure, and to produce compositions in that style worthy of being ranked with the compositions of English authors—such was the aim and aspirations of Edinburgh literati, between whom and their London cousins there was all the difference that there is between the latitude of Edinburgh and the latitude of London, between the daily use of the broad Scotch dialect, and the daily use of the classic English. For Scotland this mere imitation of English models was but a poor and unsatisfactory vein of literary enterprise. What was necessary was the appearance of some man of genius who should flash through all that, and who, by the application to literature, or the art of universal expression, of that same Scottish habit of emphasis which had already produced such striking and original results in philosophy, should teach the Scottish nation its true power in literature, and show a first example of it. Such a man was Burns. He it was who, uniting emotional fervour with intellectual emphasis, and drawing his inspiration from all those depths of sentiment in the Scottish people which his predecessors, the philosophers, had hardly so much as touched, struck for the first time a new chord, and revealed for the first time what a Scottish writer could do by trusting to the whole wealth of Scottish resources. And from the time of Burns, accordingly, there has been a series of eminent literary Scotchmen quite different from that series of hard logical Scotchmen who had till then been the most conspicuous representatives of their country in the eyes of the reading public of Great Britain—a series of Scotchmen displaying to the world the power of emphatic sentiment and emphatic expression as strikingly as their predecessors had displayed the power of emphatic reasoning. While the old philosophic energy of Scotland still remained unexhausted, the honours of Reid and Hume and Smith and Stewart passing on to such men as Brown and Mill and Mackintosh and Hamilton (in favour of the last of whom even Germany has resigned her philosophic interregnum), the specially literary energy which had been awakened in the country descended along another line in the persons of Scott, and Jeffrey, and Chalmers, and Campbell, and Wilson, and Carlyle. Considering the amount of influence exerted by such men upon the whole spirit and substance of British literature,—considering how disproportionate a share of the whole literary produce of Great Britain in the nineteenth century has come either from them or from other Scotchmen,—and considering what a stamp of peculiarity marks all that portion of this produce which *is* of Scottish origin, it does not seem too much to say, that the rise and growth of Scottish Literature is as notable a historical phenomenon as the rise and growth of the Scottish Philosophy. And considering, moreover, how lately Scotland has entered on this literary field, how little time she has had to display her powers, how recently she was in this respect savage, and how much of her savage vitality yet remains to be articulated in civilized books, may we not hope that her literary avatar is but beginning, and has a goodly course yet to run? From the Solway to Caithness we hear a loud Amen!

In thus connecting the name and the memory of Jeffrey with the history of the internal intellectual development and the external intellectual action of his native land, we have done a thing which he himself would have been the last to repudiate, and which, whether he would have repudiated it or not, is natural, just, and becoming. Everything *is* as it is possible for it to be; and that the new era of British criticism was inaugurated by a Scotchman is a proof that a Scotchman was the man to inaugurate it. What, then was Jeffrey among Scotchmen, and what were the talents and circumstances that fitted him for his task?

The life of Jeffrey by Lord Cockburn is a work of very great merit, intrinsically worth a hundred of such lives of distinguished men as are daily proceeding from the press. It is not, indeed, an artistic biography; it does not shape and mould the character of Jeffrey by a succession of de-

scriptive touches, and deposit it finally as a finished conception of the man in the minds of distant readers; it contains no elaborate or subtle appreciation of Jeffrey's more intimate views and feelings, or of his place and function in the literary movement of his time. But the writer knew and loved his subject, and it was not for the purpose of making a book that he wrote his life. He had known him in youth, he had known him in old age; he had been his friend and daily companion;—not a sentence, therefore, did he write, but the lineaments of the dead were before him, and the old familiar tones were present to his ear. It would be a miracle, then, if he had written untruly, and if some image of the man as he really was were not placed before the reader. Add to this, that the successive events of Jeffrey's life are duly recorded and explained; and that the appended selection from his letters is at once ample and judicious. In one portion of the Life, too, Lord Cockburn, as was to be expected, has acquitted himself in a manner quite masterly. This is where he describes the condition of Scotland in general, and of society in Edinburgh in particular, at the time when Jeffrey entered upon public and literary life. Nothing could be better than the sketches given of the state of Scottish politics at that period, and of the more prominent personages who were then connected with the Scottish Bar, or otherwise invested with importance in the public opinion of the country. Macaulay could have done this part of the book with finer literary art, but not with more clear and thorough insight. One is glad to see that, notwithstanding a certain tendency to euphuism, as if Lord Cockburn had throughout the book laid a restraint on the well-known vigour of his Scottish sense and humour, lest by indulging it he should Scotticize Jeffrey too much, the Scotchman nevertheless breaks through sufficiently to remind all who know the author by repute, that a man more thoroughly Scotch at heart is not now known to the purlieus of the Parliament House, or familiar to the citizens of the New Town of Edinburgh. With Lord Cockburn for our guide, therefore, let us view Jeffrey for a little longer against his native background of Scottish manners and Scottish associations.

From his very boyhood, Jeffrey belonged to a rather peculiar type of the Scottish *physique* and character. The son of a genuine citizen of Edinburgh, attached as a clerk to its law courts, and described as a sensible, plodding, and somewhat morose man, Jeffrey, even at the High School, was noted as a sharp, nervous, swarthy little fellow, of a type and physiognomy different from that of the majority of Scottish boys. Walter Scott, though at first a sickly and lame scholar, almost always absent from the classes, grew up a stalwart fair-haired youth, capable of taking part in a row in the pit of a theatre, or in any other freak that required bone and sinew; Jeffrey, with plenty of spirit and alacrity, remained always sharp, incisive, and diminutive. Transferred at the age of fourteen to Glasgow College, where he received the better part of his academic training, and where he was one of the most distinguished pupils of one of the best professors that ever taught in a Scotch University—John Jardine, Professor of Logic—he became known there to his heavier classfellows, as an extremely quick, fluent, petulant youth, unmercifully severe in his criticisms on the essays of other students: not very sparing in his comments even on the professors; and who, in spite of raillery and the Glasgow decorum of those days, persisted in the whim of cherishing a very black moustache, covering the whole of his upper lip. Even at this time he was a great reader, a rapid writer for his own amusement, and a favourite speaker in the College Clubs and Societies. After two years at Glasgow, he returned to Edinburgh, where he spent two years more, partly in attending the law-classes at the University, partly in miscellaneous literary occupations prescribed by himself. The quantity of manuscript, in the form of essays, translations, orations, and even poems, produced by him at this period, or between his sixteenth and nineteenth year, was, as we learn from his biographer, something quite extraordinary; and it is curious to remark in the extracts which are given from some of these productions, the early and decided tendency of Jeffrey's mind to literary criticism. Almost all his own essays, it appears, had appended to them a paragraph or two of self-criticism,—generally a very slashing review of their merits and demerits on a retrospective perusal of them; and one manuscript of seventy folio pages is devoted to an elaborate analysis of his own character. A sample of Jeffrey at seventeen reviewing himself may not be uninteresting. The following is from a criticism appended to a collection of thirty essays:—

"It was, I thought, and so far I surely did think justly, a very essential point for a young man to acquire the habit of expressing himself with ease upon subjects which he is unavoidably one time or another to talk of. This, to be sure, might perhaps have been attained, in a degree adequate to all common occasions, without being at the trouble to write down all that I

said, or might have said, on them; and as the habit of writing and speaking are not reciprocal, the plan of accustoming myself to speak a great deal upon them may perhaps appear better calculated for this purpose. But besides that I thus avoid many inaccuracies, and, as I am in Scotland, many improprieties, I can spare auditors from the fatigue of being the tools and vehicles of my experiment, and save myself from the reputation of talkativeness and folly. But though the habit of speaking easily be a very valuable one, that of thinking correctly is undoubtedly much more so. This, too, cannot be attained by mere mechanical practice, and an earlier exertion of those powers, with which every one is endued, is absolutely necessary to confirm it. The human mind, at least mine, which is all I have to do with, is such a chaotic confused business, such a jumble and hurry of ideas, that it is absolutely impossible to follow the train and extent of our ideas upon any one topic, without more exertion than the conception of them required. To remedy this, and to fix the bounds of our knowledge and belief on any subject, there is no way but to write down, deliberately and patiently, the notions which first naturally present themselves on that point; or, if we refuse any, taking care it be such as have assumed a place in our minds merely from the influence of education or prejudice, and not those which the hand of reason has planted, and which have been nurtured by the habit of reflection. . . . The only other object I had in view was, perhaps not the least important of the whole, to attempt an imitation of the style and manner of the principal persons who have exhibited their abilities in periodical and short essays. Dr. Johnson, Addison, Mackenzie, and Steele, are the only personages I have attempted to ape, and these it would be absurd in me to cope with. I have at least this consolation, that my emulation can be called by no means little. Of these essays I have little more to say. I have, in truth, said perhaps already more than they deserve."—*Life*, pp. 30–33.

Here, for a youth of seventeen, we have certainly industry, ambition, a swift, sharp audacity of opinion, and a wonderful fluency of words. That much envied faculty, usually called "command of language," Jeffrey, if we may judge from this and similar specimens, certainly had from the first. In fact, it is not treating the thing too seriously to note, in connexion with such a specimen, the early appearance of what was all along Jeffrey's defect. We have spoken of emphasis as most specifically the quality of the Scottish mind; and we have described as the proper manifestation of this emphasis in the direction of *thought*, that resolute striving after first principles, that tendency to rest only on distinct and massive generalities, which has been conspicuously exhibited in the works of the Scottish thinkers. Now in this kind of emphasis, or at least in emphasis leading to this result, Jeffrey was certainly deficient. Nimble leaping from point to point, from commonplace to something better, and from something better back to commonplace, but always with a distinct and characteristic meaning in the end; a hawk-like ease of motion, and keenness of vision in the atmosphere of what may be called the proximate notions of educated men—this, rather than a sluggish attachment to certain propositions or maxims emphasised once for all, or than a tendency, in every individual case of intellectual exertion, to push through the object-matter, and carry all on to the terminus of some new proposition that *might* be emphasised and clung to, was the mental peculiarity of Jeffrey. As soon as he began to write, his acute mind darted along from conception to conception, seizing points of real truth and consequence, and insinuating itself with great delicacy into the longest and most winding intricacies; words, too, flowed in abundance, most apt for the expression of his meaning; but instead of stemming the words as they came, and damming them back, as it were by a mental resolve, till by their very accumulation and pressure the meaning to be finally expressed became deep and weighty, he suffered himself to be carried along in their flow, not completing the thought first, but thinking as he swam. This "command of language," indeed, so soon conspicuous in Jeffrey, is not an unfrequent sign of promising talent in early life; but we have generally found it give way, with men of real ability, before youth was over, under the influence of a newly-awakened tendency towards the deep and precise in thought. Nor can we help thinking that, had anything occurred, during Jeffrey's youth, to arrest his native fluency, and to arouse him to the value of that kind of mental effort which seeks for ultimate propositions, and spends itself in framing them, even he would have turned out a more weighty and thoroughgoing writer, after the peculiar Scottish type. But probably, Jardine's class rather stimulated than repressed his native tendency in this respect; and of neither of the two men who in that day were the best academic representatives of the claims of matter as distinct from those of style—Miller of Glasgow, and Dugald Stewart of Edinburgh—was Jeffrey ever the pupil. What of the Scottish tendency to emphatic thought, therefore, Jeffrey possessed—and much of it he did possess—was revealed not so much in a reference to, or a gravitation towards, deep formal propositions on various subjects, as in a general salience he always contrived to give to what he accounted important, a kind of sharp decisive ring of the voice on

what *he* believed and *you* might doubt. On the whole, he had far more of the Scottish tendency to thought as such than Scott, in whom the national turn for emphasis spent itself entirely in sentiment and descriptive expression, and who, as the very form of his head indicated, abode contentedly all his life among the popular sagacities, and eschewed all movement towards the intellectually extreme.

A brief residence by Jeffrey in Oxford in 1791-2, always remembered by him as a time of insupportable loneliness and ennui, had at least one effect upon him which, like his moustache at Glasgow, exposed him to the raillery of his Scottish friends. "Jeffrey," Lord Holland afterwards said, "had lost the broad Scotch at Oxford, but he had gained only the narrow English." No one, indeed, could hear Jeffrey in after life without noting, as something peculiar, his sharp, petulant, high-keyed manner of pronouncing his words, so different from either the broad full sing-song of a genuine Scottish speaker, or the firm and manly speech of an educated Englishman. The change was a bold one for a Scottish youth of that day. As late as fifteen years ago, in most parts of Scotland, a schoolboy that should have presumed to talk English, except on stated occasions within school, or that even then should have exhibited too sedulous a study of the vowel-sounds in Walker's Dictionary, would have been treated as a daw with borrowed feathers, and unmercifully plucked. In Jeffrey's case, however, the little affectation, if such it was, which led him to pick up the English accent, was something pleasantly characteristic. He never really ceased to be a Scotchman. Till his dying day, the *amor patriæ* was conspicuously strong in him, and he never lost his relish for Scottish humours and Scottish phraseology. He could talk Scotch when he liked, Lord Cockburn says, "as correctly as when the Doric of the Edinburgh Lawnmarket had been only improved in him by that of the Glasgow Rottenrow;" and we have it on undoubted authority that when, among his familiar friends, he took to telling his reminiscences of old Braxy and other notabilities of the Scottish Bench and Bar, no one could beat him as a mimic, and not even Scott could convey a Scotticism better.

Between Jeffrey's return from Oxford and his entry on professional life as a Scottish barrister, there intervened a period of two years, spent in law-studies, in agreeable intercourse with his friends; in brilliant speech-making at the weekly meetings of the famous Speculative Club, then and long afterwards the training school of young celebrities native to Edinburgh, or sent thither from England to attend the University; and in the gratification of his literary propensity by the increase of his private stock of manuscripts on all sorts of subjects. He had serious thoughts, it appears, at one time of trying to become a poet. So convinced, however, is his biographer that this was a hallucination, that, with bundles of Jeffrey's early poetical efforts before him, he has not given us a single specimen. In the extracts given from the prose writings of the same period we recognise, in somewhat more matured combination, the same qualities that were discernible in the earlier productions—extreme fluency in tasteful expression; an intellect, swift, keen, and glancing, rather than deep or heavy, a cutting, unhesitating declaration of opinion *for* this or *against* that at a moment's notice; and a decided tendency to the practice of criticism.

It was with all these qualities developed in him in a degree that rendered him notable among the young men who knew him, and with an amount of general culture and knowledge such as was possessed by few of them, that Jeffrey, in the winter of 1794, assumed the gown and wig of a Scottish barrister. It is at this epoch in his life that he may be regarded as having first ceased to be a mere reader and student, and as having come into a position of practical relationship to Scottish polity, and the whole circle of Scottish interests. The population of Scotland may have then amounted to about a million and a half; Edinburgh was the centre of all the political activity of this small population; the lawyers of Edinburgh were its social aristocracy; and Jeffrey, as a young member of this aristocracy, had a more decided part to choose, and a more active future in prospect, than if he had been a mere ordinary citizen. We cannot better introduce the reader to an acquaintance with Jeffrey in this aspect than by quoting from Lord Cockburn's admirable delineation of the state of Scottish society towards the end of the last and the beginning of the present century.

"Everything was inflamed by the first French Revolution. Even in England all ordinary faction was absorbed by the two parties—of those who thought that that terrible example, by shewing the dangers of wrongs too long maintained, was the strongest reason for the timely correction of our own defects; and of those who considered this opinion as a revolutionary device, and held that the atrocities in France were conclusive against our exciting sympathetic hopes by any admission that curable defect existed. . . . Never, since our own Revolution, was there a period when public life was so

exasperated by hatred, or the charities of private life were so soured by political aversion.

"If this was the condition of England, with its larger population, its free institutions, its diffused wealth, and its old habits of public discussion, a few facts will account for the condition of Scotland. There was then in this country no popular representation, no emancipated burghs, no effective rival of the Established Church, no independent press, no free public meetings, and no better trial by jury, even in political cases, (except high treason,) than was consistent with the circumstances, that the jurors were not sent into Court under any impartial rule, and that, when in Court, those who were to try the case were named by the presiding judge. The Scotch representatives were only forty-five; of whom thirty were elected for counties, and fifteen for towns. Both from its price and its nature (being enveloped in feudal and technical absurdities) the elective franchise in counties, where alone it existed, was far above the reach of the whole lower, and of a great majority of the middle, and of many even of the higher ranks. There were probably not above 1500 or 2000 county electors in all Scotland; a body not too large to be held, Hope included, in Government's hand. The return, therefore, of a single opposition member was never to be expected. . . . Of the fifteen town members, Edinburgh returned one. The other fourteen were produced by clusters of four or five unconnected burghs electing each one delegate, and these four or five delegates electing the representative. Whatever this system may have been originally, it had grown, in reference to the people, into as complete a mockery as if it had been invented for their degradation. The people had nothing to do with it. It was all managed by Town-Councils, of never more than thirty-three members; and every Town-Council was self-elected, and consequently perpetuated its own interests. The election of either the town or county member was a matter of such utter indifference to the people, that they often only knew of it by the ringing of a bell, or by seeing it mentioned next day in a newspaper; for the farce was generally performed in an apartment from which, if convenient, the public could be excluded. . . . Scotland did not maintain a single opposition newspaper, or magazine, or periodical publication. . . . Meetings of the adherents of Government for party purposes, and for such things as victories and charities, were common enough. But, with ample materials for opposition meetings, they were in total disuse. I doubt if there was one held in Edinburgh between the year 1795 and the year 1820. Attendance was understood to be fatal. The very banks were overawed, and conferred their favours with a very different hand to the adherents of the two parties. . . . Thus, politically, Scotland was dead. It was not unlike a village at a great man's gate. Without a single free institution or habit, opposition was rebellion, submission probable success.

"If there had been any hope of ministerial change, or even any relief by variety of ministerial organs, the completeness of the Scotch subjugation might have been less. But the whole country was managed by the undisputed and sagacious energy of a single native, who knew the circumstances, and the wants, and the proper bait, of every countryman worth being attended to. Henry Dundas, the first Lord Melville, was the Pharos of Scotland. Who steered upon him was safe; who disregarded his light was wrecked. It was to his nod that every man owed what he got, and looked for what he wished. Always at the head of some great department of the public service, and with the indirect command of places in every other department; and the establishments of Scotland, instead of being pruned, multiplying—the judges, the sheriffs, the clergy, the professors, the town-councillors, the members of parliament and of every public board, including all the officers of the revenue, and shoals of commissions in the military, the naval, and the Indian service, were all the breath of his nostril. This despotism was greatly strengthened by the personal character and manners of the man. Handsome, gentlemanlike, frank, cheerful, and social, he was a favourite with most men, and with all women. Too much a man of the world not to live well with his opponents when they would let him, and totally incapable of personal harshness or unkindness, it was not unnatural that his official favours should be confined to his own innumerable and insatiable partisans. With such means so dispensed, no wonder that the monarchy was absolute. . . . To be at the head of such a system was a tempting and corrupting position for a weak, a selfish, or a tyrannical man. But it enabled a man with a head and a temper like Dundas's to be absolute without making his subjects fancy that they ought to be offended. He was the very man for Scotland at that time, and is a Scotchman of whom his country may be proud. Skillful in Parliament, wise and liberal in Council, and with an almost unrivalled power of administration, the usual reproach of his Scotch management is removed by the two facts—that he did not *make* the bad elements he had to work with, and that he did not *abuse* them; which last is the greatest praise that his situation admits of.

"In addition to common political hostility, this state of things produced great personal bitterness. The insolence, or at least the confidence, of secure power on the one side, and the indignation of bad usage on the other, put the weaker party, and seemed to justify it, under a tacit proscription. It both excluded those of one class from all public trust, which is not uncommon, and obstructed their attempts to raise themselves anyhow. To an extent now scarcely credible, and curious to think of, it closed the doors and the hearts of friends against friends. There was no place where it operated so severely as at the Bar. . . . These facts enable us to appreciate the virtuous courage of those who really sought for the truth, and, having found it as they thought, openly espoused it. . . . The shires, with only a few individual exeptions, were soulless. But, in all towns, there were some thinking, independent men. Trade and manufactures were rising; the municipal population was increasing; the French Revolution, with its excitement and discussion of principles,

was exciting many minds. The great question of Burgh Reform, demonstrably clear in itself, but then denounced as revolutionary, had begun that deep and just feeling of discontent, which operated so beneficially on the public spirit of the citizens all over Scotland for the next forty years. The people were silent from prudence. A first conviction of simple sedition by a judge-named jury was followed by transportation for fourteen years. They, therefore, left their principles to the defence of the leading Whigs; who, without any special commission, had the moral authority that belongs to honesty and fearlessness. These were chiefly lawyers, whose powers and habits connected them with public affairs;—a bold and united band, without whose steadiness the very idea of independence would, for the day, have been extinguished in Scotland."—*Life*, pp. 73-81.

To this small but devoted phalanx of Scottish Whigs Jeffrey from the first attached himself. Scott, as was more natural to a man of his predilections, took the other or Tory side. It is a sad thing, if one looks at the matter with any very serious attention, that good men in this world should be obliged thus to take sides at all, or at least to enrol themselves once for all under any one or any other ready-made denomination. One could wish that it were permitted to a man simply to look about for the good things he would like to see done, and to lend his help in time and season to the doing of them, never puzzling his head whether it was Whiggism to do this, or Toryism to do that, or whether the thing to be done had a name at all, provided it were clearly something reasonable in his private view of it. One could wish that what Burns, who still, however, called himself a Whig, once said of his politics, namely, that "he had a few first principles which he would not easily part with, but that, as to all the etiquette, &c., of the thing, he would not have a dissocial word about it with any of God's creatures," could be allowed to pass universally as confession of faith enough in political matters. But unfortunately this is impossible. Old port gathers bees'-wing—the more bees'-wing, they say, the better the wine; and so, in all societies that have lasted some time there float about traditional maxims and distinctions which one could wish away, were one not assured that they are signs of body and vigour in the very medium they perplex. And, certainly, after Lord Cockburn's description of what Scottish Whiggism forty years ago was, and what it promised to be the exodus out of, one cannot but think that the most unsectarian man ever born into the world might, with perfect safety to his intellectual independence, have been a Scottish Whig. And yet such a source of virtue is there in the antique; so natural is it for strong and genial minds to acquiesce in the conditions that actually exist, unless these are so bad as to outrage the most vital human requirements; such reciprocal kindliness is there between a healthy tree and the soil where it has grown, that it may be doubted whether even Scottish Conservatism, which was by no means of the best sort, has not had men at least as notable to boast of as Scottish Whiggism. If on the one side there have been Brown, Playfair, and Jeffrey; on the other there have been Scott, and Chalmers, and Wilson. In short, all that one can say on such a subject is, that there are some men, and particularly men of sharp, clear intellect, who have a characteristic instinct towards the future, to-day called Whiggism, and to-morrow perhaps something else; and there are other men, and particularly men of large sentimental attachments, the moorings of whose being are mostly in the past. What substantial old fellows, now unnamed, or canonized only in local and civic memory, there must have been in Scotland under the rule of Melville; transacting, with perfect relish, a considerable amount of thoroughly human existence under it; nay, poor old kerls, making their daily penny, and their annual oatmeal out of it! Yet Scottish Whiggism came to sweep them and the whole world of Dundas away, and who can now doubt that it was right it should?

Of Jeffrey's services as a Scotch Whig—how, gradually, from being a mere cadet in the ranks of the party, he came to be one of its chiefs and leaders; how Scotch Whiggism itself, at first only a hand's-breadth on the horizon, grew and grew under the care of himself and his friends, linking itself with the more powerful Whiggism of South Britain, till the whole atmosphere of the island was filled with Whig doctrine and Whig anticipation; how Jeffrey became in the end a Whig Member of Parliament, and helped in that capacity to deliver the surcharged atmosphere of the flash and thunderbolt of the Reform Bill; how he assisted to direct that special fork of the flash which fell upon Scotland, and shattered there the relics of the old Dundas system; and how Scotland willingly received him back from Parliament, when this service was done, as a Judge in her Supreme Court of Law, appointed by a Whig Government—of all this there is a sufficient account in the memoir by Lord Cockburn. Thither also we must refer our readers for an account of Jeffrey's progress in his strictly professional life—his slow introduction to practice; his feats as a counsel, and his peculiar merits and reputation in this

capacity as compared with his rivals, the Clerks, the Cranstouns, the Moncreiffs, and (to add a name which the modesty of the biographer has concealed) the Cockburns of the contemporary Scottish Bar; as well as, finally, his demeanour and qualities as a Scottish Judge. It is enough here to say that, in his capacity both as a politician and as a lawyer, Jeffrey exhibited, with the highest effect, his peculiar combination of wonderful talents; and that, had he been during his whole life nothing else than a Scottish politician and a Scottish lawyer, he would still have been one of the most eminent Scotchmen of his generation. There was, indeed, a singular unity and individuality in all that he did. Whether he wrote or spoke as counsel, or gave judgment from the Bench, one still saw the same acute, clear, rapid, brilliant, peremptory, irresistible little creature. Were one to go to ornithology for a comparison, the falcon, which is said to be the strongest and most courageous bird of its size, might stand for the type of Jeffrey. With what a clear, brown, bright, almost too unabashed eye he saw everything; how readily he took wing; how rapidly and easily, whether in a straight line, or in descending circles, he bore himself to his object! His fluency alone astonished slow people. A good heavy Glasgow citizen who was defendant in a suit, after having listened with open mouth to the torrent of words in which Jeffrey, who was counsel for the plaintiff, addressed the Court against him, took out his watch and declared that, by a calculation according to the number of words uttered in a minute, the gentleman must have spoken the English language twice over in three hours. And as Jeffrey, though different from other Scottish writers, was still quite Scottish as a writer, so as a lawyer and a judge, though differing from his Scottish compeers, he was also essentially Scottish. Between such a man as Jeffrey, as representing the Scottish Bar, for example, and such a man as Follett, as representing the English, there was all the difference that there is between the two countries. In Jeffrey on the Bench, interrupting counsel in their pleadings, and keeping them to the point, somewhat to their discomfiture, one saw the same critical intellect that presided judicially over British literature in the *Edinburgh Review;* and yet all was in strict keeping, and Jeffrey was a true type of an able Scottish judge.

After all, however, as all the world knows, the main and characteristic performance of Jeffrey's life, the special stroke of Scottish emphasis which it fell to him to inflict (if that word would appease our English friends in the midst of so much ultra-Scotticism) upon the condition of British society in the nineteenth century, was the *Edinburgh Review*. We have to regard Jeffrey more closely, therefore, as the Editor and chief support, during twenty-seven years, of this famous Scottish periodical. *Scottish* periodical, we say; for though Sydney Smith was one of the Edinburgh conclave of young men by whom it was started, and though many distinguished Englishmen were among its contributors, the editorship, from the very first, devolved upon Jeffrey; and more than half the regular contributors—and these the most familiar to the editor, if not the closest to the centre of publication—were Scotchmen. Jeffrey alone contributed, between the commencement of the Review in October 1802, at which time he was a briefless barrister of twenty-nine years of age and just married, and his resignation of the editorship in June 1829, when he was appointed, in his fifty-sixth year, to the Deanship of the Scottish Bar, about two hundred separate articles,—that is, on an average, two articles to every number. In the first number he had six articles; and in not a few of the earlier numbers he had as many as four or five. Nothing seems to have interrupted his attention to the Review—neither the growing claims of his profession; nor the poignancy of his sad widowhood in 1805; nor his romantic voyage to America, in 1813, to wed his second wife. Even in his old age, Lord Cockburn and Jeffrey's own letters give us to understand, when the Review, after the death of the intervening editor, Mr. Macvey Napier, came under the management of his son-in-law, the present editor, Mr. Empson, he returned to it, like a septuagenarian reintroduced by circumstances to his first and somewhat aged love, and would often, in his quiet evenings at Craigcrook, dabble again in editorial labours to amuse himself, and read or punctuate a favourite article. After his resignation of the editorship, however, in 1829, he contributed but three papers from his own pen. But between 1802 and 1829, the Review was more accurately and completely identified with his person than it is usual for any such periodical now to be identified with the person of even an active editor. What Jeffrey was, the Review was; and in his own series of contributions to its pages, its general scope, spirit, and power to influence were very adequately represented.

In the collection of his contributions to the Review, selected and republished by Jeffrey himself, eight years ago, and containing about half of the whole number, the

papers are loosely distributed under seven heads. A glance at these heads, and at the varied nature of the contents, under each, is calculated to give a lively impression of Jeffrey's readiness and versatility as a writer, and of his competence to the task of a universal observer and critic amid the passing phenomena of his time. It will be sufficient for us, in order to obtain a closer view of his talents and endeavours in this walk, to glance first at his writings on political topics, and then at his more numerous essays on subjects of general literature. To his performances as an occasional adventurer in the field of abstract and metaphysical discussion we can allude only incidentally.

For a definition of Jeffrey's principles as a politician and a political writer we have not far to seek. He was, both in his writings and his conduct, a consistent Whig; and if the reader is capable, as he may be with Lord Cockburn's help, of still farther discriminating between an English Whig and a Scottish Whig—between the Whiggism of Holland House, London, and the Whiggism of the Parliament House in Edinburgh—he will be master of a yet closer definition of Jeffrey's politics, by thinking of him as a *Scottish* Whig. A distinguished and conscientious member of that great party, representing so large a mass of British sentiment and opinion, which may be considered to have had Fox for its hero, and of which Lord John Russell is now the most characteristic relic,—but a member of that party, who, being Scotch by his nativity and in his circumstances, not only had the special duty allotted to him of superintending the applications of Whiggism to that portion of British society which lies north of the Tweed, but, moreover, contributed largely, by his intellectual activity in the cause, to infuse something of Scottish theory into British Whiggism in general, and to blend, as it were, the two political atmospheres which the Tweed separates,—such, in politics both practical and speculative, was Jeffrey. In this respect, also, therefore, we regard Jeffrey as properly an agency in the gradual diffusion through British thought of the element of modern Scotticism. It is indeed a fact which no reasoning can rob of its significance, that though the battle of Whiggism, as a practical movement, was fought in London, (and necessarily so, parliament being there), the literary part of the business was done in Edinburgh. The buff and the blue were worn in England in mere coats and waistcoats, articles whose explanatory power, as regards the creed which they symbolized, reached no farther, as one may say, than just dogmatically affirming the Whig proposition, and declaring that there were so many backs and breasts in support of it; it was in Scotland, the country of emphatic articulation, that Whiggism mounted to the head, and that the Whig colours were used not only in the costume of men, but also in the costume of a periodical. Burke, indeed, had in some respects been the literary organ of Whiggism; but Burke was an Irishman. Charles Fox, too, was *par excellence* the Whig orator; but his oratory consisted rather in splendid practical assertions of English Whig feeling on cases as they occurred, than in connected elucidations of the theory of Whiggism. And at a later period, when Holland House was the centre and rendezvous of the working Whigs—the place where the prospects of the party were talked over and measures from day to day concocted—the severer ratiocination of the party was still transacted in Edinburgh, or at least reserved for the *Edinburgh Review*. How much influence Scotland thus had in modifying the theory of British Whiggism, and moulding the general body of Whig doctrine into its final shape as a fixed political creed, would appear more distinctly if one were to compare the expositions of Whiggism given by the practical English Whigs at the beginning of the present century, with the expositions of it which have become current since it sustained the emphasising stroke of Scottish speculation. Jeffrey was one of the men who contributed most to this result. Indeed, if there is any part of his writings where he shows more than in another that tendency to fundamental propositions in which, as compared with some of his eminent countrymen, we have remarked that he was deficient, it is in his essays on general politics. They are perhaps as deep things as could be written in connection with Whiggism; very much deeper thinking might have parted the connection. Most serviceable and safe in the concrete, or as a rule of political action in troubled times, Whiggism in the abstract, as even Whigs admit, lies so far on this side of the intellectually extreme, that any ambitious gentleman bound for that region must needs go through the other side of it, whether he means to return or not. But Jeffrey was most at home precisely at about the requisite distance from the intellectually extreme, and was, therefore, the very man to do his best scientifically when expounding Whiggism. Take, accordingly, the following passage, which expresses what we firmly believe was Jeffrey's deepest and most enduring conviction in politics:—

"The whole difference between a good and a bad government appears to us to consist in this particular, viz., in the greater or the less facility which it affords for the early, the gradual and steady operation of the substantial power of the community upon its constituted authorities; while the freedom, again, and ultimate happiness of the nation depend on the degree in which the substantial power is possessed by a greater or a smaller, and a more or less moral and instructed part of the whole society—a matter almost independent of the form or name of the government, and determined in a great degree by the progress which the society itself has made in civilization or refinement. . . . The great point is to ensure a free, an authoritative, and an uninterrupted communication between the ostensible administrators of the national power, and its actual constituents and depositaries; and the chief distinction between a good and a bad government consists in the degree in which it affords the means of such a communication. The main end of government, to be sure, is that wise laws should be enacted and enforced; but such is the condition of human infirmity, that the hazard of sanguinary contentions about the exercise of power is a much greater and more imminent evil than a considerable obstruction in the making or execution of the laws; and the best government, therefore, is not that which promises to make the best laws, and to enforce them most rigorously, but that which guards best against the tremendous conflicts to which all administrations of government, and all exercise of political power are so apt to give rise. It happens, fortunately indeed, that the same arrangements which most effectually ensure the peace of society against those disorders are also, on the whole, the best calculated for the purposes of wise and efficient legislation. But we do not hesitate to look upon the negative or preventive virtues as of a far higher cast than their positive and active ones; and to consider a representative legislature as incomparably of more value when it truly enables the efficient force of the nation to control and direct the executive, than when it merely enacts wholesome statutes in its legislative capacity."—*Review of Leckie's Essay on Government, written in* 1821; *see Contributions*, vol. iii.

Such is Jeffrey's version of the Whig principle in politics, and there is no principle more frequently reiterated in his writings. Again and again he recurs to it, sometimes expounding it formally, as above, sometimes incidentally referring to it, but always in such a way as to shew the supreme value in which he held it. That in every community there is a class holding the real and substantial power, whoever may be the person or persons in official authority, and on whatever supposed tenure they exercise that authority; that the extent of this class, its proportion to the whole community, as well as its character and composition, varies with the degree of civilization to which the community has attained; that, in every case, the appropriate constitution is that set of devices which shall bring the opinion of the class who have the power most directly and surely to bear upon those who are in authority; that in England, and other similarly situated countries, where the class who have the power are numerous, and composed of very various elements, the best set of devices for the purpose in question consists in what is called Parliamentary or Representative government; that probably this is the ultimate kind of government attainable by civilized men; and that, in England, therefore, the proper course to be adopted by political reformers is, neither, on the one hand, to quarrel with this form of government, out of any theoretical preference for the supposed social energy of an absolute executive, nor, on the other, to attack the existing form of a Limited Hereditary Monarchy, out of any theoretical preference for the greater logical simplicity of Republican ism, but to keep up continually the play and stroke of the real power upon the recognized executive, by at once and immediately admitting to a share in the representation any new ingredient of real power that time or education may develop, nay, even to foster in the community every tendency to such an extension of the real power throughout the mass of the hitherto unfranchised, —such, stated in the most general terms, was the theory of Whiggism, as propounded by Jeffrey, and as disseminated by his influence through Scotland and England.

Now, of the speculative merit of such a reproduction of the Whig theory there can be but one opinion. Jeffrey here, we believe, did a real feat of Scottish generalization, and assisted political thought for ever by the lucid expression of one stage of it. And in what stead this cardinal notion stood to Jeffrey himself, what clearness and unity of purpose it gave to all his subordinate speculations in social matters, may be seen by a reference to his numerous political and historical sketches. Farther than this, too, it cannot be denied that the notion, in his hands and in those of his Whig associates and disciples, did immense public service. Permeating the whole body of British society, it dissolved and disintegrated much of the remaining national Toryism; and as all the great political achievements of the Whig party, during the generation preceding the present—the Catholic Emancipation, the Abolition of Colonial Slavery, Economical Retrenchment, and the Reform Bill, were logical consequences of the Whig principle in the whole, so they were, doubtless, accelerated by this modification of it. If, however, we lift up the speculation itself by its

roots, and examine how far it is a permanent and all-sufficing generalization in political science, we shall feel that it leaves us still in that condition of mere progress towards a final truth, which our Yankee friends describe by the term of "seekers." It might be shewn, and Jeffrey himself had a glimpse of the fact, that the whole speculation proceeds on the view that government is based on a negation. The historical origin of government, according to Jeffrey, was precisely this, that, in early communities, strong and often unscrupulous individuals grasped at the supreme power, and that the other powerful men in the community made the best terms they could with these individuals, that is, struggled in a rude way to subject the inevitable one authority to the existing multiform power. Now, whatever truth there may be in this assertion, considered as a fact in the natural history of government, it is clear that, unless something be postulated over the fact—some divine law ordaining and inhering in the fact, however it happened—some *a priori* necessity for the human race of government as such—then all government, from first to last, resolves itself into nothing more than the neutralization of one thing by another thing; of usurpation, direct or inherited, by organized resistance. Jeffrey, we think, would not have accepted this as his belief, if it had been nakedly proposed to him; but that the germs of such a belief lay in his political creed, may be inferred from his explicit statement in the foregoing passage, that he considered the merits of Parliamentary government to consist far less in its energy as an instrumentality for initiating wholesome positive laws, (in which respect, he admits, some have maintained its inferiority to Despotism,) than in its negative virtues as a means of enabling the scattered power of the nation to control its centralized executive. At all events, the belief we mention is the actual conclusion in which those who have carried out Jeffrey's principles to their logical extreme have at length ended. That all government is but an elaborate negation of the right to govern, a complicated equation the result of which is zero, a mere organized system of interferences to neutralize previous interferences; and that, consequently, the whole tendency of civilisation is to abolish Government, and to bring society to that state in which all men and women shall be so many independent self-governed atoms, and society itself a mere aggregate of such—this is the theory now creeping into vogue. Now for such as adopt this theory, Whiggism, whether as expounded by Jeffrey or by any one else, is evidently too narrow. Political duty, according to them, consists in speeding on the great consumation of No-government to which all things tend; and they are inclined to hold that the way to this is not so much through any rigorous or professed constitutionalism, as through the intervening term of democracy, or even a succession of mutually weakening struggles between democracy and despotism. Against all this another class of thinkers protest. Caring little for researches into the primeval origin of Governments, and assuming that in the modifications which Government has undergone as to form since the days of the Nimrods and the Nebuchadnezzars down to those of the Peels and the Polks, there has doubtless, as everywhere else, been a law of evolution at work, they hold that Government itself is an imperishable necessity of social existence, a specific mode or forthgoing of human energy in the associated state. They hold that society itself has a life and activity, distinct from the lives and activities of the individuals which compose it, involving these but not logically reducible into these; and the manifestations of this general social life they regard as things of supreme import—as, in fact, *the acts of the human race* as such. Governments of all forms, accordingly, they regard as the organs of volition and expression belonging to this higher life of society, the organs whose business it specially is to cogitate at every moment what new step society shall take, what new condition it shall impose upon itself with a view to some end. Hence, instead of preferring those Governments whose excellence is chiefly negative, they are disposed to prefer those which, from their nature, abound most in positive energy—which are the readiest to seize good notions of all kinds, shape them into laws and institutions, and so work them fast up into the condition and circumstances of the people. As to the precise form of Government that would do this best, they are, however, all at sea. It may be asserted that here again, however, there is a manifest tendency to burst the walls of constitutional Whiggism. Jeffrey, indeed, persuaded himself that the form of Government which he preferred for its negative merits might also be shown to be the best in respect of sound legislative energy. But, as the sight becomes more frequent of that wreck of bills which the recess of every Parliamentary session leaves floating up and down in the public limbo, one or two small measures perhaps having been the sole product of many months—the persons in question begin to despair and to look about for new possibilities. Some, as we know, fell back upon the resolute moral

desire as a refuge from the intellectual confusion; and, wishing vehemently for a wise despotism, would almost tolerate a despotism never so foolish. Others, applying themselves with a more sanguine faith to the problem of achieving the desired end without retrogression, scheme out a kind of theocratic democracy of the future, in which peoples, while governing themselves, shall be constantly pervaded by an inventive social energy, and shall to some extent commit the articulate expression of that energy to special social functionaries.

But though men may roam in deserts they must live in houses; and there are many who, though quite competent to such excursions into the regions of the intellectually extreme in politics, and even accustomed to them, still, feeling the necessity of having a roof above their heads against the wind and weather of present fact, return contentedly after every excursion to the comforts of homely Whiggism. Jeffrey himself, as his writings show, had now and then, notwithstanding his practical fidelity to this creed, occasional doubts, and wanderings, and surmises. Towards the end of his life, in particular, it seems to have been with a dazzled and hesitating eye that he looked forward into the increasing ghastliness of the European future. It is indeed a thought-distracting, theory-upsetting, sorrow-inflicting, consistency-killing element—this element of politics and political speculation! Nowhere are fools more dogmatic, nowhere are wise men more sad and silent; nowhere are wise men and fools, folly and wisdom, commingled and confounded more inextricably. Flashes of light through firmaments of darkness; a few strong instinctive convictions, a few leading doctrinal generalities, struggling with a chaos of facts which they cannot organize—such is now the science of politics. The sun may yet shine, and truth and certainty lay claim to this region too; meanwhile men must grope. Hence again we say, it were well if men, without giving themselves political names at all, or at least without setting much store by these names, could consent to view each case as it occurred in the light of its own immediate merits—a so-called Whig now and then, for example, saying a word for what is beautiful in the antique; and a so-called Tory blowing the blast which is to dethrone a tyrant Bomba. Perhaps something of this immediate sensitiveness to right and wrong in themselves, rather than any respect for the Horatian maxim, "*in medio tutissimus*," has been the secret of that moderation of opinion which has distinguished most genial and sagacious men who have been obliged to take part in politics—the moderate Whiggism of a Jeffrey, on the one hand; and on the other, the moderate Toryism of a Scott. For modern use, indeed, one would be inclined to supplement the Horatian maxim, thus:—*In medio tutissimus ibis; in omnibus tamen rectius ages, si et extrema mediteris.*

It is like passing from the smoke and din of the town to the pure air and quietness of the country to pass from Jeffrey in his connexion with politics, to Jeffrey in his connexion with literature. Here too, we have to note as the first fact with respect to the influence which was exercised, in the person of Jeffrey, over the judgment and the feelings of Britain generally, that that influence, whether favourable or not, was Scottish. As the successive modifications of Whig doctrine during the first thirty years of this century emanated from Edinburgh, so, from the same place, and, in the pages of the same periodical, there issued a more regular, more rapid, more consistent, and more influential series of criticisms on the works of contemporary British authors than from any other place in Great Britain. The *Quarterly* and other Reviews might, in some respects, contest the palm with the *Edinburgh*, in point of literary excellence and ability during the period in question, though even on this head there might be some doubts; but as a critical organ, as a recognised authority in the literary republic for whose quarterly judgments on new books readers waited with interest and authors with trembling, the *Edinburgh* had no competitor. There were both English and Scottish bards at that time, but there were, strickly speaking, only Scotch reviewers. Byron's lines, where he makes the genius of Caledonia address Jeffrey, whom she has just rescued from "Little's leadless pistol," are more than a satire.

"My son," she cried, "ne'er thirst for gore again,
Resign the pistol and resume the pen;
O'er politics and poesy preside,
Boast of thy country and Britannia's pride!
For long as Albion's heedless sons submit,
Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,
So long shall last thine unmolested reign,
Nor any dare to take thy name in vain."

We declare this to be but a satiric myth embodying a real fact. Somewhere about the beginning of the nineteenth century, the genius of Caledonia, residing then with her more buxom and less bony, though somewhat more matronly, sister, the genius of Albion, in the place assigned for the habitation of such entities, *did* meditate another stroke of Scottish emphasis across the general condition of Britain; and *did*, after con-

sulting with her sister, and obtaining her assent, (she was somewhat sleepy and in a very good humour at the time,) speed down to Scotland in search of a Scotchman fit to execute her purpose by becoming a critic of all British literature. She hovered, for some time, uncertain, over the land of her care, now glancing at the Highlands, now at the Lowlands; at last, however, she rested, as was natural, over Edinburgh, and discerned the object of her search in the acute, fluent, penetrating little lawyer, living among his books, and at that very moment, we will suppose, reading one of them to his young wife in their small establishment in Buccleuch Place. She liked him all the better for her purpose, that he had had some experience of an English university, spoke with an English accent, and was, on the whole, of a sweet generous disposition, rather English than Scotch. And so, by agreement between the two sisters, Jeffrey was placed in the chair of British criticism, and called upon to pass his judgments both on English and Scottish authors. Sister Albion has sometimes since, we hear, repented of her share in the arrangement, and had cross words with Caledonia on the subject; but being of the noblest temper, she admits, on the whole, that the arrangement was a good one, and that England as well as Scotland has benefited by it.

One qualification which Jeffrey possessed for the task assigned to him, in a degree greater perhaps than any other Scotchman of that time, was extensive knowledge of, and real delight in, the works which constitute, in their series, the past wealth of English literature. Always fond of quiet domestic leisure, rather than violent modes of exercise, and always a diligent and rapid reader, he had probably gone through as large a course of reading in the standard British authors, as any of his most cultivated English contemporaries. And while our great prose-writers, whether of the more heavy and severe, or of the more light and sparkling style, had had a due share of his attention, he had still revelled with a pleasure which custom never made less, in the richer and more fantastic compositions of the older poets. Shakespeare was almost a boundless enthusiasm with him; Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton shared the second place in his regards; with the poetry of the Elizabethan era he was more than usually familiar; and he admired with a just sense of degree, the strength of Dryden, the wit and polish of Pope, the charming grace of Goldsmith, and the fervid genius of Burns. This familiarity with all varieties of literary beauty, this extensive acquaintance with the authors, who—according to a favourite phrase of his own, of which somehow we are now growing ashamed—are to be regarded as "the best models" of English literature, very soon developed, in a mind naturally both sensitive and shrewd, that peculiar aptitude for at once relishing or disliking anything new in literature, which we designate by the word *taste*. It was the *taste* of Jeffrey that constituted his special accomplishment as a critic: where that was right, he was right; where that was at fault, he was at fault. It was with this taste, the compound result in him of his native powers and tendencies, and his familiar acquaintance with the established "models," that he came forth to meet the tide of new books which flowed in upon him from all the sources of contemporary British authorship —the Scotts, and Byrons, and Crabbes, and Campbells, and Southeys, and Wordsworths of a new and abounding era. His self-appointed task was that he, the Scotchman Jeffrey, should tell of every important new literary composition as it came out, whether he liked it or not, and what passages he liked, and what he did not like in it, and something, also, of his reasons for so liking and disliking. This, and nothing else, was the task which Jeffrey prescribed to himself as a critic.

He performed the task frankly and honestly. By nature the most "sweet-blooded" of creatures, neither malice, nor envy, nor political difference interfered to make him speak ill, where he thought well, of an author. On the other hand, neither private friendship nor political agreement prevented him from expressing a severe opinion where he thought it right to do so. He sent the proof-sheets of one of his most severe reviews of Scott to Scott himself, on the very day he was going to dine with him. Moore, with whom he fought a duel, because Moore chose to construe his remarks on his *Little's Poems* into an accusation of personal profligacy, lived to be his guest at Craigcrook, and to sing songs on his lawn. Byron learnt to call him "Dear Jeffrey," and devoted a stanza of reconciliation to him in one of the cantos of *Don Juan*. And if Southey and Wordsworth never quite forgave him, this was on account of the peculiarity of the case; and the peculiarity was on their side, and not on his. The fact is, that Jeffrey's whole procedure as a critic, his eulogies on some authors, his attacks on others, his praises of one of an author's compositions, his dispraises of other compositions of the same author, his mingled praises and dispraises of one and the same book, all exhibited what was most singularly his qualifi-

cation for the task he had assumed—his honest unhesitating reliance on his own taste. When we said some time ago that Jeffrey, like a falcon, looked about him with a sharp, clear, and almost too unbashful eye, what we meant to indicate was precisely this reliance on the competence of his own momentary judgment, this freedom from intellectual diffidence, this exquisite power of pronouncing a thing right or wrong, correct or incorrect, on the mere faith of his own instant sensation of it. Men differ very much in this respect. There are some men, and these often men of real energy and resolution, who possess little or nothing of this unfailing opinionativeness, and who, when a matter is presented to them for the first time, rather take it trustingly as it is given, and let themselves be passively affected by it, than meet it, as it were, at intellectual sword-point. Often, when their opinion is asked, they positively have none to give; and often, when a statement is made to them, in itself perhaps the most questionable in the world, they do not, unless it jars on some specially tender nerve, behave to it dogmatically at all, but seem rather to occupy themselves with pondering the possibilities of it. For example, when the fate of the Crystal Palace was pending, and when the one question in London, which everybody asked of everybody else, was, whether it should be kept up or removed, there were, we believe, many who, though by no means undecided when they *had* an opinion, really had no opinion whatever on this particular matter, and, therefore, could give none. Instantly to form an opinion in such a case, by calculating all the results positive and negative on both sides—all that would happen and all that would not happen if the Palace stood, and all that would happen and all that would not happen if it were taken away—was clearly beyond the powers of the human reason; and not having either the special feelings of an exhibitor to assist a conclusion on one side, or the special feelings of a Hyde Park proprietor to assist a conclusion on the other, they were content to be opinionless, or to listen reverentially to both opinions, or to abominate the whole subject, or perhaps at last to be talked into one of the opinions by others. So also, there are persons who, when anything in art or literature comes before them challenging their admiration, and recommended by high authority, admire it or not, as the case may be; but, if they do not admire it, will often shrink from saying so, not from caution, but from a proneness to fancy that there may be more in the thing than meets the eye. When their feelings are not deeply stirred for or against, their tendency is to be neutral, or if they must speak, to say either what is expected, or, out of revenge, the very reverse. They will even laugh sometimes when they do not see the joke, if only there is testimony to its existence. It was quite different with Jeffrey. He had none of this intellectual bashfulness, which disqualifies for affirming or denying, except on occasions when the affirmation or denial must be vehement and continuous. He met all things at intellectual sword-point, and approved or condemned, right and left, without any hesitation. Possibly his habits as a lawyer may have had something to do with this; the mere practice of criticism, likewise, strengthened the tendency to criticise; but Jeffrey was a critic by nature. Whether in politics or in literature he was ready at once with a distinct and honest judgment whenever he was asked for it. In going over the French Revolution, for example, which he has done once or twice in his political and historical papers, he alternates between praise and dispraise almost as regularly as if he had been a criticising piston; now dwelling with approbation on what he considers a great and splendid act of policy in the leaders of that movement, and again exhibiting some blunder, by which, according to his judgment, the movement was, from the first, vitiated and ruined. And so in his remarks on a novel, a play, or a poem. Generally, his good nature and his real enjoyment of literary excellence, led him to devote most space to the praise, when it was possible to praise at all; but there is also almost invariably an enumeration at the end of blemishes or defects; and sometimes in one and the same page, or even in one and the same sentence, the author is lauded highly for his merits and blamed severely for his faults. This character in your novel is good and natural, that absurd and unnatural; this poem in your collection is beautiful and striking, that tame and mawkish; this image in the verse is highly poetical, that extravagant and obscure:—such, allowing for the larger space usually assigned to the praise, was Jeffrey's invariable mode of addressing the subjects of his criticism. Let us illustrate this by a quotation or two taken at random.

On Byron's Tragedies.—"Considered as poems, we confess they appear to us to be rather heavy, verbose, and inelegant—deficient in the passion and energy which belong to the other writings of the noble author—and still more in the richness of imagery, the originality of thought, and the sweetness of versification for which he used to be distinguished. They are for the most part solemn, prolix, and ostenta-

tious, lengthened out by large preparations for catastrophes which never arrive, and tantalising us with slight specimens and glimpses of a higher interest, scattered thinly up and down many weary pages of declamation. . . . There are some sweet lines and many of great weight and energy; but the general march of the verse is cumbrous and unmusical. His lines do not vibrate like polished lances, at once strong and light, in the hands of his persons, but are wielded like clumsy batons in a bloodless affray. Instead of the graceful familiarity and idiomatical melodies of Shakespeare, they are apt, too, to fall into clumsy prose in their approaches to the easy and colloquial style; and, in the loftier passages, are occasionally deformed by low and common images that harmonize but ill with the general solemnity of the diction."—*Edinburgh Review*, 1822.

On Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel.—"From the various extracts we have now given our readers will be enabled to form a tolerably correct judgment of this poem; and if they are pleased with those portions of it which have now been exhibited, we may venture to assure them that they will not be disappointed by the perusal of the whole. The whole night journey to Delorane, the opening of the wizard's tomb, the march of the English battle, and the parley before the walls of the castle, are all executed with the same spirit and poetical energy which we think is conspicuous in the specimens we have already extracted, and a great variety of short passages occur in every part of the poem, which are still more striking and meritorious, though it is impossible to detach them, without injury, in the form of a quotation. . . . There are many passages, as we have already insinuated, which have the general character of heaviness, such as the minstrel's account of his preceptor and Delorane's lamentation over the dead body of Musgrave. But the goblin page is, in our opinion, the capital deformity of the poem. We have already said that the whole machinery is useless; but the magic studies of the lady, and the rifled tomb of Michael Scott, give occasion to such admirable poetry that we can, on no account, consent to part with them. The page, on the other hand, is a perpetual burden to the poet and to the reader; it is an undignified and improbable fiction, which excites neither terror, admiration, nor astonishment, but needlessly debases the strain of the whole work, and excites at once our incredulity and contempt."—*Edinburgh Review*, 1805.

On Keats's Poems.—"We had never happened to see either of these volumes till very lately, and have been exceedingly struck with the genius they display and the spirit of poetry which breathes through all their extravagance. . . . They are full of extravagance and irregularity, rash attempts at originality, interminable wanderings, and excessive obscurity. . . . But they are flushed all over with the rich lights of fancy, and so coloured and bestrewed with the flowers of poetry, that even when perplexed and bewildered in their labyrinths it is impossible to resist the intoxication of their sweetness, or to shut our hearts to the enchantments they so lavishly present. . . . The thin and scanty tissue of his story (Endymion) is merely the light framework on which his florid wreaths are suspended; and while his imaginations go rambling and entangling themselves everywhere, like wild honeysuckles, all idea of sober reason, and plan, and consistency, is utterly forgotten and 'strangled in their waste fertility.' A great part of the work, indeed, is written in the strangest and most fantastical manner that can be imagined. It seems as if the author had ventured everything that had occurred to him in the shape of a glittering image or striking expression—taken the first word that presented itself to make up a rhyme and then made that word the germ of a new cluster of images—a hint for a new excursion of the fancy—and so wandered on, equally forgetful whence he came and heedless whither he was going, till he had covered his pages with an interminable arabesque of connected and incongruous figures, that multiplied as they extended, and were only harmonized by the brightness of their tints and the graces of their forms. In this rash and headlong career he has, of course, many lapses and failures. There is no work, accordingly, from which a malicious critic could cull more matter for ridicule, or select more obscure, unnatural, or absurd passages. But it is, in truth, at least as full of genius as of absurdity."—*Edinburgh Review*, 1820.

On a Number of Dickens's Copperfield.—"Bless you, my dear Dickens, and happy new-years for centuries to you and yours! A thousand thanks for your kind letter of December, and for your sweet, soothing *Copperfield* of the new-year. It is not a hinging or marking chapter in the story of the Life, but it is full of good matter, and we are all the better for it. The scene with Agnes is the most impressive, though there is much promise in Traddles. Uriah is too disgusting; and I confess I should have been contented to have heard no more of the Micawbers. But there is no saying what *you* may make of them."—*Letter to Mr. Dickens, Jan.* 6, 1805.—*Lord Cockburn's Life*, vol. ii. pp. 464, 465.

These extracts, though, with the exception of that on Keats, which is really a fine piece of meaning finely expressed, they do not illustrate sufficiently Jeffrey's powers as a writer—the delicacy and tact of his discrimination, his clear and genial wit, and his happy fluency in choice and garnished and lightly moving phrases—yet convey an exact and adequate idea of his manner as a critic. The "beauty and blemish principle," if we may so express it, was the principle of criticism in the application of which to the writings of his day Jeffrey was a master. To point out the special beauties of a poem or novel, to append or interweave an enumeration of the special blemishes, and to illustrate both by ample and appropriate extracts—this was the standing formula according to which almost all the critical papers in the *Edinburgh Review* were

written, during the editorship of Jeffrey. It was the organ for telling society at large, and ladies and gentlemen of taste in particular, what they were to think of the last new books. It performed on the large scale, and with a kind of princely decisiveness to which there is nothing now comparable, that important social function which smaller periodicals now attempt to discharge, when, for example, they consult public convenience by answering, *ex cathedra*, the question so often put at private parties, "What do you think of the new number of *Bleak House?*" As readers of the present day, and especially those unopinionative readers who are apt to take *Bleak House* or anything else as it comes, without making up their minds in any distinct manner as to its merits or demerits, owe a debt of gratitude to the smaller periodicals which point these out; so, in the first quarter of this century, and in a degree a hundred times greater, were readers indebted to the *Edinburgh Review*. To pronounce judgments on new books and to disseminate Whig principles, were the two professed ends of the Review; and as its fidelity to the one end was undoubted, so no one could deny the vigilance with which it attended to the other.

It is a known fact, however, exemplified nowhere more conspicuously than in the progress of the *Edinburgh Review* itself, that the sketchy "beauty and blemish" species of criticism in which Jeffrey excelled, has now passed out of date, and been succeeded, at least in all our higher periodicals, by a kind of criticism intrinsically deeper and more laborious. Partly by reason of that enormous increase of books which has made it a physical necessity to devolve the task of general literary censorship upon the weekly periodicals, and even on the daily newspapers; partly by reason of the rise among us of an altogether higher sense of what criticism is, or may be—the papers which now constitute the staple of our magazines and quarterlies are of a kind of which similar periodicals in older times exhibit few or no examples. It is not, perhaps, at least it is not in all cases, that there is greater positive ability than formerly in those who betake themselves to this species of writing—for it would be no easy thing to find a person in any class or any profession with a greater fund of talent available for any purpose whatever than existed in Jeffrey; it is that the new principle which usage has, since Jeffrey's time, established in the art of periodical writing, compels those who betake themselves to it, be their abilities what they may, to task these abilities harder. Merely to note the beauties and blemishes of a new book, or the merits and defects of a known author in that rapid superficial way which enables the public to say whether the book or author has been noticed favourably or otherwise, is not now the business of a critic in the Quarterlies. What is usually required of him is, either some original disquisition, for which a book or a certain number of books may furnish the test; or some critical appreciation of a new intellectual tendency running through simultaneous scores of books, several of which are named by way of specimen; or, some thorough dissection of an important new book, considered as a product of a peculiar mode of thought exhibited nowhere else; or, lastly, and perhaps most frequently, some elaborate literary monograph, or study of character, in which the attempt is made to delineate in exact portraiture the features of some representative man, and to trace the stamp of these in his writings or the circumstances of his life. It is needless, in illustration of this change in the nature of our periodical literature, to do more than allude to those occasional essays of Macaulay and Carlyle, which, if they did not assist to bring about the change, at least mark, in a very striking manner, that a change has taken place. Side by side with the republished contributions of these and some later writers to our periodical literature, Jeffrey's reprinted criticisms appear slight and ephemeral. The truth is, that his literary criticisms rank lower, in point of thought or permanent intellectual contents, than his political articles. In these articles, as we have seen, there is often a marked tendency to general speculation, a successful effort to reach a scientific principle. There is far less of this in his literary criticisms. General disquisition, indeed, is not wanting, and leading canons of taste are duly implied or laid down; but, on the whole, the papers have the appearance of light things dashed off on the "beauty and blemish" principle, by a brilliant and happy writer, whose simple business it was to read new books and tell the public frankly what he thought of them. Considered as such, however—as criticisms of the hour—as the applications of one man's taste and judgment, sometimes in the form of reproof and chastisement, to the whole current literature of his generation—we have no series of criticisms approaching to them in merit. Jeffrey, in this sense, was truly the king of critics. If he has not left behind him more solid monuments of his own literary genius, it is because, like a true king, he occupied himself so assiduously with the task of governing and controlling—of administering, as it were, day by day, portions

of his individuality into the course of affairs as they were. That, while performing this task so well, he was able at the same time to sustain the character of being himself a fine and graceful writer, is so much merit in addition. Slight as the texture of Jeffrey's criticisms is, there are passages in them of such happy and ingenious and even rich and eloquent expression, that no series of "Elegant Extracts" would now be complete that did not contain specimens from them, as a recognised portion of our classic British literature.

Whatever may be thought of the *depth* of Jeffrey's criticisms, it must be allowed that, on the whole, they were singularly *just*. There have been, we imagine, very few men so courageous in giving opinions on things, whose opinions on things could be more fully trusted, when given. Even his critical observations on historical transactions, so distant and difficult to appreciate as those of the first French Revolution, were probably as sound as it was possible for critical observations of that nature to be. And his literary criticisms, for the most part, stand good even yet. The opinions pronounced by Jeffrey thirty or forty years ago on the works of Scott, Byron, Campbell, Crabbe, Moore, Keats, Rogers, and all the other literary chiefs of that period, are, for the most part, the opinions that people hold on the same works now; and some of the very phrases which Jeffrey used to describe his impressions as to what was characteristic in these writers, have now all the sanction of prescriptive usage. Lord Cockburn is very decided upon this point. "What poet," he asks, "whom Jeffrey condemns, continues a favourite with the public, except in the works, or in the passages, or in the qualities which he applauds?" We cannot, however, go *quite* so far as Lord Cockburn when he says this. Although Jeffrey's judgments on the poets and other writers of his time were, on the whole, as accurate as they were frank, there *are* cases in which the public has found it necessary to leave him and his criticisms far behind. Every man has his natural limitations; and there are things contemporary with every man, according to external appearance, which properly are *not* contemporary with him, but indicate preparations by nature for the future, and her tendency towards what shall be in vigor and flourish when he shall have passed away. Jeffrey, by nature, had probably more of sympathy with what was fine, and exquisite, and pathetic in literature, in its already established forms, than with what, either in thought or in method, proposed an innovation; and although the range of his intellectual appreciation was large when he directed his attention to the past, there were deep tendencies of his own time towards which, with a pertinacity which at once gave the measure of his intelligence, and showed its strength within that measure, he remained entirely negative. It is needless to do more than allude, in illustration of this, to his criticism on Goethe in connexion with the novel of *Wilhem Meister*, and to his long series of attacks on Wordsworth and the Lake Poets. The "This will never do" which, in both these cases, was substantially his critical verdict, can now only be regarded as an interesting example of the old in literature perturbed by the approach of the new. There are of course persons yet amongst us to whom Jeffrey's verdict in those cases seems still the right one; but for all who properly belong to our epoch, the question has been long ago ended.

The truth is, a new spirit in literature, as well as in other things, was taking possession of the age as Jeffrey passed away from it. Influences akin to those which Jeffrey resisted in his attacks on Coleridge and Wordsworth, streamed in on the mind of Britain from all sides; and before Jeffrey died he saw a very changed world. From the peaceful retreat at Craigcrook, where he spent his declining years, leading in the circle of his private friends that kindly, and sociable, and pensive home-life, of which Lord Cockburn has told us too little, but of which we obtain some beautiful and charming glimpses from his own letters, Jeffrey must have looked out with mingled feelings of surprise, admiration, and regret upon the tide of new things that time and labour were evoking all around him. In politics, a new French Revolution, a whole continent once more defying despotism, and speculations of far deeper colour than the authentic old buff and blue, came in the end to assure him—more profoundly and convincingly perhaps than he had been assured before—that men will not suffer Whiggism to be the final formula in political science. And in literature, he stood at last like a Nestor amid the warriors of a second and third generation. The Scotts, the Byrons, the Campbells, the Crabbes, the Coleridges, the Southeys, the Moores, the Mackintoshes, and the Rogerses, who were properly his contemporaries, had either passed away or taken out their superannuation; Wordsworth, whom he had attacked, was the poet-patriarch of England, removed high beyond all critical reach; the power and the glory of British literature had passed to chiefs trained within the periods of his own activ-

ity—the Wilsons, and Carlyles, and Hunts, and Landors, and Macaulays, and Brewsters, and Stephens, and Hamiltons, who still live and labour among us; year after year a new name, such as that of Bulwer, or Isaac Tayloy, or Dickens, or Thackeray, or Jerrold, or Tennyson, or Robert Chambers, or Hugh Miller, or John Mill, was added, before his eyes, to the list of our men of intellectual and literary eminence; and as he looked still farther along the series for what was appearing or about to be, he could discern, as of greater or less note, and of various promise, in a generation still younger, such men as Stanley, and Ruskin, and Samuel Brown, and Wilkinson, and George Wilson, and Marston, and Lewes, and Aytoun, and Kingsley, and Browning, and Patmore. Genial, and lively, and sympathetic as he was, he saw all this with a kindly and genuine interest, and with the readiest approbation of whatever was good and beautiful. "Oh, my dear, dear Dickens!" he writes, after the receipt of one of the Numbers of *Dombey*, "what a No. 5 you have given us! I have so cried and sobbed over it last night, and again this morning; and felt my heart purified by those tears, and blessed and loved you for making me shed them, and I never can bless and love you enough." The heart that could feel so for the death of Paul Dombey had clearly lost none of its susceptibility to the charms of fine literature. But the pathos of *Dombey* is not in the spirit of the age; and at the time when Jeffrey wrote these words, he cannot but have felt that *his* day was in the past, and that it had fallen to men very different from himself to do the work required by the new time.

Jeffrey, as all know, has not been the last representative of Scottish influence in British literature. He is not to be regarded as holding even the penultimate or the antepenultimate place in the series of eminent Scotchmen. Chalmers and Carlyle properly come after him; Sir William Hamilton, in the field of metaphysics, more than maintains, at this very day, the ancient honors of his country; in Hugh Miller, Scotland has still a son, with features peculiarly her own, of whose manly heart, and of whose deeds in literature, any country might be proud; and even in Jeffrey's own field of literary criticism, have we not had, since Jeffrey's time, a totally different display of the Scottish genius in Christopher North and *Blackwood's Magazine?* Scottish emphasis still reigns and works as a specific element in all British thought, all British activity, and all British literature. Nay, and there will still be stroke after stroke of Scottish emphasis till Scotland shall be no more, or till all things having been finally and for ever co-ordinated, the necessity for emphasis shall cease. But nature abhors repetitions, and every new stroke of Scottish emphasis must tell athwart British society as an impulse different in kind from all that preceded it. And so more particularly, with whatever Scotland may yet undertake in the field of literary criticism. The *Edinburgh Review*, it is true, has ceased to be, in any distinctive manner, a Scottish periodical; but Scotland, we believe, may still have, and still needs to have, a periodical of her own. Let us not be mistaken; we speak in no spirit of vain ultra-Scotticism. While it will necessarily, we believe, be the function of such a periodical, with respect to England, to emphasise certain things which it is given to Scotchmen rather than Englishmen at the present day to know and to appreciate; it will necessarily, we believe, be its function, with respect to Scotland, to make war on the excesses of emphasis itself, to attack bad emphasis, and to teach, by manifold allusion to what exists so splendidly in England, the beauty and grandeur of that character which accepts all things in mild and harmonious co-ordination.

Art. II.—1. *The Birds of Australia.* By John Gould, F.R.S., &c. 7 vols. imp. folio. London, 1848.

2. *An Introduction to the Birds of Australia.* By the Same. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1848.

3. *The Natural History of Ireland: Birds.* By William Thompson, Esq., President of the Natural History and Philosophical Society of Belfast. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1849-51.*

---

* We have recently observed, with most unfeigned regret, an announcement of Mr. Thompson's death. His removal in the prime of his days from this earthly scene is alike a deep distress to his numerous personal friends, and an irreparable loss to our knowledge of the natural history of his native country, of which he was the chief exponent, and on every branch of which it is known that he had accumulated large and most valuable materials, almost ready for the press. The work named above, on the "Birds of Ireland," had been fortunately completed by the publication of the third volume. He is, besides, the author of numerous papers in the "Annals of Natural History," and of an excellent "Report on the Fauna of Ireland," drawn up at the request of the British Association, and published in their volume for 1840.

Since writing the above note we have taken occasion to abridge the following particulars from an Irish newspaper, kindly transmitted to us by Mr.

THERE is no division of the animal kingdom more richly stored with numerous and diversified species, than the class of Birds. There is none more worthy of our careful study and admiration, whether we regard the wonders of their internal structure, or the beauty of their external aspect. The chaste blending of simple and subdued colours in some, the more showy and sumptuous adornment of others, cannot but be looked on with delight: while that perfect and pervading conformity of organization to the instinctive habits of each particular tribe, so conspicuous throughout the "manifold works" of the great Creator, is in none more plainly and pleasingly exhibited than among the now almost countless varieties of the feathered race. Birds are, moreover, the only beings which please the ear no less than they delight the eye. Bees hum, oxen bellow, and dogs bark, and many other creatures—man and beast—not seldom favour us with most discordant sounds, which each perchance may deem a "joyful noise;" —but listen to the rich outpouring of the mellow blackbird's song, or that unwearied thrush on topmost branch of some aspiring tree,

"Making sweet music out of air as sweet,"

from early morning until latest eve, and no doubt is felt that these rejoicing lays are not only cheering to the bright creatures themselves, and their beloved companions brooding unseen amid the leafy arbours, but in glad accordance with all the other harmonies of nature by which they are surrounded on this fair earth.

We need scarcely remark that Ornithology in general now presents a field so vast and varied, that the space required to exhibit even the most cursory and superficial sketch of its existing condition, viewed in all its branches, would greatly exceed the ordinary limits of a Review, even although the present Number should consist entirely of one Article, and that devoted to the feathered tribes. We must, therefore, only touch the subject slightly here and there.

The progress of Ornithology in modern times, taking a merely *numerical* view of the matter, may be judged of from the following brief record. The first edition of Linnæus's great work, the *Systema Naturæ*—(which if it did not originate certainly gave universality to the convenient *binominal* system now in use)—was published in 1735. It consisted, so far as birds are concerned, of 47 genera, containing 117 species. In the subsequent editions various genera and species were added,—the former, in the year 1766, amounting to 104, the latter to 947. Latham, the most voluminous of our own ornithological writers, scarcely concerned himself about the formation of genera, but (in 1799) he described 2951 species. More recent writers have devoted themselves chiefly to the description of new species, and the formation or indication of generic groups, justly regarding the accurate compilation of a general system of Ornithology, from the multiplied masses of the feathered tribes, and the scattered condition of their records, as a very fearful task. Thus, the Prince of Canino (C. L. Bonaparte), in 1831, gives us 561 genera, while Mr. Swainson, a few years thereafter (1837), raises the number to 623, of which not fewer than 239 bear designations not formerly in use. The increase of *species* is not so easily ascertained, from the want of works professedly treating of the entire class of birds, but M. Vieillot, in 1823, indicated 3828 species, and C. L. Bonaparte, in 1831, 4099 species. It is well known that Linnæus had it not in his power, in consequence of his restricted intercourse with foreign lands, to acquire any intimate knowledge of the natural habits or

Thompson's attached friend and fellow-labourer, Robert Patterson, Esq., of Belfast, himself an able and well-known naturalist, author of a most excellent and useful "Introduction to Zoology, for the Use of Schools," and other works. Mr. Thompson was born at Belfast, on the 2d of November 1805. At an early age he became so captivated by those pure enjoyments which spring from the contemplation of nature, that he thenceforward devoted the greater portion of his time to the pursuits of natural history. Applying himself alike to the studious acquirement of recorded knowledge as contained in books, and to a searching and assiduous investigation of the great "Biblia Naturæ," he eventually became both a thorough master of the one, and a most skilful interpreter of the other. With the leading naturalists of the day he kept up a constant correspondence, and from time to time he published the results of his own investigations in various scientific journals. The principal writers on the natural history of the British Islands acknowledged themselves indebted to Mr. Thompson for most of their information regarding Ireland. He was a zealous supporter of the British Association, and cheerfully fulfilled, in succession, the duties of almost every honorary office connected with it. A continuation and completion of the "Report" above referred to was one of those contributions which Mr. Thompson had in view to lay before the meeting of the Association to be held in Belfast, during the current year. But alas! how vain and uncertain do we often find our prospective plans. The manuscript of the remainder of the "Natural History of Ireland" is, we understand, in a forward state; and we are happy to learn that the author had made arrangements for its publication, under the superintendence of two of his personal friends. Mr. Thompson had proceeded to London in the course of the present spring, to assist in making preparations for the ensuing meeting of the British Association; and having accomplished his mission he was about to return home. But he became unwell in London, and after a short illness, his premature and most deeply lamented death took place there on the 17th day of February last. See *The Mercantile Journal and Statistical Register* (of Belfast), for 30th March 1852.

modes of life of the great majority of his species, and that he placed them in approximation, as he best could, in conformity with their leading external characters. Had he known their habits of life, and connected these with the nicer organic distinctions which he—the Lynx-eyed—no doubt perceived, but generically disregarded, he would certainly not have arranged his species in so few and such far-spread groups. "What might have been the number of his genera," says Mr. J. R. Gray, "had he acquired the knowledge of the vast number of species which are now known, it is not easy to conjecture, except by taking his ratio of species to genera, in comparison with those now given by authors. For example, he had in his last edition, 947 species, divided into 104 genera, so that that there were about 9 species to each genus. There are now known and acknowledged by naturalists about 6000 species. If we divide these into 800 genera, it will give to each genus an average of $7\frac{1}{2}$ species, which is not much under the number given by Linnæus." The preceding intimation given by Mr. J. R. Gray, (certainly one of our most competent authorities,) of the ascertained existence of 800 genera and 6000 species of birds was made in 1841.* We need scarcely say that great additions have been made in the course of the ten years which have since elapsed.

When we take a survey of the attributes of birds, and consider the *dimensions* of the flying species, (from which we exclude the ostrich, and other *Struthious* kinds) we shall find, that if not the largest, at least the longest winged, is represented by the Condor of South America (*Sarcoramphus gryphus*). On the other hand, the smallest is a species of humming bird (*Mellisuga minima*), found in Jamaica. We do not happen to know the weight of a heavy full-grown Condor, but its extended wings measure nearly fifteen feet from tip to tip. The least of all humming birds is scarcely the size of a humble bee, but its wings are long in proportion, like those of a little insect of the hawk-moth kind. Both condors and humming birds are observed at great heights. The former are often seen so high in the air as to appear like scarcely discernible specks, sweeping around in great circles. The ascertained height was on one occasion found by Humboldt to be 23,270 feet; but there is no reason to suppose that that was a necessary approximation to the limit, observations in this kind having been hitherto few and casual, and the ongoings, or rather upgoings, of nature, for the most part unrecorded amid the Alpine solitudes of the Andes. If this wide-winged bird, as is likely, actually soars beyond our power of vision, we can then, of course, only surmise to what elevation it may attain when raised so far above

> "The earthquake-rifted mountains of bright snow."

It is, no doubt, of all the living creatures upon earth the one which can remove the farthest from it. The *terrestrial* localities of this gigantic bird are comprised in a zone which extends from about 1000 to 19,000 feet above the sea, and the height at which it habitually soars is, according to Humboldt, six times that at which clouds are suspended over the plains of Europe. When searching for food, it descends to the plains which border the bases of the Cordilleras; and Humboldt has called attention to the remarkable physiological fact, that the same individual which breathes so easily the rarified air of the loftiest regions, should sometimes suddenly descend to the sea-shore, thus passing rapidly through all climates, and every condition of atmosphere. It was formerly believed, in connexion with experimental observations on the air-pump, that no creature could exist under so low a pressure; but it is now known that the species in question breathes as freely when the barometer would indicate only thirteen inches as if it stood at thirty.* Its most frequent haunts range from 10,000 to 19,000 feet above the sea. These lofty regions are known vernacularly by the name of Condor nests, although the female is believed to lay her eggs upon the arid rock. There, perched in dreary solitude, on the crests of scattered peaks, at the very verge of the region of perpetual snow, these dark gigantic birds are seen silently reposing like melancholy spectres. But however wild and savage may be their haunts and habits, the tales narrated of their carrying off young persons of ten or twelve years of age may be regarded as fabulous by any one who has examined their feet and talons, which, though long, and in some respects powerful, are but

* Preface to *Genera of Birds*, 2d edition. In a recent note from Mr. Gould, that active and assiduous ornithologist informs us that the number of British birds now known is about 350; of European, about 500; while the total number ascertained may be stated at 7000.

* We may here note, in respect to Humming birds, that these frail creatures, as represented by one or other of their forms, extend from Terra del Fuego to beyond the sixty-first degree of north latitude. In regard to height, they were seen by Von Tschudi at an elevation of 14,600 feet. *Fauna Peruana.* Ornithol., p. 12. The West Indian Islands and warmer portions of South America, may, however, be regarded as the central region of Humming birds in general.

slightly curved. There is scarcely an authenticated instance of their assaulting even a child.*

Some curious information regarding Condors is given by Sir Francis Head. One of his companions seeing an enormous bird upon a dead horse, rode up to it, and finding the creature so gorged that it could scarcely fly, he suddenly seized it by the neck:

"No two animals can well be imagined less likely to meet than a Cornish miner and a Condor, and few would have calculated, a year ago, when the one was hovering high above the snowy pinnacles of the Cordilleras, and the other many fathoms beneath the surface of the ground in Cornwall, that they would ever meet to wrestle and 'hug' upon the wide desert plain of Villa Vicencia."†

After a hard struggle, and some dubiety as to the result, the Cornish man prevailed, and slew the Condor.

The latitudinal distribution of this noted bird, though widely spread, is yet confined within certain limits, and seems to be regulated by the existence of mountain crests of great elevation. It extends southwards from the Equator to the Straits of Magellan, a range of more than fifty degrees; but it does not appear to spread northwards from the Equator into New Grenada, beyond the province of Antioquia, in the seventh degree. One of its last great resting places is, probably, the Peak of Tolima, which, nearly five degrees north of the Line, rises to an elevation of more than 18,000 feet—sufficient to satisfy the ambition of the most aspiring Condor.

Humboldt is of opinion that next to the Condor, the largest of flying birds is the Lammergeyer of the European Alps (*Gypaëtos barbatus*). We doubt not that it is one of the most expanded, in regard to stretch of wing, from tip to tip, but it is by no means a *ponderous* species, being short-legged and somewhat slender-bodied, with a kite-like aspect, and certainly less bulky than the great Harpy Eagle of South America, (*Falco destructor.*) We incline to think that a full-sized female Sea Eagle of our own shores would outweigh it. The great marine species of Eastern Asia (*Haliætus pelagicus*) assuredly does so. We are also of opinion that the illustrious Prussian naturalist has entirely overlooked the *Palmipedes*, or swimming birds, which possibly present us with the largest of all the winged species. A well-fed Cygnet will weigh nearly thirty pounds, and so it may be doubted if any accipitrine bird, except the Condor, would not kick the beam, when placed in the balance with a Swan of the largest size. Even as regards expanse from tip to tip of wing, few species of either land or sea exceed, or even equal, the Albatross.

In regard to the geographical distribution of birds, the most remarkable example of a widely extended, we may say of an almost unlimited range, with which we are acquainted, is that of a small shore-bird, called the Turnstone, *Tringa* (or *Strepsilas*) *interpres*. It is a well-known visitant of Britain, is supposed to breed in Shetland, and is known to do so along the shores of the Arctic Circle. Its nest was found by Mr. Hewitson on rocky islets off the coast of Norway, placed against a ledge, and consisting of nothing more than the shed leaves of the juniper, under a creeping branch of which, the eggs, four in number, were "snugly concealed, and admirably sheltered from the many storms by which those bleak and exposed rocks are visited, allowing just sufficient room for the bird to cover them."* Although widely spread, as a migratory species, along the shores of the nearer continent, its extra-European range is quite extraordinary. In the New World it was found by Sir John Richardson in Hudson's Bay, and is known to extend northwards along the icy shores of the Arctic Circle as far as the seventy-fifth parallel, while Mr. Darwin (we pass over many intermediate stations) obtained specimens from the Straits of Magellan. Sir William Jardine has received it from Tobago. It has been seen in Madeira, and is spread along the northern and western coasts of Africa, and onwards to the Cape of Good Hope. It is a well-known Indian species,† occurs also in China and Japan, and is distributed among the great Asiatic islands, such as Java, Sumatra, the Moluccas, and New Guinea. Lastly, it was found in New Holland by Mr. Gould. Now there is nothing in the structure of this species to explain, or in any way account for, its apparently universal distribution over all the four quarters of the globe, and the distant islands of the sea. It possesses no powers of flight which are not equally shared by

* Nuttall's *Manual of Ornithology*, vol. i. p. 36.

† *Rough Notes across the Pampas.*

* This choice of a rocky foundation on which to place its nest, may, of course, be modified by circumstances, but it is well to know the fact from actual observation. In most of our ordinary compiled works it is otherwise stated. Professor Savi, for example, makes the Turnstone hollow out for itself a little excavation in the *sand*:—"Scava una piccola buca nell' arena" (*Ornitologia Toscana*, ii. 261); and a like process is referred to by Schinz in his *Hist. Nat. des Nids.*, p. 4.

† It was found by Mr. Jerdan at a singular distance from the sea—"At the Tank of Jauinah, two hundred miles inland, and as far southward as Madras."—*Madras Journal of Science*, July 1840, p. 211.

several thousand of its fellow-creatures; and there are no peculiar attributes of its nature, from which we could at all infer, *à priori*, its occurrence under such an extraordinary diversity of clime and country. Whatever the cause, it may assuredly be regarded as the most truly cosmopolite of the feathered race. It is the only species, so far as we know, which occurs in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia.* It is the only New Holland bird that is found also in Great Britain, and we know of but two others in Europe, both shore-birds,—*Terekia cinerea*, (a kind of Godwit,) and *Totanus stagnatilis*, (allied to the Redshanks,) which are likewise native to New Holland. We may mention that our common Dublin, or sand-piper, (*Tringa cinclus*,) occurs in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, the West Indies, and the great islands of the Indian Ocean, but not in Australia. It was found by our Arctic voyagers in Melville Peninsula, and has been received by M. Temminck from the island of Timor. It would thus appear, in respect to the dispersion of birds, that species of the Grallatorial order have the greatest range.

There are, however, many other instances of a wide, though not equally extended distribution. It is long since the Prince of Canino made us acquainted with the ornithological relationship of Europe and North America. He shewed that of the 503 species which were then (1838) supposed to constitute the ornithology of Europe, 100 species also occurred in America; while the American species consisted of 471, including the 100 species which it had in common with Europe.†

One of the most singular features, in a view of foreign ornithology, is what may be called the *representative system*, that is, the occurrence of species closely resembling, though not identical with, our more familiar forms. Thus, when the birds of New Holland began to attract attention, the British or European Osprey (*Pandion haliætus*) was supposed to occur among them. A more minute and accurate examination shewed it to be distinct, but so nearly allied both in structure and habits, as to be *representative* of our own species. So likewise with our Icelandic and Peregrine Falcons. Neither of them exists in New Holland, but the former is represented there by *Falco hypoleucos*, the latter by *Falco melanogenys*. Even the North American Peregrine, which might more naturally be thought identical with that of Europe, from so many other points of ornithological agreement between the two countries, has now been set apart as a distinct though representative species, under the name of Duck-hawk—*Falco anatum*. It is a notable fact in regard to this last mentioned bird, (the Peregrine,) that it occurs either actually or by representation, in almost all countries, that is, over a great extent of Europe, Asia, North America, Cape of Good Hope and New Holland. We agree, however, with the Prince of Canino and Professor Kaup, that these so called local varieties are not identical.* The Curlew and its cousin-german the Whimbrel, are curiously and closely represented in New Holland by *Numenius Australis* and *Num. uropygialis*. The same may be said of several other species. Europe and Australia have each a stilted Plover, a Dotterel, and an Avocet, but the species are not identical in the two countries.†

Although so many marked examples of this representative system occur in the far Southern Continent, (as we may call New Holland,) probably no country possesses so many generic groups peculiar to itself. It is also wonderfully rich in species of the most charmingly diversified form and plumage, and remarkable, many of them, for their curious and uncommon instincts. As the result of Mr. Gould's most laborious and equally successful investigations, we have been for some time acquainted with 636 species of birds from New Holland, including Van Dieman's Land. This is more than twice the number known not many years ago, when that intelligent and enterprising naturalist commenced his labours.

"Upon taking a general view of the Australian Ornithology," Mr. Gould remarks, "we find no species of vulture,‡ only one typical eagle, and indeed a remarkable deficiency in the number of the species of its birds of prey, with the exception of the nocturnal owls, among which the species belonging to the restricted

* An Irish ornithologist is said to have remarked on the discovery of the Turnstone in New Holland, that it was now known in the *fifth quarter* of the globe.

† See the following works by Charles Lucien Bonaparte, (then) Prince of Musignano:—*Specchio comparativo delle Ornitologie di Roma e di Filadelphia*, in the 33d No. of the *Nuovo Giornale de' Letterati*, reprinted apart at Pisa, 1827; *Supplemento alla specchio comparativo*, &c., *ibid.* 1832; *A Geographical and Comparative List of the Birds of Europe and North America*, London, 1838; *Catalogo metodico degli uccelli Europei*, Bologna, 1842.

* See Kaup, in *Isis*, (for 1847,) p. 75.

† See Gould's *Introduction to the Birds of Australia*, p. 11.

‡ We agree in this opinion with Mr. Gould. The so called New Holland vulture of Latham, is a rasorial or gallinaceous bird of a very anomalous kind, but in no way allied to the Vulturidæ, although Mr. Swainson considers it as the *rasorial type* of that flesh-eating family. We shall afterwards notice it under the name of *Wattled Tallegalla*.

genus *Strix*, are more numerous than in any other part of the world; a circumstance which is probably attributable to the great abundance of small quadrupeds, most of which are nocturnal in their habits.

"Among the perching birds there is a great excess of the *Insectivoræ*, *Podargi*, *Meliphagidæ*, *Maluridæ*, *Gymnorhinæ*, &c., of the Granivoræ, such as various species of the *Fringillidæ*, and of the Psittacidæ (or parrots). The latter tribe of birds is more numerous in Australia than in any other part of the world, and forms four great groups, viz., the *Calyptorhynchi*, which mainly procure their food from the *Banksiæ*, *Casuarinæ*, and *Eucalypti*,—the *Cacatuæ*, which feed upon the terrestrial *Orchidæ*, &c.—the *Trichoglossi*, which subsist upon the nectar they extract from the flower-cups and blossoms of the *Eucalypti*,—and the ground and grass *Parrakeets*, which feed almost exclusively on the seeds of the various grasses that abound on the plains; the united groups amounting to nearly sixty species.

"Of the rasorial forms, while the pigeons and hemipods are numerous, the larger typical *Gallinaceæ* are entirely wanting; their only representative being a few species of *Coturnix* and *Synoïcus*. The Grallatorial birds are about equal in number to those of other countries; and among the water birds the true ducks are but few, while the *Procellaridæ* which visit the coast are in much greater abundance than in any other part of the world. On a retrospect of the whole we find a greater number of nocturnal birds than is comprised in the Ornithology of any other section of the globe. I must not omit to mention too the extraordinary fecundity which prevails in Australia, many of its smaller birds breeding three or four times in a season: but laying fewer eggs in the early spring when insect life is less developed, and a greater number later in the season, when the supply of insect food has become more abundant. I have also some reason to believe that the young of many species breed during the first season, for, among others, I frequently found one section of the honey-eaters (the *Melithrepti*) sitting upon eggs while still clothed in the brown dress of immaturity; and we know that such is the case with the introduced *Gallinaceæ* (or poultry), three or four generations of which have been often produced in the course of a year.

"Another peculiar feature connected with the Australian Ornithology is that of its comprising several forms endowed with the power of sustaining and enjoying life without a supply of water, that element without which most others languish and die; for instance, the halcyons, which I found sustaining life and breeding on the parched plains of the interior during the severe droughts of 1838-9, far removed from any water. The food of these birds is insects and lizards."*

When we bear in mind that Australia measures, in round numbers, about 3000 miles in length, that is, from east to west, and that, taking in Van-Dieman's Land, its breadth from north to south is nearly of the same extent, it may easily be supposed, in spite of vast tracts of uniform country, to present a considerable variety of physical structure and of climate, and a corresponding variety in the natural products of its different and distant parts. Van-Dieman's Land, from its smaller size and more southern position, is cooler and more humid than its mightier neighbour. The vegetation is abundant, the forests dense and difficult of access. New Holland, from its 25th to its 35th parallel, is much drier, and has a temperature which Mr. Gould supposes to be higher than that of any other portion of the world—the thermometer not unfrequently rising to 110°, 120°, and even 130° *in the shade*. Hot winds sweep over the country from the northward, indicating the dry and parched character of the interior, and the falls of rain being uncertain and irregular, droughts of several months' continuance occur, during which the rivers, lakes, lagoons, are all dried up, and the earth becomes as a desolate wilderness.

"Pure element of waters! wheresoe'er
Thou dost forsake thy subterranean haunts,
Green herbs, bright flowers, and berry-bearing plants,
Rise into life, and in thy train appear:
And through the sunny portion of the year,
Swift insects shine, thy hovering pursuivants:
But if thy bounty fail, the forest pants,
And hart, and hind, and hunter with his spear,
Languish and droop together."

In New Holland such of the native creatures as possess extensive powers of locomotion, either remove to the mountains, where vegetation is less burnt up, or betake themselves to far off districts, while thousands of the less active or domesticated beings perish.

"At length," says Mr. Gould, "a change takes place, and rain falls abundantly, and the plains, on which but lately not a blade of herbage was to be seen, and over which the stillness of desolation reigned, become green with luxuriant vegetation. *Orchideæ*, and thousands of flowers of the loveliest hues, are profusely spread around, as if nature rejoiced in her renovation, and the grain springing up vigorously gives promise of an abundant harvest. This change from sterility to abundance in the vegetable world is accompanied by a correspondent increase of animal life—the waters become stocked with fish, the marshy districts with frogs and other reptiles, hosts of caterpillars and other insects make their appearance, and, spreading over the surface of the country, commence the work of devastation, which is, however, speedily checked by the birds of various kinds that follow in their train. Attracted by the abundance of food, hawks of three or four species, in flocks of hundreds, depart from their usual solitary habits, become gregarious and busy at the feast, and thousands of straw-necked Ibises, (*Ibis spinicollis*,) and other species

* *Introduction*, p. 15.

of the feathered race, revel in the profusion of a welcome banquet."

As usual there is in New Holland a very direct relationship between the nature and extent of the general vegetation on the one hand, and the character and number of the feathered tribes on the other. It is, of course, chiefly in the vicinity of the few rivers which intersect the known parts of the country, and in the lower flats which receive the floods, that we find a more luxurious vegetation, and trees of gigantic growth. The stately Eucalypti, in particular, attain to a most enormous size. Mr. Backhouse measured one on the Lopham road, near Emeu Bay, in Van-Dieman's Land, which, though rather hollow at the bottom and broken at the top, was 49 feet in circumference at nearly two yards from the ground. Another that was solid, and supposed to be 200 feet high, was 41 feet round. A third, calculated to be 250 feet in height, was 55½ round. As it spread much at the surface of the ground, it was there nearly 70 feet in circumference. A prostrate tree found near the junction of the Emeu River with the Loud water, was 35 feet in circumference at the base, 22 at a height of 66, and 19 at 110. It threw out a couple of large branches at the height of 120 feet, and its general head began to branch off at 150 feet. Its total length, as traced upon the ground, was 213 feet. A party of four abreast walked with ease along its trunk. In its fall it had upset an aspiring young neighbour, whose height had been 168 feet.

Great deltas are formed in New Holland, as elsewhere, by the descent of the interior rivers near their junction with the sea. Such is the Great Scrub, near the mouth of the Murray, an enormous flat of 100 miles in length, by above 20 in breadth, and clothed with a peculiar vegetation, dwarf Eucalypti forming a central belt, margined by shrub-like trees of various kinds. Immense belts of *Banksiæ* clothe the sand-hills of the sea-coast, and of some parts of the interior. Other districts are covered with grass-trees, (*Xanthorrhoæ*,) while the intertropical regions, so far as known of those almost *Terræ incognitæ*, produce, besides the *Eucalypti*, *Banksiæ*, and others of the southern coast, thick forests of canes, mangroves, &c. Now all these peculiar forest regions present an ornithology in a great measure peculiar to each. The Banksiæ are everywhere frequented by the true meliphagous or honey-sucking birds; the *Eucalypti* by the *Trichoglossi* and *Ptiloti;* the lofty fig-trees (so called) by the beautiful regent and satin birds; the palms by the *Carcophagæ*, or fruit-eating pigeons, and the verdurous plains by the ground pigeons and grass parrakeets. Perhaps the most remarkable fact of a negative nature connected with the distribution of New Holland birds, is the entire absence of the woodpecker tribe, a race which occurs in all parts of the world except Australia and the Polynesian Islands. Mr. Gould attributes this absence of the genus *Picus* to the fact, that the New Holland trees are destitute of a thick or corrugated bark. It is interesting to study the relationships and dependencies which may thus be so often traced among existing things, especially in those between which we do not at first perceive the likelihood of any natural connexion.

On analyzing Mr. Gould's great work on the Birds of Australia, containing, as we have said, 636 distinct species, it will be found, when we re-arrange them in relation to their occurrence in certain great districts of the country, that 385 species inhabit New South Wales, 289 South Australia, 243 Western Australia, 230 Northern Australia, and 181 Van-Dieman's Land. Of these 88 are peculiar to New South Wales, 16 to South Australia, 36 to Western Australia, 105 to Northern Australia, and 32 to Van-Dieman's Land.

"The great excess," he observes, "in the number of species inhabiting New South Wales, is doubtless attributable to the singular belt of luxuriant vegetation, termed brushes, which stretches along the southern and south-eastern coasts, between the ranges and the sea, and which is tenanted by a fauna peculiarly its own. Although this part of the continent is inhabited by a larger number of species than any other, it is a remarkable fact, that the species peculiar to Northern Australia are much more numerous than those peculiar to New South Wales. It is curious to observe also, that while Southern Australia is inhabited by a much larger number of species than Western Australia, those peculiar to the former are not half so numerous as those peculiar to the latter. The more southern position, and consequently colder climate of Van-Dieman's Land, will readily account for the paucity of species found in that island."—*Introduction*, p. 134.

By the term *peculiar*, Mr. Gould does not desire to convey the notion that the species referred to are strictly or exclusively confined to the respective districts named, but merely that as yet they have not hitherto been discovered elsewhere.

We shall now notice a few of the more special features of Australian Ornithology. It will be remembered that so early in the history of New Holland as the days of Cook and Flinders, nests were observed of extraordinary magnitude. They were built upon the ground, rose to a height of two feet, were of great circumference, and very capacious

in the centre. They were composed of branches and twigs of trees, and other materials, sufficient to fill a cart. Cook found one upon Eagle Island, on the east coast. Flinders fell in with another which contained residual masses resembling, though on a larger scale, the pellets of fur, and bones of mice, &c., disgorged by owls in England. They consisted in this case of the hair of seals and land animals, of the scaly feathers of the penguins, and the bones of other birds, and of small quadrupeds.

"Possibly," says Flinders, "the constructor of the nest might be an enormous owl, and if so, the cause of the bird being never seen, whilst the nests were not scarce, would be from its not going out until dark; but from the very open and exposed situations in which the nests were found, I should rather judge it to be of the eagle kind, and that its powers are such as to render it heedless of any attempts of the natives upon its young."*

The Navigator was, in all probability, right regarding the group to which the bird belonged, although he took rather too much of a Sinbad-the-Sailor view of its supposed prowess or powers of resistance. It is now believed that these nests belong to the beautiful white-bellied sea-eagle, (*Haliætus leucogaster*,) by no means a ponderous species, nor requiring for itself and young so large a dwelling; but as these and several allied species continue to resort to the same eyry for a long succession of seasons, and carry fresh materials for re-construction and addition every year, it is easy to account for the eventual mass. Mr. Gould informs us that he found similar nests on rocks and promontories on Islands in Bass's Straits, and took from them the young of *Hal. leucogaster*.

Only one species of buzzard has been discovered in New Holland—*Buteo melanosternon*. A curious anecdote regarding it was transmitted to Mr. Gould by his assistant, Mr. Gilbert. The bird is so bold, that when it discovers an emeu, an almost gigantic creature of the ostrich tribe, seated on her nest, it will attack her with such alarming ferocity as to drive her off. The hawk then takes up a stone between its talons, hovers with it in the air, lets it fall upon the eggs, to break their shell, and then descends to feed on their contents at leisure. Along our own shores we may every day observe the carrion and grey crows flying suddenly upwards high in air, each with a mussel in its bill, which it drops from its airy height upon a stone or rocky ledge below, so as to *smash* the shell and render its contents available. Knowing the latter fact to be true, we see no reason to doubt the former. In the one case the stone is made to fall upon the food, in the other the food is dropt upon the stone. In both the knowledge of cause and effect is much the same. Does this knowledge proceed from reason or instinct?

Several swifts and swallows are found in New Holland, all distinguished, as in Europe, by their almost never ceasing flight. A species with a peculiarly constructed tail (*Acanthylis caudacuta*) belongs to a group possessed of extraordinary powers of wing. It is a migratory bird in Australia, but from whence it comes and whither it goeth no man knows. A specimen was *killed in England* not many years ago, but why and by route it came may be more easy to surmise than ascertain.

Among the *Halcyonidæ*, or king-fisher family, (including the king-hunters of the forest and more central districts,) the genus *Dacelo* comprises the largest species, and forms one of the most peculiar and conspicuous features of Australian ornithology. They are confined, however, to the south-eastern and northern provinces, the south-western possessing no species of the genus. Dr. Leichardt, in his "Journal," states, that when near the Gulph of Carpentaria, the "laughing jackass," as these birds are called, was of a different species (*Dacelo cervina*) from that of the eastern coast, being smaller in size, and "speaking a different language." Mr. Gould believes that these birds seldom or never drink, so their laughter cannot be supposed to proceed from any undue excitement. The allied genus *Halcyon* has many habits in common with the *Dacelo*. The species "dwell, among other places, in the open plains, far away from water, and consequently must live for considerable periods without a supply of that element." The genus *Alcyon*, though found in New Guinea and the Indian islands, is more abundant in Australia than in any other country. The species differ from the preceding in frequenting the margins of rivers, where they prey on insects and small fish, and have much in common with the beautiful king-fisher of Europe, the type of the now restricted genus *Alcedo*.

Among the most extraordinary of the Australian birds, so far as concerns certain peculiar habits, are the *bower-birds*, so called from their constructing little galleries or covered ways for their own amusement and recreation, in no way connected with their nests. Those of the spotted bower-bird (*Chlamydera maculata*) are almost three feet long, constructed outwardly of twigs, and beautifully lined with tall grasses, so dis-

* *Voyage*, vol. i. pp. 64-81.

posed that their points converge above. The most singular thing is, that these little arbours are profusely, if not richly, *decorated* in various ways, being strewed over with shells, the skulls of small quadrupeds, bones, and miscellaneous articles.

"I have frequently," observes our author, "found these structures at a considerable distance from the rivers, from the borders of which they could alone have procured these shells and small round pebbly stones; their collection and transportation must, therefore, have been a task of great labour and difficulty. As these birds feed almost entirely on seeds and fruits, the shells and bones cannot have been collected *for any other purpose than ornament.*"*

The actual nest of this bird is very similar to that of the common thrush of Europe. It was found among the smaller branches of an acacia, overhanging a pool of water.

"I found matter of conjecture," says Captain Stokes, in relation to an allied species, "in noticing a number of twigs with their ends stuck in the ground, (which was strewed over with shells,) and their tops brought together so as to form a small bower; this was two and a half feet long, one and a half foot wide at either end. It was not until my next visit to Port Essington that I thought this anything but some Australian mother's toy to amuse her child; there I was asked one day to go and see the 'bird's playhouse,' when I immediately recognised the same kind of construction I had seen at the Victoria River; the bird (*Chlamydera nuchalis* of Mr. Gould) was amusing itself by flying backwards and forwards, taking a shell alternately from each side, and carrying it through the archway in its mouth."†

This building of a bower-like structure for a play-ground, or even, as it seems, assembly-hall, is practised by another cunning artificer of great beauty, called the satin bower-bird,—*Ptilonorhynchus holosericeus.* Its chamber is usually placed beneath the shade of some overhanging tree in the most retired recesses of the forest.

"The base consists of an extensive and rather convex platform of sticks firmly interwoven, in the centre of which the bower itself is built; this, like the platform on which it is placed, and with which it is interwoven, is formed of sticks and twigs, but of more slender and flexible description, the tips of the wings being so arranged as to curve upwards and nearly meet at the top; in the interior of the bower the materials are so placed that the forks of the twigs are always presented outwards, by which arrangement not the slightest obstruction is offered to the passage of the bird. The interest of this curious bower is much enhanced by the manner in which it is decorated at and near the entrance with the most gaily coloured articles that can be collected, such as the blue tail-feathers of the rose-bill and Pennantian parrots, bleached bones, the shells of snails, &c. For what purpose these curious bowers are made is not yet perhaps fully understood; they are certainly not used as a nest, but as a place of resort for many individuals of both sexes, which, there assembled, run through and around the bower in a sportive manner, and that so frequently that it is seldom entirely deserted."—*Birds of Australia*, vol. iv. Plate 10.

Mr. Strange of Sydney, who kept a pair in his aviary, (they unfortunately died on the passage round Cape Horn, on their way to the late Earl of Derby,) where they neither bred nor built a nest, observed that they occupied themselves constantly for two months constructing bowers. The male is the principal workman; and our informant adds, "they are built for the express purpose of courting the female in."

The *Psittacidæ*, or parrot tribe, form a remarkable feature in the ornithology of New Holland. It was an odd notion of Buffon that no parrot occurred either northwards or southwards beyond the 25th degree on either side of the equator. He seems to have despised, as Pennant pointed out, the authority of the Dutch navigator Spilbergen, who found the woods full of them in the neighbourhood of Terra del Fuego, south latitude 54°. He might have called to mind the evidence of Commodore Byron, who says he saw them in countless flocks in the woods of Port Famine Harbour. They were observed by Captain Cook in New Zealand, by Captain Furneaux in Van-Dieman's Land. In our own days we find a North American species spreading far beyond the river Illinois, to the vicinity of Lake Michigan, north latitude 42°. Parrots were seen by Alexander Wilson on the banks of the Ohio, in the month of February, flying through a snow storm in full rejoicing cry.

"No one group of birds," says Mr. Gould, "gives to Australia so tropical and foreign an air as the numerous species of this great family by which it is tenanted, each and all of which are individually very abundant. Immense flocks of white cockatoos are sometimes seen perched among the green foliage of the *Eucalypti;* the brilliant scarlet breasts of the kind called Rose-hills, blaze forth from the yellow flowering *Acaciæ;* the *Trichoglossi* or honey-eating parrakeets, enliven the flowering branches of the *Eucalypti* with their beauty and their lively actions; the little grass parrakeets rise from the plains of the interior, and render these solitary spots a world of animation; nay, the very towns, particularly Hobart Town and Adelaide, are

Birds of Australia, vol. iv. Plate 8.
†*Discoveries in Australia*, vol. ii. p. 97.

constantly visited by flights of this beautiful tribe of birds, which traverse the streets with arrow-like swiftness, and chase each other precisely after the manner the swifts are seen to do in our own islands. In the public roads of Van-Dieman's Land the beautiful *Platycerci* may be constantly seen in small companies, performing precisely the same office as the sparrows in England. I have also seen flocks of from fifty to a hundred, like tame pigeons at the barn-doors in the farm-yards of the settlers, to which they descend for the refuse grain thrown out with the straws by the thrashers. As might naturally be expected, the agriculturist is often sadly annoyed by the destruction certain species effect among his newly-sown and ripening corn, particularly where the land has been recently cleared and is adjacent to the brushes."*

Fifty-five species of this great and sumptuous family are figured and described in Mr. Gould's larger work. These seem to constitute four principal groups, each comprising several genera, nearly the whole of which are strictly and peculiarly Australian. For example, neither *Calyptorhynchus*, *Platycercus*, *Euphema*, *Psephotus*, *Melopsittacus*, or *Nymphacus*, has been found in any other region; and they are certainly elsewhere unsurpassed either in elegance of form or splendour of plumage.

Of the genus *Nestor* only two species are known,—one, *N. Hypopolius*, confined to New Zealand,—the other, *N. Productus*, an Australian kind. Both are somewhat peculiar looking parrots, with the point of the upper mandible greatly prolonged. They are supposed to be the remnants of a tribe, all other members of which have perished, and of the two which remain it may be said that they are on the verge of extinction. The New Holland species has indeed a most singularly restricted range. It is known nowhere in the wide world, except on Philip Island, the circumference of which is not more than five miles, scarcely larger than the lone St. Kilda.

"So strictly, in fact," says Mr. Gould, "is it confined to this isolated spot, that many persons who have resided in Norfolk Island for years, have assured me its occurrence there is never known, although the distance from one island to the other is not more than three or four miles. I regret to state, that in consequence of the settlement of Norfolk Island, the native haunts of this fine bird have been so intruded upon, and such a war of extermination been carried on against it, that, if such be not the case already, the time is not far distant when the species will be completely extirpated, and, like the dodo, its skin and bones become the only mementoes of its existence."

Mr. Gould has since informed us personally that this remarkable bird is now actually extinct as a wild species. A few which exist in confinement, as objects of curiosity, are all that survive, and as they do not breed in captivity, so soon as these cease to exist, the whole species will have perished. Little is known of their natural habits, but the shape and structure of the tongue are very peculiar, and a tame one seen at Sydney, instead of waddling in the awkward way peculiar to most parrots, leaped lightly like a crow. What a strange contrast is presented by the restricted distribution of this species, actually now confined to a few cages in Sydney, or elsewhere, and that of the turnstone, formerly referred to, which wings its unimpeded way in every region of the earth.

The *Columbidæ* or pigeon tribe, are distributed over all the world, and exist in great force in Australia. We there find no less than 21 distinct species, many of them remarkable for brilliancy of color, and a peculiar metallic lustre, which finely illustrates the beautiful expressions of Holy Scripture,—"as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." The species of the genus *Phaps* are probably confined to Australia, but are more widely distributed over that vast region than any other section of the family, being found throughout the entire country, wherever the foot of man has wandered and his eye observed. The most arid deserts of the interior are visited by them, if the smallest supply of water be within reach of their evening flight, "which is performed with the most extraordinary rapidity and power." Capt. Stuart informs us, in relation to *Phaps histrionica*, that it collects in large flocks in March and April, living on the seed of the rice-grass, which the natives also collect for food, and that during the short period of that harvest, the flavour of its flesh is delicious. It flies to water at sunset, but only wets its bill; and it has often excited the wonder of the way-worn traveller, that so small a supply should suffice to quench its thirst amid those burning plains.

"The numbers of this genus," adds Mr. Gould, "generally known by the name of bronze-wings, not only form an excellent viand for the settlers, but one of the greatest boons bestowed upon the explorer, since they not only furnish him with a supply of nutritious food, but direct him by their straight and arrow-like evening flight to the situations where he may find water, that element without which man cannot exist."—P. 79.

One of the most remarkable facts in the history of the pigeon tribe in general, is the

* *Introduction*, p. 70.

extraordinary flocks in which certain species are sometimes found. Alexander Wilson calculated a flight of passenger pigeons (*Ectopistes Migratoria*) which continued to pass over him for the greater portion of a day, to have been a mile in breadth, and 240 miles in length, and to have contained (three birds being assigned to every square yard) at least *two thousand two hundred and thirty million, two hundred and seventy-two thousand pigeons!* What a vast number of pies they would have made, and in those what consumption of flour and butter. The lamented Audubon, in his delightful *Ornithological Biography*, (vol. i. p. 319,) confirms the narration of his predecessor by a still more extraordinary statement; and he adds, that as every pigeon consumes fully half a pint of food, (chiefly mast,) the supply which *his* flock would have required must have amounted to *eight million seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels* per day. How hopeless to be a protectionist farmer in America!

The family called *Megapodidæ* form a group more or less distributed over Australia, New Guinea, the Celebes, and the Philippine Islands. Their history and habits are truly singular, and differ in several respects from those of all others of the feathered race. The three species which belong to New Holland are referable to three distinct genera, *Tallegalla*, (containing the bird erroneously named New Holland *vulture*, by the older authors,) *Leipoa*, and *Megapodius*. In their structnre Mr. Gould regards them as most nearly allied to the *Gallinaceæ*, although in some of their actions and their mode of flight, they greatly resemble the *Rallidæ*, and it is his opinion that the small size of their brain, coupled with the extraordinary means employed for the incubation of their eggs, "indicates an extremely low degree of organization." They have much in common with each other, and agree in the anomalous nature of their nidification. They all deposit their eggs in vast mounds of earth and leaves, constructed by themselves, and which become heated, either by fermentation of the vegetable materials, or the sun's rays, so as to constitute a natural hot-bed, or forcing apparatus, in which the eggs are hatched, and from which the young eventually emerge in full feather, and capable of maintaining themselves (which many other bipeds do not do) by their own exertions from the first. An excellent account of the nest of one of these species, *Leipoa ocellata*, has been given by Sir George Grey—not the late Secretary for the Home Department—but the Governor of New Zealand formerly of South Australia. We may mention that the bird referred to roosts at night on trees, runs with extraordinary rapidity, never flies when it can help it, and weighs (the male bird) about four pounds and a half.

"The mounds they construct," says Sir George, "are from twelve to thirteen yards in circumference at the base, and from two to three feet in height, the general form being that of a dome. The sand and grass are sometimes scraped up for a distance of from fifteen to sixteen feet from its outer edge. The mound appears to be constructed as follows:—A nearly circular hole, of about eighteen inches in diameter, is scratched in the ground, to the depth of seven or eight inches, and filled with dead leaves, and grass, and similar materials, and a large mass of the same substance is placed all round it on the ground. Over this first layer, a large mound of sand, mixed with dry grass, &c., is thrown, and, finally, the whole assumes the form of a dome, as I have stated. When an egg is to be deposited the top is laid open, and a hole is scraped in its centre, to within two or three inches of the bottom of the layer of dried leaves. The egg is placed in the sand, just at the edge of the hole, in a vertical position, with the smaller end downwards. The sand is then thrown in again, and the mound left in its original form. The egg which has thus been deposit d is therefore completely surrounded and enveloped in soft sand, having from four to six inches of sand between the lower end of the egg and the layer of dried leaves. When a second egg is laid, it is deposited in precisely the same plane as the first, but at the opposite side of the hole before alluded to. When a third egg is laid it is placed in the same plane as the others, but as it were at the third corner of a square. When the fourth egg is laid it is still placed in the same plane; but in the fourth corner of the square, or rather of the lozenge, the figure being of this form— ∘ ∘ ∘ ∘ ; the next four eggs in succession are placed in the interstices, but always in the same plane, so that at last there is a circle of eight eggs, all standing upright in the sand, with several inches of sand intervening between each."

These singular mounds are usually found in sandy, scrubby districts, but placed in some little open glade in the thickest part of the scrub. The eggs are of a pale pink colour, and so thin and fragile, that unless handled with the greatest care they break. All attempts to hatch them under domestic poultry have failed, by reason of brittleness.

Mr. Gilbert also describes these mound-shaped nests. The largest he saw was only in a state of preparation. It measured forty-five feet in circumference, and if moulded in proportion at the top, would have been fully five feet high. He adds that he found the white ants very numerous in these mounds, making their covered galleries

all around, and even attached to the eggs themselves, thus disinterestedly preparing a sufficiency of food for the young bird, as soon as it emerges from the shell. Mr. Drummond, who was experienced in horticultural hot-beds, was of opinion that the central heat of these mounds was equal to 80°.

The allied species of the genus *Megapodius*, construct their nests upon a similar principle, and of still more gigantic size. Mr. John Macgillivray, the observing son of an observant father, during the survey of Endeavor Straits, found three of their mounds in the small island of Nogo. The one which seemed most recent was placed on the crest of a hill, and measured eight feet in height, (thirteen and a half along the slope,) and seventy-seven feet in circumference. It was composed of well packed earth, stones, decaying leaves and branches, and other vegetable matter, with some living roots. After several hours' hard digging, fragments of eggs and a dead chick were found at a depth of six feet from the nearest surface. Another mound at the foot of the hill, and close upon the beach, measured not less than 150 feet in circumference; and to form this immense mass of materials the birds had scraped the ground in the vicinity quite bare, and numerous shallow excavations showed where they had been to quarry. It was of an irregular oval shape, the summit not being in the centre, but nearer the broader end, and fourteen feet high. Though inhabited by only a single pair of birds at a time, these nests are probably the work of several generations, being repaired and added to from season to season. To many people it seems as if there was much to do about nothing, but doubtless the birds know best.

We shall here take no note of those numerous, swift-running, and deep-wading tribes, which constitute the great order *Grallatores*.* Let us pass to a brief observance of the web-footed, or swimming birds, strictly so called, (although many of the waders also swim like corks,) the order *Natatores*.

A comparative view of the various groups of the last named order, as inhabitants of Europe in the one hemisphere, and of New Holland in the other, exhibits some remarkable features. In each region there is both excess and deficiency of certain kinds, and we think that one important and valuable attribute of such correct and completed works as Mr. Gould's, viz., the "Birds of Europe," and the "Birds of New Holland," consists in their enabling us to institute such comparative views. No doubt we are much more perfectly acquainted with the former than with the latter, but still, we now in all probability possess sufficient samples, so to speak, of all the most important genera, even of the latter country, to enable us to stand on solid ground. The numerical results of this comparison, so far as concerns swimming birds, are as follows:—Of the true *Anatidæ*, or ducks, not counting mergansers, Europe possesses at least forty species, while only eighteen are known in Australia. Of the *Laridæ*, or gulls, twenty species dwell in Europe, while only three occur in Australia.* On the other hand, while Europe has only twelve species of terns, or sea-swallows, sixteen frequent the far Australian shores. Of the *Procellaridæ*, or petrels, very oceanic species, nearly forty are found on the Australian seas, while not more than seven are known to occur in those of Europe. Of the puffins and guillemots again, which so abound along many parts of our native and other northern shores, not a single species has ever been found in Australia, or indeed in any portion of the Southern ocean. On the other hand, penguins there abound, but are quite unknown in Europe. Grebes and cormorants are about equipoised in the two hemispheres.

The black swan, (*Cygnus atratus*,) so long regarded as a "*rara avis in terris*," but now so frequent and well known, is a native of Australia, where it seems restricted to the southern districts. At least, it has never been observed in Torres Straits, or on any of the northern coasts. It is the only true swan found to the south of the Equator, the majority of the others occurring in the most northern parts of Europe and America.

A species of sooty tern occurs in vast abundance on Raine's Islet in May and June, as observed by a party employed to build the beacon there. About 1500 dozen of eggs were procured during the latter month, and great numbers of young birds were obtained for the pot. A mess of 22 men consumed on an average 50 every day, and supposing the convicts, about 20 in number, to have eaten as many, 3000 birds must have been devoured in the "leafy month of June," yet so vast was the congregated body, that no sensible diminution in their number was perceptible. It is a grand sight to see an albatross (*Diomedea exulans*) either poised, as it were, almost motionless, high in air, itself more radiant than a summer cloud, or sweeping past upon unwearied wings, as if rejoicing when ruthless winds and waves "lift up their

* We have already, in our introductory observations, referred to the vast geographical expanse over which some of the species are dispersed.

* One of them is a skua gull, and is named *Lestris catarractes* by Mr. Gould, as if it were identical with a European species, but this we believe is doubtful

voices," and "ancient mariners" grow pale with fear. When full grown, this great sea-bird weighs from 17 to 20 pounds, and its "sail-broad vans" measure nearly twelve feet from tip to tip. It occurs along Van-Dieman's Land, and many of the Australian shores, except the northern parts. Unless during the breeding season, these birds, and the petrels, are found habitually spread over the wilderness of waters, entirely regardless of their distance, though it may be some thousand miles from land. Their powers of flight are excessive, their feet well webbed, and their bodies extremely buoyant. A racer is a vain thing for safety, compared with their swift and sure careering over sea and shore. Of the albatross there are nine known species, of which three frequent the North Pacific Ocean, and six the waters south of the Equator.

In the genus *Puffinus*, (bearing little or no relation to the *Puffins* of our northern seas,) are included certain kinds of petrels, of which one, *P. brevicaudatus*, is remarkable for the vast congregations in which it is sometimes seen. It is the kind referred to in the following extract from Flinder's Voyage :—

"There was a stream of from 50 to 80 yards in depth, and of 300 yards or more in breadth, the birds were not scattered, but were flying as compactly as a free movement of their wings seemed to allow; and during a full *hour and a half*, this stream of petrels continued to pass without interruption, at a rate little inferior to the swiftness of the pigeon. On the lowest computation, I think the number could not have been less than *a hundred millions*. Taking the stream to have been 50 yards deep, by 300 in width, and that it moved at the rate of 30 miles an hour, and allowing nine cubic yards of span to each bird, the number would amount to 151,500,000. The burrows required to lodge this quantity of birds would be 75,750,000; and allowing a square yard to each burrow, they would cover something more than 18½ geographical square miles."*

The tropic bird, so interesting to all who voyage across the equatorial seas, and the silvery lustre of whose plumage renders it, though almost colourless, one of the most beautiful of the feathered race, is represented in Australia by the more southern form of *Phæton phœnicurus*, distinguished by the red colour of the central line of the elongated tail feathers. It breeds in Norfolk Island, and elsewhere.

The *Pelicans* are widely dispersed over the watery world, every great region of the earth, not altogether northern, having one or more species. The Australian kind, *Pel. conspicillatus*, is a large and sumptuous looking creature. Of the cormorants, a nearly allied tribe, though of a darker and more sinister aspect, we find no less than five different species in the country now under consideration. When Milton placed the first Tempter in Paradise, in likeness of a cormorant *perched on a tree*, he was criticised, though falsely, for having raised a web-footed bird to such arboreal height. But the immortal poet was correct, as cormorants of certain kinds, and he was free to choose, are often seen on trees. The greatest of our modern minstrels, in his autobiography, while describing a renowned seat of learning, not as it was, but as he deemed it might have been, presents us with many solemn and tranquillizing images and trains of thought :—

"This truth escaped me not, and I confess,
That having 'mid my native hills given loose
To a school-boy's vision, I had raised a pile
Upon the basis of the coming time,
That fell in ruins round me. Oh, what joy
To see a sanctuary for our country's youth
Informed with such a spirit as might be
Its own protection; a primeval grove,
Where, though the shades with cheerfulness were filled,
Nor indigent of songs warbled from crowds
In under-coverts, yet the countenance
Of the whole place should bear a stamp of awe;
A habitation sober and demure
For ruminating creatures; a domain
For quiet things to wander in; a haunt
In which the heron should delight to feed
By the shy rivers, *and the pelican*
Upon the cypress spire, in lonely thought
Might sit and sun himself.—Alas! alas!
In vain for such solemnity I looked."*

The picture is striking and suggestive. How beautiful the contrast between the rich creamy white of the pelican's immaculate garment, and the dark funereal hue of the melancholy cypress!

"Like fir-tree bough
To which on some unruffled morning clings,
A flaky weight of winter's purest snow."

We believe the renowned Laker, like his great predecessor, is ornithologically right in his selection of the pelican as being, though a web-footed, yet a perching bird, as it does occasionally roost on trees; but as it never ventures so far west as Britain, it can scarcely be regarded as an appropriate emblem of intellectual tranquillity and repose on the banks of the Cam. The ornithologist, at least, can find it in neither field nor forest in any part of Western Europe :—

* *Voyage*, vol. i. p. 170.

* Wordsworth's *Prelude*, p. 73.

"Alas! Alas!
In vain for such solemnity he looks."

We shall conclude our fragmentary sketch of the Australian birds with the penguins, (*Spheniscidæ*,) a most peculiar group, characteristic of the southern seas. Van-Dieman's Land and the islands in Bass's Straits are their principal resorts during the breeding season. Tons of dead birds of the penguin kind are elsewhere dug up by our seamen from a considerable depth while collecting guano, from which it is inferred that they are the principal producers of that novel and now valuable agricultural ingredient, and that it has a preservative effect on animal substances, from the recognizable condition in which, after a long entombment, the birds are found. A Portuguese sailor was extracted lately, looking remarkably well. He is supposed to have lain for a greater number of years imbedded in the guano, than he had previously spent upon the surface of the earth.

We shall now turn our steps homewards, to take into consideration a few of the ornithological relationships which exist between our own country and the sister isle. Although above sixty more species of birds have been found in Great Britain than in Ireland, the majority of the excess is occasioned by continental stragglers, which are either blown out of their intended way, or take the nearer island temporarily in the course of their natural migratory movements. Although many species, as we have already seen, are widely spread, yet there is such a thing as a system of geographical distribution, or rather restriction, most species having what may be called a central region where they most abound, and beyond which they become scarce, and finally disappear. The western shores of continental Europe form almost the extreme boundary of many species, that is, they have become scarce even in districts not upon the actual coast. In regard to these their occurrence in Britain is unfrequent, if not accidental; they are found, if at all, along our eastern shores, and are either still more rare in Ireland, or totally unknown. It is therefore the remoteness of our islands from the geographical centre of several European species to which we owe their absence, rather than to anything in the physical structure or climatic character of these islands. It is thus that the ptarmigan, (*Tetrao lagopus*,) a species abundant in Scandinavia and the central Alps of Europe, has certain outlying flocks in Scotland and the Hebrides, but is unknown in Ireland. Its occurrence in the island of Jura, which though mountainous is not Alpine, and in Islay, which is scarcely even mountainous, shews that its absence from Ireland is not owing to want of elevation, for the "Green Isle" has loftier ranges than those of Jura, and possesses also those granitic and schistose summits on which the ptarmigan delights to dwell. The blackcock, (*Tetrao tetrix*,) which abounds over a great portion of central Europe, becomes less frequent as we travel westward, and has never got further in that direction than Britain, and a few of its nearer islands, where, however, several circumstances (at least in Scotland) seem in later years to have favoured its preservation and increase.

So also in regard to birds of passage, or summer migrants. These are influenced in their movements by an instinct which takes them in spring from south to north, in autumn from north to south. The great mass are bred in temperate or northern countries, which are warm in summer, but from a peculiarity of constitution, certain species cannot stand the cold which, during winter, falls upon the regions of their birth, and so they migrate southwards to avoid it. There is, however, no essential or specific difference, in many cases, between permanent and migratory birds, many *individuals* among the latter being stationary, that is, never travel northwards at all. Indeed, not a few species are known to be permanent in one country, and birds of passage in another. Their migratory habits, therefore, depend, in some measure, on the places of their birth, and the necessity under which they may be placed of withdrawing from the winter's cold. Thus several birds are migratory in Scandinavia and the arctic regions of America, which are not so in Britain, owing to the comparative mildness of our "sea-girt isle."

It is a distinctly ascertained fact, that many European birds winter in the north of Africa. Voyagers from the Straits of Gibraltar to Italy, Greece, and Turkey, have had frequent and prolonged opportunities of observing these migrations both in spring and autumn, and the great flights of quails, and their few days sojourn on certain islands of the Mediterranean *en route* northwards, are well known. Now, as this migratory impulse is from north to south, or *vice versa*, and not from east to west, or the contrary—that is, as the latitude is always greatly changed, but seldom or much less the longitude, it is easy to perceive that the principal stream of migratory species flowing northwards in spring from the southern shores of the Mediterranean, will not strike upon Britain, which lies too far to the westward. If a falcon were to leave Algiers

and wing its way northwards, it would miss our South Foreland, and have but little chance of picking up a Norfolk pout. But such migratory species, or individuals of those species, as travel by Spain and over the western provinces of France, naturally arrive on the British Islands,—a greater number of them in Britain than in Ireland, and a larger proportion in the south-eastern counties of England than elsewhere. It is thus that the nightingale, and some other summer songsters, so frequent in the eastern counties of the south of England, are rare in Devonshire, never heard in Wales, and quite unknown in Ireland. Thus the preponderance of British over Irish species is no doubt owing to Great Britain, and especially the southern portion of England, having a more eastern position. The same cause assigns to Sweden several remarkable southern or summer migrants, such as the hoopoe, (*Upupa epops*,) quite unknown to Britain, except as casual visitants, few and far between. We may add, that while England has several southern species which do not cross our borders, Scotland has several northern ones, (among the ducks and divers,) which, though only winter birds in England, never leave us, but abide and breed among our northern lakes and marshes throughout the summer.

It must be evident to all who are interested in the geographical distribution of species, that an accurate knowledge of the ornithology of Ireland is of great importance. It is the "Ultima Thule" of Europe on the west, and the first piece of terra firma on which any American species, some of which occasionally cross the Atlantic, can set its foot. The mildness of its climate has some influence on its birds. Certain land species, which, as British birds, are found during winter in only the extreme south of England, occur familiarly in the north of Ireland all the year round. The moisture as well as mildness of the climate, and the extent of bog, which is admitted to be rather considerable in Ireland, causes the assemblage in winter of several species of Grallatorial and other birds in much greater numbers than in Britain. Were Ireland joined to Britain it would probably gain a few additions of such species as frequent our western districts, and have gone no further. But it would not gain the nightingale, which, in the existing state of things, does not visit Wales or the western coasts of England. Neither would it gain that species of stock-dove called *Columba œnas*, a resident forest species, which does not range further westward than the midland counties of England, and is still unknown in any part of Scotland. Ireland has no resident bird belonging to itself, or different from those of Britain; and Britain and Ireland conjoined have only one species peculiar to themselves—the red-grouse, or moor-fowl, (*Tetrao Scoticus*,) which is known nowhere else throughout the world, and affords one of the most singular examples of restricted distribution with which naturalists are acquainted.*

With the exception just named, Great Britain and Ireland, then, may be said to belong ornithologically to the continent of Europe. If another island existed beyond Ireland, which fortunately, for many reasons, is not the case, the species there would be still fewer, because the further we remove from one centre of distribution without entering into another, the numbers decrease, and this decrease is accelerated by *insulation*. But if a great western world like America was close at hand, which also fortunately, for an equal number of reasons, is not the case, both Ireland and the imaginary island beyond it would become more affluent in their ornithology, because in the event supposed, while they would still be near the circumference of their own great *eastern* circle of distribution, they would have also entered within the range of a *western* one, and thus gain an accession of species. When we talk of centres and circles of distribution, it must be understood that these terms are not intended to signify that each circle or range is distinct in itself, and different from its neighbours, far and near. On the contrary, there is, though a continual yet a gradual change of species, a new one ever and anon appearing as an old one disappears, so that each great country, if not altogether apart or extremely remote from any neighbour, contains much in common with some other country on either side, as well as something peculiar to and characteristic of itself. The circle of each great group is variously intersected by portions of circles of other contiguous groups. A zoological centre and circle may in fact be likened, in some measure, to those which a traveller on the face of the earth forms and sees around him. As he advances on his way, the component parts of the scene are changing step by step, but still he continues ever the centre of his own fair sphere, surrounded by a circle varying by such slow and slight gradations, that he scarcely apprehends the change, except by a recalling and comparison of distant parts. Every

* It is usually regarded as the *most singular;* but the existence of a peculiar parrot (*Nestor productus*) being confined, as already mentioned, to Philip Island, is equally curious and unaccountable.

man, not being a collier, sees a horizon every day; but we presume that the most powerful of pedestrians never stepped on one, and probably never will, so long at least as the world continues round. Yet what is one man's centre is only a portion of another man's circle,—and so it is in ornithology. Species, rare towards their outer range, become common as we advance into their centre of dominion, while others which were previously common, on the same principle become extremely scarce, and soon afterwards seem to vanish from the earth. The one set has entered within, the other has passed beyond the ornithological horizon.

We shall now point out the more remarkable distinctive peculiarities, in respect to their feathered inhabitants, of Great Britain and Ireland, taking up the subject, though slightly, yet in systematic order. But as an introduction to the Emerald Isle, we shall first quote the following interesting passage from Mr. Thompson's valuable work, in illustration of the effect produced on birds, not apparently under man's dominion, by the industrial operations of the human race.

"I have remarked this particularly at one locality near Belfast, situated 500 feet above the sea, and backed by hills rising to 800 feet. Marshy ground, the abode of little else than the snipe, became drained, and that species was consequently expelled. As cultivation advanced, the numerous species of small birds attendant upon it, became visitors, and plantations soon made them inhabitants of the place. The land-rail soon haunted the meadows, the quail and the partridge the fields of grain. A pond, covering less than an acre of ground, tempted annually for the first few years, a pair of graceful and handsome sandpipers, (*Totanus hypoleucos*,) which with their brood, appeared at the end of July or beginning of August, on their way to the seaside from their breeding haunt. This was in a moor about a mile distant, where a pair annually bred until driven away by drainage rendering it unsuitable. The pond was supplied by streams descending from the mountains, through wild and rocky glens, the favourite haunt of the water-ouzel, which visited its margin daily throughout the year. When the willows planted at the water's-edge had attained a goodly size, the splendid king-fisher occasionally visited it during autumn. Rarely do the water-ouzel and king-fisher meet 'to drink at the same pool;' but here they did so. So soon as there was sufficient cover for the water-hen, (*Gallinula chloropus*,) it, an unbidden but most welcome guest, appeared and took up its permanent abode; a number of them frequently joining the poultry in the farm-yard at their repast. The heron, as if conscious that his deeds rendered him unwelcome, stealthily raised his 'blue bulk' aloft, and fled at our approach. The innocent and attractive wagtails, both pied and grey, were of course always to be seen about the pond. A couple of wild-ducks, and two or three teal, occasionally at different seasons, became visitants; and once, early in October, a tufted duck (*Fuligula cristata*) arrived, and after remaining a few days, took its departure, but returned in company with two or three others of the same species. These went off several times, but returned on each occasion with an increase to their numbers, until above a dozen adorned the water with their presence. During severe frost, the woodcock was driven to the unfrozen rill dripping into it beneath a dense mass of foliage; and the snipe, together with the jack-snipe, appeared along the edge of the water. The titlark, too, visited it at such times. In summer, the swallow, house-martin, sand-martin, and swift, displayed their respective modes of flight in pursuit of prey above the surface of the pond. The sedge-warbler poured forth his imitative or mocking notes from the cover on the banks, as did the willow-wren its simple song. This bird was constantly to be seen ascending the branches and twigs of the willows (*Salix viminalis* chiefly) that overhung the water, for *Aphides* and other insect prey. In winter lesser redpoles in little flocks were swayed gracefully about, while extracting food from the light and pendent branches of the alder-seed. Three species of tit (*Parus major*, *cæruleus* and *ater*,) and the gold-crested *regulus*, appeared in lively and varied attitudes on the larch and other trees. In winter, also, and especially during frost, the wren and the hedge-accentor were sure to be seen threading their modest way among the entangled roots of the trees and brushwood, little elevated above the surface of the water.

"So far only, the pond and bordering foliage have been considered; many other species might be named as seen upon the trees. On the banks a few yards distant, fine Portugal laurels tempted the green-finch to take up its permanent residence, and served as a roost during the winter for many hundred linnets, which made known the place of their choice by congregating in some fine tall poplars that towered above the shrubs, and thence poured forth their evening jubilee.

"To name all the birds that cultivation, the erection of houses. the plantation of trees and shrubs, together with the attraction of a garden, brought to the place, would be tedious. It will therefore only be further observed, that the beautiful goldfinch, so long as a neighbouring hill-side was covered with thistles and other plants on the seeds of which it fed, visited the standard cherry trees to nidify; and the spotted flycatcher, which particularly delights in pleasure-grounds and gardens, annually spent the summer there. Of the six species of British *Merulidæ*, the resident missel and song-thrushes, and the black-bird inhabited the place; the fieldfare and redwing, winter visitants, were to be seen in their season: and the ring-ouzel annually during summer frequented an adjacent rocky glen. Curlews on their way from the sea to the mountain moor, occasionally alighted on the pasture fields. The entire number of species seen at this place (seventy-five English

acres in extent) was seventy; forty-one or forty-two of which bred there. A few others,—the kestrel, ring-ouzel, sand-martin, and quail, built in the immediate neighbourhood."—*Birds of Ireland*, Preface to vol. i. p. 11.

That the planting of shrubs and trees, and the general operations of horticulture, tend to increase the number of birds is certain. Nearly seventy different species have been counted in Kensington Gardens. Rooks are often seen to settle in ancient groves, where they were formerly unknown, soon after villages or groups of houses have been erected in their neighbourhood. They frequently take up their abode on trees which, in consequence of the extension of towns, have become surrounded by the dwellings of man, and swallows, sparrows, thrushes, blackbirds, redbreasts, wrens, all desire to build their nests upon our houses.

Of the great raptorial order of birds of prey, (*Accipitres*,) Ireland seems to possess her full share, all the truly British eagles, falcons, hawks, buzzards, kites, and owls, being found within her shores, although a few stray species, such as the swallow-tailed kite, (*Elanus furcatus*,) the Egyptian vulture, (*Neophron percnopterus*,) and several continental owls, (of casual occurrence in Britain,) have not as yet been seen there. On the other hand, the griffon vulture (*Vultur fulvus*) and the spotted eagle (*Aquila nœvia*) have occurred in Ireland, and are unknown in England. The latter is supposed to have been seen in Skye. It is an inhabitant of the south and east of Europe. The common kite (*Falco milvus*) is very rare in Ireland.

Mr. Thompson gives us some curious particulars regarding that fine species, the golden eagle. A sporting friend assured him that when hunting among the Belfast mountains, one of those birds was seen soaring above the hounds "as they came to fault after a good chase." As they gained the scent again, and were going at full cry, the eagle swooped down at a distance of three or four hundred yards in advance, and carried off the hare. In most works on Ornithology the golden eagle is characterized as indocile. But Mr. Langtry of Fort William, near Belfast, had some years ago a bird which was extremely tractable. It was, to be sure, a Scotch specimen, which may perhaps account for it. It became at once attached to its owner, and after a month's confinement was restored to liberty and the use of its wings, but so far from abusing that liberty in the way of making off, it was found to return to the lure whenever called.

"As one of the first steps towards training this eagle for the chase, it was hooded after the manner of a hunting hawk; but the practice was soon abandoned as unnecessary, in consequence of its remaining quiet and contented when carried on the arm of its master. It was unwilling indeed to leave him even to take flight, unless some special 'quarry' was in view. When at liberty for the day, and my friend appeared in sight at any distance, his arm was no sooner held out towards the affectionate bird, than it came hurriedly flying to perch upon it. I have, when in his company—for it was indifferent to the presence of strangers—seen it fly to him without any food being offered, not less than a dozen times within half an hour. When on the ground, and the lure was thrown comparatively near, this bird preferred running—which it could do very fast—to using its wings. It was also fed from the 'fist.' Live rats were several times turned out of the cage-trap to it, but before getting far away they were invariably pounced upon. Four full-grown rats have been taken at a meal; an entire heron, (*Ardea cinerea*), except the head and legs, was also eaten on one occasion. It differed somewhat in its manner of feeding from two sea eagles which were kept along with it; when the head and neck of a goose were offered, the golden eagle ate them wholly; the latter took the flesh off only, leaving the harder parts; and when entire birds were given, the sea eagle plucked many more feathers off than the golden,* the latter assimilating to the peregrine falcon in this respect. This golden eagle was more partial to alighting on trees than the sea eagles were. Flying from one group of them to another, it in this manner followed its master about the demesne, indolently remaining as long as possible where it perched, consistently with keeping him in sight. My friend discontinued any further training of this eagle, on account of its boldness, as it flew not only at well-grown cygnets of the tame swans, but at the old birds themselves, which were obliged to take to the water for safety: it also flew at dogs."—Vol. i. p. 10.

One of the largest eagle cages, (next to that of Mr. John Gregory, of Canaan Lodge, near Edinburgh,) of which we have chanced to hear, is that in Phœnix Park, Dublin. It was erected at the expense of Sir Philip Crampton, Bart., as a place of recreation for the larger carnivorous quadrupeds, but entirely failed in its intended purpose. When a tigress was placed in this expanded den, (thirty-six feet long, sixteen broad, sixteen high,) she quailed and trembled, and seemed most anxious to regain the confined shelter of her usual berth. A lioness and leopard would not enter it voluntarily, but had to be forced to play themselves. Soon after (of course in absence of the *Felinæ*), seven eagles were placed in it, and were found to

* "Birds up to the size of sparrows are eaten whole by the golden eagle; three sparrows have been taken in succession without a feather being plucked off."

dwell together in amity. Various additions of the same kind were made from year to year, until at last (1845) the number of eagles placed in company amounted to seventeen—viz., three golden, two white-headed, and twelve sea eagles. They lived together, if not in heartfelt harmony, at least with an outward show of respect towards each other. Only one serious quarrel took place. A sea eagle pounced upon a golden one. The latter threw itself upon its back, when the former, with its talons, seized it by the legs, which made it almost faint with fear or pain, while the assailant gave forth a loud triumphant cry.

"I had some difficulty," says Mr. R. Ball, "in beating the bird off the other with a pole; it was removed from the cage, and shortly afterwards accidentally killed. On another occasion, a golden eagle was found drowned in the bath, a large trough, in which eagles delight to roll; it was supposed by the keeper to have been forced under water by one of the sea eagles, but more probably it got cramped, as the birds seem often to carry their bathing to excess. It is a remarkable fact, that a sea eagle but one year old seemed to be generally acknowledged as the superior of the whole. This bird seized the first piece of food thrown into the cage as its acknowledged right; but should any other eagle happen to get possession of it, the food was instantly given up on the approach of the young one, which when full grown, was about the largest of the flock. The bathing of eagles alluded to is remarkable. On observing that these birds, which in menageries are generally kept without water, exhibited a great desire to wash themselves, a large vessel was provided. When fresh water is put into this vessel, it is at once occupied by one of them, and surrounded by others waiting their turn for a dip; they eventually lie in it for some time, until completely wetted."

Mr. Gregory's golden eagles, (a fine pair from the lake of Killarney,) from which the *Felinæ* are *not* debarred, are in truth very fond of live cats. The female makes the first pounce, and usually eats about one half, leaving the other for her mate, who waits patiently till his time comes. The victim is first transfixed by the talons, near the upper portion of the spine, while the neck or throat is almost simultaneously pierced by the bill. Death is often nearly instantaneous, or extremely speedy—occasionally more prolonged, much depending on the success of the first pounce, something on the prowess and activity of the individual *Felis*.*

In relation to the smaller accipitrine birds, we may state that the merlin (*Falco æsalon*) is indigenous in both the north and south of Ireland. It breeds upon the ground, generally in wild and moorland districts, and although not a bird of passage, it ranges with the season, being more frequent in lowland cultivated counties in winter than in summer. We once saw it dart from the centre of a large silver fir-tree, near Stranraer, in the month of July, and presumed it had there and then its nest; but as the general opinion seems to be of one accord, that it always builds upon the ground, our arboreal exception may have been merely resting itself after a flight. We have never chanced to see this species hovering after the mode so beautifully described by the Ettrick Shepherd,—

> "And the merlin hung in the middle air,
> With his little wings outspread,
> As if let down from the heavens there
> By a viewless silken thread."

It may be that the well-known "windhover," commonly called the kestrel, (*Falco tinnunculus*,) is here meant, though misnamed. Many errors of this kind creep into poetry, where a dreamy rather than discriminate view is sometimes taken of the actualities of nature, and so fact and fiction become blended into a peculiar and delusive *tertium quid*, which is neither one nor other. In all our ballad poetry there is a perpetual reference to the *Goshawk*, a species which is not historically known in our border countries, which has never been seen to breed there in modern times, and was no doubt substituted by the minstrels in room of the more frequent peregrine.

The kestrel, already named, though well known in Ireland, is much less numerous there than in Britain. This is supposed to be in some measure accounted for by the well-known fact, that there are no field-mice (*Arvicolæ*) in Ireland, and very few shrews.*

* Mr. Gregory's golden eagles have been frequently observed to swallow small birds entire without plucking—quite in accordance with what is mentioned by Mr. Thompson in the preceding note. An Irish bird-trapper, much employed by Mr. G., (both for *Felinæ* and fowls of the air,) gave them more than once a small flock of green linnets, which they snapped up and swallowed, feathers and all, each at a single, almost instantaneous, mouthful. A soft-hearted ornithologist, on a certain occasion, remonstrated with the son of Erin as to the possible cruelty of thus feeding the eagles with living linnets. "And is it bad *for the aigles?* plase your honour," he immediately replied, in great alarm. Here the conversation was allowed to drop;

"The force of nature could no further go."

* Among the British quadrupeds, we may here note, that the pole-cat, squirrel, dormouse, and mole, are all unknown in Ireland. Even our common hare (*Lepus timidus*) is absent, being represented by a peculiar Irish species not found in Britain, *Lepus Hibernicus*. The species of bats in Ireland are very few compared with those of Britain, especially of England.

These small mammalia form the favourite food of the kestrel, which, however, preys also on insects, lizards, and little birds. Some naturalists deny that it attacks birds at all, but that it does so is certain. Mr. Garrett states, that the ivy-covered gable of his house, near Belfast, tenanted by numerous sparrows, was almost daily visited at sunset by a kestrel, which always captured and carried off a bird from among the congregated roosters. However, on examining the interior of this species, it will generally be found to contain the debris of beetles. It has been seen hawking for cock-chafers towards evening, and preying upon them in the air (from hand to mouth) without alighting.

There is no distinct proof that the true goshawk (*Falco palumbarius*) has been ever seen in Ireland. As a European species it is widely spread, but the American bird, (*Falco atricapillus*,) though closely allied, is representative rather than identical. As a breeding bird the goshawk is certainly not now a British species, though stray examples are sometimes met with.

The generality of our British Owls are found in Ireland; but our common brown species (*Strix stridula*) is scarcely known there. It is also extremely rare in the north of Scotland. The most beautiful, and one of the largest birds of this group, the great snowy-owl (*Strix nyctea*) of Iceland and the Arctic regions, occurs occasionally in Ireland, although less frequently than in Shetland and the north of Lewis. The discovery of the breeding place of this fine species, is a point well worthy of being attempted by the ornithologists of the rising generation. It is not seldom seen in the Island of Unst, the most northern pendicle of the British kingdom, and nearly half-a-dozen specimens were obtained in the neighbourhood of the Butt of Lewis, during the summer of 1850. Several were also killed in Caithness. Their nests have never been discovered. The notion entertained by some of the natives (of Lewis), with whom we conversed upon the subject, was, that these birds build there on stony islets in the midst of moorland lochs —situations certainly of great security, as there are now no boats on those upland waters. We examined several specimens, and found them well-conditioned, fully feathered birds, but from the great prevalence of dusky spots and bars, they were probably "two year olds." We are not aware that a perfectly mature specimen, that is, with the plumage of a pure white, with distinct dark-coloured markings, has ever been found among us till the conclusion of the breeding season, in which case they may have formed only a portion of the winter migration from the far north. This species frequently hunts by day, as indeed all Arctic owls must necessarily do, being inhabitants of countries where a "sleepless summer of long light" knows nothing of the gloom of our nocturnal darkness. Besides its love of hares, (from whence its Swedish name of *Harfang*,) rabbits, and feathered game, it is a very dexterous fisher, sailing over the placid waters as soft and silent as a wreath of snow, but striking from time to time its talons through the back of unsuspecting fish, and bearing it off to craggy knoll or leafy arbour. It has been remarked that there are few things more completely out of place than a trout on the top of a tall tree.

Owls in general are supposed to be very useful in preventing the increase of the smaller quadrupeds, (Mr. Ball took nine mice from the stomach of a single bird,) and on this account are in many places held in high esteem. A white owl is regarded as sacred in Arabia, because when Mahomet, pursued by his enemies, was on the point of being discovered in a cave where he had taken refuge, one of these birds flew from it, and his assailants immediately returned upon their steps, concluding that no one could have previously entered it. But so far from being deemed sacred, they are *eaten* in Norfolk, where the people, even in a land of turkeys, have a saying, "as tender *as a boiled owl.*"

We shall next take a brief survey of a few of the Insessorial or perching birds, among which are included all our smaller land-birds and songsters, as well as crows, pies, &c.

Of the shrikes, the red-backed species, (*Lanius collurio*,) common in all the southern and western counties of England, and well known in Wales, has not yet made its way to Ireland. At this we rather wonder, as it is a bird of buoyant wing.

That delightful bird, the dipper, or water-ouzel, (*Cinclus aquaticus*,) which forms so familiar and enlivening a feature of our rocky streams and torrents, is common over Ireland, as in Britain, wherever suitable localities occur. During winter many migrate to the lakes and lower streams, but they are most abundant in the breeding season among the upland tributaries. We have never seen them perch on trees, although Mr. Thompson says they do so.

"About the ponds at Wolf-hill, an elevated situation near Belfast, where these birds have chiefly come under my observation, the willows that fringe the bank are, owing to the absence of stones, their constant perch. Contiguous to these ponds are rocky mountain streams, by which they are supplied. The water-ouzel is

described by Montagu and Selby merely as a very early songster. In the north of Ireland its song is occasionally heard at all seasons; and more especially when other birds are silent, as in the autumnal, and still more frequently the winter months. The bright mornings and forenoons that occur during the most severe frost and snow, have always seemed to me its favourite time for song, which it pours forth when quickly flying at a great height, as well as when perched just above the water."—Vol. i. p. 116.

Although associated in our own mind with the most lonely places,—secluded upland vales, encompassed by the "pastoral melancholy" of the green mountains, the dipper is often seen along the umbrageous banks of larger rivers, where, with a darker background, its pure white breast shines like a little ball of snow. Neither is it shy of human neighbourhood, as well observed by Sir William Jardine.

"If civilisation has encroached on its retreats, and machinery or mills have been in consequence erected, it accommodates itself to the change, loses its secluded habits, and seems even to enjoy the bustle. It may often be seen perched on the inner spokes of the mill-wheel, singing its lowly song; and we have known it breed within the passage of the torrent which drove it. In such places they live in pairs, each having, as it were, a locality or limit within which they range, and where they select an appropriate situation for the nest. When about to alight, they usually drop or splash into the pools or streams, and seldom settle at once upon the stones or rocks. They are among our most pleasing songsters, although, from the lowness of their notes, not often heard; but to the angler who plies his rod at all hours, and in the most sequestered places, it is a well-known and welcome strain. It may be heard during the whole year, but spring and the breeding season are the periods when it may be most frequently enjoyed. Being early breeders, this sign of the coming year is often heard in February, while the streams are still bound up in ice; and a clear and shining morning at this early time, will be sure to display some of those cleanly songsters perched on a prominent stone or stick, or on the edge of a frozen pool, warbling their notes just audible above the murmurs of the stream. Their breeding-places are chosen close to the brook or river, and often in curious situations. The nest is generally constructed under some brow or overhanging rock, or among the matted roots of a tree; at other times under some fall, which is projected over a space, hollow and comparatively dry within, or beneath the dam or weir which serves to turn off the water to supply the mill; and we have once or twice observed it under the very sluice of the wheel. In the latter situation the parent bird dashes through the face of the rushing waters when about to enter the nest, and seems to enjoy the act, entering and retreating two or three times before commencing her seat."*

Sir William Jardine adds, that the practice of perching on the neighbouring willows, as mentioned by Mr. Thompson, is unusual, even in valleys fringed with wood. A stem, or fallen branch arrested in the stream, may be sought for, but he has never seen them inclined to perch upon the overhanging or adjoining branches, and refers their doing so to something special in the place. The food of the dipper is aquatic larvæ, and occasionally sticklebacks, and other small fishes. We know of no proof that the ova of salmon form its favourite food. It is greatly persecuted in the north of Scotland, on account of its supposed depredations among the spawning beds, and we formerly received an authenticated report from a factor of the Duke of Sutherland's, that 548 dippers had been purposely destroyed in a single Highland district during a period of three years. Whatever may have caused the decrease of salmon, we hold the water ouzel less blamable than the water-bailiff, although even he may be sometimes more sinned against than sinning.

A peculiar habit of the dipper, and one from which it no doubt has obtained both its name and opprobrious character as a poacher, consists in its sinking or walking into the water, and then proceeding to search for insect food among the submerged stones and gravel. "The assertion," says Mr. Yarrell, "of its walking below the water, which some persons have ventured, is not made good by observation, nor countenanced by reason." We infer that this bird is rare in the south of England, else so observant an ornithologist would, in the course of his inquiries, have had the ocular proof. It is curious that a bird so abundant in the north of Scotland should not have made its way into the Orkney and Shetland Islands. We are not sure that it is even a Hebridean native. We know not why Acerbi should allege that it is not an Italian species, although he gives no better authority than his own for a statement which is not a fact.†

* *Naturalist's Library.* Ornithology. Vol. xi. p. 67.

† "I torrenti de' monti alti," says Professor Savi, "che han sempre acque limpide e fresche, sono la dimora de' *Merli acquajoli.* Là ne' siti più cupi e più adombrati. e ne' forroni profondi, van sempre visitando il margine delle acque, e spesso ancora si

We shall conclude our notice of this species, which is *par excellence* the angler's bird, being often for many an hour the only one he either sees or hears, with a brief record of our last encounter with it. While angling from a boat on Loch Tummel, at a considerable distance from the shore, an unexpected water-ousel flew suddenly beneath our outstretched rod, and then precipitately tumbled into the water and disappeared from view. Almost simultaneously a momentary rushing sound was heard through the still air, so close at hand as almost to be *felt*, and a large peregrine falcon swooped across the bow of the boat, and then curving gracefully upwards, darted away in rapid flight. In a few seconds uprose the dipper to the surface, and casting back the waters from its feathery mantle, with a peculiar motion of the wings, different from that of duck or diver, flew off in safety to its usual shore. It had evidently, when pursued, and about to be overtaken and slain upon the open waters, instinctively sought the protecting presence of the angler and his boat.

All the British thrushes, including the blackbird and rock-ousel, occur in Ireland, and, in addition, the gold-vented thrush (*T. aurigaster*) has been once shot near Waterford. It is an African bird, described by Le Vaillant under the name of *Cudor*, as dwelling on the banks of the Grootvis, in the Caffre country. It is remarkable that the missel thrush (*T. viscivorus*) should have been scarcely known in Ireland till of late years, although now a resident species, "pretty generally distributed over wooded districts." It is a bold, pugnacious bird, drives off magpies, and even the smaller hawks, from its own vicinity, and will sometimes strike at the head or hat of human beings who venture too near its nest.

We must here pass over the red-breast, and many other sweet singers of Irish melodies. The absence of that great nocturnal chorister, the nightingale, has already been deplored. Neither does the beautiful blue-throated redstart (*Phœnicura suecica*) ever venture so far west as Ireland. It is one of those numerous summer residents which migrate from Africa into Europe in spring, and spread far northwards into Scandinavia, a few stragglers sometimes shewing themselves upon the eastern coasts of England.

All the titmice found in Britain occur also in the sister isle, except a rare Scottish species called the crested tit, (*Parus cristatus*). The same may be said of the wag-tails, with a like exception of the blue-headed kind (*Motacilla neglecta* of Gould). The sky-lark rejoices over all Ireland,—the wood-lark (which we have never found in Scotland) is there a residing, but very local species.

Passing over numerous finches, linnets, buntings, &c., found in both islands, we come to the *Corvidæ*, or crow tribe, of which Ireland possesses as many as can be reasonably expected, that is all that are British, except the nutcracker, (*Corvus caryocatactes*,) which, besides being merely an accidental bird in England, is scarcely a crow at all. The raven, (*Corvus corax*,) which is the king of crows, is distributed over all Ireland. It has been much disputed among naturalists, whether birds which feed on carrion or other garbage distinguish their prey by the sense of sight or smell. As so many species feed on living prey which emit no strong or even perceptible odour, we should *a priori* incline to the belief that the eyes are fully more essential than the nose.

"On one occasion," says Mr. Thompson, "I had interesting evidence of the power of sight in the raven. A nest of young rats, not more than three or four days old, had been dug up in a stubble field, and, after being killed, were left there. Very soon afterwards, two or three ravens passed over the place at a great height, and, on coming above the spot, dropped almost directly down upon them. The young rats had not been ten minutes dead at the time, and consequently could hardly have emitted any effluvium. Besides, they were so small, that, even had they given out any to the air, it seems hardly possible that the odour could have ascended to the great elevation at which the birds had been. Sight alone, I conceive, must in this instance have been the guiding sense."—Vol. i. p. 305.

We think so too. The carrion crow (*Corvus corone*) is rather a rare bird in Ireland, and does not seem to have existed there at all in earlier times. In an old tract, printed for the Irish Archæological Society, titled 'A Brife description of Ireland, made in this yeare 1589, by Robert Payne," it is recorded that "There is not that place in Ireland where anye venomous things will liue. There is neither mol, pye, nor carron crow." The editor, who rejoices in the somewhat ornithological name of Dr. Aquilla Smith, adds, in a note, that there is no authority as to the introduction of the carrion crow into the island; and that Moryson (who wrote in 1617) confirms Payne, by stating,—"We have not the blacke crow, but onely crowes of mingled colour, such as

tuffano sotto di queste per cercare gli insetti loro ordinario cibo. Sono uccelli sedentarj, e solo quando ne' giorno i più freddi tutte le acque de' torrenti montani son gelate, allora calano ne' fiumi e ne' fossi de' colli più bassi, ma giammai vengono in pianura." *Ornitologia Toscana*, tom. i. p. 201. "*Abita nell' Italia*, ed in molte altri parti d'Europa." Ranzani, in *Elementi de Zoologia*, tom. iii. part v. p. 213.

wee call Royston crows." The magpie (*Pica caudata*) is said to be an imported rather than an original species in Ireland. Although a bird of singular beauty, and, in confinement apt to learn, it is a mischievous creature, and why it should have been imported no one knows. Derricke, who wrote his "Image of Ireland" in Queen Elizabeth's time, has recorded that,

"No pies to pluck the thatch from house
Are breed in Irishe grounde,
But worse than pies, the same to burne,
A thousande may be founde."

Smith, in his "History of the County of Cork," published in 1749, observes that the magpie, "was not known in Ireland seventy years ago, but is now very common;" and Rutty, in his "Natural History of Dublin," states that "it is a foreigner, naturalized here since the latter end of King James the Second's reign, and it is said to have been driven hither by a strong wind." In the "Journal to Stella," Dean Swift makes allusion to the same bird: ".Pray observe the inhabitants about Wexford; they are old English; see what they have particular in their manners, name, and language. Magpies have been always there, and no where else in Ireland, till of late years." Mr. Ogilby's commentary (as given by Mr. Yarrell) on this last quotation is as follows:—

"It must be confessed that the testimony afforded by this passage is not so explicit as could be wished. That the magpie existed always, or, in other words, was indigenous to the vicinity of Wexford, and to no other part of the country, is scarcely credible, even if it were not directly contradicted by Derricke. That it might have continued to be a local denizen for a considerable time after its introduction is more probable, and more in accordance with the habits of the bird: and this circumstance of its locality probably gave origin to the popular idea expressed by Swift of its being indigenous to the county of Wexford. We may, however, conclude with greater certainty—for on this point our authority is express—that it was only in the reign of Queen Anne that the bird began to spread generally over the kingdom; that is, at the same period as the introduction of frogs; and indeed I have sometimes heard these two events spoken of traditionally as having been simultaneous. The town of Wexford is remarkable as having been the first place of strength in the island which was reduced and colonized by the English. Even to the present day, the majority of the inhabitants of that part of the country are of English extraction; and it is not improbable that their forefathers brought the magpie with them from England, perhaps as a pet, to put them in mind of their native land; for it is scarcely possible that any one would voluntarily introduce so mischievous a creature. At all events, St. Patrick's curse, which is said to rest so heavily on the whole tribe of serpents, does not appear to have extended to frogs and magpies, for I know no part of the world were both breeds thrive better or faster than in Ireland."—*British Birds*, vol. i. p. 112.

In confirmation of this statement, Mr. Thompson informs us that Lord Roden's keeper, by ranging the country for some miles around Tullymore Park, and by robbing nests, and shooting and trapping old birds, destroyed during the half year of 1836 above 730 eggs and magpies. The species, from whatever quarter first derived, has been long common over all Ireland. Its congener the Jay (*Garrulus glandarius*) occurs only in the southern districts.

Although Ireland is not destitute of fine timber, it is by no means an arboreal country, and we consequently find that woodpeckers are rare, as we know them to be in North Britain, where none have been ever ascertained to breed. The great spotted species (*Picus major*) is of accidental occurrence in Ireland. The green woodpecker (*P. viridis*) is reported to have bred in some well-wooded districts; but this fact requires confirmation. The cuckoo is a regular spring visitant over Ireland, and all the British swifts and swallows are also found there. The kingfisher is distributed, though sparingly, throughout the island. The nightjar is of more local occurrence.

The great order called *Rasores* (or Gallinaceous birds,) includes among our native species pigeons, pheasants, partridges, and grouse. Ireland possesses all the British pigeons, except a woodland species of stockdove (*Columba œnas*) found in the midland counties of England, and as yet unknown to Scotland. The turtle-dove (*C. turtur*) is more frequent in Ireland than in the northern parts of our own island.

Of game birds, the pheasant (*Phasianus colchicus*) though originally not even a European species, has been long introduced to, and is now well spread over various wooded parts of Ireland. The period of its importation is unrecorded, but so far back as 1589 old Payne remarks, that "there be great store of pheasantes" in the island, and Fynes Moryson, who lived there from 1599 till 1603, states that there are "such plenty of pheasants, as I have known sixty served up at one feast, and abound much more with

rails, but partridges are scarce." From the quantity of insect food devoured by these birds, it is the opinion of many, notwithstanding the great agricultural outcry regarding game, that they do more good than harm to the farmer.* The capercaillie or cock of the wood (*Tetrao urogallus*) though once well known, has been extinct in Ireland for nearly a century. The name is supposed to be derived from the Celtic *cappulcaille*, which we understand to signify *horse of the woods*, in reference no doubt to the bird's super-eminent size; just as people still talk of horse-mackerel, horse-flies, horse-leeches, and, when the expression of merriment is somewhat uncontrolled, horse-laughter. The black-cock (*Tetrao tetrix*) notwithstanding its abundance on the opposite coast and neighbouring isles of Scotland, is *not* an Irish species. The natural constitution of the country would seem well adapted to its habits, but it may be presumed that the bird thinks otherwise. Various attempts have been made by Lords O'Neil, Courtown, and others, to naturalize them by means of birds brought over from Scotland, but hitherto without success. They are seen to remain for a time in the district where they have been placed, but they diminish instead of increasing in numbers, and ere long entirely disappear. Our common red-grouse or moor-game (*T. Scoticus*) is well known over many of the extensive heathy districts of the sister isle. The white-grouse or ptarmigan (*T. Lagopus*) as formerly stated, is quite unknown. We believe it is now extinct in both England and Wales.† The partridge is found pretty generally distributed over cultivated grounds and their vicinity, but is much less abundant than in Britain, and has been gradually decreasing till within these last few years, during which this agricultural kind of game has begun to rally.

We shall conclude the rasorial order with a word or two on quails, the history of which is somewhat peculiar in Ireland. It is well known alike to naturalists and sportsmen, (of late years we have rejoiced to see several examples of the character of both combined,) that the quail is a migratory bird, arriving in spring, and spreading, prior to the breeding season, over a great portion of England, and, though much more sparingly, our own country. We have ourselves traced it in many parts of Scotland, but not further north than the side of Loch Achilty, in Ross-shire. The great majority of European quails retire to Africa in winter. The islands of the Archipelago are covered by them, as resting places during certain seasons of the year. Early in autumn such quantities are captured in the island of Capri, near Naples, as in former times to have afforded the Bishop so great a portion of his revenue, that he was called in consequence the Bishop of Quails. On the other hand, in spring, such flights arrive on the western shores of the Neapolitan kingdom, that one hundred thousand have been taken in a day. The species is widely spread over Asia Minor, along the shores of the Red Sea, and is well known in India. Now as it migrates in such prodigious numbers, and is the only species of the genus ascertained to do so, additional interest attaches to it as the probable means by which the Israelites were fed in the wilderness.

"He rained flesh also upon them as dust, and feathered fowls like as the sand of the sea; and he let it fall in the midst of their camp, round about their habitations."—*Psalm* lxxviii. 27, 28.

Although the quail is in general a bird of passage, certain exceptions seem to occur even in Europe. It is said to remain throughout the year in Portugal, and there is now no doubt of the singular fact that it does so in Ireland,—a curious coincidence,—these two countries being the most western of the European territories, lying in the same longitude, and being equally under the influence during winter of the ameliorating effect of the great Atlantic waters. There is, in truth, so little frost in Ireland, that these birds may easily obtain their food all the year round, and it is the deficiency of food rather than the fear of cold which seems to influence the movements of many migratory species. From 120 to 300 brace of quails have been killed in Ireland by single sportsmen during the winter season. In regard to the occurrence of the species in Portugal during that season, although we think it highly probable, we do not state the fact upon our own knowledge, but on the authority of Colonel Montagu, (*Supplement to Ornithological Dictionary*,) who obtained his information from Captain Latham. We know too little of the ornithology of the great western peninsula of Europe. If the quail is actually found in

* *Observations on Game and the Game Laws.* By J. Burn Murdoch, Esq.

It may be here noted, that the present Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, formerly addressed an epistle on this subject to the late Secretary of State for the Home Department. See Letter from the Earl of Malmesbury to Sir George Grey, "On the Revision of the Game Laws," 1848.

† As the ptarmigan is a very hardy species, and does not occur in warm countries except at great heights, near the line of perpetual snow, it may be that the more southern position of Ireland makes that country too hot to hold it. We presume that the Island of Islay is the most southern locality in which the species is now found in the British dominions.

Portugal all winter, it is certainly singular that it should not be so in Gallicia, (its natural continuation,) the most northern province of Spain, and politically rather than physically distinct from Portugal. In the only work we have at hand relating to that part of Spain, the quail is said to be,—"Comun en toda Galicia. Se presenta in primavera, *y emigra en estio.*"*

Two important and productive orders, the shore-birds or waders, (*Grallatores,*) and the web-footed or swimming-birds, (*Natatores,*) still remain to be considered; but the unforeseen length to which this article has already extended, requires that we should postpone their exposition to a future Number.

ART. III.—*Scriptural Revision of the Liturgy, a Remedy for Anglican Assumption and Papal Aggression. A Letter to the Right Honourable Lord John Russell, M.P.* By a MEMBER of the MIDDLE TEMPLE. London, 1851.

THE Book of Common Prayer is the very kernel of the Church of England. The Liturgy has probably no rival in the affections of the English nation. The exquisite beauty and majesty of its language, the simplicity and dignity of its ritual, the richness and sweetness of its melody, the touching harmony of its cadences, the depth, warmth, and elevation of its devotional spirit, have for ages soothed the feelings, stimulated the piety, and earned the reverence of a great and religious people. We cannot wonder at the exhibition of such phenomena. The Liturgy is the precious tradition of the religious feeling and most exalted aspirations of many centuries of Christianity. All that the most saintly men, under every circumstance of human life and human emotion, have felt in the depth of their souls and poured forth to the God of their adoration—all that the bitterness of the keenest penitence, or the resignation of the profoundest suffering, or the fervour of Christian hope, or the exultation of triumphant faith, or the submission of the sincerest humility, or the intensity of the most earnest prayer has conceived and uttered, is here treasured up for the sustaining of Christian life and perpetuating of Christian feeling during unnumbered generations.

It is a striking testimony to the intrinsic excellence of the Liturgy, and to the fidelity and purity with which it expresses the genuine spirit of Christianity, that though descended from such remote antiquity it has lost none of its original freshness. It is as serviceable for the present generation, as thoroughly adapted to the utterance of our profoundest, as also of our most varied and delicate feelings, as if it had been composed in our own day. Nay, it is more so; for without meaning any disrespect to Archbishops of Canterbury, who, it may be confidently asked, on hearing the occasional prayers put forth from time to time by the authority of the Queen in Council, has not been struck by the very perceptible discord between the new and the old, and has not found the additions of modern composition to fall short in power and beauty of language as well as in depth and simplicity of feeling?

The musical and rhetorical excellence of the Liturgy will excite greater surprise, when it is remembered that, for the most part, it consists of translations from Latin. What other work can be placed by its side, in which a literal version from a foreign tongue is felt to surpass native and original compositions in harmony, richness, dignity, and variety of expression? What English prose will venture to challenge a comparison with the majesty and melody of the collects? Shakespeare and Milton may have equalled them by the happiest efforts of their genius: we know of no prose writing that could bear such a trial.

The cause of the superiority is plain. The Liturgy is the choicest selection of what has been proved to be best during a long lapse of time. Its litanies and its collects are the fruit of the most sublime piety and the noblest gifts of language, tested by long sustained trial. Had they not sprung from the inmost depths of human nature, thoroughly penetrated and christianized by religion, they never would have retained their pre-eminence in public worship, much less have continued to be a living fountain of devotion for the nineteenth as truly as for the sixth century. No single generation could have created or could replace the Liturgy. It is the accumulation of the treasures with which the most diversified experience, the most fervent devotion, and the most exalted genius, have enriched the worship of prayer and praise during fifteen hundred years. Who, then, can overestimate its influence in perpetuating the sacred fire of Christian love and Christian faith amongst a whole people, or exaggerate its power in conserving the pure and apostolical type of Christian worship?

* Catalogo de las aves observadas en las cercanias de Santiago, y otros puntos de Galicia. Por D. Francisco de los Rios Naceyro. See *Memorias de la Real Academia de Ciencias de Madrid*, tom. i. p. 110.

Nevertheless, the Liturgy is a work of mortal origin; and, be it never forgotten, must bear the impress of human frailty. We must not be idolaters even of what is good and holy; for idolatry is the ruin of the soul. The reverence felt for saintly piety has often betrayed admiration into extenuating, and not seldom into imitating, the failings which accompanied it. An indiscriminate veneration for a Liturgy may easily become the parent of fearful evil, by perpetuating and consecrating in extensive churches errors both of feeling and doctrine. The higher the image of Christian virtue the more imminent is the danger incurred by undiscerning admiration. The Liturgy, though a genuine emanation from the pure spirit of Christianity, has not been endowed with the infallibility of inspiration. The manner of its construction has exposed it to inevitable detriment. It was impossible that the effusions of a long series of worshippers should not be tinged by the colour of thought of the ages in which they lived. No man can escape wholly the influence of his time. The philosophy and doctrinal views of each passing century could not fail to imprint their stamp on the language even of prayer, much more on that of creeds and declarations of doctrine. It is no dishonour to the Liturgy that it is subject to the universal law of humanity. English clergymen, indeed, often speak of it in terms which place it on a level with the Bible, thereby conferring on it a practical infallibility, warranted neither by fact nor Scripture. Carried away by the admitted goodness of what they exalt, they become careless of observing strict accuracy in the expressions which they apply to it. They little suspect the guilt they are incurring by sowing the seeds of idolatry, and are as little aware that the conversion of respect and love into superstition has been the prolific source of most of the corruptions which have marred and disgraced the Christian religion.

It may be said that this necessary admixture of error furnishes a strong objection against the adoption of a fixed form of prayer. It cannot be denied that the objection has some foundation of truth; the weight, however, to be attached to it is a matter of difficult determination, which must vary very much at different times, and must depend on the particular form of prayer adopted and the temper and circumstances of each church. It is not our object in this article to discuss the relative advantages of a permanent Liturgy and of the extempore ministrations of the prophetical office, as adopted in the Presbyterian churches. We are dealing with the Liturgy of the Church of England as an established fact, based on the predilections, or prejudices, if they so are called, of the English people; but in regard to this special objection to liturgies, we may remark that it applies with greater force to creeds and formularies of doctrine, such as all Churches possess, than to public prayer; for the scientific language of such statements is more intimately connected with the intellectual and philosophical development of the age in which they were framed, is more directly local and temporary than the more general outpourings of prayer. The language of the affections of the heart, whether in worship or poetry, is universal; it belongs to all times and places, and is little influenced by the revolution of years; whilst declarations of formal theology, involving of necessity scientific views of philosophy, are sure to be coloured by the intellectual state of those who reason them out from the revelations of Scripture.

It is a very remarkable fact, that the Liturgy, whose participation—to whatever extent—in human weakness no intelligent man will dispute, should have withstood unchanged the buffeting winds and waves of human opinion during three centuries of Protestantism, centuries distinguished by restless activity of thought, by violent fluctuations of theological views, by a mighty progress in literary development, and by the boldest challenging of the foundation of all intellectual and religious belief. The amount of gold contained in the Liturgy, when compared with the dross, will partly account for this striking occurrence: the remainder of the explanation will be supplied by the historical position of the Church of England. That Church is so intimately mixed up with the civil polity of this country as to form a very prominent and integral part of its constitution; and thus it has been protected by the tenacity with which the English have always clung to their institutions, and the vigour with which any organic change in them has been invariably resisted. The prescription of habitual reverence made the people slow to discern blemishes in the natural nobleness of their Liturgy; and even if their existence had been admitted, it would have required the irritation of positive harm created by them to reconcile the bulk of the nation to alterations in services consecrated by long use and devotional tenderness. Moreover, the Church of England is a Church of compromise: she shares the peculiar characteristic of all English institutions. Her constitution was framed with the express design of embracing diverse and antagonistic elements as certainly as the secular polity comprehends Whigs

and Tories, Free Traders and Protectionists. History bears witness to the practical carrying out of the intention which animated her founders. The Church of England has ever since her birth manifested herself as a broad and comprehensive Church, chequered by a wide variety of religious opinions. The coexistence of diverse and often mutually repulsive parties within the communion of the Established Church has been recognised and sanctioned by the national feeling. The sense of the country would be as greatly shocked by a proposal to make the Church more homogeneous by the ejection of one of its elements, as by an attempt to render the nation more uniform by the suppression of a political party. This comprehension of conflicting views within one Church is doubtless a matter open to much debate: its propriety has been vehemently questioned on theoretical grounds, but its practical existence is indisputable. The people of England have been long habituated to hear opposite doctrines from the same pulpit, to see bishop arrayed against bishop, and to have High Churchmen and Evangelical succeeding each other in the same parish: such was the Church which their fathers handed down to them, and if only moderation will repress extravagance and exclusiveness, they do not desire that it should be otherwise. Hence the forbearance and respect shewn towards a minority by the majority of the day; hence also the reluctance to make innovations in the Liturgy. No portion of it, however offensive to the views of many, has ever been destitute of the support of sincere defenders; and invincible has been the unwillingness to remove what was thought erroneous at the cost of expelling a large body of members from the communion of the Church. To give absolute predominance to one set of religious opinions by the alienation of all others would be felt to be a revolution amounting not to a reform but to a total reconstruction of the Church of England.

But even if changes had been desired by the Church at large, the machinery for accomplishing them was wanting. The Church of England came forth at the Reformation, like Minerva from the head of Jove, of full-grown stature: no means for subsequent development were provided. The Parliament became the legislature of the Church, and that legislature has ever shewn itself to be most averse to entertaining any project for the modification of that Church. The sentiment is natural. Indisputably it has been the ægis of the establishment, and the chief instrument of its preservation. At no time has Parliament been a suitable arena for the discussion of doctrine; and the difficulty has greatly increased in later times. Who that loves the Church and values the services which she renders to religion, could desire to see her constitution the subject of incessant debate in the House of Commons? Which of her friends would not mourn, if every ecclesiastical theorist in Parliament, every enthusiast of every party, every nonconformist of the many sects who now have seats in the legislature, could raise unceasing motions on her articles, her creeds, her worship, and her institutions? Who is not conscious that her dissolution would be close at hand? But if this deeply rooted feeling works good, it has also its alloy of evil. Its tendency is to stereotype every part of the Church's constitution, to render all change impossible, to prevent improvement, however urgently it may be needed, or however innocent it may be of interfering with a single vital principle of the Church's doctrine. It requires almost as strong an effort—there are almost as many obstacles to be surmounted—to make an alteration in a service, or to omit a phrase in a prayer, as would be required to abolish or remake the Liturgy. Can it therefore be a matter for surprise that the Liturgy should retain unchanged the stamp which was impressed upon it in the 16th century? The Restoration offered a rare and valuable opportunity for introducing modifications, and also for providing some means for amelioration of detail from time to time; for the whole Liturgy had to be re-enacted in Parliament; but the fury of the political reaction clamoured blindly for the simple restoration of those old forms both in Church and State which had been swept away. It refused to see defects: it hated every improvement that savoured of recent progress. Such as the Church had been for a century, such it was decreed it should continue for ever! and, with a few slight alterations, the Liturgy of Queen Elizabeth was reincorporated into the English constitution.

It cannot be denied that the Church of England is hereby exposed to a very formidable danger. An institution which never varies is doomed by the law of mutability which acts on everything else to get out of harmony in some of its parts with the world that surrounds it: and thus one or other of two consequences is wont to occur. It more commonly happens that the parts which have ceased to be applicable to the wants and feelings of a new generation grow obsolete—their existence is ignored—words, if required to be used, are evaded by the help of a non-natural sense, or are looked upon as simply unmeaning sounds: the concurrent

interpretation of society being held to be authorized to change and even reverse the ordinary meaning of language, though avowedly and intentionally employed in the most binding strictness. By such a process men have reconciled themselves to take oaths, whose obligations they had no intention whatever of observing, and have subscribed formularies whose import they repudiated. Whatever may be thought of the morality of such acts, when universal consent has ratified the perversion, and the *animus imponentis* may be said to justify the accepting of the obligation as either wholly nugatory, or as reversing the pledge, it is at least clear, that whilst the change of opinion is in progress, and before all are agreed as to the virtual repeal of the natural sense, much stress must be laid upon individual consciences, much temptation to untruth brought to bear on many, much damage inflicted on the moral character, (and that just in proportion as the conscience is tender,) and much hardship and loss entailed on those who refuse to take a pledge which they still understand to mean what its words set forth.

This, however, is not the usual course with religious services. The language of daily prayer can hardly ever grow dead; the feelings of every thinking man recoil from addressing words to God, which do not mean what they seem to say. The hardening of the conscience, though not wholly unavoidable, will seldom be the chief evil produced by a long unchanged liturgy. The sense of the unsuitableness of the offending portion will remain awake; it will gradually strengthen into dislike, and dislike into hostility, and thus, the healing hand of reform being withheld, the dammed up waters of revolution will ever threaten destruction in the back-ground. Those who have seen this peril averted in secular affairs by an amount of change which fell little short of a revolution, *may* yet live to see a similar danger, but we fear with a surer and more ruinous catastrophe, assail the Church of England. Symptoms of internal fermentation, of that commotion of mind which usually precedes a national convulsion, have already been neither few nor insignificant. The religious and intellectual characteristics of our times are peculiarly calculated to bring on and augment this danger. We live in an age of great intellectual activity and great religious earnestness. Individual men of more towering understandings have existed at other periods of our history; but never before has mental energy been so universally developed, or first principles explored with such acuteness and daring fearlessness. Never before were the results of thought diffused so quickly through the community, or carried out in action with such ready power and accumulated support. On the other hand, highly as the religiousness of other epochs has been vaunted, we doubt whether deep religious earnestness was ever so general among the upper classes as it is now. Respect for religion has increased on every side. Religion is now honoured where it was wont to encounter ridicule. No character is so damaging, even for mere worldly objects, as to be accounted irreligious. Religious motives, religious feelings are daily avowed in Parliament, and instead of exciting ridicule or being denounced as cant, meet with sympathy and confer credit on the speaker. Infidelity itself has ceased to sneer: it has become religious. A contemptuous and mocking unbeliever, a Voltaire or a Diderot, would be banished from all good society. Religious questions engage the attention of all classes. The religious aspect of all our social institutions is examined with the liveliest interest. Religious convictions are followed up with the noblest exhibitions of self-sacrifice. The seductions of a luxurious civilisation are inadequate to suppress the swelling ebullitions of missionary self-denial. Honoured men are seen every day to renounce wealth, rank, influence, and worldly prospects at the bidding of religious persuasion, and they are not sneered at as fools. Churches are burst asunder by the violence of religious commotion; and vast establishments of clergy are driven forth from their pulpits and their homes by the irresistible force of conscience, and confederate in new churches.

In an age like this, amidst such irrepressible impulses of conscience and intellect combined, the anomalies produced in the Liturgy by the circumstances of its origin and the lapse of time were sure to excite awakened attention and uneasiness. The founders of the English Church built her communion upon compromise; many of the reasons which guided them to select such a foundation are unimpaired in strength; but the circumstances which surround the Church are altered. An age of general thoughtfulness and earnestness is adverse to compromise. A common danger compels men to sink subordinate differences for the sake of obtaining common security; when the danger is removed, concessions made under the pressure of alarm lose the motive which prompted them, and in religious matters soon wear the appearance of abandonment of principle. Irritation and internal conflict are speedily engendered; the repulsive forces of the heterogeneous elements combined in

the compromise acquire strength under the heat of religious zeal; and disruption is at hand. Thus it has fared with the Liturgy. Fear of Rome and the critical position of Protestantism, made the best and most earnest men intensely anxious, when the Liturgy was revised at the opening of Elizabeth's reign, to include the largest possible number of persons within the communion of the Church of England. Passages more consonant with Romanist views were introduced into the services; an unfortunate process, pregnant with much mischief; for it founded the comprehensiveness of the Church, not on the common truth acknowledged by all, but on the combination of contradictory elements. Each party thus could sustain itself on passages which positively supported its own views; but then each party also became committed to passages which it positively dissented from; real reconciliation was impossible, and the materials for bitter strife within the Church were handed down to coming generations. These materials the religious earnestness and analytical temper of this age are fanning into flame. A new spirit has broken out amongst the clergy. The Catholic and Protestant principles embodied in the Church's formularies were not formerly pushed to extremity; neither claimed the Church as exclusively their own. Both parties were content to live and let live, never coalescing into intimate union, but neither seeking absolute dominion by the extrusion of the other. Bramhall, Andrews, Hall, and Beveridge, nay, even Laud himself never repudiated Protestantism. It was reserved for our day to penetrate more deeply into the first principles of the conflicting beliefs, till at last the rise of Oxford Tractarianism brought the struggle to a crisis. With wonderful subtlety of thought, and by the help of a most searching analysis, this famous school exhibited in the full blaze of light the radical and irreconcilable antagonism of the fundamental principles of the Protestant and Catholic systems; and as the necessary and reasonable result of this demonstration demanded that the Church of England should no longer halt between two utterly inconsistent opinions, but should emancipate itself into the full freedom of holding one harmonious view of doctrine,—they renounced Protestantism openly and by name; they urged the erasure of every Protestant sentiment which sullied the purity of Catholic doctrine; they preached reconciliation with Rome and the restoration of one Universal Church.

Never at any previous period of the Church of England's history had the incompatibility of the elements involved in her constitution been so signally demonstrated; never had such a deliberate, systematic, and powerfully-reasoned attempt been made to carry out one set of principles exclusively through her whole constitution. The ablest and most earnest of the Tractarians struggled with desperate energy and unrivalled resources of talent and knowledge to render Catholicism universally and exclusively triumphant; and, when foiled in the attempt, they evinced the sincerity of their convictions by abandoning the Church whose Protestantism they admitted and disowned. And then the Church sustained, by conversions to Romanism, losses unprecedented in her history. The nation became alarmed; for the number and character of the converts attested the soundness of the logic which could not rest satisfied with the discordant teaching of a Church founded upon compromise. The eyes of all were opened to the really Romanistic nature of the Anglo-Catholicism scattered over the Church's formularies. It was seen that the Liturgy was the weapon with which Tractarianism did battle. The Anglicans extracted passages from the Liturgy which were of Catholic descent, erected these into the standard of doctrine, and required the whole Liturgy to be remodelled upon that standard. Here, plainly, was the root of that teaching which first made men Anglo-Catholics, and then leading them on to Rome, brought trouble and disunion into so many families, and a sense of insecurity upon all. The people were incensed at the treason which their ministers were committing against the Protestant faith; the clergy took shelter behind the Liturgy, pointing to its language as the justification of their tenets. Thus the Liturgy was placed in the van of the battle, a rampart behind which Tractarianism defended itself, an object of assault to Protestant wrath.

Every section of the Liturgy was now keenly scrutinized in the controversy. Each party had to dive below the surface, for it had become a contest of principles; and it was on the principles underlying the language that the battle turned. Protestants —especially the Evangelical section of them —were startled to discover how much of the ancient Catholicism had been retained, and how difficult it was, therefore, to put Tractarians palpably out of court. "The Protestant Church of England" had been their motto; violent was the shock when they were compelled to learn that their Church was not wholly free from the taint of Catholicism. The alarm, which had gone on increasing whilst defections to popery mul-

tiplied, reached its acme when the Papal Bull proclaimed the elation of Rome at the successes it had won, and its confident advance upon England as to an already assured conquest. Public indignation broke out on every side; the most vehement desire was manifested to get rid of the Tractarian treason and of the cover behind which it lay. The warmth of Protestant passion rose higher than reverence for the Liturgy and fear of organic reform. Hosts of enthusiastic laymen announced their resolution to purify the Liturgy and vindicate the genuine Protestantism of the Church of England.

However, this overwhelming display itself of Protestant feeling saved the Liturgy from being again replaced in the crucible. Protestant fears were allayed by the public demonstration of the soundness of the national heart towards the Protestant faith. Rome lowered her arrogance; and the public, content with its victory, shrunk, as was natural in Englishmen, from pressing on radical reforms on the tabooed ground of the Church. But a warning was then given which no Statesman and no Churchman may neglect with impunity. An impression has been made concerning the real character of parts of the Liturgy which is sure to work its way more deeply into the public mind. The causes calculated to produce irritation and danger remain unaltered; they are only less active for a while. Puseyism, far from acknowledging itself defeated on the merits of the controversy, insists on the inconsistency of the various parts of our formularies, and sustains itself as firmly, if not as proudly, as ever. Indeed, in some respects it has won a better position than it held before. The radically Protestant character of the English Church has, it is true, been irrefragably established; but, on the other hand, the cry for a reform of the Liturgy is a virtual admission that some of its elements do not harmonize with the spirit and essence of the Church. This is, so far, solid ground for Puseyism; and so long as it remains to stand upon, so long Tractarianism may vindicate its continuance within the communion of the Church. And if this system of theology shall strike its roots more deeply into the minds of the English clergy, and shall separate them by an ever-widening gulf from the sympathies of the laity,—if it shall continue, as it must and will, to convert the utterances of public prayers into a teaching which is in discord from the general tone of the Church, and shall send forth its disciples in a perpetual stream to Rome,—who can predict the fate which may await the Liturgy, or even the Church herself, at some future day?

But there are other symptoms besides the uneasiness felt respecting the doctrines contained in some of the services which indicate the growing desire for Liturgical reform. The fetters which cramp the action of the clergy in accommodating their ministrations to the manifold wants of society, excite a longing for greater freedom in minds otherwise little disposed to admit the existence of any imperfection in the institutions of the Church. Already, at Birmingham and elsewhere, the services have been remodelled, by shortening their length and re-arranging their parts; and the Ruridecanal Chapter of Leeds, under the presidency of Dr. Hook, has published a report which proposes Liturgical improvements to the utmost extent which can be realized by mere transposing and readjusting. It is obvious that nothing but a strong averson to apply to Parliament for the necessary authority for effecting changes prevents Dr. Hook and many others from actively bringing forward proposals embracing extensive changes in the machinery of the Church. The desire to carry out such improvements is one of the chief motives that prompt the demand for Synodic action; their need is keenly felt, and the legislative means for effecting them are eagerly sought.

It is not probable that English statesmen will ever consent to the creation of a synod whose authority should rival, and, when firmly established, overrule, that of Parliament. It is certain that in no case will they allow any ecclesiastical body to modify, by its own right, the doctrines professed by the Established Church. On the other hand, the dislike of applying to Parliament for doctrinal reform, and the unwillingness of Parliament to entertain any such proposals, grow stronger every day. The Church is thus left to itself, to take its chance of standing or falling in the form in which it was originally constructed at the Reformation. There is great danger incurred by not repairing the ancient edifice; there is danger likewise in attempting to remould it. And thus, with respect to the Liturgy, the practical and very important question arises, whether the theological views apparently embodied in some of its offices are so dissonant from the prevailing spirit of the Church itself, and so repugnant to the sentiments of most of its members, as to call on Parliament to overcome its aversion to legislate, and to avert the risk of a fatal explosion hereafter by providing a remedy whilst a remedy may still be had.

We will now examine the points against which the strongest objections have been levelled. The first that meets us is the Athanasian Creed. Few reasonable men can now-a-days be found who approve of the damnatory clauses, however much they may make an outward show of defending them, as incorporated into the Liturgy, and formally subscribed by the clergy; not one, we are confident, would dream of proposing their adoption, if the Liturgy were now compiled for the first time. Who would not shrink from asserting that a heathen of virtuous life must without doubt perish everlastingly? Still more, who is there that in his heart pronounces endless punishment on the earnest and conscientious man who lives in the faith and love of Christ, but yet is intellectually unable to word his creed in the precise phraseology adopted by the Athanasian formula? It cannot be doubted that these clauses are not really assented to by ministers or congregations; and it is greatly to be lamented that bishops have been so perversely foolish as to insist on the reading of the Creed, instead of leaving it to the discretion of the officiating minister. It is a public scandal, and very injurious to national morality, that such emphatic words should be solemnly used in our churches, and yet accepted by no one; for though each man's conscience may be relieved by the consciousness that the dissent from the natural meaning is so universally understood as to deceive no one, the example of such vehement yet really disavowed assertion is grievously calculated to countenance the low morality which prevails regarding public professions. With respect to the matter itself of the Creed, it is true that the theology of the nineteenth century would not naturally express itself in the language of Hilary of Arles; and that the theory of the incarnation is developed in this Creed to an extent consistent neither with man's real ignorance of this deep mystery, nor with a due reverence for the God-man himself. But, on the other hand, it appears to us that nowhere is the cardinal doctrine of the Trinity expounded with greater felicity and greater power than in the Athanasian Creed. The two fundamental elements of Christian feeling, its two opposite yet correlative poles, are brought out with singular judgment and truth. "The Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God, and yet there are not three Gods, but one God," sums up the whole of our knowledge of this inscrutable mystery, and proclaims those two truths which should influence a Christian's feelings and conduct. Scripture never intended to reveal to us the real and absolute essence of the divine nature; it could not be grasped by the human understanding. But Scripture has required us to acknowledge, as against Polytheism and Pantheism, the unity of the Godhead, and to realize practically the farther truth, that each of the Divine Persons stands to us in the relation of God—is truly God to us. Towards each we must think, and feel, and act, as God. These are the two practical truths which Scripture reveals, and the Athanasian Creed fully and explicitly declares. Their theoretical and philosophical combination in a single intellectual formula is a problem of which the solution surpasses the power of human reason. To hold them fast *separately* is the Christian's duty; to unite them philosophically neither religion nor reason demands.

The next point objected to is the thanksgiving uttered in the Burial Service, for the removal of the deceased person from the miseries of this world, and the hope that he rests in God. The sincerity of the dead man's faith is thus assumed; yet the Bible and experience alike teach that all professing Christians do not die a Christian's death; and deeply distressing is it often to the feelings of a thoughtful clergyman to be compelled to read this office over the corpse of a notorious sinner. It will be readily granted, that a general statement of the Christian belief in the blessed resurrection of the faithful was all that with propriety could be required in a service applied to every citizen in the land; no specific assertion concerning particular individuals need to have been asserted. Most desirable as would be such an alteration as would limit the language to a declaration of the general truth, it is nevertheless important to observe that in this, as in some other instances which we shall presently notice, there is no fault to be found with the religious doctrine of the service; in the application of it to a particular person alone lies the difficulty. We are aware how many excellent men have been offended by it, and that in not a few cases secession from the Church has been the result. Honestly respecting their motives, and fully conceding the existence of the embarrassment, we nevertheless think that the so-called "charitable hypothesis" might have reasonably allayed their scruples. Not that the expression is well chosen, or represents the matter in its true light. We prefer to say that the Church of England has constructed her services on the supposition that the rite was complete in all its parts, that the necessary qualifications on every side were present, and that, consequently, full scope might be given to the free utterance of the natural feeling con-

nected with each office, unchecked by any reserve founded on the possible failure of any of the requisite conditions. It may be inexpedient—we are of opinion that it is highly so—to apply without restriction the language of Christian privilege to all the members of a Church into which every citizen is baptized, as a matter of course. Still, it is of the utmost moment to observe that this does not amount to an error of *doctrine*. The theology on which the service reposes is not falsified by perplexities of application only; and when the fact of the inapplicability to all cases is so notorious as to serve as a practical commentary on the words, we can readily conceive that a good man may use them under the assurance that no one is practically deceived by them, and that the necessary correction will be supplied by the understanding of the hearers.

We are now come to a class of cases involving considerations of a far more serious nature; cases in which erroneous and unprotestant doctrine is charged with defacing the purity of the Church of England. Three services, those namely for the visitation of the sick, for the ordination of priests and bishops, and for the baptism of infants, are accused of retaining the traces of Catholic theology. On these Anglo-Catholicism takes its stand: here, if anywhere, may Liturgical reform be demanded on the ground of a corruption of the Protestant faith. We own that the service for the visitation of the sick has never appeared to us to present any formidable difficulty. The objection is directed against the absolution. "Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left power to his Church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in him, of his great mercy forgive thee thine offences; and by his authority committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The power of the keys, it is alleged, is here ascribed to the officiating minister; and the exclusive and priestly prerogative of Episcopal ordination and the Apostolical succession is implied. We find nothing in this prayer that can warrant such a conclusion. We do not inquire whether it is desirable or not that a sick and penitent sinner should receive from the Church an authoritative assurance of forgiveness. That he is authorized to gather such an assurance from Scripture, provided his repentance and faith be sincere, no one will dispute; and if the Church deems it proper to impart greater support to a soul trembling under a sense of guilt, by a solemn declaration of that pardon whose sole warrant is the Word of God, then we do not see why a Presbyterian or any other minister may not use this formula as fitly and as naturally as an Episcopal clergyman. In the first place, the prayer for forgiveness distinctly confesses that the absolution comes from God alone: it renders the succeeding confirmation purely ministerial. But in the next, the power of absolving is explicitly asserted to reside in the Church; and this wholly disposes of the objection. The act of the minister is hereby represented as the act of the agent or functionary, to whom the Church has delegated the office of communicating to the sick that assurance of pardon, which it proclaims in the name of Scripture, and which the sick man might himself obtain as effectually and as beneficially from Scripture. The minister indeed announces that he speaks by the authority committed to him by Christ; but this is true of every member of every congregation in every Church. The Church is the depository of all the powers and all the privileges necessary for the continuance and welfare of the Christian society. They emanated from Christ: their exercise is enjoined by his command, and is performed in his name. The appeal to Christ's authority as the warrant for the ministerial function in no way excludes the intervention of the Church. Every preacher who from the pulpit warns, exhorts, and comforts the people, is an ambassador from Christ; he has received a commission from Him thus to speak in the congregation: but that commission came through the Church which appointed him to the ministerial office. Kings and magistrates have from time immemorial proclaimed that they possessed an authority entrusted to them by God; and the claim is just, "for the powers that be are ordained of God." Yet who would build on such language the doctrine that kings held their power directly from God, and irrespectively of the will of the nation—or that no other form of government but monarchy was legitimate—or that a nation did not possess the right of selecting its own form of government? The assertion, therefore, made by the clergyman in the visitation service does not claim any special right or privilege for Episcopal orders; in many respects it falls infinitely below the pretensions advanced for the pastorate by Wesleyan ministers. The officers of that communion would find no difficulty in using this phraseology; and this is a sufficient guarantee that it does not commit any English clergyman to the Anglo-Catholic theory.

The ordination service, on the other hand, is encumbered with a real, though not insuperable difficulty. The imperative mood in the formula of ordination, "Receive thou the Holy Ghost," is objectionable, no doubt,

as being open to misconstruction, but contains no untruth; for the Word of God authorizes the Church to believe that the special help of the Holy Spirit will be given to every man who with true piety receives any appointment to any office in the Church. If this belief is well founded, and if the Church chooses to frame her services on the presumption that, man performing his part, God will also perform His, then the assertion that along with the office the grace needed for its discharge is imparted has nothing that ought to wound a Protestant conscience. Lamentable experience shows that all ministers do not receive the Holy Spirit at ordination; but it equally furnishes ground for confidently holding that many do actually realize the Scriptural doctrine that the ministry of the Christian Church is the ministry of the Holy Ghost. An undoubting prayer for the descent of the Spirit would have created no scruples: the imperative form is but a different expression of the same thing.

On the other hand, the words, "whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained," are not so easy of explanation: for it is hard to say what precise power is here claimed, not for the ministry, but for the Church. That a superstitious sense has been affixed to these words, as if a mysterious power is inherent in the priestly office, is indisputable; but that is a power which the Bible ascribes neither to clergymen nor the Church. The rule for their interpretation must be the meaning in which they admit of being applied to the whole Christian society; for the Apostles alone, according to the Protestant creed, were endowed with powers which were not communicated through and by the Church. If the power of absolving is referred to here—and this is the most probable supposition—we have already seen that this power in the strongest form in which it appears in the Liturgy, is expressly declared to have been "left to the Church;" and when conveyed to the minister by ordination, according to the interpretation supplied by the service itself for the visitation of the sick, becomes an authority delegated by the Church to pronounce in the name of Christ an assurance of forgiveness or to withhold it, according as the disposition of mind required for the receiving of pardon is present or not in the sinner. No intelligent Protestant can wish to see this formula retained; but even here we may fearlessly maintain that no anti-Protestant doctrine is asserted.

We are now brought to the last and most important topic of our inquiry: the service for infant baptism. This is the great battle-field between Tractarians and Evangelicals, High-Churchmen and Low-Churchmen, Catholics and Protestants, within the Church of England. In the view taken of the nature and effects of infant baptism, the vital distinction between Protestantism and every form of so-called Catholic principles is brought to light. To this service Anglo-Catholicism appeals as a distinct recognition of the sacerdotal doctrine. "It is the especial province of Christian laymen at this time," says the author of the pamphlet whose title we have prefixed to this Article, "to protest against that noxious principle of sacerdotal assumption which has been the fruitful source of every superstitious perversion of gospel truth. It is a fundamental error, and a root of almost inexhaustible fertility." Most true is the remark. This is the melancholy moral furnished by ecclesiastical history from the second century down to the nineteenth. This is the fatal poison imbibed from the combined influences of Judaism and heathenism, which has contaminated the pure stream of the Christian faith, and, preying on its vitals, has rendered it comparatively powerless to realize those glorious hopes which its bright dawn ushered into the world. This has been the prolific seed of almost every corruption: the dark and brooding cloud which has obscured the brilliant ideal of Christian truth, which has debased the standard of its purity: and by the interposition between God and the Christian of a mediator as helpless and as sinful as himself, has striven to obliterate the grand characteristic of his faith—his belief in a personal union with Him who is both God and man. This corruption strikes its roots into the lowest depths of human nature: and most hard is it to eradicate.

Sacerdotalism, unable to derive the smallest support from the Christian Scriptures, invented the sacramental theory as a basis on which to sustain itself. In the absence of all authority from revelation it was felt that the doctrine of a priesthood would be more easily accepted, if functions could be devised which appeared to call for the creation of an order of priests. Priests were not needed for the purely ministerial functions of presiding over public worship and ruling the Christian people. But if men's souls were to be saved by the eating of bread and wine, converted by human operation into the very body and blood of the Lord, and their sins were to be washed away by the sprinkling of water, what could be more natural than that such an awful power over human destiny should be entrusted to a peculiar and separate order of officers? It was no longer in the depths of the human spirit that the feelings, affections,

and character of man were to be renewed and purified: they were to be reached through the body. An external agency was now needed; and since on that external agency, by a mysterious law, the state of the soul depended, it seemed to require a special class of men commissioned to wield its mighty influence. The two parts of the theory exactly fitted together: the soul to be acted on through the body, and priests to administer this action.

"Sacramental grace," says Mr. Dodsworth, "is the very life and soul of the Church system." Does the Church of England profess this priestly theory of sacramental grace? If she does so anywhere, it is confessedly in the baptismal service. It is not to be denied that the High-Churchmen have the natural sense of the words in their favour. They have not been slow to press it, to the great discomfort of Evangelicals: and so unhappy did many of these feel, that either a secession or a successful pressure on Parliament to alter the expressions in the Liturgy might have been the result, had not the Bishop of Exeter, in an evil hour for himself and his friends, resolved to bring the dispute to a crisis, knowing that "the dogmatic theory of baptism becomes of necessity the basis of the entire scheme of Anglican theology." With a full sense, therefore, of the magnitude of the question, he sought to commit the Church exclusively to this particular doctrine of sacramental grace, by means of a judicial decree on the phraseology of the baptismal formularies as they now stand. He appealed to the Church for an interpretation of her own language; but instead of obtaining from her an exclusive recognition of the sacerdotal system, he established the party he assailed in a legality which up to that moment they had not previously enjoyed. He singled out for condemnation an emphatic denier of the necessary connexion between the outward ordinance and the spiritual grace, and expected with confidence, what many on the opposite side equally expected with trembling, an authoritative affirmation of "the catholic doctrine of baptism." But the bishop found to his cost that the uncertainties of ecclesiastical litigation are as disappointing as those of secular. The Church refused to put an exclusive interpretation on her formularies; she justified, as an unoffending Churchman, the minister whose theory severed the rite from the inward virtue, and formally relieved Low-Churchmen from the difficulty of the baptismal language. The legal position of the Evangelicals was established. Henceforward no one could charge them with rejecting an opinion to which the law had required them to give their solemn assent and consent.

We have said, "the Church" advisedly. Great was the wailing, and loud the protest, that the Judicial Committee was not the Church: but all to no purpose. The Judicial Committee is by the law of the Church of England her Supreme Court, the voice by which alone she interprets, the final tribunal by which she judges heresy and every other spiritual cause. It is idle to talk of the modern origin of the Committee. The Supremacy had conferred on the Crown full jurisdiction over all spiritual causes and persons in the Court of Delegates. The Crown might have selected under that right the very members of the Judicial Committee to try Mr. Gorham: and the same authority which had established the Court of Delegates had substituted the Committee in its room. To deny the competency of the Judicial Committee to be the voice of the Church of England, is simply to deny the law and constitution of that Church; and is as absurd as it would be to repudiate the jurisdiction of the Queen's Bench upon the ground of some theory which would prefer a different tribunal. The ecclesiastical legitimacy of the Committee was triumphantly vindicated by Mr. Wilberforce and others, who seceded upon the principle that the highest Court of the Church of England was an institution not consistent with Catholic doctrine. They admitted, whilst they dissented from, the constitution of the English Church.

But now that the Church has sanctioned the legal title of the deniers of baptismal regeneration to be members of her communion, the further and very important question arises, whether it is right or expedient to retain the language of the baptismal office unchanged? It is impossible to evade this inquiry. The Court did not affix its own sense on the language of the service: it simply declared that there was nothing in that language to compel it to expel from the communion of the Church those who expressly, and in terms, rejected baptismal regeneration. It virtually recognised that the authoritative documents of the Church of England do not admit, according to the natural meaning of words, of one harmonious interpretation: and thereupon wisely judged that any opinion sanctioned by the language of one of those documents might be lawfully held, however much it might be contradicted by that of another. It made the Church of England comprehensive of all the doctrines contained in all its formularies. Now, right and necessary as this decision may have been, the embarrassments which flow from it are great and manifest. The

irreconcilable conflict between the separate parts of that whole to which every clergyman is required to pledge his unfeigned assent, is officially admitted by the principle on which the decision proceeded: how, then, can the terms in which subscription is demanded at ordination be any longer justified? What can be more cruel towards tender consciences, and more injurious to good faith, than to insist on a declaration of consent to each single one of a collection of theological opinions, which even the Church herself does not pretend to reconcile together? Then, again, it is clear that the highest tribunal of the Church has given evangelical clergymen no relief in the use of the baptismal service. All that it has done in pronouncing them to be the true sons of the Church, has been either to authorize them to attach a non-natural sense to the term "regeneration," or to give them liberty to dissent from the doctrine involved in prayers which they address to the Almighty. Either solution of the difficulty has been felt to be most unsatisfactory and distressing.

The oft-disputed question, therefore, forcibly recurs, What is the doctrine contained in the baptismal service? "The only plea," says our author, "set up in defence of its language by those who persist in vindicating it, notwithstanding the admission that their own view would, even in theory, and apart from the experience of the result, be averse to the use of such language, is the charitable hypothesis." This plea, though elaborately defended by the evangelical Mr. Goode, our author, who apparently is an evangelical himself, proceeds to combat with great energy. We agree with him in holding, that this plea will not successfully defend the language; but we think also, that he has not done justice to Mr. Goode's argument, or pointed out the real objection to it with sufficient force. If baptism were to be administered at confirmation, when the candidate makes a voluntary and public confession of the Christian faith in the presence of God and the Church, Mr. Goode would be perfectly justified in availing himself of the charitable hypothesis, and there would be no reason why the baptized person should not be spoken of as a regenerated man and as a member of Christ. Indeed, our author virtually establishes the charitable hypothesis, when he quotes the Apostle Paul as calling those brethren who yet were guilty of the grossest sins. In fact, St. Paul's language is still stronger: he tells the Corinthians that they "come behind in no gift." Would it be possible to carry the charitable hypothesis farther? But, in truth, the capital, the fatal objection to the present baptismal service of the Church of England, is, that in no case of unconscious infants can we reasonably suppose that the spiritual grace therein implied has been obtained through the spiritual qualification of the recipient. If a spiritual effect has been produced on the soul of the infant, it must have been produced wholly, *on man's side*, by the agency of the priest: his outward act has altered the mind of the baptized person without any consciousness of his own. This is a superstition which contradicts directly the very idea of Christianity; but it is also the essence of sacerdotalism. It is indisputable, that if the term "regeneration" expresses any spiritual effect on the soul, the baptismal service countenaces the sacramental system and the priestly theory. And precisely the same result follows also, if (as some High Churchmen, who hesitated to ascribe to the sprinkling of the baptismal water a transforming power on the soul, have imagined) the effect of baptism is limited to the washing away of original sin. This supposition implies that an infant, who had the misfortune of dying before baptism, necessarily retains the burden of original guilt, and, as Augustine and many others have believed, falls under eternal condemnation. How any person who had obtained the faintest insight into the meaning of the Christian religion could have brought himself to believe that God consigns an unconscious and helpless being to eternal happiness or eternal misery, according as an external and purely mechanical operation has been performed upon him by the instrumentality of others, is what we have never been able to conceive. But certainly, if life or death, and that for ever, depends upon an outward rite, without the slightest mental concurrence on the part of the recipient, the fundamental idea of a priesthood, the intervention of a human mediator between God and man, is established: sacerdotalism has gained its principle: it will have an easy victory over every other impediment.

But, thank God, there is not one word in the New Testament which in the slightest degree sanctions so terrible a doctrine: we are spared the pain, to say the least, of seeing the Christian Scriptures contradicting their own ideal of Christianity. The origin of the mischief is plain. The doctrine of the baptismal service is true: the unconsciousness of the infant is the real *fons mali*. The baptismal service is founded on Scripture; but its application to an unconscious infant is destitute of any express Scriptural warrant. Scripture knows nothing of the baptism of infants. There is absolutely not a single trace of it to be found in the New

Testament. There are passages which may be reconciled with it, if the practice can only be proved to have existed; but there is not one word which asserts its existence. Nay more, it may be urged that 1 Cor. vii. 14, is incompatible with the supposition that infant baptism was then practiced at Corinth. The Apostle in this passage seeks to remove the scruples of those Christian partners in mixed marriages, who believed that a conjugal union with a heathen was a state profane and unholy in God's sight. He reassures them by an argument founded on a *reductio ad absurdum.* You admit, says he, that your children are holy; then be persuaded that the marriage from which that sanctity was derived is holy also. For, were it otherwise; if, as you imagine, the marriage is unholy, then it would follow that the children that are the fruits of it would be unclean and unholy also; whereas you know and admit the reverse; you confess them to be holy. It is absolutely indispensable for the validity of this argument, that the sanctity of the children should have been *exclusively* derived from the sanctity of the marriage; for on no other hypothesis could the sanctity of the children have furnished a proof of the sanctity of the marriage. Had the children been baptized, they would have been holy in their own right, as members of Christ; and a father, who had had his children baptized, would have effectually demolished the Apostle's reasoning by the simple reply, that the holiness of his children, as members of Christ's Church, was no reason for his thinking the marriage holy, or his not putting away his unbelieving wife. Many, indeed, have explained the term holy as meaning, "have been admitted to baptism," making the verse say, that if the faith of the believing partner had not sanctified the marriage, the children would not have been admitted to baptism, whereas they had been baptized. But this is to re-write Scripture, not to interpret it.

History confirms the inference drawn from the sacred volume. Infant baptism cannot be clearly traced higher than the middle of the second century; and even then it was not universal. Some, indeed, have argued that in the silence of Scripture it is fair to presume that a custom whose existence is seen in the second century must have descended from the Apostles: but the presumption is wholly the other way. Baptism appears in the New Testament avowedly as the rite whereby *converts* were incorporated into the Christian society: the burden of the proof is entirely on those who affirm its applicability to those whose minds are incapable of any conscious act of faith. The example of circumcision is appealed to as justifying the practice. We do not doubt that this example had, as it deserved, immense influence in causing the extension of baptism to infants; and we are quite willing to accept it as an authority for the institution, provided that the two rites are placed upon the same level. The authority is valid, provided it is not pressed beyond the identity of the analogy. Circumcision dedicated the child to God, brought him under covenant with God, and was a sign and pledge that he should receive, from time to time, such blessings as were suited to his capacity and circumstances. Infant baptism may be and is a repetition of all these things. But no one ever asserted that circumcision renewed a child's mind at eight days old; nor that its omission would have made him liable to eternal perdition. Circumcision, therefore, is a warrant only for an external, though holy, relation being established towards God by infant baptism. The truth, then, is clear. The language of Scripture regarding baptism implies the spiritual act of faith in the recipients. When infant baptism is now spoken of, the necessary modification must accordingly be made in applying *language used by Scripture concerning Spiritual baptism only.* Inextricable confusion has been the inevitable consequence when language used of adults, of persons possessed of intelligence, and capable of spiritual acts, was gratuitously applied to unconscious infants; and it cannot be a matter for wonder, that a totally new conception of the ordinance should have been created by such a perversion. So great was the difficulty felt to be by Luther, who retained infant baptism, and assumed that the language used of baptism in Scripture applied to the baptized infant, that in order to fence out priestly superstition, he imagined that God, who bestowed regeneration, bestowed also, by a direct miraculous act, that intelligent faith which the spiritual nature of Christianity demanded. Our age is not likely to acquiesce in such a solution; but it bears witness to the just perception which Luther had of the impossibility of applying to infants, without a modification somewhere, the Scriptural language regarding baptism.

The non-recognition of the fact that the external rite of infant baptism is not the baptism spoken of in Scripture is the source of the palpable weakness of English Low-Churchmen in the discussion of this question. They have reason and religion on their side; but in the appeal to Scripture, they are undeniably worsted by their oppo-

nents. No shift will ever help them. The advantage possessed by the High-Church party rests on the assumption that what is said of baptism in Scripture may be equally said of the infant baptism practised by the Church of England; and nothing but a denial of their complete identity will or can strip them of this advantage. Evangelicals are afraid of looking at the truth in the face. They are hampered by a superstitious feeling about infant baptism: they are afraid of discrediting it, in spite of the many excellent reasons which justify its adoption; and they are still more afraid of saying that the baptism of the Church of England is not identical with the Spiritual baptism of the Apostles. So long as they refuse to admit the real truth, so long must they be content to carry on this all-important controversy at a fearful disadvantage; and so long must they continue to experience the bitter consequences of the fact, "that here the spirit of Popery, under one or other of its more specious forms, has for the last three centuries retained a footing within the very strong-hold of Protestantism, from which it has never yet been dislodged."

But a brighter day is dawning. Dr. M'Neile, Mr. Litton, we may almost add, the Archbishop of Canterbury, are perceiving that the practice of infant baptism is not found in Scripture. When the fact is universally recognised the controversy will assume a new form. The ground will be completely cut away from beneath the sacramental theory; and Protestants will have the full benefit of their own principle—the appeal to Scripture as the form of religious truth. Whilst this historical conversion is in progress, greatly as we deplore the evils which flow from the baptismal service, we regard any attempt to introduce a change as premature.

But let us not be misunderstood: we have not wished to breathe the slightest insinuation against the legitimacy and the importance of infant baptism. We have expressed our persuasion, that it is a rite unknown to Scripture, and that it was probably unpractised in the apostolic age; but we also firmly believe that it is an institution eminently conformable to the genuine spirit of Christianity, as such warranted by Scripture, and in the highest degree valuable to the Christian Church. Scripture furnishes the strongest warrants for believing that the infant children of Christian parents are placed in a peculiar and holy relation towards God. The precedent of circumcision, of itself alone, furnishes ample authority for the dedication of Christian infants to God, and their public incorporation into the Church of Christ. The emphatic blessing pronounced by the Lord Himself on little children—His tender and loving command to bring them to him—has found an echo in every Christian heart; it has been rightly felt to confer the highest of all possible sanctions on the practice of infant baptism by the Christian Church. Who can estimate the unspeakable importance of the fact, that the soul at the earliest dawn of intelligence should awaken to the consciousness of its consecration to Christ—that it should learn at the same time that it is a religious and a Christian being? What Christian parent does not desire for his child that his opening mind should catch the feeling that he belongs to Christ—that Christ loves him and has redeemed him—and that he is, by a solemn act of consecration, Christ's child? But in the absence of all express institution of infant baptism by Christ or His Apostles, we dare not call it a complete sacrament till the consciousness of the baptized person has become capable of fulfilling the spiritual condition of the sacramental blessing, and become susceptible of its reception. The celebration of the outward rite at an age when intelligence is still dormant separates, in respect of time, the two elements which are necessary to constitute a sacrament: and we have not a particle of authority for supposing that the sacramental virtue can be realized till both elements are present. A spiritual blessing of necessity implies a spiritual recipient. This momentous truth—which lies at the foundation of the Christian faith—has been forgotten by those who hold that infant baptism is a complete sacrament. They have been betrayed into this forgetfulness by the belief that infant baptism was expressly of apostolical origin, and by the consequent pressure of the language of Scripture. They found spiritual blessings attached to baptism in Scripture; but they found also spiritual conditions imposed upon the recipient. The belief that infant baptism was the institution then spoken of involved them in a hopeless dilemma, from which they vainly endeavoured to extricate themselves by overlooking the spiritual state of the infant, and at the same time supposing that God, in some mysterious manner, communicated some equally mysterious blessing to his soul. The very essence of sacerdotalism was involved in this belief. But a mere examination of Scripture has made all clear. The language of the apostolic Church does not apply to infant baptism, and is consequently free from every taint of the priestly theory. The Church indeed advanced, and as we most honestly believe, rightly advanced, in the very spirit of Scripture principles already indicated, to the baptism of infants;

but it neglected, whilst modifying the practice, to modify the rule which guided the interpretation of Scripture respecting it. The defect can be supplied now. The Church can and does uphold infant baptism as a truly Christian and most precious institution; but it ought not to speak of it as a full sacrament, until the understanding of the baptized has consciously accepted the Christian faith and ratified the baptismal covenant. Then, and not till then, may the words of Scripture regarding baptism be applied; for then only will the sacrament be such as Scripture in these words supposes it to be.

We are anxious to draw from what precedes the moral of the vast importance of a sound exegesis. Those whose motto and watchword is Scripture should above all others be accurate and scientific in the interpretation of Scripture. Religious controversies are every day assuming more and more the sharp and definite form of an antagonistic struggle between the Christianity of Scripture and the Christianity of tradition. The Word of God is the touchstone by which alone we can distinguish truth from error in tradition—the right interpretation of that Word is the only weapon with which it is possible for Protestants to win the victory. The neglect of a scientific exegesis is, we grieve to say, the glaring defect of modern English Low-Churchmen—the fruitful source of many defeats. A lamentable distrust of the application of the laws of philosophy and historical criticism to the Bible is the result—war is declared against the progress of the intellect—and powerful adversaries are arrayed against the cause of religion and Scripture. The Bible is capable of vindicating God's truth against all foes; but for this the Bible must be made to utter its own real meaning. The history of the Church throughout numerous ages shews how Scripture may be overridden and set at nought by the traditions of men: it is a two-edged sword, but God has not willed it to be victorious, except for those who know how to use it rightly. Piety is an indispensable qualification in the Christian interpreter; but piety alone will not enable him to discharge his office. Piety has too frequently been associated with ignorant dogmatism and shallow presumption. At no age of the Christian Church has a profound and accurate exposition of Scripture been more urgently needed than in the present day; and we emphatically warn those to whom the Protestant faith is dear, that if they wish to resist successfully the assaults of Popery of every form, and infidelity, they must take their stand on the right interpretation of Scripture.

ART. IV.—1. *Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW; with an Introductory Essay, by GEORGE GILFILLAN. Liverpool, 1848.

2. *Poems.* By THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. Illustrated by KENNY MEADOWS. 12mo. London, 1852.

3. *Poems.* By EDGAR ALLAN POE. Edited, with an Essay on his Life and Genius, by JAMES HANNAY. 8vo. London, 1852.

4. *The Poetical Works of* WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. 3 vols. London, 1850.

IT is the unhappy error of nearly all recent criticism of art—of poetry especially—that its judgments have been formed without reference to any high or very distinct standard of what it is desirable and right that poetry should be. A poem is praised because it is well finished, or because it has been dashed off in a masterly way, or because it is "original," "pathetic," or "lyrical," or "well constructed;" or on account of some other properly secondary quality, quite compatible with general worthlessness or positive demerit. We cannot help thinking that a sounder tone of criticism would produce, indirectly, a sounder tone of art than that which at present prevails. It is certain that no artist,—poet or otherwise,—will ever be made or marred by reading good criticism; but it is equally certain that the weeds which flourish under the encouragement of a lax critical system, do discourage and tend to choke the flower of true art; and that these might, in a great measure, be uprooted and done away with, if we would ascertain and ruthlessly declare their worthless and noxious character.

In the art and criticism of America we generally behold the errors of our own art and criticism exaggerated. Happily for the hopes of the world, America has a filial—almost more than filial—affection and reverence for Britain and the "Britishers." But this attachment is not without its disadvantages: affection and reverence beget imitation; and the imitator is always more or less blind, and most often, is found to copy the deformities of his model first. In commenting upon the shortcomings of American poetry and criticism of poetry, let us adopt a tone of self-reproval; for, if we have taught errors by our example, we should set the example of repentance. In endeavouring, therefore, to heighten, as far as we can, the common estimate of what poetry ought to be, and in pronouncing American poetry, generally, to be an example of what poetry ought not to be, we would have it understood that we have no intention of implying

a favourable contrast upon the side of our own modern writers.

We have placed at the head of this Article the names of the four poets who seem to us to be the most notable, as yet, produced by America. Two of them, Bryant and Longfellow, have won a considerable reputation on this side of the Atlantic; the other two, Read and Poe, are not so well known here, although, to our thinking, they are quite as well worth knowing as the others are.

We regret that we cannot fully join in the popular applause of Mr. Longfellow's poems. In what we are about to say of them, it must be understood that we dwell more upon the faults of these poems than we should have done were it not that their merits have already enjoyed more than a fair share of public attention.

In criticizing Mr. Longfellow, we have a part to play that requires some boldness,—we must speak ill of his model, Goethe, who, by a most strange injustice, has of late been permitted to usurp a throne in the seventh heaven of fame, with Shakespeare, Dante, and Homer.

Goethe was probably the greatest critic that ever lived; but we are convinced that the next generation will be astonished at the admiration with which his poetry has come to be regarded by us. In our opinion, Goethe's poetry is always more or less *heartless*. His minor poems are full of warm fancy, exquisitely expressed; but there is more heart in half a dozen of Burns's songs than in all Goethe's minor poems put together. Faust, we venture to think, is immensely overrated. Everybody praises it, and calls it profound, because there is much of it that nobody understands, or was intended to understand. It abounds with deep lines and picturesque passages, but it has no claim to be regarded as the great symbolical poem which it pretends to be. This is proved by what we know of its history. Large portions are unmodified transcriptions of literal stories: the track of light that follows the wake of the black dog turns out to be an optical fact which had been observed by Goethe. Other incidents are anecdotes of the poet's youth; and in the "Intermezzo" there are numerous allusions of a personal and temporary character, *confessedly to be understood only by those who were in the secrets of a narrow literary coterie.* Goethe felt this, but had not the boldness to undeceive his numerous admirers. At an early stage of the composition of "Faust," he saw the prudence of postponing the discovery of its essential defects by allowing it always to remain as a fragment. Of the wickedness and vulgarity for which Coleridge has condemned this poem, we do not speak, for Mr. Longfellow has not so much imitated these, its worst qualities, as its lighter sins of false pretension and charlatanism.

"Hermann and Dorothea" is a charming work, full of profound and simple wisdom, and of clear and sweet descriptive power; but in reading it we are somehow made to think much more of the skilful author than of the hero and heroine. The warmth is always of the fancy, never of the heart.

Judging from Mr. Longfellow's works, "The Golden Legend," "Evangeline," and his miscellaneous verses, we feel pretty well convinced that his ideal of a great poet is Goethe, and that the poems of Goethe that we have named are his favourite models. If so, he has perfectly succeeded in copying many of their faults, though he has seldom attained to their merits of admirable finish and most delicate sensual perception.

We have space to notice, in detail, only a few minor pieces of Mr. Longfellow's, together with his best known poem, "Evangeline," which would certainly have been a notable work had "Hermann and Dorothea" never been written.

"Evangeline" is evidently an ambitious work, and its great popularity has perhaps persuaded Mr. Longfellow that he has succeeded in his attempt to write a great poem. We have, however, to bring against it a few complaints which will probably smite Mr. Longfellow's artistical conscience with a sense of their truth; for we have much respect for this gentleman's understanding, although we decidedly dissent from the public voice, which would place him, we sincerely believe, against his own cool estimate of himself, in the rank of the great abiding poets. As "Evangeline" is commonly, perhaps justly, regarded as being, on the whole, the most notable work in verse hitherto produced by an American, we shall make a somewhat detailed inquiry into its merits and demerits. The subject is decidedly a fine one, and was probably fixed upon by Mr. Longfellow in consequence of the outcry which had been raised by critics in England and America for a poem that should be truly American in subject and scenery. The historical foundations of the poem are these facts:—In 1713, before Great Britain had established her great colonial empire in North America, Acadia, the province now called Nova Scotia, was ceded to her by France. The inhabitants, who seem to have been little studied throughout the whole transaction, were soon induced to swear allegiance to their new masters, upon the sole condition that they should be ex-

empt from bearing arms against the French or Indians, in defence of the province; the former being, as it were, their countrymen, and the latter connected with them by alliances and by the private bonds of friendship. The English Government objected to this condition, but though some alteration was intended to be made no new oath was administered, and the old oath, therefore, remained valid. Before the termination of the "war of succession," when Acadia was annexed to the British settlements, and the English extended their possessions in that quarter by the capture of Fort Beau Séjour, the Acadians were accused of having forfeited their neutrality by supplying intelligence, provisions, and quarters, to the French and Indians at Beau Séjour. It is by no means certain how far this charge was just. It was, however, followed by a severe chastisement upon the simple-minded Acadians. The punishment was delayed, and any announcement of its nature avoided, till the harvests were gathered in, that the British army might seize on the grain. The villagers were then called, on a particular day, into the church of Grand Pré, to hear the orders of their new governor, the king of England. It was then announced that all the lands, tenements, herds, grain, and other effects, except money and household goods, of the people, were forfeited to the crown, and themselves to be removed to distant colonies. This precaution of distributing the Acadians among English settlers was taken to prevent the possibility of their joining with the French against their new masters, whom they had now so little cause to love. Ships and soldiers were on the spot to execute this abominable decree. The whole number of persons collected together at Grand Pré on this occasion was somewhat under two thousand, and these were hurried on shipboard with the most cruel confusion, and disastrous and life-long separations of child from parent, husband from wife, and lover from lover. A disaster of the last kind furnishes the story. Evangeline is about to be married to Gabriel Lajeunesse. In the hurry of deportation they are separated by hundreds of miles, and have no means of discovering each other's destination. Gabriel takes to the wandering life of a huntsman in prairie and mountain. Evangeline lives on, moving, according to opportunity, from one place to another, in the hope of finding him. At one moment he passes her on the river, but she is sleeping, and does not hear of his having done so till it is too late to overtake him. She does, however, follow him, and is on his track for months and years. Finally, she gives up the search in despair; and in the last scene we find her an old woman, tending the sick in an hospital, to which an old man, Gabriel, is brought to die. They recognise each other, and he expires in trying to pronounce her name.

"Evangeline" is written in hexameters, or at least in lines that are intended to pass for hexameters, for real hexameters are next to impossible in a language like ours, which owes nearly all its capacity for versification to *accent*, and not to quantity; while, however, true hexameters are almost impossible in English, pseudo-hexameters, like those of Mr. Clough and Mr. Longfellow, are so easy that they entirely miss the great end of metre, namely, that of imposing a severe external law upon the otherwise rank exuberance of poetical feeling and expression. Such hexameters are, indeed, nothing more than the revival of the "measured prose" which was thought so much of in the days of our grandmothers, and which chiefly consisted in the recurrence, at intervals, of from fourteen to eighteen syllables, of the monotonous cadence that alone distinguishes Mr. Longfellow's verses from ordinary prose.

We commence our extracts from "Evangeline" with the description of the heroine.

"Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the way side;
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat, she bore to the reapers, at noontide,
Flagons of home-brewed ale; ah! fair, in sooth, was the maiden.
Fairer was she on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them;
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and her ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heir-loom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness, a more ethereal beauty,
Shone on her face, and encircled her form, when after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked, with God's benediction upon her.
When she had past, it seemed liked the ceasing of exquisite music."

This damsel had of course many wooers, but

> "Among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome:
> Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
> Who was a mighty man in the village, and honoured of all men;
> For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
> Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
> Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children, from earliest childhood,
> Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
> Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
> Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the Church and the plain song.
> But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
> Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
> There, at the door, they stood with wandering eyes, to behold him
> Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
> Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
> Lay like a fiery snake, curled round in a circle of cinders.
> Oft in Autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness,
> Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice.
> Warm by the forge within, they watched the labouring bellows,
> And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
> Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel."

The evening of the lover's formal betrothal is ushered in by some extremely pleasing description,—

> "Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending,
> Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead:
> Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
> And with their nostrils distended, inhaling the freshness of evening.
> Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
> Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
> Quietly paced, and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
> Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the sea-side,
> Where was their favourite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,
> Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
> Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
> Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers."

The scenery of village, forest, and prairie, are given with breadth and distinctness enough to please, though with none of that *more than scientific* accuracy of observation and description which is characteristic of the great poet. The author is profuse in illustrations, which, although they are often striking, are seldom harmonious, or in keeping with the feeling of the passage into which they are introduced. The following lines afford one out of scores of examples which we could bring forward to prove the fault in question:—

> "In doors, warm by the wide-mouth'd fire-place, idly the farmer
> Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flame and the smoke wreaths
> Struggled together, like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
> Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
> Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
> Faces clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair,
> Laughed in the flickering light; and the pewter plates on the dresser
> Caught and reflected the flame, *as shields of armies the sunshine!*"

Here is a piece of singularly good description quite ruined, as far as regards unity of feeling, by the last half-line. What in the world have "shields of armies" to do with a farmer's cosy kitchen in Acadia? a place which probably never saw a soldier till the day upon which a small detachment arrived to put an end to the quiet little commonwealth which had established itself there. Mr. Longfellow seems to think that an illustration from the Bible will make up in sacredness for any degree of inaptitude. The following are a few instances of this mistake. Evangeline was looking at the evening sky,—

> "And as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass
> Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star followed her footsteps,
> As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!"

Again, when Evangeline, on learning that her lover passed her on the river while she was sleeping, sets out with the blacksmith in pursuit of him; the "priest," by way, we suppose, of keeping up his sacerdotal character, bids Basil farewell, exclaiming,—

> "See that you bring back the prodigal son from his fasting and famine,
> And, too, the foolish virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."

Now there is nothing whatever in Gabriel's behaviour or position to assimilate him to "the prodigal son;" and the inaptness of the allusion in the second line is only surpassed by its irreverence. At another time the villagers were assembled on the beach, waiting for the embarkation of themselves and their goods; and among them wandered the faithful priest, consoling, and blessing, and cheering,

> "Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-strand."

But not more like unto Paul on that occasion than any other religious person, walking on any other sea-coast, and under any circumstances whatever, would have been. In another place,

> "with the winds of September
> Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel."

Our last example of this painfully mistaken kind of illustration is from the death-bed of Gabriel,—

> "Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
> As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled the portals,
> That the angel of death might see the sign, and pass over."

This, if it can be called an illustration at all, is an illustration "by contraries," seeing that, in this instance, the angel of death did *not* pass over, and that the flushed lips were a sign rather of Gabriel's being a fit victim for the destroyer, than one who was free from his power. Another effect of Mr. Longfellow's want of true poetical sincerity is seen in a class of similies which, by the conspicuous position given to them, are evidently favourites with him, but which seem to us to be conceits often of scarcely a first-rate album rank. The stars, for example, are called "the forget-me-nots of the angels."

Mr. Longfellow, we believe, makes no secret of his being a Socinian; but we should have guessed him to be such from the air of unreality about all the portions of "Evangeline" in which the life and doctrines of Christianity are brought in for artistical effect. The inhabitants of Grand Pré are a great deal too good. They "lack gall to make oppression bitter," and are robbed of their most sacred rights, for which they were bound, as good Christians, to fight to the death, as easily as a flock of sheep are brought to the slaughter. There are occasions when Christians, *as members of a community*, are bound to do their very best towards confounding and slaying their fellow-creatures by whom they are attacked. Such an occasion was that which is represented by Mr. Longfellow as having happened to the inhabitants of Acadia. Let any Christian, English, Scottish, or Irish, fancy that the news had reached him one fine morning, that a French army had taken steps towards "deporting" him and his from their rightful soil, and assuming possession of his property—wife and daughters perhaps included: would his wrath be calmed, and his resistance stopped by such words as Father Felician's address to the simple Acadians?

> "In the midst of the tumult and strife of angry contention,
> Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician,
> Entered with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
> Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture, he awed into silence
> All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
> Deep were his tones, and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
> Spake he, as after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.
> 'What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
> Forty years of my life have I laboured among you and taught you,
> Not in the word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
> Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils, and prayers, and privations?
> Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness!
> This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it

> Thus with violent deeds, and words overflowing with hatred?
> Lo! where the crucified Saviour, from his cross, is gazing upon you!
> See! in those sorrowful eyes, what meekness and holy compassion!
> Hark, how those lips still repeat the prayer, "O Father, forgive them!"
> Let us repeat that prayer, in the hour when the wicked assail us;
> Let us repeat it now, and say, "O Father, forgive them!"
> Few were his words of rebuke; but deep in the hearts of the people
> Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak;
> And they repeated his prayer, and said, 'O Father, forgive them!'"

If any preacher were foolish enough thus to address good Christians so situated, we trust that he would get well laughed at for his pains, and duly censured by his authorities, for his gross misinterpretation and mis-application of Scriptural precepts: but the foolish Acadians repented them forthwith of their righteous wrath and impulse to resistance, and

> "Responded
> Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria
> Sang they, and fell on their knees; and their souls with devotion transported
> Rose, on the ardour of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven."

Our pity for Gabriel, the betrothed of the fair maiden, Evangeline, is certainly much diminished by knowing that he is one of this congregation of spoonies.

From the extracts we have given, our readers will see that the language of "Evangeline" is very far from answering to Coleridge's standard of poetical phraseology—"the best words in the best places." Mr. Longfellow's words are commonly about as well chosen as those of a first-rate novel writer. The true poet's invincible determination to hunt up from the recesses of his memory, *the* word or words which absolutely express his thought or feeling, is nowhere visible. He would, no doubt, think it great fastidiousness and loss of time, to spend half a day in getting a stanza *quite* right, which he has worked up to a "passable" point in half an hour. He has no sufficient feeling of the fact, that a poem is like the mirror of a telescope in this—that *it is the last rub which polishes it*, and makes it capable of reflecting the heavens. Many are the poets who have nearly scaled Parnassus, and who might have won to themselves enduring names, but that, discouraged by finding the mountain-side barren of laurels, they have refused the labour of the few additional steps which would have brought them to its verdant top.

But Mr. Longfellow's words are not only not the best words, they are not even in the best places. This is an inexcusable fault in a metre so extremely easy as that of "Evangeline." Inversions merely for the sake of getting the long and short syllables into due order, are never allowable, except in highly polished verse, where this, and other apparent carelessness, may be introduced with good effect to take off the appearance of laborious finish. Inversions are always allowable for *rhythmical* effect, which is quite a different thing from mere metrical regularity. No one can wish that Cleopatra, in her wilful passion, should have exclaimed,

> "Give me Mandragora to drink!"

instead of

> "Give me to drink Mandragora!"

Or that the waves and winds that did omit

> "Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
> The divine Desdemona,"

should have flowed, in Shakespeare's verse, with more regularity; but Mr. Longfellow's inversions are seldom if ever of this character; he rarely becomes sufficiently rhythmical, and never sufficiently polished in his writings, to justify inversions upon either of the foregoing pleas.

Notwithstanding all these, and other complaints which we might justly make against this poem, we gladly allow that it possesses very considerable merit as a versified romance. The numerous descriptions combine breadth with minuteness of detail very happily, and the story, which is decidedly a fine one, is told so as to work upon the feelings, and to elevate them. We say again that in these remarks we have laid disproportionate emphasis upon the blame deserved by the poem, because we consider that the praise which it has obtained has been out of all proportion to its deserts.

Mr. Longfellow has written a very poor drama, called "The Spanish Student." We cannot find in it any passages worth placing before our readers; but there is one *stage-direction* which gives so amusing an example of American "notions" of European manners, that we must quote it. The heroine, Preciosa, is a Spanish gipsy-girl, a

famous *danseuse;* the Archbishop of Toledo has taken it into his head to put down the ballet in his diocese, and by way of ascertaining the full odiousness of the abuse to be extirpated, the Archbishop summons Preciosa to dance before him at his palace :—

"She lays aside her mantilla. The music of the cachucha is played, and the dance begins. The Archbishop and the Cardinal look on with gravity and an occasional frown; then make signs to each other; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited, and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes."

"The Golden Legend" is a long poem of the worn-out Faust type, in which the devil is laid under contribution for a certain amount of theatrical effect, worldly wisdom, and would-be bitter sarcasm. There are, however, in this poem, two or three very beautiful passages, which we would willingly quote had we space; but we must hasten to close this notice of Mr. Longfellow with a few extracts from and comments upon his minor poems. These pieces, upon the whole, do not deserve anything like the degree of popularity which they have obtained; indeed, the great reputation which two or three of these poems enjoy, is a most melancholy sign of the poverty of the intellectual, and still more of the spiritual culture, of a very large portion of the "reading public." The following verses, entitled "A Psalm of Life: what the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist," have come to be quoted in our English House of Commons —a place not yet penetrated, if we remember rightly, by Tennyson, or even, except for ridicule, by Wordsworth.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal!
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destin'd end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

"Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife!

"Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time.—

"Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's troubled main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

A certain Frenchman, not being quite master of our language, is reported to have exclaimed, in a rapture of admiration at something or other, "superbe! magnifique! in short, pretty well!" This exclamation expresses the sort of feeling one has upon reading verses like the above for the first time. It is flattering to find that one's most commonplace opinions are thought worthy of being expressed with such astounding emphasis; and we experience, upon reading them, much the same sort of self-complacency as was felt by the *bourgeois gentilhomme* upon discovering, for the first time, that he had been talking prose all his life. But when the first glow of self-love has subsided, we begin to be ashamed of ourselves, for having been duped by such a bundle of loud-tongued and "unimproved" commonplaces; and if we are very good-humoured and not very critical, we shall hush up the business with an "in short, pretty well." But *we*—the intelligent critics of the *North British Review*—cannot reconcile our consciences to any such amiable concealment of the real truth, which, in regard to the above verses, and many others like them in Mr. Longfellow's volume, is simply this, that they are, for the most part, pretentious, unprofitable, anti-Christian trash. What an unconscionable puppy the "young man" must have been—in the moment at least when his "heart" set up this "Psalm" in opposition to the words of the Psalmist! How the "man after God's own heart" would have quailed beneath this "sprightly Juvenal's" reproof! How much wholesome doctrine he lost by living so many centuries before this magnificent discovery of Mr. Longfellow's, that—

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal."

We could be very funny at Mr. Longfel-

low's expense, had we space to enter into a philosophical analysis of this "Psalm of Life;" but we have to quote another famous effusion called

"EXCELSIOR.

"The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village pass'd
A youth who bare, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with this strange device—
Excelsior.

"His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flash'd like a faulchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

"In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"'Try not the pass,' the old man said;
Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide,
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"'O, stay,' the maiden said, 'and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!'
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answer'd with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"'Beware the pine-tree's wither'd branch,
Beware the awful avalanche!'
This was the peasant's last good night,
A voice replied far up the height,
Excelsior!

"At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Utter'd the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

"A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found;
Still grasping in his hands of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

"There, in the twilight, cold and gray,
Lifeless but beautiful he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell like a falling star,
Excelsior!"

From the prevailing tone of Mr. Longfellow's works, we are justified in assuming, that the example of the young man whose progress is delineated in these spirited verses, is intended for our guidance, or rather for our reverent admiration, and not for our warning. All that we can say is, that we believe the intended moral to be the false one. Give the story its true moral,—the madness of any ambition which is found to be incompatible with homely joys, female love, and unpretentious Christian religion, and we have an undeniably meritorious little poem, notwithstanding the evident "greenness" of the youth's enthusiasm, and his "clarion voice," and "bright blue eye," which do not add to his manliness.

Bryant is the Rogers of America. Probably his poem called "Thanatopsis" is the most finished piece of verse which has proceeded from the American press. We believe that it is regarded by the Americans themselves as their most classical production; and, as such, it has a right to a place in this notice:—

THANATOPSIS.

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depth of air—
Comes a still voice. Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee shall claim
Thy growth to be resolved to earth again,
And lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould;
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribb'd, and ancient as the sun—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty; and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and pour'd round all
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregan, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings; yet the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down

In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall, one by one, be gather'd to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

In this Mr. Bryant has only just missed writing a fine poem; yet, alas! "a miss is as good as a mile." It is *not* a fine poem; for a fine poem ought to contain something unprecedented, in music or in meaning, and "Thanatopsis" contains nothing new at all. It has beautiful movements of verse, as, for example,—

> "Yet a few days, and thee
> The all-beholding sun shall see no more
> In all his course."

It has admirable touches of imaginative description, as that of,—

> "the continuous woods,
> Where rolls the Oregan, and hears no sound
> Save his own dashings."

Yet somewhere or other, in Wordsworth, or Shakespeare, or Young, or some one else, we have met with the same movements of verse, and nearly the same descriptive touches.

It must nevertheless be granted that such a poem as the above is incomparably preferable to many which have obtained a name for originality, but which, in truth, are merely insane endeavours after originality. "Originality," says Mr. Ruskin, "is never to be sought for its own sake, otherwise it will be mere aberration; it should arise naturally out of hard, independent study of nature." Mr. Bryant's study of nature may have been hard, but unfortunately it has not been independent. He has paced through field, forest, and city, observing many things; but it has always been with a volume of the English poets in his hand. He has, however, the high negative merit of not pretending to a greater degree of independence than he has a just claim to. He is manly, accomplished, sensitive in heart, eye, and ear; but he is not, and does not pretend to be "original."

Mr. Thomas Buchanan Read, as we learn from the publisher's preface to his volume, which is published in England, is "one among the youngest of America's poets." This being the case, we do not hesitate to declare our opinion that he is the most promising of the living transatlantic poets. We know of no other American, with the doubtful exception of Edgar Poe, having so much real feeling as is shewn in some of Mr. Read's verses. His feeling is not very profound or masculine, but it is real; and it presents a refreshing contrast with the cold and clever manufactures, which most of his cotemporaries would impose upon us as expressions of feeling. Bloomfield's description of a storm, beginning—

> "A chilling blast succeeds: the nearest cloud
> Sprinkles the bubbling pool," &c.,

is not more hearty and homely than Mr. Read's "Summer Shower."

"Before the stout harvesters falleth the grain,
As when the strong storm-wind is reaping the plain,
And loiters the boy in the briery lane;
But yonder aslant comes the silvery rain,
Like a long line of spears brightly burnished and tall.

"Adown the white highway, like cavalry fleet,
It dashes the dust with its numberless feet.
Like a murmurless school, in their leafy retreat,
The wild birds sit listening, the drops round them beat;
And the boy crouches close to the blackberry wall.

"The swallows alone take the storm on their wing,
And, taunting the tree-sheltered labourers, sing.
Like pebbles, the rain breaks the face of the spring,
While a bubble darts up from each widening ring;
And the boy, in dismay, hears the loud shower fall.

"But soon are the harvesters tossing the sheaves;
The robin darts out from its bower of leaves;
The wren peereth forth from its moss-covered eaves;
And the rain-spattered urchin now gladly perceives
That the beautiful bow bendeth over them all."

Mr. Read has a very high sense of natural beauty; this kind of description is his forte, although he does not seem to know it, for the most elaborate pieces in his volume are somewhat ineffective attempts at the delineation of human passion—for which he has scarcely sufficient depth and strength. As, notwithstanding its unusual merit, Mr. Read's volume is not likely to fall into the hands of the majority of our readers, we offer no apology for quoting the following exquisite poem, called the "Closing Scene," at length:—

"Within the sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

"The gray barns, looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters, widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

"All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low;
As in a dream, the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

"The embattled forests, erewhile, armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

"On slumberous wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star, slow drowning in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

"The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew—
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before—
Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

"Where, erst, the jay within the elm's tall crest
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung;

"Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest, and a plenteous year:—

"Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast,
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reapers of the rosy east;—
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

"Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail,
And croaked the crow, through all the dreamy gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

"There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

"Amid all this—in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with his inverted torch;—

"Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

"She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust;
And, in the dead leaves, still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

"While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all,
And twice, war bowed to her his sable plume—
Re-gave the swords, to rust upon the wall.

"Re-gave the swords—but not the hand that drew,
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him, who to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

"Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmurs of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone,
Breathed through her lips, a sad and tremulous tune

"At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed—
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene;
And loving neighbours smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the Autumn scene."

This is unquestionably the best American poem we have met with; indeed it is, with one or two exceptions, the only American poem we have read, or could have read, over and over again. It is an addition to the permanent stock of poetry in the English language, and is worth a whole album of "Excelsiors," "Psalms of Life," and other such drum-and-trumpet moralities which are so abundantly supplied to an applauding public on this and on the other side of the Atlantic. There are faults in this little poem which greatly diminish its value as compared with what it ought to have been, and might have been, under the diligent and discerning polish of Mr. Read.

"The embattled forests erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,"—

are a sad interruption to the tone of peaceful melancholy which is otherwise admirably sustained throughout the poem; and the image is, moreover, in itself, good for little or nothing. The five concluding stanzas are not nearly up to the mark of the preceding portion of the piece, which, as far as regards general construction and form, is almost spoilt by them. But the first thirteen stanzas, taken by themselves, constitute a truly inspired little poem. Tennyson himself, the great modern master of that kind of description which employs the objects of outward nature as a language for human feeling, has scarcely surpassed, in its way, this passage, which in our opinion, merits the fame that Gray's celebrated "Elegy" has obtained, without deserving it nearly so well. The feeling of the three opening stanzas—the only unexceptionable passage of more than two or three lines in Gray's poem—is here sustained to a far greater length, and with much simpler language and imagery. Mr. Read's volume affords other equally remarkable instances of perception and polish; but in no other instance does he seem to us to have arrived at such depth of poetical feeling. We would willingly quote the whole of "Love's Gallery," but for want of space must confine ourselves to two of its beautifully-finished portraits.

BERTHA.

"Mild Bertha's was a home withdrawn
Beyond the city's din;
Tall Lombard trees hemmed all the lawn
All up the long straight walks, a dawn
Of blossoms shone within.

"Along the pebble paths the maid
Walked with the early hours,
With careful hands the vines arrayed,
And plucked the small intruding blade
From formal plots of flowers.

"A statued Dian to the air
Bequeathed its mellow light;
She called the flying figure fair,
The forward eyes and backward hair,
And praised the marble's white.

"Her pulses coursed their quiet ways
From heart to head controlled;
She read and praised, in studied phrase,
The bards whom it were sin to praise
In measured words and cold.

"I love the broad, bright world of snow,
And every strange device
Which makes the woods a frozen show,
The rivers hard and still; but, oh,
Ne'er loved a heart of ice."

AURELIA.

"Where flamed a field of flowers, and where
Sang noisy birds and brooks,
Aurelia to the frolic air
Shook down her wanton waves of hair
With laughter-loving looks.

"Her large and lustrous eyes of blue,
Dashed with the dew of mirth,
Bequeathed to all their brilliant hue;
She saw no shades, nor even knew
She walked the heavy earth.

"Her ringing laughter woke the dells
When fell the autumn blight;
She sang through all the rainy spells,—
For her the snow was full of bells,
Of music and delight.

"She swept on her bewildering way,
By every pleasure kissed—
Making a mirth of night and day;
A brook all sparkle and all spray,
Dancing itself to mist.

"I love all bright and happy things,
And joys which are not brief;
All sights and sounds whence pleasure springs;
But weary of the harp whose strings
Are never tuned to grief."

We regret that we are compelled to add, that in Mr. Read's volume, as in the volumes of nearly all young poets who have ever written, there is much that the world will willingly let die.

Edgar Poe is more generally known among us for his prose tales than for his poetry, of which he has written very little. He has produced one poem which will be remembered and read when nine-tenths of the popular poets of the day shall be forgotten.

Our readers will thank us for adorning our pages with this piece, which is called "The Raven," in its integrity.

"Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door—
'"Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more.'

"Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly had I sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels call Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

"And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
'"Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,
That it is, and nothing more.'

"Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
'Sir,' said I, 'or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping; and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you,'—here I opened wide the door,
Darkness there, and nothing more.

"Deep into that darkness peering long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word 'Lenore!'
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word 'Lenore!'
Merely this, and nothing more.

"Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before:
'Surely,' said I 'surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more.'

"Open here I flung the shutter, when with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore:
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But with mien of Lord or Lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

"Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is, on the night's Plutonian shore?'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

"Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing, that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door—
With such a name as 'Nevermore.

"But the Raven, sitting lonely, on that placid bust spake only
That one word, as if his soul, in that one word, he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered:
Till I scarcely more than muttered, 'other friends have flown before;
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before;'
Then the bird said, 'Nevermore.'

"Startled by the silence broken by reply so aptly spoken;
'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast, and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'never—nevermore.'

"But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy into fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, quaint, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking 'Nevermore.'

"This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now turned into my bosom's core;
This, and more, I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining, that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

"Then, methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer,
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
'Wretch!' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'

"'Prophet,' said I, 'thing of evil, prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home, by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore,—
Is there, *is* there balm in Gilead? tell me, tell me, I implore!'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'

"'Prophet,' said I, 'thing of evil, prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels call Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels call Lenore.'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'

"'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend,' I shrieked, upstarting,
'Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'

"And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies flitting on the floor,
Shall be lifted nevermore."

Our readers will all agree with us in pronouncing this poem to be one of unquestionable merit. It exhibits a truly extraordinary mastery over most of the difficulties of verse. The power of rhyme displayed in it has not been surpassed or even equalled in our time, except by the late Thomas Hood. The metre is, in the abstract, a very fine one; like all very fine metres, its movement once heard can never be forgotten; and it has the additional merit of being perfectly adapted to the subject: the cadence at the end of each stanza is, by itself, expressive of the calm and settled, and almost careless sorrow conveyed by the words. The phraseology is extremely colloquial, without being at all undignified; and the prevailing sentiment, though deeply mournful, and verging upon despair, is never unmanly in its tone. We have endeavoured, in our extracts, to take the high-water marks of American poetry in its different kinds; and as in Mr. Read's "Closing Scene" we have the best example we could find of the passive or feminine phase of poetical feeling, so here we have the highest example which America has yet produced of that manliness of passion which will rather relieve itself by laughter than by tears. Nothing can be better in its way than the mechanism of this poem. The expression of the sentiment upon which the poem is founded is most elaborately wrought out; and no poetical aid that could have been thought of is wanting. Mr. Poe has written other poems, but none of them, in our opinion, is comparable to this. He has also published a number of tales, which are of a very extraordinary character. They deal mainly in the simply horrible and marvellous; but these common elements of effect are managed with such unusual power, and in such a peculiar manner, that they cease to be vulgar. In the recent death of this young poet and romancist America has suffered a loss which will be more appreciated fifty years hence than it is now.

We have now placed before our readers the very best blossoms out of the garden—a very wide one—of American verse. The number of "respectable" versifiers who have come into existence in America, during the last few years, is surprising. The fertility of the New World in the production of mediocre poets exceeds even that of our own land. Indeed, almost every American seems to be possessed of the "accomplishment of verse" to some considerable degree. But that American poets are deficient in the "faculty divine," which shews us thoughts, and feelings, and facts from a totally new point of view, and spiritually enriches us with the revelation of an individuality quite different from our own or any other with which we have hitherto become acquainted, must be abundantly manifest to those of our readers who possess the amount of originality which is requisite to enable them to recognise true originality in others. Unquestionable as is the merit of each of the four writers whom we have selected as being, to our mind, the best of the American poets, we must confess that it never rises to a higher mark than this—that their poetry equals first-class modern English poetry *in its own way:* that is to say, they have succeeded in producing repetitions—which are not necessarily imitations—of first-rate original poetry; but have never attained to the production of first-rate original poetry themselves.

In conclusion, let us throw together a few recommendations which it seems especially desirable that American poets should follow, if they would ever rise above their present mediocrity, which is not tolerable to "gods or men," although, unfortunately for the poets themselves, it *is* tolerated by women, and therefore by "columns."

Follow, in poetry, the artistic law of architecture, which adopts, perfects, and displays, with the utmost degree of ostentation, the essential, but nothing else. Unsuperfluousness is the invariable effect and the most powerful means of expressing real passion; and it can never be too often repeated that, in a good poem, all the words must be *the* words; for true feeling, if it is able to express itself at all, does so with perfect accuracy and eloquence.

Do not write in metres that you do not

understand. It is difficult to do full justice even to the simplest metres; but we find now-a-days the merest novices in verse attempting to dance in fetters which could hardly be worn gracefully by the mightiest poets.

In choosing your subject, and in deciding upon your method of treating it, remember that simple nature is full of endless significance and symbolism; meaning within meaning, like—

"Laborious orient ivory, sphere in sphere;"

and that the great difficulty in art is not to infuse nature with significance; but to apprehend and express the significance of nature. To do this properly, demands that your imagination should have received the highest religious culture; otherwise you will fall foul either of Pietism or Pantheism—extremes which are equally fatal to the poet.

Bear in mind the vast responsibility of public utterance. It is bad to become, like Milton's devil, "a liar in four hundred mouths," or more, by speaking without regard to the truth of the universe, in the most ephemeral magazine or newspaper; but how greatly aggravated is the crime of him who, in hope at least, is writing for all time, and raising, for aught he cares, a standing miracle of iniquity—for such is the proper designation of certain "works of art" which we could name, but will not, lest we should be charged with bigotry.

In intellect, no less than in action, the way of life is narrow, and in intellect, far more than in action, the temptation to pursue "the broad way and the green" is mighty. But heavenly truth, like heavenly life, is found to be "exceeding broad" when we are once really in the fruition of it. "He that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully; what is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord." We know the things that truly concern us, and in what Book they are to be sought; and "if any man shall add to these things, God shall add to him the plagues that are written in this Book; and if any man shall take away from the words of the Book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the Book of Life." Again, "The words of the Lord are pure words, as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times." Such should be, such *must* be the true poet's words; for, bear well in mind, that finish in art is not a question of surface, but of essence; finished expression is nothing more nor less than perfectly *true* expression; and all want of finish is simply want of truth. "How forcible are right words!" exclaims Job; and he might, alas! have exclaimed, with almost equal justice, "How forcible are wrong words!"

Do not, however, fancy that the execution is the only stage of your work at which you are to pray for inspiration. The greatest labour and the deepest inspiration of a large work must come before what is commonly called its execution. It is far better that the execution of your idea should be imperfect, than that the idea itself should lack worth and adequate general development.

Beware of the modern tendency to be unartistically explicit. Be as explicit as you can consistently with that primary demand of your art, *extreme condensation and pregnancy;* but remember that poetical language is *representative and suggestive*, and not, like prosaic, or "scientific" language, *arbitrary and exhaustive.* In Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell," where he describes the language of the angels, there are some passages which come nearer than any we have ever met with to a description of what poetical language ought to be:—

"This language is not learned artificially, but is inherent in every one; for it flows direct from their affection and thought. The sound of their speech corresponds to their affection, and the articulations of sound composing the words correspond to the ideas of their thought proceeding from their affection; and as their language corresponds to these, it likewise is spiritual, being in reality audible affection and speaking thought. Whoever attends to the subject may be aware that all thought proceeds from affection, and that the ideas of thought are various forms into which the common affection is distributed; for no thought or idea can possibly exist without affection, it being from this that it derives its soul and life. . . . . The angelic tongue has nothing in common with human [prosaic] languages, except with certain words, the sound of which is derived from some affection. Since the speech of the angels corresponds to their affection, which belongs to their love, and the love that prevails in heaven is love to the Lord, and love towards the neighbour, it is evident how elegant and pleasing must be their discourse; for it not only affects the ears, but also the interiors of the minds of those who hear it. There was a certain spirit, remarkable for hardness of heart, with whom an angel was speaking, and who at length burst into tears: he said that he could not help it, for what he heard was love itself speaking; and that he had never wept before. The speech of the angels is also full of wisdom, because it proceeds from their interior thought, and their interior thought is wisdom, as their interior affection is love. In their speech their love and wisdom are united, whence it is so full of wisdom that they are able to express by a single word what man cannot in a thousand."—*Heaven and Hell, translated by S. Noble*, pp. 94–96.

Above all things, let the modern poet take

the commonplace warning to beware of self-conceit, which, if allowed to get possession of him, will stop the development of his faculties, and destroy the powers to the use of which he has already attained. This is the age of the priestcraft of the intellect. We have cast off the bondage of those who would have influenced us unduly, in the name of God; but we have assumed the chains of a worse servitude in humbling ourselves before men who preach in their own names, for their own glory. This is not the place for an appeal to the self-degrading worshippers of the "intellect"—a class of persons who are only less miserable than those who treat superior faculty and information with disrespect. Our word is to the "men of intellect" themselves; particularly to the men of that kind of intellect which owes its power to health and vigour of imagination. To these we say, Do not be led astray by the adulation of your foolish worshippers; take your popularity to pieces, and see what it is really worth. True fame must come from men who are your equals, or superiors, in gifts of mind; and these do not make their voices heard, until popularity which comes from those who are lower in the scale of intellect than yourself, has done with its loud and fitful blasts. To beseech you, with many arguments, to remember that he is the greatest who is, in heart as well as in work, the servant of all, would be to trespass upon the office of the Christian pastor; but there is one humiliating fact which we may here impress upon those who, justly or not, think themselves to be great among the teachers of others, and the glorifiers in verse, or otherwise of the works of God. It is certain that the sense of truth and loveliness which makes you eloquent, is inferior in force to the sense of the same truth and loveliness which makes others *silent*. Hear the sentence of the most inspired man of modern times:—

"Men adroit
In speech, and for communion with the world
Accomplished, minds whose faculties are then
Most active when they are most eloquent,
And elevated most, when most admired.
Men may be found of other mould than these;
Who are their own upholders, to themselves
Encouragement, and energy, and will;
Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively words,
As native passion dictates. Others, too,
There are among the walks of homely life,
Still higher men, for contemplation framed;
Shy and unpractised in the strife of phrase;
Meek men, whose very souls, perhaps, would sink
Beneath them summoned to such intercourse.
Theirs is the language of the heavens, the power,
The thought, the image, and the silent joy:
Words are but under agents in their souls;
When they are grasping with their greatest strength
They do not breathe among them. This I speak
In gratitude to God, who feeds our hearts
For his own service, knoweth, loveth us,
When we are unregarded by the world."

Art. V.—*The Life and Letters of Barthold George Niebuhr; with Essays on his Character and Influence.* By the Chevalier Bunsen and Professors Brandis and Loebell. 2 vols. London, 1852.

The name of Niebuhr has been long familiar to all English scholars. Nowhere, perhaps, have his historical inquiries met with a truer sympathy and appreciation than in England. Nowhere has he found at once more admiring and discriminating pupils. And there are very many who know but little of his writings directly, who are yet conversant with his name and the general character of his labours,—embalmed as they are in the affectionate and weighty words of Arnold, and associated with the widely-popular "Lays" of Macaulay.

Familiar, however, as Niebuhr's name is, and popular as the fruits of his studies may be said to have become, there has been hitherto little known in England of his personal history. For all German readers, indeed, there were the ample means of this knowledge in the "Leben's Nachrichten über Barthold George Niebuhr," edited by the careful and kindly hands of his sister-in-law, Madame Hensler. But this work, in three large volumes, and presenting a mass of materials *for* a life, rather than being itself a *life* of the historian, was not inviting save to the student, and however much prized in Germany, was but little read in this country. We give a hearty welcome, therefore, to the above volumes. It is true that they cannot, any more than the German work, upon which they are founded, be properly termed a "Life of Niebuhr." They do not aim to give us, in a complete and artistic form, the portrait of the Man and of the Student as he lived and studied. This is a task that still remains to be done, and that would well reward the doing. But they give us, in a more compact and readable form, the substance of the German work—the most interesting of the numerous letters which chiefly compose it, with the biographical notices of Madame Hensler condensed, and "a considerable amount of additional information." The narrative portions are not interspersed everywhere among the letters, according to the prevalent custom of memoir writers, but they stand in separate detach-

ments, at the head of each section of letters, arranged so as to apply to a separate section of the author's life. This is, we think, a preferable mode of arrangement, and especially as serving more directly to discriminate the character of *memoirs* from *biography* in any true sense of the term. It is of great importance to preserve this distinction, but too apt to be forgotten. We rejoice, therefore, in any feature which tends more clearly to bring it out; which more prominently marks the former, as they properly are only "Accounts of a Life"*—what the French call "Memoirs pour servir, &c.;" materials from which afterwards the shapely and consummate edifice of the Life may be reared by the hand of the artist, but not by any means the Life itself.

Viewing the work in this, its true light, it is one rich in excellence. We do not know, indeed, any work of our time we should more earnestly desire to see in the hands of every student; so instinct is it with all those noblest lessons which the student needs; so bright with interest and meaning for him on every page. Nor is it in a merely biographical point of view by any means devoid of attraction. It presents us with a wide and varied feature, which, if it is but nakedly unfolded here and there, is yet largely illuminated by the author's own graphic powers of description, and the softened and tender lights of an unfailing sympathy with all that is most pure and beautiful in Life, Literature, and Art. We trace, with a somewhat vivid impression, the features of Niebuhr's parental home in Ditmarsh; the singular depth and compass of his early studies; the experiences of his British travel; the vicissitudes and difficulties of his diplomatic career; his earnest aspirations and untiring labours as a student; and, above all, the high and noble principles that constantly animated him; and his lovely and overflowing affectionateness as a son, a husband, and a father.

It is our intention in the present paper to exhibit, in some degree, this impression of Niebuhr, especially in those relations in which he has been hitherto least known among us. We shall be led also to advert to his special position and character as an historian, and the impulse which he so widely imparted to historical criticism; but it is with the Man and the Student generally that we shall for the most part concern ourselves.

Barthold George Niebuhr was born at Copenhagen on the 29th of August 1776. His father, the well-known Carsten Niebuhr, the oriental traveller, was a man of great energy and simplicity of character, distinguished for political shrewdness, and earnestly devoted to geographical and historical studies. Of his mother there is little known. She seems, however, to have been a woman of education and refinement—delicate in health, and sensitive in temperament; with warm and somewhat irritable affections, yet easily pacified, affectionate, and tender. Barthold obviously inherited from both his parents their characteristic qualities;—his enthusiasm for geographical and historical lore, and a certain tenacity of disposition, from his father: his depth and tenderness of feeling, and a certain impatience and hastiness of judgment from his mother, whom he is also said to have chiefly resembled in personal features.

His father, on his return from his Arabian travels, settled first in Copenhagen, and subsequently in Meldorf, the chief town of the province of Ditmarsh, to which he was made secretary. This remote home of his childhood left a strong influence both on the tastes and opinions of Niebuhr. Flat, marshy, and treeless, his youthful eye rested on no object of external beauty; a circumstance to which he attributed his long-continued insensibility to the charms of nature. The country, however, was rich in a certain historical interest, highly prized by Niebuhr. There still survived in the province, remnants of its old republican institutions which he studied with great curiosity. Every reader of his history must remember how familiarly his mind recurs to these relics of Ditmarshian republicanism, in his efforts to throw light upon points in the ancient Roman constitution. The solitude of the place, with only his books and his father to guide his studies, helped also strongly to nourish in him that habit of independent inquiry which was the spring of all his future distinction. He learned, as a mere boy, that bold self-confidence in the value of his studies which clung to him through life, and which, amid so much that might have permanently withdrawn his attention from them, led him ever to return to them with all the fondness of a first love, and all the energy of a paramount duty.

The boy early distinguished himself by his quickness and intelligence. His memory, which in mature life was so remarkable, displayed its strength from the very first. His father, writing to Eckhardt, his brother-in-law, when he was only six years old, says, "He studied the Greek alphabet only for a single day, and had no further trouble with it: he did it with very little help from me. The boy gets on wonderfully. Boje says he does not know his equal; but he requires

* Lebensnachrichten.

to be managed in a peculiar way. May God preserve our lives and give us grace to guide him right."

The Boje mentioned in this letter of his father, exercised a lively and happy influence over the mind of the young student. He was prefect of the province, and at the same time a literary personage of some consequence, being editor of the "Deutsches Museum." He had an extensive library, rich in French and English, as well as German books, to which young Niebuhr had free access. He appears to have taken a warm interest in the boy's education; and to have sought to foster in him, above all, those aesthetic and poetic impulses, which were most likely to be neglected under the mere tuition of his father. In a letter of Boje's, written in 1783, he thus speaks of his young friend and his studies:—"This reminds me of little Niebuhr. His docility, his industry, and his devoted love for me, procure me many a pleasant hour. A short time back I was reading 'Macbeth' aloud to his parents, without taking any notice of him, till I saw what an impression it made upon him. Then I tried to render it all intelligible to him, and even explained to him how the witches were only poetical beings. When I was gone, he sat down (he is not yet seven years old) and wrote it all out in seven sheets of paper, without omitting one important point, and certainly without any expectation of receiving praise for it: for when his father asked to see what he had written, and showed it to me, he cried for fear he had not done it well. Since then he writes down everything of importance that he hears from his father or me."

The intellectual activity of "little Niebuhr" appears certainly to have been of an extraordinary kind. Essays, poetical paraphrases from the classics, sketches of little poems, a translation of Poncet's Travels in Ethiopia, an historical and geographical description of Africa, written in 1789, when he was only eleven years of age, attest the wonderful excitement and varied range of his mental capacity. When only in his eighth year, he could without help read any English book; and from about the same period, he began to share in the warm interest in literature which prevailed in Germany towards the close of last century, and eagerly welcomed the appearance of any new work from the pens of Klopstock, Lessing, and Goethe. These are almost the verbal statements of his biographer, who continues:—"But that interest in politics which became the master spring of his life, was first awakened at about the age of eleven. It is said that when the war with Turkey broke out in the year 1789, it so strongly excited the child's mind, that he not only talked of it in his sleep at night, but fancied himself in his dreams reading the newspapers, and repeating the intelligence they contained about the war; and his ideas on these subjects were so well arranged, and founded on so accurate a knowledge of the country, and the situation of the towns, that the realization of his nightly anticipations generally appeared in the journals a short time afterward."

The well-known poet Voss, who had married Boje's sister, occasionally visited Meldorf at this time. The great scholar speedily discovered Niebuhr's wonderful talents, and gave him all assistance he could in his classical studies. Amid causes of subsequent estrangement, the latter never forgot the kindness which he owed to the author of "Luise."

The remarkable attainments of the boy seem to have attracted much attention about this period among the learned visitors of his father and Boje. In the conversations which took place among them, "he was frequently called upon," it is said, "to take a part, (being only eleven or twelve years of age,) and not seldom information was asked of him regarding geographical, statistical, historical, and other subjects, and given in a manner which excited their astonishment. His statistical knowledge was even then extraordinary: he was frequently assiduously engaged in subjects of this nature, such for instance as writing out lists of mortality."

The boy's character, in less favourable circumstances, could hardly have escaped the evil effects of such premature excitement. But his extreme natural simplicity, combined with the example of his father, and frequent expressions on the part of his mother, showing how little she valued these things, effectually protected him from all tendency to vanity. There was, besides, a depth as well as quickness of apprehension in him, which even now, as so strikingly in later years, could not brook any mere superficial display.

In his thirteenth year Niebuhr went to the Gymnasium at Meldorf. In a letter from his father dated 1788, he says,—"Barthold has not troubled his head so much about the Turks and the Emperor for some time past, but has made up his mind to enter the highest class at Easter, and is therefore busily engaged with the history of literature. He revels so in the Latin authors that I am almost obliged to restrain his ardour." He very soon outstripped his fellow-scholars, and acquired all he could at the Gymnasium. The Principal, Dr. Jäger,

however, offered to advance his studies privately, and prepare him for the University,—an offer which was gladly accepted. He read with him the most difficult passages of the Greek and Latin authors, and gave him hints which enabled him to perfect his acquaintance with them. His industry was amazing. "More than half the day he gave to hard work, some hours to general reading, and a very short time to recreation and social pleasures."

All this intellectual exertion was undoubtedly excessive, and could not have failed to prove injurious, save from the rare strength and elasticity of Niebuhr's mental capacity. His studies were also at this time, as he himself afterwards complained, diffused over too wide and desultory a field. Still the finely balanced power and tone of his mind enabled him to pass comparatively unharmed through disadvantages which might have seriously retarded the progress of others; while there is undoubtedly something very noble in the mere absorbing ardour of his studious devotion. We do not know of a more impressive example of strenuous self-culture from the earliest years—of a youth devoted with such pure zeal and unconscious simplicity of aim to intellectual and moral discipline.

The French revolution of 1791 deeply affected him, but not as it did so many young minds of that period. It was even at this early age not so much the bright as the dark side of that great event on which his mind dwelt. Friend as he was of liberty, he was imbued with so passionate a love of order, that he was no less prone now than in later years to see beneath the revolutionary assertion of popular rights all the horrors of anarchy and popular tyranny.

In the year 1792, Niebuhr went to Hamburgh to school. Here he formed the friendship of Klopstock and the geographer Ebeling; and his residence amid a wider and more varied circle both of men of letters and youth of his own age, than he had hitherto enjoyed, promised him many advantages, which would have been of great service to him in some parts of his future career; but taken with vehement home-sickness, he returned to his father's house after only three months' absence.

The two subsequent years were spent at Meldorf in a similar round of study as before. The modern languages especially engaged his attention. Already familiar with French, English, and Italian, he now applied himself particularly to acquire Spanish and Portuguese. Here is the somewhat frightful catalogue given by his father in 1807 of the languages he then knew:—"1. German, as his mother-tongue, he learned at school; 2. Latin; 3. Greek; 4. Hebrew; and besides, in Meldorf, he learned, 5. Danish; 6. English; 7. French; 8. Italian; but only so far as to be able to read a book in these languages: some books from a vessel wrecked on the coast induced him to learn, 9. Portuguese; 10. Spanish; of Arabic he did not learn much at home, because I had lost my lexicon, and could not quickly replace it. In Kiel and Copenhagen he had opportunities of practice in speaking and writing French, English, and Danish; in Copenhagen he learnt, 11. Persian, (of Count Ludolph, the Austrian minister, who was born at Constantinople, and whose father was an acquaintance of mine;) and 12. Arabic, he taught himself; in Holland he learnt, 13. Dutch; and again in Copenhagen he learnt, 14. Swedish, and a little Icelandic; at Memel, 15. Prussian; 16. Sclavonic; 17. Polish; 18. Bohemian; and 19. Illyrian; with the addition of Low German, this makes in all twenty languages."

In 1794 Niebuhr commenced his studies at the university of Kiel. The society into which he there entered proved a source of great enjoyment to him. With the aged Professor Hensler he contracted a particular intimacy, and in his house first made the acquaintance of Madame Hensler, (the Professor's daughter-in-law,) who was destined to exercise so strong an influence on the whole future course of his life. She is described as "a woman of strong and healthy mind, with much decision of character, combined with deep feeling, and no ordinary cultivation—one of those women whose clear and correct judgment and ever ready sympathy render them through life the persons to whom all their friends instinctively turn for advice and assistance." At Kiel, as in his father's house, philology and history continued to be our Student's favourite pursuits. The Greek and Roman classics were now so familiar to him that he only indulged himself in such reading as a recreation. He was so thoroughly imbued with their spirit, that he may be said to have lived more easily in the world disclosed by them, than in the actual world around him. The ancient classical Life in its great facts and features was realized by him with a vividness such as no one, we fancy, ever excelled or perhaps equalled. In that old Ethnic world he dwelt familiarly as an inhabitant—pleased with its joys and responsive to its sorrows. "He once told a friend who had called on him and found him in great emotion, that he often could not bear to read more than a few pages at a time in the old tragic poets; he realized so vividly

all that was said and done and suffered, by the persons represented. He could see Antigone leading her blind father—the aged Œdipus entering the grove—he could catch the music of their speech, and felt certain that he could distinguish the true accent of the Greeks, though he could not reproduce it with his barbarian tongue."

At this time, too, he gave himself with considerable zeal to the study of philosophy, especially the system of Kant, then expounded in the University with great enthusiasm by Rheinhold. The abstruse subtleties of the metaphysics of his country do not seem, however, now, or at any time, to have had much charm for Niebuhr. He appears himself to have been conscious of his inaptitude for them. We miss that hearty intelligence about his allusions to philosophy which distinguish his allusions to his other studies. The Concrete in life or in history had alone surpassing interest for him, and only in the contemplation and comprehension of it did his mind find full gratification, or show its full strength. Those merely intellectual difficulties, which the transcendental philosophy sought to resolve, scarcely discover themselves throughout all his letters, written as they often were amid the thick of metaphysical contention around him. History—the more he sought to apply himself to philosophy—appeared to him as his true vocation. "History," he says, "grows dearer and dearer to me, so much so, that my ardour in reading history interferes with my zeal for philosophy, while no philosophy can blunt my inclination for history."

The series of his letters begin with his residence at Kiel. Their interest at this early stage consists almost entirely in the light which they throw upon his studies. He had begun already to indulge some original speculations respecting ancient history. The following extract from a letter to his parents, dated Kiel, 7th June 1794, explains in some degree the nature of these speculations :—

"I have not as yet fully explained to anybody but Hensler, my ideas about the colonization of Greece and the whole of Asia Minor, including Armenia from the west. For the peopling of the rest of Asia, I assume, 1. the Aramaic, or Assyrian race, to which belong the Arabs, Jews, Syrians, Assyrians, Chaldees, and Medes, of more or less pure descent; 2. the Indo-Persic; 3. the Tartar; 4. the Mongol; 5. probably the Chinese race. Taking this as a basis, we can proceed further, and shall obtain everywhere at last the same result, viz., that these great national races have never sprung from the growth of a single family into a nation, but always from the association of several families of human beings, raised above their fellow-animals by the nature of their wants, and the gradual invention of a language. each of which families probably had originally formed a language peculiar to itself. This last idea belongs to Reinhold. By this I explain the immense variety of languages among the North American savages, which it is absolutely impossible to refer to any common source, but which, in some cases, have resolved themselves into one language, as in Mexico and Peru for instance; and also the number of synonyms in the earliest periods of languages. On this account I maintain, that we must make a very cautious use of differences of languages, as applied to the theory of races, and have more regard to physical conformation, which latter is exactly the same, for instance, in most of the Indian tribes of North America."—Vol. i. pp. 38, 39.

We add to this the following noble words from a letter of a few months' later date—words which, as they reveal so clearly the genuine spirit of self-culture which animated young Niebuhr, well deserve the earnest attention of every student :—

"Knowledge, what is commonly called learning, mere dull memory-work, will never be the aim of my exertions. The one thing needful is to cultivate one's understanding for one's self, so as to render it capable of production. He who merely crams himself with the conceptions of other men's minds, clothed in forms foreign to his own nature, will never accomplish much. Quiet and independent energetic industry can alone attain to what is true, and bring forth what is really useful."

While at Kiel Niebuhr largely extended his literary acquaintance, not only among the professors and students, but within a circle composed of some of the most highly gifted men of the time—then resident at Holstein. "The little city of Eutin, delightfully situated on the wooded shores of an extensive lake, about twenty miles from Kiel, formed a sort of centre to this circle." Here, or in the immediate neighbourhood, lived the two brothers Stolberg. Here were also Jacobi, and Voss, (Niebuhr's old acquaintance,) who was rector of the Gymnasium of the place. Of these illustrious men, Jacobi perhaps exercised the greatest influence over him. There was a purity and elevation about the philosopher's character which lent a softening and impressive wisdom to all his discourse, peculiarly attractive to Niebuhr. There was the same moral earnestness in both—the same love for the ideally beautiful in life and manners which, as it at once drew them together, formed a bond of union between them which was only broken by death. Of Voss, Niebuhr's admiration was at this time at the highest

point. To his friend Count Moltke he unbosoms himself regarding him with an enthusiasm which, while very characteristic of the writer, is not without interest in reference to the subject. Count Adam Moltke, we should observe, was one of Niebuhr's dearest friends at this period and afterwards. He formed his acquaintance during the second year of his college-life, and the warmest attachment speedily sprung up betwixt them—an attachment to which Niebuhr's letters everywhere testify. To him he thus writes, on 4th August 1795, of Voss, whose "Luise," he says, had lately afforded him such "unequalled enjoyment," that he could not help inviting his friend also to contemplate and admire it.

"He (Voss) may be, (and will be, perhaps, for after ages,) to Germany what Homer and the most perfect of the Greek poets were to their nation. Did he meet with such a reception as they found among their unrivalled fellow-countrymen—were his idyls publicly recited to the people, and his songs sung in popular assemblies, how much might such a teacher accomplish! He would effect more that was really good and great than *the only true philosophy*, should that ever be discovered. I should like to prescribe Voss and Lessing for you and myself, as our exclusive mental aliment. Voss forbids every author but Lessing, whom he deems perfect, except that he wants rhythm; he did not, indeed, name himself as the second, but no doubt he knows what he is, and would despise the false modesty of refusing to confess it on a fitting occasion. Forsake even Klopstock, and measure yourself by the severe standard of these men; such, at least, is my resolution. Not without reason do I speak thus warmly of 'Luise.' It has done what a book scarcely ever did before—drawn tears of delight from my eyes. It is a striking example, that to move the reader most deeply, the author must be in perfect repose, and the style of his whole work calm and mellowed. We can never sufficiently study and examine this late-born Greek. I, at least, with Homer, Sophocles, Æschylus, Pindar, Horace, and him, would willingly resign all the other poets in the world; yet this is too hastily written—I could not relinquish Theocritus, and that German-Greek Gessner. It will seem strange to you, perhaps even ridiculous, that I should pass over Klopstock. It has cost me much to do so, but if strict justice be done, I fear he will not stand before the Greek tribunal. I must except the most finished of his odes, which Alcæus himself need not blush to acknowledge, were they ascribed to him, and also the 'Republic of the Learned,' a thoroughly German work. But, then, alas! the 'Messiah!' This rigid justice is a sacrifice, and as you know how I revere this great creator, or rather resuscitator of our literature, you will appreciate it as it deserves. I have sat at his feet, and am at least not ungrateful."—Vol. i. pp. 55, 56.

In 1796 Niebuhr received, through Dr. Hensler, the offer of the post of private secretary to the Danish Minister, Count Schimmelman. His friends strongly urged him to accept the offer, and, with his father's consent, he did so, although for a limited period, that he might afterwards be at liberty to pursue his studies abroad. Before entering upon his duties, he spent some weeks with his parents at Meldorf, accompanied by his friend Moltke, and, while there, paid a visit to Dr. Behrens, the prefect of North Ditmarsh, and the father of his friend Madame Hensler. Here he renewed his acquaintance with Madame Hensler's younger sister, to whom he had been already introduced, and, becoming deeply impressed with her nobleness and worth, yielded to the first impulse of that attachment in which his future happiness was so deeply involved.

His present residence in Copenhagen, which continued till 1798, was not marked by any events of importance. His duties interested him, and no doubt laid the foundation of his future diplomatic attainments; but the distractions attendant on his residence in Count Schimmelman's house were by no means welcome. This led him to accept the office of supernumerary secretary at the Royal Library, with no salary at first, but with permission to travel abroad after a time. In 1797 he returned to Kiel on a visit, and meeting there again, in the house of Dr. Hensler, with Amelia Behrens, his attachment to her ripened into a deep and unconquerable passion. In October of the same year he was betrothed to her—a fact which he announces to his friend Moltke in the following letter:—

"*Kiel, October* 1797.

"Dora (Madame Hensler) and I send you and your wife this messenger, because we cannot bear to wait several days before writing to you, especially as our letter would be a long time on the road; so you will receive this before another that Dora wrote to you two days ago, which announced as close at hand what has now really taken place. I am in far too great an agitation to say much. Each of you take one of our letters; Dora's will tell you the most. Yesterday evening, at Dora's house, Amelia decided in my favour. Her heart had already decided. Love can distinguish between truth and pretence. She assumed no girlish affectation when Dora gave words to feelings that had before scarcely expressed themselves, and joined our hands. This pure simplicity, this Roman decision in a gentle heart, made my happiness perfect. . . . . I know that I have earnestly endeavoured not to deceive Milly. In our conversations when we met, I spoke to her from my inmost heart, and took pains to discover to her what, if concealed, might have deceived her, and made her very unhappy hereafter; for I thought myself bound not to deny what still clings to me from former evil times, as a stain

to be washed out; but I hope to God that happiness, and the power of love, this new unknown force, and, above all, the contemplation of the proud joy in her angelic heart, and an openness that will rather gain than lose through absence, will purify me before we can be united—for absence is before us."

In the close of the same letter he thus characteristically describes his betrothed:—

"Milly has a Roman character, and this was always my idea of a citizen's wife; pride, intellect, the most retiring modesty, unbounded love, constancy, and gentleness. In history we only meet with such women among the Roman matrons,—the Calpurnias, Portias, Arrias. Soft, weak, tender girlishness, would neither have elevated nor strengthened my character."—Pp. 68–70.

At this period Niebuhr's favourite wish was a professorship at Kiel, where he hoped to lead a quiet and studious life suited to his disposition. It cannot be doubted, on a review of his career, that such a situation was the one for which he was above all others fitted, and where his highest happiness would have been found. His experience subsequently, both in Berlin and Bonn, amply establish this. When we think of what we owe to these comparatively brief spaces of his life devoted to the quiet pursuit of the studies so dear to him, we are strongly inclined to lament the circumstances which turned him from the realization of his early wish. The following letter, dated 24th August 1797, expresses his lofty sense of the qualifications requisite for such a professorship as that which he now contemplated:—

"In order fully to understand and to give lectures upon ancient literature, and ancient history, which forms a part of it, it is, in my opinion, absolutely necessary that I should have read through all the ancient writings still extant, at least once, with the closest attention—the more important works many times—and acquired a living and familiar acquaintance with each period. There may possibly be some exceptions to this rule in the case of special sciences, which must for ever remain a mystery to the uninitiated. This undertaking was carried out by Milton long ago. There would scarcely be found many to do it now, but it seems to me that it is what I undoubtedly ought to attempt.

"A profound and practical acquaintance with the grammar of the two classical languages must be obtained, partly by means of the various treatises on that subject, and partly from the literature of the languages themselves. A systematic philosophy, as the groundwork of all settled convictions and all accurate thought: what is perhaps still more important, method in thinking, writing, and studying; added to these, various exercises in the art of composition, and a thorough command of our mother-tongue, are indispensable requisites for any one who steps forth before the public, and seeks to obtain a high standing. It is no more than a man demands of himself,

"These, then, are the preliminary tasks that I should have to execute, before I could accept a professorship in Kiel without a blush, and discharge its duties without disgracing or overworking myself."—Vol. i. p. 82.

In June 1798 Niebuhr set out to spend some time of study and travel in England and Scotland. In his letters to his betrothed we have an interesting though imperfect record of his views and impressions during this period. They are marked by considerable acuteness of observation, and touch often, with a very keen probe, some traits of our national character; but they are often also one-sided and exaggerated. His father's name introduced him largely into society, but there were obviously some aspects of our social life of which he saw nothing, or at any rate understood little. He found little to interest him in the mere external appearance of London. A dinner at the Royal Society he characterizes, as "a feast, and the conversation extremely indifferent." Of the style of conversation generally he says: "The superficiality and insipidity of nearly all the conversations to which I have listened, or in which I have joined, is really depressing. As far as I hear, little is said about politics, which is a good thing—much better than our German mania for going beyond our depth on such subjects; but that narrative and commonplaces form the whole staple of conversation, from which all philosophy is excluded,—that enthusiasm and loftiness of expression are entirely wanting, depresses me more than any personal neglect of which, as a stranger, I might have to complain." He finds "mediocrity very common, and by no means looked down upon," and thinks that "the most learned men here, as elsewhere, look more to the authority that a man brings with him than to his talents or intellect." For English scholarship he has little regard. The libraries were naturally his chief sources of interest. "Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Astley's, the Royal Circus, &c., &c., were scarcely worth the money and the time." St. Paul's did not draw from him any expression of admiration; and, while looking with reverence and gratitude on the busts of so many great men in Westminster Abbey, he could not help adding, "How characteristic is the equally honourable position accorded to so many nameless and insignificant persons by the side of the noblest dead! What a quantity of nonsense is to be seen on these venerable walls! One man writes a Hebrew inscription on the tomb of his daughter; on another, I think also belonging to a woman,

there is an Abyssinian inscription; Chatham has an absurdly overburdened allegorical monument; Sidney and Russell have none at all; and on Milton's, the man who erected it gives his own name and title in several lines—Milton is mentioned in the quietest manner."

On his arrival in Edinburgh he entered the University as a student, and the experience of his first day's attendance upon the introductory lectures leaves him convinced beyond all doubt that the reputation of the University was fully deserved, and that the professors were all he could wish, "as men of profound insight, thorough mastery over their subject, and admirable delivery." He found Edinburgh incredibly cheap in comparison with London—cheaper even than Copenhagen. Fashion did not restrict as in London. "The natives of every class were distinguishable, not to their advantage, by the carelessness of their attire, and the students as far removed from English neatness" as young Germany. He describes very pleasantly his intercourse with the family of an old friend of his father's—Francis Scott. He is particularly struck with "the piety of the Scotch." "They not only go to church every Sunday, but to both the services; and all, high and low, conclude the day of rest with prayer and singing." He alludes more than once to this feature of the national character in a way that shows his respect for it, although at the same time betraying his inability to sympathize with it. He does not think highly of our philosophical talent. The praise bestowed upon it by Jacobi he considers undeserved. Among the students especially he found the French materialistic philosophy prevailing. It is interesting to remark what he says of the characteristic idea entertained of his countrymen:—

"Formerly," he observes, "our learned men were regarded as very slow, narrow-minded fellows; now people are inclined to pronounce them very clever men, but to look upon them as so many conspirators against the peace of the world; an opinion that is adopted, in a still more incomprehensible manner, by some young profligates, and excites their delight as much as it does the abhorrence of other people. One of these asked me with great astonishment, 'Are you speaking earnestly? We thought that the German men of letters were without exception atheists, and we admire you on that account.'"

It is also very curious to observe how his German Innigkeit (heartiness) felt itself on all sides painfully restrained by our social conventionalism. His many remarks on this subject are pointed with a good deal of sharp truth, although here, as often, he runs into extravagance.

He tarried in Edinburgh altogether less than a year; and after a short excursion into East Lothian, (not having been able to carry into effect his intention of visiting the Highlands,) he returned to Holstein, and spent the winter of 1799–1800 there with his friends. In April he set out for Copenhagen, where he received a warm welcome from Schimmelman; and a few weeks after his arrival was appointed assessor at the Board of Trade for the East India department, and secretary and head clerk of the Standing Commission of the affairs of Barbary, with a small salary. A professorship was still in his thoughts; but when in the autumn of this year it was eventually offered him, he decided in the meantime for public life. In May he returned to Holstein, and married. In a letter to Madame Hensler, written in the following August, he describes in the most glowing terms his happiness. "Happiness," he says, "is a poor word; find a better."

He intended at this time to devote his leisure hours to German history, but his studies were interrupted, first, by the ill health of his wife, and then by the threatening aspect of affairs in the Danish capital. Amid all the distractions of his present position, however, he continued to prosecute his studies in one form or another. He studied Arabic, and began a treatise on the Roman laws of property and the history of the agrarian laws, in which he appears to have started the clue of some of his subsequent investigations into Roman history.

In 1804 he was appointed first director of the bank, and, practically, the only acting member of the directory. He also became a member of the Standing Commission for the affairs of Barbary, of which he had hitherto acted as secretary. These changes, of course, very much improved his standing and income.

Towards the end of 1805 overtures were made to him by the Prussian Government. After some delay and negotiation he acceded to these overtures, although with considerable reluctance. A heart so warmly affectionate as Niebuhr's felt deeply the separation from his many friends in Denmark. The fearful struggle, too, at this time obviously impending over Prussia, did not help to lighten the prospect before him. Still, having fairly embarked on a political career, he naturally sought a wider field and a higher reward for his conspicuous talents.

He arrived at Berlin on the 5th of October, 1806. The disasters of the Prussian army at Jena, Auerstadt, and Halle, &c., immediately followed his arrival. The victorious French were advancing on Berlin. In the consternation of the moment, the

Prussian authorities surrendered one after another. Many of the ministers, even, yielding to the panic, took the oath of fidelity to the French Commissioners without communication with the King. Stein formed a noble exception, and, under his direction, Niebuhr set out to Stettin with the money belonging to the various offices under his charge. From Stettin he continued his journey to Dantzic. The surrender of the latter town in a few days rendered necessary a retreat to Königsberg, and the continued advance of the army finally compelled him to take refuge in Memel, whither the Royal family had gone, followed by the remanent members of the Government, and the treasury chests.

Stein having received his dismissal from the Prussian monarch, Niebuhr was resolved to send in his resignation also; and for some time he remained undecided as to his future career. He was ultimately induced, however, to remain at his post, in the prospect of Count Hardenberg, or even Baron von Stein, being recalled to office. On the former being entrusted with the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, in 1807, he called Niebuhr to his assistance, and set him at the head of the financial department of the Commissariat. Leaving his wife ill at Memel, he repaired to head-quarters at Bartenstein. The hardship and anxiety, which had already prostrated the weaker health of his wife, now overcame himself. He was attacked with typhus fever, and remained for some time in great danger. Want of attention, and the depression arising from his utter loneliness, prolonged his illness. His deep dejection betrays itself in his letters to his wife. Amid the harassing hardships of the public life in which he was engaged he looks back with a fond regret on his historical studies. "I belong to those," he says, "who must have freedom for the soul and intellect; and for this very reason I ought not to have entered on the restraints of official life. I am often seized with regret when I think of my beautiful researches into history; my happy meditations on dark periods; my power of bringing them vividly before my mind's eye; my life in antiquity. Where is all this gone? Shall I ever renew it? Shall I ever be able to restore it to fresh life?"

Continued disasters compelled the retreat of the Prussian Government still northwards; and in July 1807 we find Niebuhr in Riga, in great anxiety and uncertainty. "We cannot describe our grief," he writes to Madame Hensler, "for our expressions might be watched in several quarters; we have often expressed them to you before, and now we have nothing but helpless wishes. Oh that the storm might disperse, that we might meet once more on the undesecrated, uninjured soil of our fatherland!" Yet amid all the anxious toil and sorrow which now preyed upon him, we find him unflagging in his studies. He avails himself of the opportunity to study the Russian and Sclavonic languages, and earnestly defends his endeavour to do so in a letter to Madame Hensler, who would seem to have remonstrated with him on what she conceived an unnecessary diversion of his time.

On the 12th of July tidings reached Riga that peace was concluded. So painfully discouraged was Niebuhr by the acknowledged subjection of his country, that he sent a request for his dismissal to one of his colleagues, to be transmitted to the king. His Majesty, however, having expressed himself reluctant to part with his services, he was induced to continue them, and to comply with the Royal request to repair to Memel. Stein having returned to office, he employed Niebuhr to conduct a difficult negotiation with the Dutch capitalists for a loan; and with this view he set out, after a brief visit to his friends in Denmark, (having been met in Berlin by the intelligence of the death of his mother,) with his wife to Amsterdam. Great difficulties having occurred in the negotiation, Niebuhr was instructed to remain at Amsterdam; and in July 1808 was formally accredited as Prussian Minister at the Court of Holland.

Meanwhile, Stein, discovered in his patriotic project for the deliverance of Germany, was proscribed by Napoleon; and in the confusion resulting from the change of Government, Niebuhr sought a quiet refuge for a little with his relatives in Ditmarsh. Here he spent the greater part of the summer of 1809, but was at length summoned to Königsberg, where the Court and Government were still resident, to resume his public duties. During this renewed period of official activity, under Count Altenstein, his health again gave way, and he fell into a still deeper dejection than before, in the contemplation of his country's wrongs and sufferings. Placed, however, at the head of the department for the management of the national debt and the monetary institutions, his incessant employment served, in some degree, to dissipate his gloomy thoughts.

On the resignation of the Altenstein ministry, and the accession of Count Hardenberg to office, Niebuhr, distrusting the latter and dissenting from his principles of administration, requested his Majesty to release him from his post, and give him an appointment in the University about to be opened

in Berlin. After some delay, his request was acceded to, and he was appointed historiographer in place of Johannes von Müller, on the condition, however, that he should assist Count Hardenberg and the Minister of Finance with his opinions and advice when required.

His letters during this period of his life, of which we have presented so slight a summary, are full of interest. They have, however, less purely literary attraction than those of the previous and later periods of his life—the continual vicissitudes and occupations of his official position having left him but little leisure for those studies to which his heart so closely clung. Expressions of mournful bitterness as to his fate in this respect occasionally escape him. "I feel," he says in a letter to Madame Hensler, "very seriously, and even depressingly, the effects of the last three years, during which my life has been constantly unsettled, and my movements determined by others. Such a life has no inward vitality; it is like a flower plucked from its parent stem—it fades, and leaves no seed behind." "Instead of poetry, archæology, and ancient history," he writes to Moltke, "I have had to cultivate finance, banking, administration—all of which between ourselves are—(compared to my brave old comrades)—a set of beggarly fellows that sometimes almost drive me mad, especially when anything reminds me strongly of all those whom I have lost."

Niebuhr, now in his 34th year, entered for a short time upon those academic duties, for which there can exist no doubt he was singularly qualified. During all the hardships and changes of his public life we have seen that his heart was still in his early philological and historical studies. That it was truly in this field his special destination and his highest labour and honours lay, is very evident from the following sketch of work he had prescribed for himself in it before this period. There can be no doubt that this is no mere note of vague projects never seriously contemplated, but that his mind had actually pondered and mastered most of the subjects indicated.

Works which I have to complete—

1. Treatise on Roman Domains.
2. Translation of El Wakidi.
3. History of Macedon.
4. Account of the Roman Constitution at its various epochs.
5. History of the Achæan Confederation, of the Wars of the Confederates, and of the Civil Wars of Marius and Sylla.
6. Constitutions of the Greek States.
7. Empire of the Caliphs.

The University of Berlin was opened in 1810. The most illustrious names of Germany in all departments of knowledge were associated with it—Schleiermacher, Savigny, Buttman, and Heindorf. Niebuhr's post did not necessarily attach him to the University; but, at the suggestion of his friend Spalding, he resolved to give a course of lectures on Roman History, in connexion with it. These lectures formed the foundation of his great historical work. In the beginning of September he writes to Madame Hensler:—

"I have determined to give a course of lectures on the History of Rome. I would never have undertaken to write the history of Rome, but to lecture on it is a somewhat less rash undertaking. I shall begin with the primitive state of Italy, and, as far as possible, represent the ancient races, not only from the narrow point of view of their subjugation, but also as they were in themselves, and as they had been in their earlier stages; then, in the Roman history, I shall give an account of the constitution and administration, of which I have a vivid picture before my mind's eye. I should like to bring this history down to the latest era, when the forms developed from the germs of antiquity became utterly extinct, and those of the middle ages took their place."—Vol. i. pp. 302, 303.

The success of Niebuhr's lectures was remarkable: "In addition to a large audience of students, they were attended by members of the Academy, Professors of the University, public men, and officers of all grades, who spread the fame of the lectures abroad, and thus continually attracted fresh hearers." He was very powerfully affected by these signs of his success. The interest he had previously felt in his subject was greatly heightened by the warm appreciation of his labours, and his daily familiar intercourse with distinguished scholars. Savigny thus speaks of his delivery: "He had written down his lecture *verbatim*, and read it off before his hearers. This proceeding, which usually injures the liveliness of the impression, had, in his case, the most animated and powerful effect, such as in general only accompanies an extempore delivery. His hearers felt as if transported into ancient times, when the public reading of new books supplied the place of our printed books, and there was a less extended circulation, but they made a warmer and more personal impression." Savigny was one of those scholars to whom Niebuhr considered himself in the highest degree indebted for sympathy and co-operation in his peculiar studies: he acknowledges his obligations to him in the preface to his History;

and, in a note, speaks of him with the highest respect and admiration.

There can be little doubt, we think, that this period of Niebuhr's residence in Berlin was about the happiest of his life. He was engaged exactly in the task for which Nature had most fitted him; he found rare gratification in the full exercise of his intellectual powers; he was touched and stimulated by the flattering success with which his lectures met; he was surrounded by the most highly gifted and sympathizing society.

"With a little more quiet," he himself writes, "my position would be more completely in accordance with my wishes than I have long ventured even to hope for. There is such a real mutual attachment between my acquaintance and myself, and our respective studies give such an inexhaustible interest to conversation, that I now really possess in this respect what I used to feel the want of. The lectures themselves, too, are inspiriting, because they require persevering researches, which I venture to say cannot remain unfruitful to me, and they are more exciting than mere literary labours, because I deliver them with the warmth inspired by fresh thoughts and discoveries, and afterwards converse with those who have heard them, and to whom they are as new as to myself. This makes the lectures a positive delight to me."

To complete the social happiness of his present position, he formed along with Schleiermacher, Buttman, Heindorf, and others, a select Philological Society, which met once a week at the houses of the several members by rotation, for the purpose of reading and correcting some classical author.

About the close of his first series of lectures he put to press the first volume of his History. He thus contemplates the publication:—

"I am now approaching the conclusion of my lectures, and the printing is about to commence. I begin it with a thorough consciousness of what is in my book, and of the rank it will hold at some future day; but I am not quite easy as to its immediate reception, partly because I am aware that the execution might and ought to be improved in many respects; partly because no one is allowed to bring forward novelties before our public with impunity, however clearly their correctness may be proved. Then I have already enjoyed for the most part the reception given to it by affection from Savigny and other friends; that of disapprobation is still to come. *I have written with such strict conscientiousness—not merely with regard to the praise and blame I have dispensed, but also with respect to the historical researches—that I could die on this book.* It certainly will furnish little reading for recreation, and I confess that by the side of many passages successful in point of style, there are others very awkward and stiff. The great *merit of this book lies in the criticism of history, and in the light thrown on many insulated points of the constitution, laws,*" &c.—Vol. i. p. 320.

—A singularly acute and discriminating judgment, as we shall afterwards endeavour to point out.

In 1811 Goethe's Autobiography appeared, and with Niebuhr, as with all interested in German literature, formed a topic of much attraction and talk. Looking forward to it he says,—

"So Goethe's Life is out, and I shall have it in a few days. It always gives me a melancholy feeling when a good man writes his life. It is already evening with him then, and that he relates how he lived, shows that he no longer lives quite from the root."

After its perusal he thus expresses his opinion of it:—

"When it came into my head to say to you that autobiography in general was the song of the swan—and Goethe's no exception—I certainly made too sweeping an assertion. With him, at least, youth has been renewed by the contemplation of his youth; and if he should write nothing like it again, he has written nothing like it for a long time past. The picture of his life is inimitably sweet and graceful. I feel sure that we cannot differ in our judgment of this book. The number of trifles it relates will not annoy you—you will fancy him narrating, and it is the peculiar charm of his style, that you can really feel as if he were telling you the whole. The story of his first love is exquisitely beautiful; no second equal to it can occur in the history, and I should not be sorry if the book were to remain unfinished."—Pp. 325, 326.

In connexion with this criticism it may be interesting to the reader to peruse Goethe's opinion of the first volume of Niebuhr's History. He writes to him on receiving a copy of it,—

"Your discrimination of the poetical from the historical element is of inestimable worth, since by it neither is destroyed, but rather for the first time fully confirmed in its true value and dignity; and there is an inexhaustible interest in seeing how the two again coalesce, and exert a mutual influence. It is much to be wished that all similar phenomena in the history of the world may be treated in the same method. Does it need many words to assure you that I have derived the utmost instruction from your development of the position of the state and of its finances, of its relations to Greece, of the anarchical condition of Rome after the expulsion of the kings; in short, from all and every part? Were I to go into detail, and to speak of your description of Ancus Martius, of your unveiling of the Sybilline books, or to dwell upon the poems of Lucretia and Coriolanus, I should have to write a book upon

the book, and these sheets would never reach the post. Rest assured that you have sent me a noble gift, for which I shall all my life feel grateful to you; that I am looking forward to the continuation with the greatest eagerness, and, in order to render myself worthy of it, am making your first volume thoroughly my own by the most diligent study."—Vol. i. p. 328.

In the winter of 1811–12 Niebuhr continued his lectures. His audiences were much less numerous than in the preceding winter: still he found stimulus and enjoyment in his work. During the same period he busied himself with the preparation of the second volume of his History, which appeared in August 1812. He hoped to go on with the third volume immediately, but overwork having injured his health, he was obliged to abandon his studies altogether for a while; and in the meantime the excitement attending the War of Liberation in Germany, and the new public duties consequently devolving upon him, combined, with the illness and death of his wife, to postpone for a long period the prosecution of his historical studies. Nothing, however, can exceed the enthusiasm with which at this period he dwells upon them. We see how predominantly he was a Student; how all his deepest longings were for a quiet life of intellectual labour; and how much we have really lost by the political distractions which seduced him from his proper field of occupation and duty.

"O! how would philology be divided," he writes to his friend Moltke, August 1812, "if people knew the magical delight of living and moving amidst the most beautiful scenes of the past! The mere reading is the smallest part of it; the great thing is to feel familiar with Greece and Rome during their most widely different periods. I wish to write history with such vividness—so to replace vague by well-defined images—so to disentangle confused representations, that the name of a Greek of the age of Polybius and Thucydides, or that of a Roman in the times of Cato or Tacitus, should instantly call up in the mind the fundamental idea of their character."—Vol. i. pp. 345, 346.

With the spring of 1813 Niebuhr was again actively employed in the political affairs of his country. He was engaged to negotiate with Lord Stewart regarding the subsidies to be advanced by England, and to draw up a commercial treaty between England and Prussia. In the beginning of 1814 we find him in Holland, with the same object of arranging subsidies with the English Commissioners. His journey to Holland at this time had a deeply injurious effect upon the already declining health of Madame Niebuhr. She was able, however, to accompany him once more on a visit to their friends in Holstein, after which he settled again in Berlin, deeply oppressed by the prospect of the evidently near termination of his domestic happiness and the general aspect of public affairs. In this state he received tidings of the death of his father.

In the spring of 1815 Madame Niebuhr grew rapidly worse, and on the 20th of June she expired in the arms of her husband—one of her parting expressions to him being, "You shall finish your History whether I live or die." This loss plunged him in the deepest affliction; and while he never ceased to bear in mind the request of his dying wife, he yet found it impossible in the meantime to resume his labours on Roman history. He turned aside, therefore, to other labours, chiefly of an historical kind. He composed the well-known life of his father—a graphic and interesting biography. He also continued his lessons to the Crown Prince, whom he had begun the year before to instruct in Finance. Of the character of the Prince he gives the most flattering picture:—

"I rejoice," he says, "when the day comes to go to him. He is attentive, inquiring, full of interest—all the noble gifts with which nature has so richly endowed him unfold themselves to me in the course of these lessons. We often wander from our reading into conversation, but not into idle talk, and it is no waste of time. His gaiety of disposition does not render him less earnest; and his feelings are as deep as his fancy is playful. He seeks instruction and counsel from others, without surrendering himself to the authority of any. I have never seen a youth with a finer nature."—Vol. i. p. 416.

Shortly after his wife's death a diplomatic mission to Rome was proposed to Niebuhr, which he considered it to be his duty to accept; and among his other studies he busied himself during the following winter in preparing for it. In July of the next year he set out on his mission, having previously united himself again in marriage to a niece of Madame Hensler. He was accompanied by his friend Professor Brandis, as Secretary of Legation. On his way he visited Munich, and his aged friend Jacobi, as also the patriot Speckbacher, and the memorable scenes of the Tyrolese war. Professor Brandis gives a very interesting account of their interview with the patriot. On the 7th of October he reached Rome. He thus describes his feelings on entering the city in a letter to Madame Hensler:—

"It was with solemn feelings that this morning, from the barren heights of the moory Cam-

pagna, I caught sight first of the cupola of St. Peter's, and then of the view of the city from the bridge, where all the majesty of her buildings and her history seems to lie spread out before the eye of the stranger; and afterwards entered by the Porta del Popolo. I have already wandered through a part of the city, and visited the most famous of the ruins. My presentiment of the emotions with which I should behold them has proved quite correct. Nothing about them is new to me; as a child I lay so often for hours together before the pictures I gave you as a keepsake, that their images were, even at that early time, as distinctly impressed upon my mind as if I had actually seen them; then, besides, it repels me that all the remains are those of the imperial times, and it is impossible for an architectural work of art to speak to the feelings, if considered as isolated, and without connexion with other ideas. But the influence of the completely modern part of all that here surrounds you, and intrudes itself upon your attention, is most disturbing; the glaringly bad taste of the churches of the last two hundred and fifty years; the utter want of solemnity in all that meets the eye. In Petrarch's time, all must have made a profound impression of grandeur and magnificence on those who were susceptible to it; indeed, much that had but a short time since spoke to the sense of poetry, has now been destroyed by the clearing out of the rubbish from the Forum and the Colosseum. Now their walls and columns stand stripped and naked, corroded by time, despoiled of the luxuriant and wild vegetation which once flourished among the ruined stones. . . . .

"But when one sees this favoured land, to which our most fruitful districts are barren; sees how, at Terni, two harvests of grain are reaped from the soil in one year,—one of wheat in June, and the maize soon after it in October; how this goes on year after year, and the wheat yields fifteen fold; when one sees how there is, strictly speaking, no peasant class at all here; how the very happiest places are those where the peasant only has to give up half the produce, and not where, as for many miles round Rome, all husbandry is performed by day-labourers under the enormously rich nobles; when you see the swarms of beggars who assure you, with looks that bear witness to the assertions, that they have not tasted bread to-day; when you hear what numbers have died of hunger, it does indeed raise bitter feelings. It has become perfectly clear to me how this misery arose in the imperial times, and has been rendered permanent by the German conquerors, who have in no respect made themselves benefactors to Italy."
—Vol. ii. pp. 59, 60.

It ought perhaps to be mentioned that there was a famine in the year in which Niebuhr visited Rome, which served greatly to heighten the unfavourable character of his first impression. So grievous was the suffering of the people, that Professor Brandis relates "how, at Venice, they were unable to sleep, from the cries and shrieks of the starving crowds assembled under their windows and calling for bread." Of the moral and intellectual condition of Rome, however, Niebuhr never changed his strongly unfavourable opinion; and it may be safely doubted whether his characteristic impatience and the sombre tenor of his own thoughts do not somewhat colour the picture which he draws.

"Science," he says, "is utterly extinct here; of philologists there is none worthy of the name except the aged De Rossi, who is near his end. The impossibility of holding any affectionate or interesting intercourse with the natives of this country, is a great obstacle to progress in their language. Another hindrance is, that while all my anticipations regarding the miserable condition of Rome, in a moral point of view, have been fulfilled to the uttermost, I find the difference between the wretched language that is current, and the beautiful old language of the literature, far greater than I had even supposed it to be." "Rome," again, he says, "is a horrible place for any one who is melancholy, because it contains no living present to relieve the sense of sadness—the present is revolting, and in what exists there is not the slightest trace of antiquity to be recognised; there are not even any remains of the Church of the Middle Ages."

Amid so much disappointment with Rome itself, and its inhabitants, he found, however, satisfaction in his friendly reception at the Papal Court, and especially in the society of the German artists, Cornelius, Platner, Overbeck, and the two Schadows, then studying in Rome, and laying the foundation of the present German school of historical painting. With Bunsen also, whom he found in the Papal City, he enjoyed much congenial intercourse: a sympathy of feelings and pursuits soon united them in a very close and permanent friendship.

In April 1817 a son was born to Niebuhr; and already, with that strange enthusiastic hastiness of his, he is speculating about his education.

"The child is full of health; he looks briskly about him, and already begins to take notice. I can handle it very well; and it becomes quiet with me directly.

"I am thinking a great deal about his education. I told you a little while ago, how I intended to teach him the ancient languages very early by practice. I wish the child to believe all that is told him; and I now think you right in an assertion, which I have formerly disputed, that it is better to tell children no tales, but to keep to the poets. But while I shall repeat and read the old poets to him in such a way that he will undoubtingly take the gods and heroes for historical beings, I shall tell him at the same time, that the ancients had only an imperfect knowledge of the true God, and that these gods were overthrown when Christ came into the world. He shall believe in the letter of the Old and New Testaments, and I shall nurture in him from his infancy a firm faith in all that I

have lost, or feel uncertain about. He shall learn to perceive and to observe, and thus grow familiar with nature, and nourish his imagination."—Vol. ii. pp. 101, 102.

The child was baptized by an English clergyman, according to the solemn ritual of the Established Church.

"I was deeply affected," he says, writing to Madame Hensler, "and repeated the vows for my child with my whole heart. Even the Catholics who were present could not help confessing the sublimity of this liturgy. The baptism was followed by a prayer for and with the mother, which is repeated kneeling. I held the child in your name." "He is coming on famously," he adds. "It often gives me a melancholy feeling when, in the evening, he stretches out his arms towards the light, and makes us carry him to the window, where he gazes up into the sky with a fixed bright serious look; often the recollection comes over me of how Milly, too, gazed up into the sky the last time we took her out. I thank Heaven that I can at least shed tears over this remembrance."—Vol. ii. p. 102.

Three daughters were subsequently born to Niebuhr in Rome. But his thoughts and affections continued to circle mainly round his son. Many, and often very touching, are his allusions to him in his correspondence. "His nature is thoroughly good," he writes in 1820, "and his faculties become more and more harmonious as they develop themselves. He has a very quick understanding." And the following extract from a letter to Count Moltke, in 1823, shews how fondly he had watched over his education, and trained him according to the views which he so ardently cherished.

"My Marcus is a boy of excellent capacities; his education amidst antiquity has been perfectly successful. The old world is to him the true and real one; the modern only something accidental. This will undoubtedly render some bitter discoveries necessary in the future. Ancient history and mythology are as familiar to him as to a Roman boy eighteen hundred years ago; and he is burning with sympathy, and sheds tears for the heroes of the Trojan time, over the literal Latin translation of the Odyssey, which to us seems so miserable. He looks forward confidently to climbing Parnassus and seeing Jupiter and the old gods there, of whom I told him the modern Greek tradition that they have taken refuge in the summit of the mountain."—Vol. ii. p. 232.

Niebuhr's residence in Rome presents but few facts or features on which we care further to dwell. They do not serve to throw any additional light on his character or the progress of his mental culture. The chief point of interest, and the one which seems to have had the deepest influence on him, is the intimate and happy friendship which he formed with Count de Serre.

"He is one of the rarest and noblest human beings," he says, "that I have ever met with. We have expressed our sentiments to each other with perfect openness respecting all that deeply occupies the intellect of man; about the past and the future, about Germany and France. Nationality is no barrier between us: he is a perfect master of our language, though he prefers talking in French, because I speak it more easily than he does German. He is thoroughly acquainted with our literature; pronounces, for instance, exactly the same verdict as we do upon Goethe's writings at the different periods of his life. While an admirer of his youthful writings, 'Wilhelm Meister,' and others of a similar stamp, are distressing to him. He suits a court about as well as I do, except that having better spirits he more easily adapts himself to every thing. Our political convictions are essentially quite identical."—Vol. ii. pp. 219, 220.

The instructions for the special mission on which Niebuhr had been sent to Rome were delayed from time to time, and only arrived four years after he had taken up his residence there. At length, however, the negotiations with the Papal government were brought to a satisfactory issue. On the completion of this business Niebuhr began to turn his thoughts homeward. The miserable health of Madame Niebuhr was a strong inducement to this; and accordingly he sent a request that he might either be recalled or receive leave of absence. The latter was granted him, and in the summer of 1823 he left Rome, under the strong conviction that he should not revisit it. He returned to Germany leisurely, by way of Florence and St. Gall, at which latter place he spent a few weeks to recruit his health and examine the manuscripts in its celebrated library. At Heidelberg, where were two of his earliest friends, the aged Voss and Thibaut, he also made a brief stay. He then proceeded to Bonn, where he determined to take up his residence until it should be finally decided whether or not he returned to Rome.

Over the remainder of Niebuhr's life we can only linger for a moment. He returned in Bonn to his true vocation, that which, with a sure prescience which perhaps it had been well that he had sooner heeded, had floated before his early vision as the ideal of his life. Although not holding any official appointment in the university, he again began the career of a public instructor. He delivered, from 1825 to 1830, a series of highly important lectures in connexion with the university, chiefly on Roman history, but also on the history of Greece, ancient history, and geography generally. He now

adopted a different manner of delivery from that which characterized his earlier course in Berlin. Instead of the careful and detailed preparation which he had formerly practised, his only preparation now consisted in meditating for a short time on the subject of his lecture, and referring to authorities for his dates. He brought no written notes with him to the lecture-room. We are not surprised to learn that the result of this was a very varying success in imparting his ideas, depending on his physical and mental condition at the moment. Another still more serious consequence is, that we are indebted for all we learn of these later lectures to notes taken by students during their delivery.* While very unequal as a lecturer after this mode, we are assured that a rare and felicitous eloquence—the eloquence "of making the expression the exact reflection of the thought, of embodying each separate idea in an adequate but not redundant form," not unfrequently characterized him. And this we can very well understand. Familiar as that ancient Life was to him of which he discoursed, and vivid beyond all his powers of expression as were his glimpses of its true meaning, he must have often, in the enthusiasm of the moment, clothed his thoughts in pregnant and graphic forms,—transporting his hearers into the past, with some share of his own delight and rapture. We can also easily understand the affectionate interest which he excited among his pupils. His was exactly that combination of high capacity, simplicity of manner, and bright enthusiasm, so well calculated to win the hearts of students.

His historical labours, apart from his lectures, were chiefly devoted to the revision of the first and second volume of his history, and the preparation of the third volume, which, however, he was destined to leave unpublished. His great aim in the task of revision, to which he gave himself with the most sedulous care, was to express the exact degree of confidence with which he finally regarded his several assertions.

In May 1828, he paid his last visit to Holstein, and spent the summer in the house of Madame Hensler. His time was chiefly passed in happy social intercourse, and excursions into the beautiful scenery in the neighbourhood of Kiel. "On such occasions Niebuhr was always the centre of a group of children, who had soon discovered the willingness with which he entered into all their amusements, and his inability to refuse them any gratification."

In 1830, his peace was again violently disturbed. First of all came the personal calamity of the burning down of his new house in the arrangement of which he had taken so much pleasure, and as Professor Brandis remarks, "before order and comfort could be created afresh from the ruins of his domestic existence, the news arrived of the second French Revolution." The burning of his house in which so many valuable letters and papers were destroyed was naturally felt by him as a great misfortune. The loss, itself, however, was a small matter easily to be borne with; but his fears for its effects on the feeble health of Madame Niebuhr greatly harassed him, and left him, without doubt, more than usually susceptible to gloomy impressions. It was in this mood that he received news of the three days of July,—news which would have powerfully affected him at any time, but which now seem to have embittered and saddened him in no ordinary degree. His intense interest in the course of events may be said to have been indirectly the cause of his death.

"He read the reports in the French journals with eager attention; and as these newspapers were much in request at that time, from the universal interest felt in their contents, he did not in general go to the public reading-room where he was accustomed to see the papers daily, until the evening. On Christmas Eve and the following day, he was in better health and spirits than he had been for a long while, but on the evening of the 25th of December, he spent a considerable time waiting and reading in the hot news-room without taking off his thick fur cloak, and then returned home through the bitter frosty night air, heated in mind and body. Still full of the impressions made on him by the papers, he went straight to Classen's room, and exclaimed, 'that is true eloquence! You must read Sauzet's speech; he alone declares the true state of the case; that this is no question of law, but an open battle between hostile powers! Sauzet must be no common man! But,' he added immediately, 'I have taken a severe chill, I must go to bed.' And from the couch which he then sought, he never rose again, except for one hour, two days afterwards, when he was forced to return to it quickly, with warning symptoms of his approaching end.

* These lectures, in so far as they relate to the course of Roman history from the point where his published history stops, have, it is well known, been collected and translated by Dr. Schmitz. A translation of his lectures on Ancient History generally, some years ago collected and published in Germany, has also just appeared from the same indefatigable pen. As an interpreter of his great countryman, not only directly, but also indirectly, in his own admirable Manual of Roman History, the English public are deeply indebted to Dr. Schmitz.

"His illness lasted a week, and was pronounced on the fourth day to be a decided attack of inflammation on the lungs. His hopes sank at first, but rose with his increasing danger and weakness; even on the morning of the last day he said, 'I may still recover.' Two days before, his faithful wife, who had exerted herself beyond her strength in nursing him, fell ill and was obliged to leave him. He then turned his face to the wall, and exclaimed, with the most painful presentiment, 'Hapless house! To lose father and mother at once!' And to the children he said, 'Pray to God, children, He alone can help us!' And his attendants saw that he himself was seeking comfort and strength in silent prayer. But when his hope of life revived, his active and powerful mind soon demanded its wonted occupation. The studies that had been dearest to him through life, remained so in death; his love for them was found to be pure and genuine by its unwavering perseverance to the last. While he was on his sick-bed, Classen read aloud to him for hours the Greek text of the Jewish History of Josephus, and he followed the sense with such ease and attention, that he suggested several emendations in the text at the moment; this may be called an unimportant circumstance, but it always appeared to us one of the most wonderful proofs of his mental powers. The last learned work in which he was able to testify his interest, was the description of Rome by Bunsen and his friends which had just been sent to him; the preface of the first volume was read aloud to him, and called forth expressions of pleasure and approbation. He also asked for light reading to pass the time, but our attempts to satisfy him were unsuccessful. A friend proposed 'Briefe eines Verstorbenen,' which was making a great sensation; but he declined it, saying, that he feared that its levity would jar upon his feelings. One of Cooper's novels was recommended to him, and excited his ridicule by its extraordinary verbiage. He was much amused by trying an experiment he proposed, which consisted in taking one period at hap-hazard on each page, and by the discovery that this mode of reading did little violence to the connexion of the story. The 'Cölnishe Zeitung' was read aloud to him up to the last day, with extracts from the French and other journals. He asked for them expressly only twelve hours before his death, and gave his opinion, half in jest, about the change of ministry in Paris. But on the afternoon of the 1st of January 1831, he sank into a dreamy slumber. Once, on awakening, he said that pleasant images floated before him in sleep; now and then he spoke French in his dreams; probably he felt himself in the presence of his departed friend De Serre. As the night gathered, consciousness gradually faded away; he woke up once more about midnight, when the last remedy was administered; he recognised in it a medicine of doubtful operation, never resorted to but in extreme cases, and said in a faint voice, 'What essential substance is this? Am I so far gone?' These were his last words; he sank back in his pillow, and within an hour his noble heart had ceased to beat."—Vol. ii. pp. 329–332.

If we now endeavour to gather up into a connected view our impressions of the character of Niebuhr, exhibited in these rapid traces of his life, it is certainly a noble and engaging picture that presents itself. A rare simplicity and conscientiousness, a tender and beautiful affectionateness, united with an exquisite polish and culture of understanding, are the characteristics that shine out upon us from the whole course of his career. There is above all a *thoroughness* about him, a genuine frankness and honesty which will brook no disguise. He scorned even with bitterness all approach to affectation of any kind, and his most earnest prayer for his boy was that he might never turn out "a conceited shallow fool, nor a man who is himself contented with superficiality, and assumes an appearance to throw dust in the eyes of others." Certainly no one could ever have cared less for mere appearances than Niebuhr. He was a true German in downright sincerity. His opinions were formed with independence, and held with outspoken earnestness. He was not content to think or speak on any subject at second hand; and he had no conception of cloaking or modifying his sentiments to suit the prejudices or ideas of others. He had, indeed, too little pliability. He was too little open to influences entitled to his consideration. His independence not unfrequently amounted to arrogance towards the views and feelings of others. His character was perhaps altogether too self-centred. This strong egoism, founded as it was upon so rich and ample a scholarship, helped greatly to advance his historical investigations, although it also here led him sometimes into error. It must, we fancy, however, have but little qualified him for many of the subtile and accommodating duties of diplomacy; and, in fact, there is abundant evidence that the diplomatic yoke never sat easily on his impatient and independent spirit. He was not the stuff to make a courtier of in any sense. There is a story told by Bunsen (pp. 42–78,) which very well illustrates

this, but which we cannot afford space to quote.

The thorough truthfulness characteristic of the man was even more conspicuously characteristic of the scholar and the writer. We know nothing, indeed, more noble and exalted than his example here—nothing more impressive than his statement of the principles which, in this respect, ought to animate the student, contained in his famous letter to "a young man who wished to devote himself to philology." This is altogether a most precious letter,—the most perfect rubric of study we know anywhere to be found; we would have it engraven on the heart of every student. How full of truth and value, for instance, the following:—

"You do not write simply enough to express without pretension a thought that is dear to your mind. That you cannot give richness and soundness to your style is no subject for blame; for though there have been some, especially in former times, who by the particularly fortunate guidance given to a peculiar talent, have been able to do this at your age, such perfection is, as a rule, out of the question. Fulness and maturity of expression presuppose a maturity of soul which can only arrive in the progress of its development. But what we always can and always ought to do, is not to strive after the semblance of more than we can perform, and to think, and express ourselves with straightforwardness and correctness."—Vol. ii. pp. 225-6.

And again,

"All writing should be nothing but the symbol of the thought and speech." . . . "Everything must be based upon thought, and the thought must shape the structure of the language." . . . "If our thoughts do not satisfy us, if we turn and twist in the consciousness of our poverty, writing will become a horrible labour to us."—P. 229.

But it is with the earnest manner in which he inculcates truthfulness that we are at present concerned.

"But above all things," he says, "we must preserve our truthfulness in science so pure, that we must eschew absolutely every false appearance—that we must not write the very smallest thing as certain of which we are not fully convinced—that when we have to affirm a conjecture, we must strenuously endeavour to exhibit the precise degree of probability we attach to it. If we do not ourselves indicate our own errors, where possible, even such as it is unlikely that any one will ever discover—if when we lay down our pen we cannot say in the sight of God, upon strict examination, I have not knowingly written anything that is not true, and have never deceived, either regarding myself, or others; I have not exhibited my most inveterate opponent in any light which I could not justify upon my death-bed; if we cannot do this, then study and literature render us unrighteous and sinful."—Pp. 230, 231.

Then, after alluding to his own practice of never quoting at second hand, and remarking, that he would not blame others who are less strict in this respect, supposing that they either mention that their citations are borrowed, or that it is really a matter of indifference to them whether or not people consider them to be more profoundly learned than they truly are, he proceeds to say,—

"But of a young man I require absolutely, and without indulgence, were it only as an exercise of virtue, the most scrupulous truthfulness in literary as in all other matters, that it may become a part of his very nature, or rather that the truthfulness which God has implanted in his nature may remain there. With this weapon alone can we fight our way through the world. The hour in which my Marcus should tell an untruth, or give himself the semblance of a merit that he did not possess, would make me very unhappy; it would be the fall in Paradise."—P. 232.

Even by those who may consider Niebuhr somewhat rigid in his exactions here, it will not be disputed that there is almost a sublimity about the truthfulness of the man who could thus write. He could not brook that the shadow of a falsehood should rest on any work of his. There was no charm of grace—no drapery of external decoration that could compensate, in his eyes, for the unveiled aspect of truth. Loving poetry from his heart, and possessing a warm and lively sympathy with its beautiful fictions in every age, he yet loved truth better. The pale sparkle of this lustrous gem delighted him more than the brilliancy of the finest invention. And this is the key to all his labours on Roman History. It was not in the least degree a merely destructive zeal that led him to tear off the poetic vesture in which that history had become hidden. It was not because the imaginative picture of Rome's early career had no attractions for him. On the contrary, on every page of his history there is the evidence how deeply it interested him—with what a thorough and genial love he dwelt on it. But it was because he longed to penetrate to the traces of fact that lay concealed beneath the embellishments of the picture. The mere work of sceptical demolition was not in any sense peculiarly his. It did not remain for him to doubt for the first time the historical veracity of the common narrative transmitted by Livy. But his was eminently the merit of discerning the *true* beneath all the distortions of poetic colouring. The ruins

were not made by him; they lay already scattered around. But his it was, for the first time, to seize, in some degree, the outline and form of the ruined and obliterated structure.

While marking a stern truthfulness as among the most prominent characteristics of Niebuhr, it would indeed be a strangely erroneous conclusion to judge him deficient in the warmth and sensibility of genius. His letters everywhere shew him, on the contrary, to be the child of feeling and enthusiasm. The deep tenderness of his nature breaks out in all relations. All the aspects of life especially—all that is lovely, or grand, or touching in human passion or affection, had a living interest for him, and swayed him with a living power. His heart moved in tremulous response to all that is ennobling and beautiful in human character or conduct. His historical intuition was eminently vivid and *poetic*. It was as an animate and shaping picture, in which the forms of ancient Life presented themselves in clear and distinct colouring, that the Past stood before him. And as to his labours on the early Roman History, even in their most negative aspect, what were they but just the analysis and reproduction, in its genuine form, of the poetic element which had become so largely involved in it? Far from discovering any lack of poetic appreciation, it was the very depth and delicacy of this power in him which enabled him to reclaim for Poetry those fine old stories which not even the most tedious and insipid narratives of ancient and modern compilers had succeeded in utterly mutilating and destroying.

There is one point, but indistinctly intimated in our previous detail of Niebuhr's life, which might have claimed from us a somewhat minute and patient consideration —we mean his religious convictions. We had intended to dwell perhaps at some length on this point; but we prefer, upon reflection, to allow him to speak for himself, with but slight comment on our part. The subject is one not to be hastily dealt with, and our space is rapidly drawing to a close.

Niebuhr, as we have already hinted, had but little sympathy with those vague and abstruse speculations so congenial to his countrymen. He seems never for a moment to have lost himself in the region of Transcendental Philosophy. His deep love of reality, and warm sympathy with all the practical interests of human life, saved him from this. He had grown up, however, amid the theological "enlightenment" of the old Rationalism, and although, as he afterwards says, contemplating it with disgust, he yet could not fail to own its influence in some degree. If in no other respect, he felt its effects in the want of any adequate religious instruction in his youth. It is not much to be wondered at, therefore, if his riper views should bear the trace of this —if a vague uncertainty should still have haunted as its shadow the faith to which his heart clung. His early historical studies, too, did not certainly tend to check the sceptical influences under which he had been educated—but rather the reverse. The following extract from the deeply interesting letter addressed to an anonymous correspondent, may serve to place the measure of his scepticism, and the causes which operated in its production, before the reader:—

. . . . "Faith, properly so called, in a much wider sense than religious faith, it is either not given to every nature to possess, or the possibility of its taking root and flourishing may be annihilated by an inharmonious intellectual life. The soil may be fertile, but the climate ungenial. My intellect early took a sceptical direction. With my whole attention bent upon the real and the historical, eager to comprehend and to get to the bottom of everything, I let my thoughts follow the natural association of ideas, without endeavouring to guide them into any particular channel; and in this respect had neither, properly speaking, a truly creative imagination, nor any strong feeling of the need of something beyond the boundaries of experience to satisfy my heart; or perhaps I let both perish for want of nourishment. Altogether, it was very seldom that the consciousness of a thought vanished from my mind in the contemplation of its import and object. To this, unquestionably my natural turn of mind, was added the influence of miserable religious instruction, and of the living study of classical antiquity. Thus it was in riper years, and through the study of history, that I came back for the first time to the sacred books, which I read in a purely critical spirit, and with the purpose of studying their contents as the groundwork of one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of the world. This was not a mood in which real faith could spring up, for it was that of the Protestantism of the present day. I needed no Wolfenbüttel fragments to discover the discrepancies of the Gospels, and the impossibility of even drawing the outlines of a tenable history of the life of Jesus by such criticism. In the Messianic allusions to the Old Testament, I could recognise no prophecies, and could explain all the passages adduced with perfect ease. But here, as in every historical subject, when I contemplated the immeasurable gulf between the narrative and the facts narrated, this disturbed me no further. He, whose earthly life and sorrows were depicted, had for me a perfectly real existence, and his whole history had the same reality, even if it were not related with literal exactness in any single point. Hence also the fundamental fact of miracles, which, according to my conviction, must be conceded, unless we adopt the not merely incomprehensible but absurd hypothesis, that the Holiest was a deceiver,

and his disciples either dupes or liars; and that deceivers had preached a holy religion, in which self-renunciation is everything, and in which there is nothing tending towards the erection of a priestly rule—nothing that can be acceptable to vicious inclinations. As regards a miracle in the strictest sense, it really only requires an unprejudiced and penetrating study of nature, to see that those related are as far as possible from absurdity, and a comparison with legends, or the pretended miracles of other religions, to perceive by what a different spirit they are animated."—Vol. i. pp. 339, 340.

It will be seen even from this, ample as the confession of unbelief may appear to many, how far Niebuhr was from the desolating naturalism that at this time still held so many minds in Germany. If the purity and simplicity of his faith were marred—if his intellect and his heart were unreconciled on the ground of Scripture—he yet obviously possessed a clear recognition of the divine mission of the Saviour and of the divine power of that faith which he taught. The story of the Life of Jesus seemed to him indeed fragmentary and incomplete; but the Life itself was a reality. The picture was broken and defaced, but there were traces enough of divine harmony and beauty in it. And the Christian convictions of Niebuhr seem to have gathered strength and clearness, as his mind continued to dwell on the facts of the Christian history. Writing from Rome in 1818, two years later than the letter from which we have just quoted, he expresses himself with confidence and earnestness concerning the reality of historical Christianity. The revered Neander was deeply touched with his "golden words," and hailed them as a signal testimony to the truth "from one of the greatest men of modern times." "In my opinion," he says, "he is not a Protestant Christian who does not receive the historical facts of Christ's earthly life in their literal acceptation, with all its miracles as equally authentic with any event recorded in history, and whose belief in them is not as firm and tranquil as his belief in the latter; who has not the most absolute faith in the articles of the Apostle's creed, taken in their grammatical sense; who does not consider every doctrine and every precept of the New Testament as undoubted divine revelation in the sense of the Christians of the first century, who knew nothing of a theopneustia. Moreover, a Christianity after the fashion of the modern philosophers and Pantheists, without a personal God, without immortality, without human individuality, without historical faith, is no Christianity at all to me; though it may be a very intellectual, very ingenious philosophy. I have often said that I do not know what to do with a metaphysical God, and that I will have none but the God of the Bible, who is heart to heart with us."

We will only say further on this matter, that whatever may have been defective in Niebuhr's theoretical views of Christianity, his life shews not feebly the beautiful traces of Christian virtue. In the numerous and varied letters of these volumes, the man stands before us in the full breadth and depth of his inner being; and it would not be easy to match the moral purity and integrity of the picture presented to us. It is no mere hard and featureless stoicism we contemplate, no mere Pagan rectitude; but the lines of the portrait are stamped with the deep and pervasive energy of Righteousness, and softened and graced by the gentle touch of Charity. If his intellect may have halted in the acknowledgment of the whole truth, there is evidence that his heart and temper had bowed to that divine might which can alone remould in "the beauty of holiness" the degraded vessel of our fallen humanity. From the depths of his soul, we believe, did he feel the import and the value of the prayer to which he gives utterance in the same letter from Rome. "O that men strove in simplicity of heart, and in union with those like-minded to themselves, to attain true fruit-bearing faith, piety, and love."

If we now venture to express, in conclusion, our brief estimate of Niebuhr's position and work as an Historian, it is with no pretensions to decide with any authority on either. We are too conscious of the difficulty of the task. Only in a review of his life, some remarks on its chief labour would seem to be necessary.

We have already sufficiently indicated our conception of Niebuhr's historical work as in the highest degree constructive, and not in any sense merely of a negative and sceptical character. He did indeed overthrow, but it was ever only with the view of reaching to the basis of truth beneath. He had no love for the process of destruction in itself. If necessarily so much engaged in clearing away, it was only that he might penetrate to the actual shape of the fabric, concealed and encumbered by the parasitic growth of centuries. The task to which Niebuhr set himself, was beyond all question the positive one of reconstructing the *history* of Rome from the legendary narrative with which it has become so mixed up and identified. This was his aim, whatever may be thought of his success.

And to this great work it cannot be doubted he brought consummate powers. It was not merely the vastness of his learning:

it was above all, the depth and range of his historical vision. His implements of investigation were not merely of the highest power and the keenest edge, but he had that gift of *sight* into antiquity, which no mere amount of learned accoutrements can ever impart. He had the eye to see and understand the Past as no one before him had done. And this natural power of insight he had trained with the most assiduous culture. For years his gaze had dwelt with "ever renewed, undeviating steadfastness" on the confused and blended picture, till, as he himself finely says, he had seen "the history of mistaken, misrepresented, and forgotten events, rise out of mists and darkness, and assume substance and shape, as the scarcely visible aerial form of the nymph in the Sclavonian tale, takes the body of an earthly maiden beneath the yearning gaze of love."* It was this genuine love of the old classical Life not only in its outward and more accidental aspects, its circumstantial history —which was all really that had as yet engaged the attention of the modern historian; but in its inward organic development, its essentially characteristic features, which especially distinguished Niebuhr. He comprehended for the first time adequately the varied interest and import of that Life—its full depth and consistency; and sought to develop and explain the different forms in which it expressed itself. Many had before brought ample learning and ability to the task of writing ancient history, but none had as yet entered as he did into the Life of the ancient people, or endeavoured to trace as he did, the rise and development of those institutions in which it was once exhibited and restrained. No one had as yet aimed to reproduce the past in its deeper national significance—in all the variety of its social and political phases; and no higher praise can well be bestowed upon Niebuhr, than that he was the first clearly to grasp this conception of history, however imperfectly he may have realized it.

Of his realization of the work which he had so well conceived, there cannot well, we think, be any difference of opinion. It is undoubtedly in a great degree imperfect. With so rich and vivid an historical intuition, he was yet greatly deficient in the artistic skill of representation. He could *see* for himself, but he had not the craft to work out his vision in an efficient and interesting form for others. There is not a reader we are sure out of a hundred, who does not find with all his best endeavours, that it is a hard task to read Niebuhr's history. He has so accumulated on his pages the materials of his investigations—he at once buries the reader with himself in such a mass of circumstantialities, that it requires a vision similar to his own—a similar familiarity with antiquity—to thread one's way among them, and catch the line of his exposition or narrative. In so far there can be no doubt that Niebuhr mistook the function of the Historian. All throughout his work, including his third volume, for which Arnold claimed more of the character of genuine history, it is rather as the dissertator upon history, than the actual Historian, that he appears. And we have seen that he himself was not insensible to this predominantly expository and critical character of his labours. His style, too, is, as a whole, laboriously Teutonic in its structure, abounding often to very weariness with exceptive clauses, although often, also, it must be admitted, rich and solid in the compass and vigour of its expressions. He sets at times, by a few ripe and felicitous touches, a full and rich picture before the reader; but his general narrative is wholly wanting in pictorial skill and animation. It is always the heavy and didactic march of the essayist, rather than the rapid and flexible movement of the narrator. Much of all this was, no doubt, owing to the nature of the subject, where he had not only to describe the course of facts according to his own conception, but ever to clear away before him the misrepresentations with which it had been encumbered. But then it is just because this process of clearance is constantly so obvious on his pages,—because he gives us not only the results, but also the details of his investigations, and often in so minute and crowded a manner, that we must pronounce Niebuhr deficient in historical art, and that his great work must be regarded more as a rich quarry from which others may build the finished structure, than in any sense such a structure itself.

Niebuhr's great merit, however, remains as in some sense the author of that new conception of history which regards the whole Life of a people in its social and constitutional development. This conception was no doubt one rising upon the age, and making itself therefore more or less consciously intelligible to many minds; but there were none who as yet had so clearly grasped and applied it as Niebuhr did in relation to the Roman people. That he was not able to realize with artistic effect his own conception, is perhaps not to be wondered at. It is not always given to the same minds at once to divine and to execute. Others rise to carry out in the most successful practical form, the teeming idea which its

* History, vol. ii. p. 14.

own author so vividly felt, but did not adequately realize. But the man to whom it is given first clearly to express or render intelligible such an *Idea*, is a master man in his time, and even by those who may least acknowledge his teaching, his influence must be felt through many generations. It is in this way, we believe, that the greatness of Niebuhr's historical labours is most attested. It is not the actual amount of historical truth that they have added to our knowledge, but it is the impulse they communicated to historical criticism, on a penetrative and comprehensive principle hitherto unknown, which makes them mark an era. The special worth of many of his conclusions in Roman history may be disputed, but the searching character of his historical method, and the deeper and more exhaustive range he vindicated for historical inquiry, will bear fruit, as it has already amply done, in the more picturesque and life-like pages of many future historians.

Art. VI.—1. *The Archæology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland.* By Daniel Wilson, Honorary Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. Edinburgh, 1851.*

2. *The Primeval Antiquities of Denmark.* By J. J. A. Worsaae, &c., &c. Translated and applied to the illustration of similar Remains in England, by W. T. Thoms, F. S. A. Oxford, 1849.

3. *Vestiges of the Gael in Gwynedd.* By the Rev. W. B. Jones, M. A., Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. London, 1851.

4. *Remains of Pagan Saxondom, principally from Tumuli in England.* By John Yonge Akerman, Fellow and Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of London. Part I.

The study of antiquities has frequently, and in many cases by no means unjustly, served as a laughing-stock to not a few who would willingly acknowledge that, when treated as it is in the works whose titles we have just transcribed, it can afford no just matter for ridicule, except to those by whom any pursuit not directly subservient to present wealth and comfort is at once dismissed with scorn. It is indeed but very recently that antiquarian research has assumed a character which could fairly put it out of the reach of well-merited contempt. Just now, indeed, the present race of archæologians possibly treat their predecessors with too little reverence; certain it is that, to a genuine disciple of the new school, few sorts of reading afford such unalloyed amusement as the great bulk of works bequeathed to him by his precursors even of the last generation. From dull plodding on the one hand, and wild speculation on the other, Archæology has assumed the character of a science; results are combined, and inferences deduced, according to the rules of logic and the laws of evidence; and the new science holds out her hand to those which have been recognised before her, though we hear some not unreasonable complaints that she has been sometimes a little scurvily treated by her elder sisters.

Such at least is the opinion of the learned author of the first work on our list, which, as having more direct claims upon a *North British Review*, we mean more fully to *review* in a stricter sense, employing the others chiefly in drawing out a connected statement of the most important results of primæval archæological study up to the present time. The reputation of Mr. Worsaae's work is already made, and it has taken its place as a text-book on the subject. Mr. Jones' treatise has a more limited sphere, and is perhaps hardly archæological in the very strictest sense; his inquiry is immediately confined to the population of a small corner of our island, but his view, if found correct, is in close connection with a most important fact in the general ethnology of the three kingdoms.

Of Dr. Wilson's volume, which we owe an apology to our readers for not noticing sooner, our opinion in brief would be, that he has shown himself thoroughly master of his subject, but that he has hardly shown himself equally master of the art of writing a book about it. No one can study his work without recognizing the results of most unwearied research, combined with a good acquaintance with the general laws of historical evidence, and skill in applying some of the principles of inductive argument to the materials before him. A remarkably strong vein of common sense runs through the whole composition. His style of writing is, with a few exceptions, pure and unaffected, and an occasional stroke of sly satire is, for the most part, very skillfully managed. On the whole, the work is a very valuable contribution to English literature in the department to which it relates.

One great object of Dr. Wilson's book is to connect simple archæology, meaning hereby the study of man's artificial works,

* Since this work was published the author has worthily received the honorary degree of LL. D. from the University of St. Andrews.

from bone fish-hooks to Gothic cathedrals, with what are really its kindred studies; with geology on the one hand, with social and political history on the other. The connexion of archæology and geology he has treated in an exceedingly able manner; we have seldom read anything more striking than the chapters in which he depicts the intrusion of the earliest Allophylian race upon the domain of wild beasts, some species of which now exist only in a fossil state. With the other side of his task Dr. Wilson is, we think, less successful. It has struck us more than once, that he fails in that broad grasp of general history which is so desirable in a work of this kind, and that he has no very deep acquaintance with classical antiquity. When he gets on this last field he sometimes commits mistakes, and never seems quite at home.*

We cannot extend our commendation so unreservedly to the arrangement of the work as to the matter. There is a lack of real systematic method; information is frequently found in an earlier or later stage of the book than the table of contents would have led us to expect. Again, while one chief object of the book is to connect archæology with ethnology, and while no one is more skilful in applying archæological facts to prove ethnological conclusions, the author nowhere gives his ethnological system in a connected form, but leaves his readers to patch it up how they may, from various statements and allusions scattered up and down the volume.

Moreover, he does not seem to have thoroughly grasped the wide distinction between a paper in publications like the Archæological Journal, and a formal and standard treatise on a general subject of archæology. The former is of course a mere occasional composition, descriptive of some individual object or class of objects, mere "mémoires pour servir," in which the minuter the description of every object, and everything relating to it, the better. But in a volume like Dr. Wilson's we want results, we want some general view, to which the individual examples should serve merely as illustrations. This Mr. Worsaae has seen and acted upon with his usual clearness and method. But Dr. Wilson gives us long stories about individual swords, tombs, or bracelets, and often leaves us to find out the general view to which they subserve from mere scattered allusions. Nothing is more perplexing to a reader than this confusion of the theorem and the demonstration; but though Dr. Wilson carries it to a greater length than any writer whom we have come across for some time, we must confess that he sins in good company; it is *the* fault of the immortal work of Niebuhr.*

But we will pass from the unpleasant task of fault-finding, which we have performed from a sense of the great importance of the book, and a desire that it should be as nearly as possible free from defects which might diminish its value as a standard work in this department of literature. We should like to see Dr. Wilson recast his work in a more portable form, correct his occasional positive mistakes, and introduce more order and system. As a contribution to the latter object,

* Thus in quoting Festus Avienus (p. 195,) he misdates that author eight centuries, placing him B. C. 400, instead of A. D. In p. 198 we are told that the *Phœnicians* colonized Marseilles, which we may charitably conclude is a misprint for Phocæans. In p. 547—to turn to a piece of Teutonic antiquity—we find the famous ode on Æthelstan's victory so translated as to represent the "grey deer" as among the animals to whom the carcases of Scot and Northman were assigned as a prey. Here the philological difficulty vanishes before the zoological: has Dr. Wilson any ground for believing that so important a change in the diet of the Ruminantia has taken place within so comparatively recent a period? Hardly less difficulty should we have in believing that "some small flint-flakes and arrow-heads, gathered on the elevated mound of the tomb of the Platæans at Marathon," were "weapons used by the Greek patriots in repelling the Persian invader." Now every one who has read either Æschylus or Byron, to say nothing of Herodotus or Thirlwall, is pretty well acquainted with the fact that the bow was the Persian, the spear the Grecian weapon, and, as Herodotus distinctly mentions (iii. 69) tribes with arrow and javelin heads of stone and bone among the followers of Xerxes, we may easily conceive warriors with similar equipments to have swelled those of Datis and Artaphernes. With one or two exceptions, Dr. Wilson's mistakes, arising from this source, do not bear upon the immediate subject of Scottish Archæology, and, consequently, do not greatly detract from the direct value and authority of his book, but they are blemishes in a work of this character which we should be glad to see corrected in the next edition. One, and that among the most singular of all, does seem to affect his main argument. A good deal of his reasoning as to the comparative antiquity of the use of different metals in different parts of Europe, turns upon the dates of the earliest barbaric irruptions into the Roman territory. Now, after diligently examining Dr. Wilson's statements (in p. 351,) we cannot avoid the conclusion, that he believes that the capture of Rome by Brennus took place "circa B. C. 113—100," so that Camillus and Marius encountered, we must suppose, different divisions of the same army.

* Dr. Wilson sometimes uses terms in a loose way, so that it is not easy to reach his real meaning. This is peculiarly the case with the compound terms of Ethnology. His application to one of the three primeval periods of the Scandinavian antiquaries, of the *alias* "Teutonic or Iron," involves an ethnological position which he neither proves nor distinctly states. In this respect Dr. Wilson contrasts unfavourably with Mr. Worsaae, who is the very personification of clearness and method. His arguments may not invariably bring conviction, but there can never be any doubt as to what his opinions really are.

we will now endeavour to put together the results of our study of the works at the head of this article, in the course of which we hope to shew, that although we have noted some points in Dr. Wilson's volume which require amendment, it contains very much which we deeply appreciate and admire.

By Primeval Archæology, in its more extended sense, we understand a science which endeavours, from internal evidence, to throw light on the condition of a country and its inhabitants in periods anterior to history. It seeks, from an investigation of whatever traces they have left behind them, to ascertain who were the inhabitants, and what was their amount of civilisation, in ages when no written records existed. From an examination of their weapons, their utensils, their sepulchres, and, above all, their skulls, it would reconstruct a picture of a state of things on which written history, and even tradition itself, is silent. Such a process of course cannot recover the names and actions of individuals, or, in many cases, even of nations, nor can it fix any other than an approximate and comparative date to the events which it rescues from oblivion, yet it can often establish the chronological succession, though not the duration, of various races in the same country, and can throw much light upon their social condition, their habits, and even their religious belief. Such a work requires no small powers and no small judgment; it can only be carried on by a sound process of induction from phenomena, equally opposed to the mere lifeless accumulation of facts, and to that spirit of insane speculation which has built up so many beautiful theories, which unfortunately have often not a solitary fact to stand upon. This line of investigation is that which is followed by all our authors; and we think that an attentive study of their works might have caused a recent historian, equally admirable in his own department, to have abstained from a somewhat flippant and uncalled for denunciation of pre-historic studies altogether.*

To accomplish this end it is necessary to inquire into a great many objects whose first aspect is far from interesting, and which only derive any charm or value from their connexion with other and higher pursuits. Certainly a mind which can delight in the investigation of old heaps of stones, broken pots, and flakes of flint, simply for their own sake, must be very curiously constituted, and to such an one the jests so commonly levelled at antiquarian researches would apply in their fulness. In other branches of archæology, those, for instance, which are concerned with really beautiful examples of the fine arts, there is a value in the objects themselves, irrespective of their proving anything. A statue or a picture, a castle or a cathedral, has a charm in itself, without at all bringing in its further undoubted value as throwing light upon the history and manners of the age which produced it. The principles of the arts themselves are a distinct branch of philosophy, as worthy of cultivation as any other. But the celt and the paalstab, even the gold armilla and the leaf-shaped bronze sword, have no such value as this; they are simply valuable as instrumental to a higher knowledge—as opening to us the wonderful stores of unrecorded history, and thereby contributing, in no small degree, to our general knowledge of man and his nature. Turn casually over an occasional paper on these subjects, and nothing seems more uninviting than the record of each particular discovery; even look at the objects themselves in an antiquarian collection, and the eye involuntarily turns away from the rough stone or the rusty iron, to the gorgeous works of a later period, to the brilliant enamel, the gold-tipped drinking-horn, or the jewelled chalice; but take the whole series of discoveries in their proper order and connexion, and they assume an interest absolutely fascinating. There is a peculiar charm, which the records of no historical period can supply, in thus groping through the darkness of the world's first ages, and exploring what was as mysterious to the earliest extant writers as it is in our own day. These relics, on which we hardly deign to cast a glance as we hurry on to more attractive objects, prove to be the most valuable of all lessons in the early history of mankind. They open to us the infancy of the world; we see the aboriginal settler, not only without the arts of civilized life, without letters and their results, but without metals, without agriculture, trusting himself to the waves in a fire-hollowed canoe, which he has wrought out of the primeval oaks of the forest, and waging war with no better weapons than bone and flint against denizens of the wilderness which have been removed from the register of existing beings. If these considerations raise some questions which it would be difficult to answer respecting the early condition of man,—whether, for instance, this rude mode of life was man's original state, or whether those who were condemned to it had lost the knowledge of arts with which their forefathers had been acquainted; still, when we consider in how many remote countries the

* Palgrave's History of England and Normandy, p. 469.

same phenomena are discovered, and how closely analogous is the course of improvement in nearly every case, they surely supply an additional argument in support of that revealed truth which every new scientific discovery seems the more strongly to confirm,—the essential unity of the human race.

The primeval period of Archæology in any given country begins from an epoch of indefinite antiquity, and is terminated by whatever event brings it within the pale of written history;—events such as the Roman Conquest of Gaul or Britain, or the introduction of Christianity into countries beyond the limits of the empire. In England the heathen age of Anglo-Saxon occupation may perhaps be considered as a sort of return to the primeval period.* It may perhaps be most convenient not to draw the line very accurately at any particular date, but to use the word to designate, in the northern and western parts of Europe, all examples of native workmanship earlier than what would be recognised as mediæval.

This long range of time may in most countries be divided into the periods of *Stone*, *Bronze*, and *Iron;* so called from the material of which the most important weapons and utensils were made in each of them. They express three steps in a gradual march towards civilisation; the use of bronze being an advance over the entire ignorance of metals during the stone period, and that of iron, the most serviceable metal, being a further advance over that of bronze. Of the ornamental metals, gold seems to have been generally the first known, and accompanies the use of bronze articles; while silver, for the most part, does not appear till the age of iron.

Relics of the stone period are found over a very large portion of the earth. We find in the passage above referred to from Herodotus, that some of the "Æthiopians" had not got beyond it in the fifth century, B. C., and many barbarous and distant tribes remain in the same state till this day. "Implements of stone," says Mr. Worsaae, (p. 128,) which are exactly similar, occur in Japan, in America, in the South Sea Islands, and elsewhere." They belong to a particular stage of human development or retrogression, and not to any particular race.

"The substitution," says Dr. Wilson, "of flint, stone, horn, and wood, in the absence of metal weapons and implements, must be abundantly familiar to all, in the customs of society when met with in a rude and primitive condition. The Fins and Esquimaux, the African Bushmen, and the natives of such of the Polynesian Islands as are rarely visited by Europeans, still construct knives and arrow-heads of flint or fish-bone, and supply themselves with wooden clubs and stone adzes and hammers, with little consciousness of imperfection or deficiency in such appliances. Examples of such a state of arts and human skill might be multiplied from the most dissimilar sources. It seems, as has been already remarked, to be a stage through which all nations have passed, not without each developing a sufficient individuality to render their arts well worthy of investigation by their descendants. To this primitive era of history we refer under the name of the Stone Period." —P. 29.

It would seem to be a necessary consequence that the commencement of this state of things in any country coincides with the first appearance of human inhabitants in that country; that the stone period, wherever it occurs, must be the earliest of all; and the men of that period as strictly aborigines as any men are. Now, it is difficult to conceive how the knowledge of metals, which certainly existed in antediluvian times, could ever have been lost; but it is surely easier to imagine that it might be lost during long-continued wandering than that such an all-important knowledge should have slipped out of the hands of its possessors after they had made the remotest approach to settled habitations in any country. We may therefore conclude that the earliest men of the Stone Period were the earliest inhabitants of Britain or of any other country where their relics exist; for people in such a condition cannot be conceived to have entered it as conquerors of a people more advanced; the only conceivable case would be the exceptional one of their occupying a territory *deserted* by a more civilized race.

When these first inhabitants, then, reached Britain it is of course impossible to prove chronologically, but it could not have been at a very early stage of the great dispersion of the human race. An island at the extreme west of Europe might probably remain uninhabited long after countries nearer the general Asiatic centre had received a settled population and a social polity.

"Britain," observes Dr. Latham,* "is an *island*. Everything relating to the natural history of the useful arts is so wholly uninvestigated, that no one has proposed even to approximate the date of the first launch of the first boat; in other words, of the first occupation of a piece of land surrounded by water. The

* The antiquities of this period bid fair to be well illustrated in Mr. Akerman's "Remains of Pagan Saxondom,"—we do not much admire the name—of which we have received the first part since this article was written.

* Man and his Migrations, p. 153. See also p. 95 of the same Work.

whole of that particular continent in which the first protoplasts saw light may have remained full to overflowing before a single frail raft had effected the first human migration. Britain may have remained a solitude for centuries and millenniums after Gaul had been full."

But, on the other hand, we have certain geological phenomena coming in to prove the immense positive antiquity of the date at which the first human occupation of Britain took place. The manner in which this subject is treated by Dr. Wilson forms, in our opinion, by far the most valuable and interesting portion of his work.

"We learn from an examination of the detritus and its included fossils, that at the period immediately preceding the occupation of the British Islands by their first colonists, the country must have been almost entirely covered with forests and overrun by numerous races of animals long since extinct. . . . The most extensive discoveries of mammalian remains and recent skulls generally occur along the valleys by which the present drainage of the country takes place, and hence we infer that little change has taken place in its physical conformation since their deposition. . . . , They belong to that period in which our planet was passing through its very latest stage of preparation prior to its occupation by man; a period on which the geologist, who deals with phenomena of the most gigantic character, and with epochs of vast duration, is apt to dwell with diminished interest, but which excites in the thoughtful mind a keener sympathy than all that preceded it. The general geographical disposition of the globe was then nearly as it still remains. Our own island was, during a great portion of it, insulated, as it is now. Yet it is of this familiar locality that the palæontologist remarks:—'In this island, anterior to the deposition of the drift, there was associated with the great extinct tiger, bear, and hyæna of the caves, in the destructive task of controlling the numbers of the richly developed order of the herbivorous mammalia, a feline animal, (the *Machairodus Latidens*,) as large as the tiger, and to judge by its instruments of destruction, of greater ferocity.' It was within the epoch to which these strange mammals belong, and while some of them, and many other contemporaneous forms of being still animated the scene, that man was introduced upon this stage of existence, and received dominion over every living thing."—P. 22.

Dr. Wilson then quotes several instances in which the remains of extinct animals have been found with the marks of wounds evidently inflicted by human agency, and by the instrumentality of the rude weapons of the period we are now examining. He then proceeds with the following animated picture of primeval Britain and its inhabitants:—

"Thus much is apparent from the most superficial glance at the geological evidence of the primeval state of Britain within the historic era,—that though corresponding in its great geographical outlines to its present condition, it differed, in nearly every other respect, as widely as it is possible for us to conceive of a country capable of human occupation. A continuous range of enormous forests covered nearly the whole face of the country. Vast herds of wild cattle, of gigantic proportions and fierce aspect, roamed through the chase, while its thickets and caves were occupied by carnivora, preying on the herbivorous animals, and little likely to hold in dread the armed savage who intruded on their lair. The whole of these have existed since the formation of the peat began, and therefore furnish some evidence of the very remote antiquity to which we must refer the origin of some of the wastes that supply, as will be seen in subsequent chapters, an important element in the elucidation of primitive chronology. Upon this singular arena Archæology informs us that the primeval Briton entered, unprovided with any of those appliances with which the arts of civilisation arm man against such obstacles. Intellectually, he appears to have been in nearly the lowest stage to which an intelligent being can sink; morally, he was the slave of a superstition, the grovelling character of which will be traced in reviewing his sepulchral rites; physically, he differed little in stature from the modern inheritors of the same soil, but his cerebral development was poor, his head small in proportion to his body, his hands, and probably his feet, also small; while the weapons with which he provided himself for the chase, and the few implements that ministered to his limited necessities, indicate only the crude development of that inventive ingenuity which first distinguishes the reason of man from the instincts of the brutes."—P. 27.

"The fossil cetacea especially," observes our author, "furnish most interesting and conclusive evidence of the very remote period at which the presence of a human population is discoverable in Scotland." He instances several cases in which fossil whales have been discovered in situations now considerably removed from the sea, and where the rude harpoon of deer's horn lay by the side of the animal. Boats of very primitive construction have also been dug up, imbedded deep in various positions now quite out of the reach of water.

"Some of these historic phenomena which are indicated above, required only time to produce them. The beds of sand and loam at Springfield, in which the ancient fleets of the Clyde have lain entombed for ages, are such as the slow depositions of winter floods will, for the most part, account for, if the chronologist can only spare for them the requisite centuries. Others seem to point to geological changes within the historic era of a more remarkable and extensive character. These it is not our province to explain. Whether the geologist find it most consistent with the established laws of his science to assume the standing of the whole ocean at higher levels within so recent a period,

or adopt the more probable theory of local upheaval and denudation, to account for these phenomena, this, at least, must be conceded, that the lapse of many ages is required for the changes which they indicate, and we can hardly err in inferring that civilisation had advanced but a little way on the plain of Nimroud, or the banks of the Nile, when the tiny fleets of the Clyde were navigating its estuary, and the hardy fishermen were following the whale in the winding creeks of the Forth."—P. 40.

Dr. Wilson has opened a curious field of inquiry in his chapter on "the Dwellings of the Stone period." The most interesting specimens of this primitive architecture are the subterranean vaults, locally known as weems;* some of which seem satisfactorily determined to be of this age, as stone celts and hammers have been found in them. But they must have been retained in use at a later period, as in one he mentions the discovery of a stone celt and a bronze sword.† This last circumstance throws some doubt upon an argument which might otherwise be brought to prove the practice of agriculture during the stone period, namely, the frequent occurrence in the weems of the quern or hand-mill. These structures are also extremely valuable to the architectural inquirer. "The walls are made to converge towards the top, and the whole is roofed in by means of the primitive substitute for the arch, which characterizes the Cyclopean structures of infant Greece, and the vast temples and palaces of Mexico and Yucatan. The huge stones overlap each other in succession, until the intervening space is sufficiently reduced to admit of the vault being completed by a single block extending from side to side."‡ In addition to the countries mentioned by Dr. Wilson, the same, or analogous, forms have been found in Italy and Egypt, where they have been developed into the real arch, as well as in Sardinia, India, and Peru, where, as in Greece and Yucatan, they appear to have got no further. "It is certainly most remarkable," says a recent writer, "to see exactly the same process, the same strivings after the advantages of an arched construction, going on in such distant regions, where the idea of borrowing from one another is altogether out of the question. . . . These . . . instances . . show that architecture is in most countries a plant of indigenous birth, and has everywhere passed through the same, or at least analogous stages. The want of the arch was almost universally felt, though it was not every nation that had the ability, or the good fortune to bring their strivings after it to a successful issue."*

The most important *tombs* of the Stone Period are the famous cromlechs, which, now that the common sense of Mr. Worsaae has once been applied to the subject, we trust no one will again speak of as Druidical altars. Both in Mr. Worsaae's and Dr. Wilson's works will be found numerous examples which must set the question at rest for ever. The general practice during this age was to bury the dead, but towards its close, according to Dr. Wilson,† the practice of cremation was introduced.

The *Bronze Period* is one of very much higher cultivation, as is at once shewn by the fact that it is the analogous stage to that of the heroes of Homer, among whom iron was not absolutely unknown, but bronze was the metal most frequently used. And the use of brazen arms certainly existed down to a much later period, as appears from the well known story of Psammetichus and the soldiers from Ionia and Caria.‡ But perhaps the people we are most familiar with at this stage are the ancient subjects of the Incas, who shew how high a degree of civilisation may be obtained without the use of what appears to us the absolute necessity of iron.§ The bronze stage, however is also found in nations very far behind the early Greeks or even the Peruvians. It was that of the barbarian Massagetæ in the time of Herodotus,‖ and seems to have remained among the European Scythians, at least to the time of Philip.¶ Even now we are told that "the most usual weapon of the Hungarian peasant is a small brass axe, closely resembling that of (sic) the antique

* Under the same head, Dr. Wilson treats of those circular foundations of buildings, such as may be seen on St. David's Head, and on Worle Hill in Somersetshire, which surely belong to a later race. Dr. Wilson mentions that in Scotland they are called "Picts' Houses," so in Wales they are known as *Cyttiau y Gwyddelod, Cots of the Gael;* a coincidence which may possibly not be accidental.

† Dr. Wilson in the same chapter, (p. 77,) speaks of a dwelling of another kind in which *iron* was found, but he brings no evidence that it belonged to the stone period, and he suggests that "the torch of the Roman legionary applied the brand that reduced it to a blackened ruin."

‡ Wilson, p. 79.

* Freeman's *History of Architecture*, p. 47, *et seq.*

† P. 70, *et seq.* ‡ Herod. ii., 152.

§ Prescott's Peru, i. 139. "The natives were unacquainted with the use of iron, though the soil was largely impregnated with it. The tools used were of stone, or more frequently of copper. But the material on which they relied for the execution of their most difficult tasks was formed by combining a very small portion of tin with copper." That is *bronze* as distinguished from *brass*.

‖ i. 215, σιδήρῳ δὲ οὐδ' ἀργύρῳ χρέωνται οὐδὲν· οὐδέ γὰρ οὐδὲ σφί ἐστι εν τῇ χώρῃ, ὁ δὲ χρυσὸς καὶ ὁ χαλκὸς ἄπλετος.

¶ Just. ix. 2.

'Celts.'"* Both in Greece and Britain this stage is also marked by a great abundance of gold ornaments, silver being very much less in use. Cremation was now general, though not universal. The most remarkable relics of this date are the bronze swords and celts, of the latter of which Dr. Wilson has drawn up an elaborate classification.

Such is a brief view of the archæological facts connected with the two first periods, those of *Stone* and *Bronze*. We do not of course pretend to give here anything like a summary of the evidence on which these results depend, which we recommend our readers to study for themselves in the volumes of Mr. Worsaae and Dr. Wilson. We cannot understand how their general view of the three successive periods of Stone, Bronze, and Iron, can fail to approve itself almost to any mind even without evidence; it really carries its own intuitive conviction with it. And yet a certain class of antiquaries are content to jumble together everything anterior to the Roman invasion, under the meaningless name of Druidical. As Dr. Wilson observes (p. 104) with admirable truth and severity, "the convenient terms of Druid altars and temples have long supplied a ready resource for the absence of all knowledge of their origin and use. The cromlech has at length been restored to its true character as a sepulchral monument, by the very simple process of substituting investigation for theory." Mr. Worsaae has incontestably shewn (p. 85) that the cromlech *could* not have been an altar; the cromlech has been disinterred from beneath its covering of earth, and the barbarian himself has been disinterred from within his cromlech, and yet, with some persons, seeing is not believing. In the same spirit when a primitive boat was recently found, it was pronounced to be a "Druidical coffin;" and to crown all, the occupant of a tumulus in Carmarthenshire, whose skull we imagine would, in Dr. Wilson's hands, have at once proclaimed him an Allophylian, is personally identified with some imaginary British king!!† It is a pity that such inquirers have not the island of Crete for the scene of their investigations; they would surely before long, despite the warning of Callimachus, point out to us the true tokens of the tomb of Zeus.

But Druids and Druidism apart, we do not see how any one can fail to recognise at the first glance these three periods as following each other in the chronological sequence which we have assigned to each, though we must of course be content with the sequences, without attempting to fix their respective duration. We cannot, however, forbear transcribing two unanswerable passages of Mr. Worsaae:—

"If, without any reference to history, we should seek to determine which of the two metals, copper or iron, was first discovered and used for weapons and tools, we should very readily come to a conclusion in favour of that which is most easily recognised as a metal when in the earth. Now, we know that copper is found in the mines in a state of such comparative purity as to require very little smelting for the purpose of being brought into a state fit for use, while, on the other hand, iron in its rough state looks more like a stone than a metal, and moreover, before it can be worked at all, must be subjected to a difficult process of smelting by means of a very powerful fire. If we look at the question only on this side, we are forced to conclude, that copper must have been found and employed before iron. And this is confirmed, not only by early historical notices, but also by recent investigations of ancient remains. In Asia, from whence the greater portion, probably all, the European races have migrated, numerous implements and weapons of copper have been discovered in a particular class of graves; nay, in some of the old and long abandoned mines in that country, workmen's tools have been discovered made of copper, and of a very remote antiquity. We see, moreover, how at a later period attempts were made to harden copper, and to make it better suited for cutting implements by a slight intermixture principally of tin. Hence arose that mixed metal to which the name of 'bronze' has been given, and which, according to the oldest writers of Greece and Rome, was generally used in the southern countries before iron.

"That that was the case farther north, and that in Denmark there was once a time—the so-called Bronze-period—in which weapons and cutting instruments were made of bronze, because the use of iron was either not known at all, or very imperfectly, we learn with certainty from our antiquities. We must not however by any means believe that the bronze period developed itself among the aborigines, gradually, or step by step, out of the stone period. On the contrary, instead of the simple and uniform implements and ornaments of stone, bone, and amber, we meet suddenly with a number and variety of splendid weapons, implements and jewels, of bronze, and sometimes indeed with jewels of gold. The transition is so abrupt, that from the antiquities we are enabled to conclude, what in the following pages will be further developed, that the bronze period must have commenced with the irruption of a new race of people possessing a higher degree of cultivation than the earlier inhabitants.

"As bronze tools and weapons spread over the land, the ancient and inferior implements of stone and bone were, as a natural consequence, superseded. This change however was by no means so rapid as to enable us to maintain with certainty, that from the beginning of the bronze period no stone implements were

* Pulszky's Traditions of Hungary, i. 314.

† See Archæologia Cambrensis, for April 1851 (p. 159); a publication which usually steers clear of such folly.

used in Denmark. The universal diffusion of metals could only take place by degrees. Since in Denmark itself, neither copper nor tin occurs, so that these metals, being introduced from other countries, were of necessity expensive, the poorer classes continued for a long series of years to make use of stone as their material; but it also appears that the richer, at all events in the earlier periods, in addition to their bronze implements, still used others of stone, particularly such as would have required a large quantity of metal for their formation. In tombs, therefore, which decidedly belong to the bronze period, we occasionally meet with wedges and axes, knives and axes, but most frequently hammers, all of stone, which must have been used at a much later period. A great number of them very carefully wrought, and also bear evident marks of having been bored through with round metal cylinders. But although implements of stone and bronze were at a certain period used together, yet it is an established fact that a period first prevailed during which stone alone was used for implements and weapons; and that subsequently a time arrived when the use of bronze appears to have been the all-prevailing custom."—Pp. 23-25.

In the other he argues with equal cogency from the sepulchral rites of the successive periods:—

"From the fact that bodies during the bronze period were burned, it may be conceived that the bronze period is later than the stone period, in which it was the general custom to bury the dead without burning. This latter method of interment is peculiar to uncultivated nations, and is unquestionably the most simple and the most natural; the custom of burning the dead supposes a certain development of religious feeling which is only to be found among such nations as have acquired some degree of civilisation. It was a totally different matter, however, when, towards the close of Paganism in the north, cultivation having obtained a higher grade, men once more adopted the custom of interring their dead without first burning them. This fact by no means invalidates the assertion, that the mode of interment of the stone period is the most ancient. That the stone period extends farthest into antiquity, the tombs which belong to it afford the most unquestionable proofs. At the summit and on the sides of a barrow are often found vessels of clay, with burnt bones and articles of bronze, while at the base of the hill we meet with the ancient cromlechs, or giant's chambers, with unburnt bodies and objects of stone. From this it is obvious that at a later time, possibly centuries after, poorer persons, who had not the means to construct barrows, used the ancient tombs of the stone period, which they could do with the more security, since a barrow which is piled above a giant's chamber had exactly the same appearance as a barrow of the bronze period. To prevent misunderstanding it must here be observed, that many persons are of opinion, from the appearance of the barrows when opened, that the different modes of interment of the periods of stone and bronze, the placing bodies in cromlechs and the burning them, prevailed universally at one and the same time. This opinion has, however, been founded in most cases on very loose grounds, since sufficient attention has not been paid to distinguishing the different modes of interment at the base and the summit of the barrows; for the fact that two kinds of interment occur in the same barrow, by no means proves that such interments belong to the same era. The circumstance, moreover, that together with unburnt bodies vessels of clay have also been found, in the cromlechs and giants' chambers, has given rise to error. These vessels contain, as we have seen, merely loose earth; but formerly it was constantly as erroneously conceived, that all vessels of clay found in barrows were urns for ashes, and had been filled with burnt human bones. We are certainly not justified in positively denying, that burnt human bones have ever been found in a legitimate grave of the stone period, but experience has hitherto shewn us, that between the tombs of the stone period and those of the bronze period, there exists a difference as great, and in fact greater, than that which prevails between the antiquities of the two periods."—Pp. 94, 95.

Our present subject is not ethnology but "Primeval Archæology;" so we shall not enter into any questions connected with the former, which can be considered as at all directly historical, but shall confine ourselves solely to that obscure branch, which is, in truth, a part of Primeval Archæology, or, more accurately speaking, constitutes the end of that study. Any questions touching the historic inhabitants of this island, the Celtic and Teutonic tribes, we shall, for the present, postpone. We only wish to call attention to the view, which, greatly in consequence of the labours of Mr. Worsaae and Dr. Wilson, is beginning to be generally received, namely, that the remains of the stone period belong to an entirely extinct race. We have only, previous to this question, to take a very cursory view of the existing population of the British isles, so as to see how its analogies bear on the prehistoric period.

Contemplating the population of Britain as we see it at present, and taking in as part of the picture all that we can learn from recorded history, we get something like the following. Two main races occupy these islands, the *Celtic* and the *Teutonic*, and the earlier possession of the former we may safely set down as a historical fact. Again, we find in the Celtic race two marked branches, the Gael of the Scotch Highlands, Ireland, and the Isle of Man, the Cymry who still remain in Wales and Cornwall, and who existed in historical times through most parts of England, and in compara-

tively recent ages retained a large district on the western portion of the Scottish border, where they left their name to an English county. The Teutonic population occupies England and the Scottish Lowlands, and though formed out of a junction of numerous Germanic tribes, and with a strong Scandinavian element in its northern and eastern portions, is a much nearer approach to an ethnological unity than the Celtic. Neither now nor a thousand years back can as much difference be found between Angle and Saxon, or even between Saxon and Northman, as still exists between Gael and Cymry. Taking a glance at the map we see that the great mass of the island is Teutonic, the Celt being driven into the northern and western parts* of Great Britain, and into the island still farther removed from the rest of the world. History tells us, what the state of the case might have told for itself, that the Celt once occupied a much larger portion of the island than at present, and that the invading Teuton has dispossessed him of the fairest portion of his patrimony, and driven him into remote corners of the land.

Thus far we cannot well go wrong; but when we see the gradual advance of population from "the eastern cradle-land of man," sweeping, wave upon wave, Celtic, Teutonic, Slavic, with, on the whole, a wonderful regularity, we are tempted to ask two questions: *first*, is it not possible that the Celts themselves were not the first wave, but dispossessed some earlier inhabitants? *secondly*, when we see the wide diversity between the two Celtic branches, may not one of these have stood in the same relation to the other as they both did to the Teuton?

On this last question we cannot now enter. We only allude to it as the subject of the third work on our list, the learned and acute treatise of the able Secretary of the Cambrian Antiquaries being specially devoted to this purpose. We trust, on some other occasion, to point out the happy union of local experience and historical acumen which he has brought to bear on this important question. At present we can only mention, what is of some consequence to our present subject in the way of analogy, that his researches tend strongly to confirm the view entertained by Lhuyd and others, that, of the two Celtic branches, the Gael preceded the Cymry in the possession of the whole of the islands, and have been since driven into the remote portions in which alone we find their historic homes. Gael, Cymry, and Teuton would thus be three successive waves of population, following each upon the one immediately before it in a north-westerly direction.

We have now gone back as far as history and tradition can carry us, and have found the Gael the earliest historical occupants of Britain, the advanced guard of the great Arian migration. They are certainly the oldest race now existing in Britain, probably the oldest that have left any trace even in local nomenclature. But were they the first inhabitants of all? Was the barbarian who harpooned the whale in the Clyde at all the ancestor of the Gael who made the last stand for his nationality at Culloden? As far as history and tradition* goes, he might be; but archæological evidence tells us another story.

There are no ante-Arian races or other than archæological vestiges now existing in Britain; but such is far from being the case on the Continent. On the confines of France and Spain still exist the remnants of the Basque or Euskarian race, which is now recognised as of Allophylian† origin; and there is every reason to believe that they represent the old Iberians,‡ and consequently that there is a great non-Arian element in the existing population of Spain. Besides this, traces of their presence are left in the local nomenclature of many other parts of the south of Europe. Moreover, at the opposite end of that continent we find the various branches of the Finnish race, many of which still remain in a state of barbarism, and who appear, in comparatively recent times, to have occupied a much larger portion of the Scandinavian peninsula. We find, then, that in other countries which exhibit the same archæological phenomena as Britain, and where the Celtic race still exists, as very conspicuously in France, that race was not the first which occupied the country, but had a precursor in a people which is still numbered among existing nations. Again, driven up into a still more remote corner, we find another people,

* That the extreme north of Scotland and the extreme west of Wales are both Teutonic is a singular fact, but, as it arises from comparatively recent settlements, does not affect the general law of their occupation.

* We cannot build much on the obscure tradition mentioned by Thierry, about an extinct race of hunters, who, "instead of dogs, trained foxes and wild cats for the chase." This sounds like a lower race than the Gael, yet the Welsh tradition would appear to apply to them.

† For this convenient name for undefined non-Arian peoples we need not say we are indebted to Dr. Prichard.

‡ This, we need not say, is convincingly shown by Dr. Prichard in the third volume of his Physical History. See also Arnold's Rome, i. 488.

equally or more unconnected with the general population of Europe, and undoubtedly a mere vestige of a once more widely extended race. Hence alone we might be tempted to put together the Finnish hypothesis of Rask,* which represents these detached fragments as vestiges of a great race which once possessed the whole intervening region, but which have been separated from one another by the successive inroads of the various Arian tribes. This alone would make us look for ante-Celtic authors of the earliest antiquities through all the region. But, besides this, we have the anatomical fact that the crania in the tombs of the stone period are not Celtic, but of another character. Again, the use of the cromlech, the tomb of the stone period, is remarkably confined to a well-ascertained region; if that species of tomb were of Celtic origin, we should have expected the limits of that region to have coincided with the territory known to have been possessed by Celtic inhabitants. But this is far from the case. Cromlechs occur throughout a long tract in the west of Europe, chiefly along the coast, in south-western Sweden, Denmark, the British isles, northern Germany, France, and the Spanish peninsula.† Of these, Britain, Gaul, and Spain have had Celtic inhabitants, but there is no evidence that the Celts ever settled in any part of Scandinavia; whereas, as Mr. Worsaae says—

"In previous times they had undoubtedly occupied a much greater extent of the present country of Germany, particularly its middle and southern parts, where the names of localities, mountains, and rivers, are very frequently of Celtic origin; in which regions, however, the characteristic cromlechs, with unburnt bodies, instruments of flint, and ornaments of amber, have not as yet been found. Had cromlechs of this nature been the most ancient Celtic graves, we should certainly have expected to have found them in the countries first inhabited by the Celts. But what is more, in the west of Europe there appears not to have been any transition from the cromlech to the barrow: they are totally different."—P. 132.

An ingenious philological argument has also been brought by Dr. Wilson. He derives the Celtic word cromlech‡ from *cromach*, (Gaelic,) or *cromen*, (Welsh,) signifying a *roof* or *vault*, and *clach* or *lech*, a stone." He adds that, as the name is Celtic, if the thing be Allophylian, "the old name of cromlech is of recent origin compared with the structures to which it is applied; and of this its derivation affords the strongest confirmation. It is just such a term as strangers would adopt, being simply descriptive of the actual appearance of the monument, but conveying no idea of its true character as a sepulchral memorial." *

We may, therefore, safely conclude, that the monuments of the stone period belong to an ante-Celtic race, and we shall probably not be far wrong in supposing, that the whole cromlech country from Denmark to Portugal was once occupied by an Allophylian race, of whom the Basques are the existing remnant. From Britain and Northern Gaul they were dispossessed by the Celts; from their Scandinavian settlements, apparently by the existing Danes.†

But a farther question now arises, Were the Basques the earliest inhabitants of these countries, or did they in their turn dispossess some still more remote occupants? This partly turns on the degrees of affinity supposed to exist between the Basque and the Finnish nations. Dr. Prichard ‡ seems to admit an analogy, though a remote one, between their respective languages, and such an one is also said to exist between their skulls; but certainly in other respects it would be an insult to compare the two. The Fins were in the lowest state of barbarism in the time of Tacitus, and have certainly, to say the least, not developed since in the same proportion as the Teutonic and Celtic races. But the Iberians, unlike the Fins, have always had a certain civilisation. And still more, as Mr. Worsaae shows, where the Fins exist, or can be shown to have existed, as in Norway and the greater part of Sweden, the cromlech does not occur. We may therefore follow Mr. Worsaae in saying,—

"The first people who inhabited the north of Europe were without doubt Nomadic races, of whom the Laplanders, or, as they were formerly called, the Fins, are the remains. They had no settled habitations, but wandered from place to place, and lived on vegetables, roots, hunting, and fishing. After them came another race, who evidently advanced a step farther, since they did not follow this unsettled wandering life, but possessed regular and fixed habitations. This people diffused themselves along those coasts which afforded them fitting opportunities for hunting and fishing; while voyages by sea and agriculture also appear to have commenced among them. This race, however, seems not to have penetrated the interior parts of Europe, which were at that time full of immense bogs and woods: they wanted metal for felling trees, and so opening the interior of the country, for which purpose their simple implements of stone were insufficient. They followed only the open

* See Man and his Migrations, 181.

† Worsaae, 105.

‡ *Not* from the imaginary Irish Jupiter Tonans, "*Crom.*" See Archæologia Cambrensis, 1849, p. 311; 1850, pp. 14, 158.

* P. 69. †Worsaae, p. 144. ‡ iii. 22.

coasts, and the shores of the rivers or large lakes. To this period belong the cromlechs, or giants' chambers, and the antiquities of stone and bone exhumed from them."—P. 134.

Dr. Wilson, in like manner, considers that he has established *two* Allophylian or ante-Celtic races in Britain, with different skulls and different sepulchral rites, and that the latter were a great advance on the former, and probably entered Britain as conquerors. It is a great temptation to look on them as Fins and Basques respectively; but neither does he himself attempt to make out such a case, nor does he supply sufficient data for the purpose; especially since, if we rightly understand him, cremation was introduced by his second Allophylian race. (P. 72.)

Now, who were the men of the bronze and iron periods? At this stage of our argument we are strongly tempted to wish, either that we were writing on Scandinavian instead of British antiquities, or that we had Mr. Worsaae as a direct guide to the latter. It is with the greatest reluctance that we refrain from transcribing his account of these two periods in the north, so irresistibly clear and cogent is every word of his argument. But, unfortunately, from this point his investigations are of comparatively little service to British antiquaries, as from hence the course of immigration in Britain and in Denmark is, as we have seen, completely different. And we have now passed the most valuable portion of Dr. Wilson's book. His great point is, as we have said, in connecting archæology with geology and anatomy; in the latter stages, which we have now reached, his habit of scattering his conclusions up and down among his data renders it difficult to make out what his conclusions are.

The passage which approaches most nearly to a definite statement is the following:—

"We have seen, in so far as the imperfect data already referred to afford trustworthy indications of the physical characteristics of the primitive colonists of Britain, that the race of the later era differed greatly from their elder, and probably aboriginal precursors of the primeval period. We must depend not only on the united observations of British archæologists for adding to these ethnological data, but also on continental research for supplying the necessary elements of comparison by which we may hope to trace out the origin of the Brachy-kephalic race of Scotland, to whom it seems probable that the introduction of the primitive metallurgic arts must be ascribed; while it may be that we shall yet be able clearly to associate the full development of these prior to the working of iron, with the intrusion of the Celtic upon the elder Allophylian British races."—P. 205.

From this we should have inferred that the Celts (Gaels) first introduced the use of bronze,* and that the Brachycephali (the second or better Allophylian race) learned of them the use, though probably not the manufacture, (Wilson, pp. 205,† 233,) just as in the course of extermination of aborigines which has been carried on by Europeans in so many lands, some portion of the conquerors' civilisation is extended to the vanquished before he disappears from the earth. Yet some way after he tells us,—

"In the present state of archæological inquiry, it would be presumptuous to assign dogmatically the precise races to which the arts of each period pertain. Still, the indications both of archæological and direct historical evidence manifestly point to the Celtiæ as comparatively late intruders, and leave us to seek, with little hesitation, in their Allophylian precursors for the metallurgists of the Archaic period. In the Kumbe-kephalic *Allophyliæ*, we may expect to trace the rude primeval workers in stone with undefined sepulchral rites, and no distinct evidences of a faith or hope beyond the grave. Upon this meanly gifted race, the Brachy-kephalic Allophyliæ intruded, bringing with them, in all probability, the knowledge of metallurgic arts, yet effecting their aggressions by such slow degrees that, as we have seen, these arts appear to have reached our northern regions long before the rude aborigines were called upon to employ them in repelling their originators. From these as well as other arguments we infer, that when the earliest Celtic nomades first reached our coasts, they found the older natives already in possession of weapons of bronze, and familiar with the most essential processes of the metallurgist."—P. 343.

Now we really cannot quite reconcile these passages. Our own *guess*—it is not much more—would be that the Gael or Gwyddyl *introduced* bronze into Britain—where they discovered its use is another matter—and that whatever knowledge the second Allophylians had of it, was derived from them. The bronze celt and even the leaf-shaped sword, may have been used against the invading Gael, just as the musket of European

* Dr. Wilson has, in our eyes, wasted many words in disputing against a proposition in a passage of Mr. Worsaae's quoted above, implying that the bronze period marked the intrusion of a conquering race, whereas he supposes what he calls a "metallurgic transition," when bronze and stone were used simultaneously. Now Mr. Worsaae (pp. 24, 25) most clearly admits a "metallurgic transition;" and as far as we can discover Dr. Wilson's meaning, he admits the intrusion of the ἄνδρες χάλκεοι, (Brachycephali,) as conquerors. Both seem to us to mean precisely the same thing,—that bronze was introduced by a conquering race, but that the conquered learned to use, if not to work it, before their final extirpation.

† "The weapons and implements," he acutely observes, "would in many localities long precede the knowledge of the art by which they were formed."—P. 205.

civilisation may in our own times be seen in the hands of the native barbarians engaged in repelling that very civilisation in its further advances. In Scotland, especially, one can hardly conceive the Gael as greatly circumscribing the territory of the Allophylians till they were themselves sore pressed by the Cymry; so that there may even have been an interval of peace—such peace as we may imagine in such a state of society—during which the *savage* Allophylian may have freely profited by the arts of the *barbarian* Gael.

We are led to this view, that the first Celtic invaders, that is the Gael, must have first introduced bronze implements, by the consideration that the cromlechs belong to the latest and most advanced portion of the stone period. We have seen that they are the work of that second Allophylian people which we have endeavoured to identify with the Basque or Iberian race. But the cromlechs belong wholly to the stone period, though to its latest stage; no metallic articles being, to the best of our knowledge, ever found in them. It seems to follow, then, that the Basque population in Britain had no original knowledge of metals, but that they were introduced by the next race that entered the island, that is, by the Gael or earliest Celts.

If we are right in thus supposing the first Celtic invaders to have introduced the use of bronze, we have now landed on something like historic ground, and the further consideration of the use of iron, whether due to another Celtic race or to a Teutonic immigration, belongs to a subject which we have for the present postponed. The strictly primeval or pre-historic period is now over. Gael and Cymry are existing races, each possessing an existing language and literature, and we are now professing only to deal with those races of men to whose existence no other clue is provided beside the labours of the antiquary. But even with regard to these remoter and darker ages, we would fain have them believe that "lost," is not, as Sir F. Palgrave would teach us "lost," nor "gone, gone, for ever." We endeavour to deduce a theory from facts—facts that cannot lie, and which speak to us more clearly than all the triads and traditions of all the Druids, Bards, and Ovates, that may have been created from Brute to the last Eisteddfod; we seek not for detailed history, but for truth of another kind, yet no less real than the facts that shine forth most clearly in the noblest contemporary narrative. A truer and deeper philosophy breathes in the following extract.

"How undeniable soever the proposition that the history of a country, that is, a narrative of events and actions connected and chronologically arranged, can be conceived which shall be independent of written materials, or, as they are called, immediate sources, it is not less certain that monuments and remains of antiquity, other than literary, have a just claim to be considered as indirect sources for the same historical result. Even if such may not avail to make us acquainted with new positive facts, if they fail to certify a list of sovereigns, or to fix a series of dates, they may yet serve, collectively considered, to give us a clearer perception of the religion, the culture, the external life, and other particulars of our forefathers, than can be supplied even by the written sources, to which latter no such high antiquity can be ascribed, in which old traditions are mixed up with newer, and which, as they have been committed to writing in later times, must have been liable to many corruptions of the text. The other remains of which we speak, form, some of them, a complement to the literary, extending our knowledge beyond the periods when the latter begin to deserve belief, and sometimes awakening and fortifying conjectures as to emigrations and connexions of nations, respecting which history is silent. But even the mute memorials have a still higher significance for us. They lead us back to the original population of our northern country; they make us live again our fathers' life. A grave mound, a lonely circle of stones, a stone implement, a metal ornament excavated from the covered chamber of death, afford a livelier image of antiquity than Saxo, or Snorre, the Eddas, or the Germany of Tacitus. And will not the explorer of the past contemplate a work of the art of the middle ages with an interest which no record can excite?

"Accordingly, there never has been a period since our history began to be cultivated and studied but these monuments have formed an object of attention and investigation, although often viewed in a false light, and though the subject has been treated in a tasteless and unscientific manner. . . . . But, again, the remains of the past requite the attention bestowed on them, by assisting other scientific purposes than the strictly historical. They assist to answer questions as to the natural history of our northern countries, their people, changes of climate, and the like."—*Guide to Northern Archæology*, pp. 25, 26.

The last clause brings us back to the most valuable portions of Dr. Wilson's book, on which we cannot help once more pronouncing our hearty commendation.

Art. VII.—1. *Essays on the Errors of Romanism having their Origin in Human Nature.* By Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. 2d edit. London, 1837.

2. *Cautions for the Times: Addressed to the Parishioners of a Parish in England by their former Rector.* Published occasionally: Seventeen Nos. 1851–52.

We have always had a great admiration of the talents of Archbishop Whately, and a very high appreciation of the services which he has rendered to the world by his valuable and voluminous writings. He has written upon a great variety of most important subjects—theological and ecclesiastical, philosophical and political; and upon the discussion of all of them he has brought to bear a very high measure of excellencies, both intellectual and moral. He is possessed of a very rare combination of ingenuity and sagacity, of penetration and soundness of judgment. He has always advocated and practised the fullest and freest investigation of every subject of interest and importance, and has conducted his own inquiries upon most topics with an amount of real fairness and candour which are by no means common in controversial discussions, even among men of integrity and honour. We regard Dr. Whately as occupying a very high place among the educators of the cultivated intellect of the age. We assign to him this most honourable position, not so much because of the amount of important truth which he has taught and commended to men's acceptance —though his services in this respect have been great—but rather because of what he has done, directly and indirectly, by precept and example, in shewing men, how their faculties may be most fully cultivated and most successfully employed in the investigation of truth; in what way the dangers arising from the obscurities and ambiguities of language ought to be guarded against; and what are the spirit and temper in which truth ought to be sought and investigation ought to be conducted. In these respects Dr. Whately has rendered most important permanent services to the community, which entitle him to the admiration, the respect, and the gratitude of all who are interested in the intellectual and moral advancement of society.

We differ, materially and decidedly, from some of Dr. Whately's views upon theological subjects, but we have no sympathy with the persevering attempts which have been made, not only by the Tractarians or Puseyites, but also by the old orthodox party in the Church of England, as they call themselves, to run him down as a heretic. We believe that, whether tried by the standard of the Sacred Scriptures, or of the symbolical books of the Church of England, Dr. Whately is much more orthodox in his theological sentiments, than *these* classes of his accusers, that their charges against him upon this subject are in a great measure hypocritical, and are to be traced, to a large extent, to the unfriendly, and even malignant feeling awakened in their minds by his able and consistent advocacy of liberal principles on ecclesiastical and political matters.

There are some subjects on which we think Dr. Whately has displayed great ability and candour, even when he has not, in our judgment, arrived at sound conclusions regarding them. One of the most striking and important instances of this, is to be found in his giving up the argument commonly adduced by Arminians against Calvinism from the moral character and government of God. Dr. Whately, himself an Arminian, virtually admits that the argument derived from this source, which has hitherto formed almost the whole stock-in-trade of the opponents of the Calvinistic system, is irrelevant and unsatisfactory, inasmuch as it does not really bear upon the peculiar doctrines of Calvinism, but upon great facts or results actually occurring under God's moral government. The reality of these facts or results is not disputed; and Dr. Whately, in substance, admits, that Arminians are just as much bound to explain them, and as incapable of explaining them fully, as Calvinists are. In short, he admits that the fundamental question between Calvinists and Arminians, so far as concerns its relation to the Divine moral character and government, virtually resolves into that of the existence and permanence of moral evil in the world—a question of which both parties are equally called upon, and equally incompetent, to give a satisfactory solution. It is quite true that Calvinists have often proved all this by arguments which are unanswered and unanswerable. But as we do not remember that the admission was ever before so fully and frankly made by an Arminian, we regard it as most creditable to Dr. Whately's ability and candour, and value it as a most important concession to the cause of truth.

It is honourable to Dr. Whately, that, after reaching the highest rank in his profession, he should continue, while diligently discharging the appropriate duties of his office, to labour for the public good through the press. He has written and published a great deal since he became Archbishop of Dublin, and he could scarcely have given a more satisfactory evidence of his ability and willingness to be still labouring for the welfare of the community, than by preparing and publishing the "Cautions for the Times," mentioned at the head of this Article.

These Cautions have been published occasionally for about a year and a half past, and now amount to seventeen. They profess to be the productions of several persons; but it is understood that they are composed principally by Dr. Whately, and that they have been all published under his superintendence. As a whole they are quite worthy of his high standing and his distinguished reputation. They contain much important matter, deserving of a wide circulation, because fitted to be eminently useful. The first eight Cautions treat of topics connected with the Romish controversy, and the remainder present a very valuable exposure of the tendencies of Tractarianism and of the conduct of its advocates. It is to the first of these topics only that we mean at present to advert, and in doing so we shall consider the Cautions in connexion with Dr. Whately's work, entitled "Essays on the Errors of Romanism having their Origin in Human Nature." This work is one of the ablest and most valuable of all those which bear Dr. Whately's name; and he has devoted two of the Cautions, the fifth, in two parts, and the sixth, to what is in substance, though it does not profess to be so, a summary or abridgment of the Essays.

The first of the Cautions is on the subject of the late Papal Aggression. We do not quite concur in some of the views it advocates. Its general tone is adverse to the propriety and expediency of the "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill," and we have already had an opportunity of explaining the grounds on which we regard that measure as thoroughly justifiable in itself, and imperatively called for by the whole circumstances of the case.* It is undoubtedly true, as Dr. Whately argues, that Romanism can be effectually and permanently guarded against, not by civil enactments, but only by considerations addressed to the understandings and consciences of men, and that every real infringement upon the principles of toleration is fitted to injure the good cause which it may have been intended to benefit. But even amid the first excitement produced by the Papal aggression, there was no real danger of these truths being overlooked. Dr. Whately's sensitiveness upon this point we regard as unreasonable and exaggerated, and as fitted to produce the injurious effect, of giving an appearance of countenance to the shameless attempt of Cardinal Wiseman and his friends to represent themselves as martyrs in the cause of religious liberty.

In the beginning of the ninth Caution, before proceeding to consider the principles of the Tractarian, or, as he calls it, the "Tractite," party, the author gives the following statement of the objects of the seven preceding numbers.

"We considered (in Nos. II., III., and VIII.) some of the most plausible popular topics advanced by Romish controvertists; and lest it should be thought that we had misrepresented the force of their reasonings, we examined (in Nos. IV. and VII.) a great number of the Tracts which some of the ablest and most dexterous managers of their cause are now busy circulating through England; and we made it (as we trust) pretty plain that, wherever the secret of their success *does* lie, it does *not* lie in the strength of their arguments.

"But the secret of their success is to be found (as we pointed out in Nos. V. and VI.) in the tendency of corrupt human nature towards such a system as the Romish. Each of us has a traitor in his own breast, always ready and willing to open the gate to the enemy. We are all naturally *prone* to those errors upon which Romanism is built; and, in consequence of that natural proneness, too many Protestants have already admitted principles which, if fairly carried out, must inevitably lead to the reception of the whole body of Romish tenets. The seed has been, as it were, already deposited in their minds. It *may* lie long dormant. But as soon as circumstances favour its growth, it will spring up after its kind, and bear the proper fruits of its species.

"You may see a clear proof of this in the progress of what is called the 'Tractite' party towards Romanism."

In the five numbers which discuss "some of the most plausible popular topics advanced by Romish controvertists," and expose the sophistries and misrepresentations of a recent series of Popish tracts, there are some very successful specimens of argumentation, instances in which we think the common reasonings of Romanists are admirably well refuted, at once by clear and sagacious exposition and by felicitous illustration. We select some passages in confirmation of this opinion.

"The truth is, that *our* religion is the *old* one, and theirs the *new;* only *their* corruptions do not wear the garb of novelty, because they came in without being perceived, silently and gently, through a long lapse of time; whereas our *reformation* of them, and restoration of the primitive faith, was made suddenly and all at once. When you scour a room, you remove, in an hour or two, dirt which had been gathering for several days; yet that is only called *keeping it clean*, not changing it; and so, when you wash your face, or brush your clothes. If the corruptions of the Church of Rome had been thrown off one by one, each soon after it came in, no one would have thought such a continual *keeping the Church clean* to be innovation. But, because they were left to accumulate too long, and a great general

* *North British Review*, No. xxix. pp. 281-289.

correction had to be made suddenly and at once, therefore the restoration of the old state of things seems, to ignorant people, the bringing in of a new one.

"What is called 'the change of the *style*' is a striking instance of a seeming *innovation*, which was really a *restoration*, being a return to the right course, by a sudden correction of a great error that had resulted from the accumulation of imperceptibly small ones. The year contains 365 days and (*almost*) a quarter. To keep the reckoning right an additional day is inserted in February, every fourth (leap) year, to make up the four quarters of a day. But this addition is *a very little too much*; the excess amounting to three days in every 400 years. And this continually increasing error went on uncorrected (in this country) till it amounted to eleven days. In the middle of the last century we corrected it by adopting what is called 'the new style,' and at once cutting off those days; just as one puts forward the hands of a clock which has lost. But this, though it was, in truth, only a *restoration* of the true time, appeared to ignorant people a great and offensive *innovation*, because it was a correction made all at once, of an error which had crept in by little."—Pp. 17, 18.

"But the point which Roman Catholics love most to dwell on is the *weakness of private judgment*, which they represent as a prevailing reason why we should rather give ourselves up to the direction of an infallible guide. In answer to this, several Protestant writers have very well defended the *right* of private judgment; others have preferred to regard it as a *duty*, and in truth the exercise of it is both a *right* and a *duty*; or rather, a right *because* it is a duty. But the most important consideration of all is the *necessity* of private judgment. A man who resolves to place himself under a certain guide to be implicitly followed, and decides that such and such a Church is the appointed infallible guide, does decide on his own private judgment, *that one* most important point, which includes in it all other decisions relative to religion. And if, by his own shewing, he is *unfit to judge* at all, he can have no ground for confidence that he has decided rightly in that. And if, accordingly, he will not trust himself to judge even on this point, but resolves to consult his priest, or some other friends, and be led entirely by *their* judgment thereupon, still he does, in thus resolving, exercise his own judgment as to the counsellors he so relies on. The responsibility of forming some judgment is one which, however unfit we may deem ourselves to bear it, we cannot possibly get rid of, in any matter about which we really feel an anxious care. It is laid upon us by God, and we cannot shake it off. Before a man can rationally *judge* that he should *submit his judgment* in other things to the Church of Rome, he must first have judged, 1. That there is a God; 2. That Christianity comes from God; 3. That Christ has promised to give an infallible authority in the Church; 4. That such authority resides in the Church of Rome. Now, to say that men who are competent to form sound judgments upon these points are quite incompetent to form sound judgments about any other matters in religion, is very like saying, that men may have sound judgments of their own *before* they enter the Church of Rome, but that they *lose* all sound judgment entirely from the moment they enter it."—Pp. 21, 22.

"Again, when Roman Catholics would persuade us to receive their *traditions* of doctrine as certain truths, without examining them by the test of Scripture, they are fond of reminding us that it is by *tradition* only that we have the Scriptures themselves. But when you meet such persons, you may ask them, whether they would as readily believe the correctness of a report transmitted by *word of mouth in popular rumours*, from one end of the kingdom to another, as if it came in a *letter*, passed from one person to another over the same space? Would they think, that because they could trust most servants to deliver a letter, however long or important, *therefore* they could trust the same men to deliver the contents of a long and important letter in a message by word of mouth? Let me put a familiar case. A footman brings you a letter from a friend, upon whose word you can perfectly rely, giving an account of something that has happened to himself, and the exact account of which you are greatly concerned to know. While you are reading and answering the letter, the footman goes into the kitchen, and there gives your cook an account of the same thing; which, he says, he overheard the upper-servants at home talking over, as related to them by the valet, who said he had it from your friend's son's own lips. The cook retails the story to your groom, and he, in turn, tells you. Would you judge of that *story* by the letter, or the *letter* by the story?

"The case of the Jewish Church is an apt illustration of the difference of security in the tradition of Scripture and the tradition of doctrine. The Jews, we know, faithfully preserved the writings of the Old Testament, which were entrusted to them. Nor do Christ and His Apostles ever charge them with corrupting or destroying their sacred books, as no doubt they would have done, if the Jews had been guilty of any such crime. But our Saviour *does* blame them for 'making the Word of God of none effect by their traditions,' and 'teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.' Might not the Jews argue, in their turn, that if we receive the Old Testament from them, we should also receive their traditions? the *oral* law (as they call it) no less than the *written* law? But our Saviour always teaches the people to bring the traditions of the elders to the test of the written word."—Pp. 23. 24.

"Again, the invocation of *departed* saints, and especially of the blessed Virgin Mary, as practised in the Church of Rome, is a thing plainly contrary to the spirit of the Gospel. For—not to mention that it is at least very doubtful as to some of their so-called saints, whether they ever existed at all—and as to others, whether they were not mere crazy fanatics—and as to others, whether they were not very wicked men—not to mention this, and supposing these 'saints' to have been all really good Christians, you will readily see that asking a *dead* person to pray for you, when you do not know him to be present, is quite a different thing from asking a *living* person to pray for you. The Scriptures never tell us that the dead can hear or know the

requests which men make to them; so that asking their prayers *at all* is a piece of 'will-worship' that cannot be justified. We might, for all that appears, just as reasonably go down on our knees and ask a good man in America to pray for us. But when it came to be believed that a holy person, when *removed from earth*, can hear the addresses of thousands and millions calling on him in all parts of the world, and can know the secret dispositions of mind in each several person that invokes him, this belief did, in fact, *deify* him. Whatever subtle explanations may be attempted of the way in which 'glorified saints' are able to hear, from various regions, and repeat more prayers in the day than there are minutes in the twenty-four hours, it is plain that at least the great mass of their worshippers must regard them no less as *gods* than the ancient pagans did the beings they worshipped. For the pagans acknowledged that many of the gods whom they worshipped had been MEN; only they fancied that, after death, their souls had obtained great power and influence over the management of things in the world; which is what was meant by calling them *gods*.

"Now, as the Almighty has declared Himself to be 'A JEALOUS GOD'—just as unwilling to have His honour impaired as if He were jealous of it—and as he always treated the conduct of the pagans in thus praying to dead men as idolatry, it cannot be safe in us to encourage anything like a practice which He abhors; particularly as, even if the saints *can* hear our prayers, there is plainly no *necessity* for praying to them, since God invites us at all times to 'come boldly' to himself, through the one Mediator, Jesus Christ. It is much *safer*, then, certainly, *not* to pray to the saints, if God has not required us to do so, than to invoke them, especially (as the Roman Catholics do) in the same posture—at the same time—in the same place—and even in the same form of words—as we invoke God Almighty.

"Now, God has nowhere in Scripture required us to invoke the saints. On the contrary, the New Testament seems framed purposely to guard all who are sincerely desirous of following its guidance against such a practice. Though we find, in the book of Acts, narratives of the deaths of the two martyrs, Stephen and James the apostle, the brother of John, there is no mention of their being invoked after death. And when God saw fit to convey his commands to Cornelius, and again to Paul, (Acts x. and xxvii.,) by a created being, it is not one of those blessed martyrs, but an angel that is sent.

"The Virgin Mary, again, is never (but once Acts i. 14) so much as named throughout the Acts and Apostolic Epistles. Now, this silence respecting her is utterly inconceivable, supposing it had been the practice of the early Christians to pray to her. In the Gospels, again, she is but rarely mentioned. And on three of the most remarkable occasions on which she *is* mentioned, it is apparently on purpose to discourage anything like adoration of her. At the marriage feast at Cana our Lord checks her interference. (John ii. 3, 4.) And on the two other occasions, (Matt. xii. 50; Luke xi. 27,) he takes pains to impress upon his hearers that, in His sight, the ties of kindred are as nothing in comparison of obedience to God's will."—Pp. 32, 33.

"Another point in which the teaching of the Church of Rome is plainly contrary to Scripture, is *transubstantiation*.

"Roman Catholics hold that, when Christ, at the last Supper, taking the bread in his hands, said, 'This is my body,'—he meant, 'This is no longer bread, but is changed into my body.' Such, they say, is the *natural*, because *literal*, sense of the words.

"(1.) But even if it were the *literal* sense, it would not follow from that that it was the *natural* sense of the words. Because the natural sense is that (whether figurative or literal) in which the persons, who heard him speaking at the time, would *naturally* and reasonably understand his words. For instance, when on the same occasion, our Lord said, '*This cup* is the New Testament [covenant] in my blood,' neither the Roman Catholics nor we suppose that He meant to speak literally of *the cup* which he held in his hands: but we both agree that here 'the cup' is put, by a common figure, for the *cup-full of wine*, which the company were drinking. In this case, therefore, we both agree that the *figurative* sense (not the *literal*) is the *natural* meaning of our Saviour's words. Again, if in explaining a map, I were to point to a part of it and say, 'this is France,' no one would think that I meant that a part of that sheet of paper on canvas was *literally* France; that would not be the natural sense of my words. Nor, if I showed you a picture, and said, 'that is the Queen,' would you think I meant to say that it was *literally* Queen Victoria.

"Now it would not have naturally occurred to the apostles, when they heard Christ say of the bread, 'This is my body,' and saw it continue in his hands just the same (to all appearance) as it was before, and when they ate it up, that He was then working a miracle—that He was holding his own body in his own hands, and that they were, each of them, eating up his body, while he sat there all the while conversing with them. But, on the contrary, they would *naturally* have understood Him to be speaking *figuratively:* because they knew that He was then appointing a religious rite; and they (as Jews) were quite accustomed to figurative religious rites. Indeed, they had just been celebrating one such figurative religious rite—the Passover; in which a lamb was eaten, *representing* the lamb which their forefathers had sacrificed on the night they left Egypt; and *bitter* herbs, *representing* the affliction they had been under; and *unleavened* bread, *representing* the hastily-made bread which they took with them in their flight, when there was no time to leaven it. And it is the custom still among the Jews for the master of every household to explain to his family, when eating the Passover, the meaning of the rite; saying, for example, when the bitter herbs are laid on the table, 'This is the food of affliction which our fathers ate in Egypt,' &c. The apostles, therefore, would naturally have understood our Saviour to be, in the same way, explaining the meaning of a figurative rite of His religion, and would have taken him to mean—'This bread *represents*, or stands for, my body,' &c. For such a way of

speaking is quite common, and was often used by our Lord, when explaining figures. So, in explaining the parable of the tares in the field, He says, 'The field *is* the world—the good seed *is* the children of the kingdom—the tares *are* the children of the wicked one—the reapers *are* the angels,' &c. Meaning that the field of which he had been speaking stood for, or represented, the world; and so of the rest. The apostles, who had often heard Jesus speak thus before, would, therefore, have naturally understood Him to be speaking in the same way then.

"(2.) Did they, then, learn afterwards to put another meaning on His words? On the contrary, we find Paul expressly calling that which is eaten in the communion, 'bread,' even after it has been solemnly set apart as the sign of Christ's body. 'The *bread* which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ? For we, being many, are one *bread* and one body; for we are all partakers of that one bread [loaf.]' (1 Cor. x. 16, 17.) And again:—'As often as ye eat *this bread* and drink this cup, ye do *shew the Lord's death* till he come. *Wherefore*, whosoever shall eat this *bread* and drink this cup of the Lord unworthily, [in a manner unworthy of the solemn rite,] is guilty of [*that is*, is culpable in respect of] the body and blood of the Lord. But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that *bread* and drink of that cup.' (xi. 26, 27, 28.) Where he distinctly explains that it is *because*, in eating the bread and drinking the wine at the communion we *shew forth*—exhibit the representation of the Lord's death, *therefore* he who partakes of it rashly and indecently (as you will find from that chapter the Corinthians did) is guilty of an insult to the Lord's body and blood, not of mere indecorum at a common meal. The Apostle Paul, then, plainly calls what is eaten at the Lord's Supper *bread*, even after it had been made a sign or symbol of the Lord's body. In answer to this the Roman Catholics say, that the apostle speaks *figuratively*, calling it *bread*, because it once was, and still appears so. But it is very strange that men should choose to suspect a figure, in calling that bread, which certainly was, and still seems to all a man's senses to be real bread; and yet not to suspect any figure in calling that Christ's body, which was made by a baker, and neither had nor assumes any resemblance whatever to human flesh.

"(3) But, indeed, the meaning which they (when they explain themselves) give to Christ's words is not, after all, the *literal* meaning of them. For in common speech we describe things not by their substances (of which we know nothing directly) but by their qualities. We call that bread, which has such a colour, smell, taste, power of nourishing, and so forth. No one would think of calling a mole-hill a mountain, though all the matter of the mountain were pressed into the size of a mole-hill. We should say, in that case, that the mountain had become, or shrunk into, a mole-hill. So, when Moses' rod assumed the appearance of a serpent, it is said that his rod became a serpent; not that a serpent became his rod. Now, according to the Roman Catholics the *substance* of Christ's body in the communion has none of the *attributes* of flesh, but appears under all the *attributes* of *bread*. Therefore, in ordinary speech, we should say that Christ's body becomes bread; not that bread becomes Christ's body. To suppose our Lord, when he says, 'This is my body,' to mean 'the *substance* of this bread, without a change in any of its qualities, is changed into the *substance* of my body, only *without* any one outward quality of flesh, is certainly not to suppose Him to speak *literally*, but in the most dark and perplexed (not to say unintelligible) language that ever was uttered. And to say that this is a *natural* and *obvious* meaning of His words, is what scarce any one would venture to say who had not been carefully *trained up* to believe it such."—Pp. 35–37.

These we regard as very successful specimens of the way in which Popish arguments ought to be dealt with, while they are likewise fitted to impress a general consideration of no small importance in the present day, viz., that the discussion even of what may be called the familiar commonplaces of the Popish controversy, affords abundant scope for the exercise of high and varied talent. There is likewise a masterly discussion of the sacrament of penance and the forgiveness of sins, (pp. 39–44,) but it is too long for quotation.

A great deal is done in the present day to bring the case of the Church of Rome before the community in the most taking and plausible dress it can be made to assume. The counteraction of the efforts made for that purpose is a service which requires, and is entitled to, the best talents the community can produce. Popery can be defended with much greater plausibility than those who are imperfectly acquainted with the subject generally suppose. It is not to be disregarded or despised, as if it were so utterly absurd in every point of view as to be unworthy of serious examination. The series of Popish tracts to which Dr. Whately refers, though, of course, full of sophistry and misrepresentation, are yet got up with a good deal of skill and talent, and possess no inconsiderable measure of plausibility. If they were really read by our Protestant population, they would produce an impression and do no little mischief, unless suitable efforts were made to counteract them, and it is no way unbecoming Dr. Whately's talents and position that he should have taken the trouble of exposing them.

It is indeed true that the formidableness of Popery as a system of tenets and practices, and the plausibility with which it can be defended, result chiefly from the foundation which it has in some of the tendencies of human nature. Dr. Whately is fully alive to this important consideration, and has illustrated and applied it in some of its aspects with singular ability and success.

Indeed, his larger work, the "Essays," of which a sort of abridgment or summary is given in the fifth and sixth of the Cautions, is devoted to this subject, and to this chiefly we mean to advert in the remainder of the article.

The rise and growth of the Popish system, and its lengthened and extensive prevalence in the world, are well fitted to excite surprise and astonishment, and form a very interesting subject of investigation. When we survey the system in its full and unrestrained development, as it existed just before the Reformation, and contrast it with the Apostolic Church as exhibited in the New Testament, the conclusion is in a manner forced upon us, that it is fitted if not designed to frustrate the great objects of Christianity as a revelation of God's will while yet professing to acknowledge its divine origin and authority, and to bring back upon the world almost all the evils, in a religious and moral point of view, of the heathenism and the corrupted Judaism that prevailed at the time of our Saviour's appearance upon earth. Polytheism, image-worship, and gross immorality were the great features of heathenism: self-righteousness and superstition or will-worship were the leading features of corrupted Judaism; and these are all to be found in combination as the chief characteristics of Popery when seen in its full development. The history of the world ever since the Fall, makes it manifest that human nature is most prone to all these forms of opposition to God's will and law. All the different revelations which God has given to fallen man were designed to counteract his native tendencies to these things. They succeeded partially, though only partially, in effecting this result. So it was with the revelations which God gave to Adam and his descendants after the fall, to Noah and his sons after the flood, to the people of Israel, through Moses, after the Egyptian captivity, and through the prophets in subsequent generations; and so it has been with the fuller revelation given through Christ and his inspired Apostles. We see, too, under the last dispensation, the old features of heathenism and corrupted Judaism, gradually reviving and expanding, and at length covering, and continuing to do so for a long period, nearly the whole professing Christian Church. The tendency to these things in human nature must be very powerful, when it not only countervailed to so large an extent the Christian revelation, but even contrived, in some measure, to make that very revelation instrumental in producing the result. The Sacred Scriptures plainly describe the baneful effects so extensively produced in all these different circumstances, as traceable, in some measure, to the agency of Satan, and we are persuaded that it is not possible to explain satisfactorily the rise and growth of Popery, viewed as a mere series of historical events, without taking this scriptural principle into account. The prepossessions and tendencies of depraved human nature account for Satan's success in spreading Popery so widely, in preserving it so long, and in giving it so firm a hold in the minds of men; and his unceasing activity accounts for the completeness and consistency of a system which sprung up gradually, from a variety of proximate causes, and through the instrumentality of a number of men, none of whom had a full conception of the whole system in all its bearings.

This is the representation which Scripture gives of Popery, and a knowledge of it is essential to a full understanding of that great mystery of iniquity. It is only one branch of this general representation that is brought out in Dr. Whately's Essays on the Errors of Romanism having their origin in human nature. The great object of the work is to shew, that some of the leading general principles or features of the Popish system have their origin in certain tendencies of man's fallen nature, and that of course they are exhibited more or less by mankind in general, by Protestants as well as by Papists; and the great practical lesson which he deduces from this position is, that Protestants ought carefully to guard against them in their own sentiments and conduct. This object is good, and it is in many respects exceedingly well executed. Much important truth is brought out, and illustrated with great acuteness and sagacity. And, in the practical application of the various topics, many important considerations are suggested to Protestants, well fitted to excite them to self-examination, to guard them against errors, sins, and absurdities into which they are prone to fall, and to lead to the exercise of more forbearance and compassion towards the victims of Popish delusion. All this is good and useful; but we think there are defects and omissions in the work which are fitted somewhat to diminish its value. We have no right, of course, to complain that Dr. Whately did not discuss subjects which did not fall directly within the compass of the one important topic which he selected for discussion, and has discussed so well. But there are some erroneous impressions which the perusal of the work is fitted to produce, and which, we think, should have been more carefully and explicitly guarded against.

Where men's attention is fixed through a whole book upon the one position, that the leading features of Popery have their origin in the tendencies of human nature, and therefore exist more or less among mankind in general, among Protestants as well as Romanists, they are apt to rise from it with the impression, that the tenets and practices referred to are not so sinful and dangerous as they formerly conceived them to be. There is nothing in Dr. Whately's book fitted positively to foster this erroneous and injurious impression, but neither is there anything said to guard against it; and this we regard as a defect in the work, though it is not an error to be charged against its author.

Another analogous impression, not unlikely to spring up from the same cause, is this, that since the leading elements of Popery are to be found largely among Protestants, Popery cannot be so *peculiarly* sinful and dangerous as it is sometimes represented to be, and is not, after all, much worse than Protestantism. The great defect of the work is, that this impression is not carefully guarded against, by bringing out the special, peculiar, and paramount guilt and danger of Popery, with reference to the different topics illustrated. We have no right, of course, to impose upon Dr. Whately the task of expounding at length the special guilt and danger of Popery, but we cannot but regard it as a defect in his work, that it contains nothing to guard against the impression, that no very special guilt and danger attach to it—that Protestantism and Popery are not, after all, very different from each other. We think it of so much importance in the present day, that men should fully and accurately understand what Popery is, that we consider it proper to enlarge somewhat upon this topic, and to endeavour to point out in what way the omission or defect we have noticed in Dr. Whately's work ought to be supplied.

The topics which Dr. Whately selects for discussion and illustration are these:—1. Superstition; 2. Vicarious Religion; 3. Pious Frauds; 4. Undue Reliance upon Human Authority; 5. Persecution; and, 6. Trust in Names and Outward Privileges; and on all these subjects the work contains some very important truths, and some very valuable lessons. It is quite true, as he shews at length, that there is a powerful tendency in human nature to all these errors and sins, and that, therefore, they are to be found among Protestants, and in orthodox Protestant churches. But the exposition and application of this general truth are fitted to produce erroneous and dangerous impressions, unless accompanied with something, at least, of what Dr. Whately's work entirely wants, viz., a clear and explicit assertion of the peculiar and paramount guilt and danger of the Popish system, *in all these respects*, as distinguished from the system of Protestantism.

The special and peculiar guilt of Popery in this matter, as distinguished from Protestantism, lies in this, that, as a system, in place of being fitted and designed to eradicate or correct the depraved tendencies of human nature towards superstition, vicarious religion, pious frauds, reliance on human authority, persecution, &c., *it consecrates, confirms and perpetuates them;* whereas the general object and result of Protestantism, as a system, are directly the reverse. The exhibition of these qualities in Protestants is in spite of the system they profess, in Papists it is because of it. We do not mean by this that Popery *originates* or *produces* these tendencies, for they exist, as we have admitted, in depraved human nature as such. But the influence of the Popish system, in so far as it is brought to bear upon them, is to strengthen and establish them, while that of Protestantism is to correct and eradicate them; and, therefore, Popery is to a large extent responsible for the strength with which they act, and the extent to which they operate, among Papists, while Protestantism is *not* responsible for the degree in which they may be exhibited by Protestants.

We have said that the Church of Rome has consecrated and confirmed these depraved tendencies of human nature. She has done so by giving to them, and to their necessary manifestations and results, the sanction, more or less formal and explicit, of the Church, and by providing ceremonies, services, and external arrangements of various kinds, fitted and intended to embody and express them. She has thus given her weight and influence to cherishing and fostering these tendencies in the minds of her people, and to bringing them into full and active operation. We think it worth while to illustrate this general position with reference to some of the leading topics which Dr. Whately has discussed.

1. The first is superstition, a word which is used in a variety of senses, but which is chiefly employed here to designate the tendency to introduce a system of ceremonial observances, to invent or devise unauthorized acts of external worship, and to place some reliance upon them as acceptable to God and fitted to gain his favour, thus virtually comprehending man's natural tendency to idolatry and will-worship. That this tendency exists in the heart of fallen men, has been

proved by the history of religion in all ages, through perhaps never more strikingly than in a case where no idolatry, in the stricter meaning of the word, was admitted. We mean the case of the Pharisees in our Saviour's days, who, though they had a system of minute ceremonial observances imposed by God, such as might have contributed to repress the natural tendency to devise rites and ceremonies by largely gratifying it in a legitimate way, were not satisfied without devising and enforcing many traditions on points of ceremonial observance, and relying upon them as pleasing to God. Now it might seem from the representations of the Christian system and the Christian Church, given us in the New Testament, as if it were one design of the new dispensation to counteract this tendency of human nature, not by providing for it, as under the Mosaic system, a certain amount of legitimate gratification, but by prohibiting and extirpating it. This was manifestly the object of our Saviour, adopted in the exercise of infinite wisdom. Disregard of this object, springing from the tendency of human nature which has been so fully developed in every age, shewed itself at an early period in the Christian Church, and was more and more extensively acted upon as time advanced. Now, how has Popery dealt with this? It has fostered and cherished it to the uttermost, by every species of contrivance which ingenuity could invent. It has introduced practically gods many and lords many, polytheism and image worship, and thus withdrawn the undivided homage and reliance of men from the one God and the one Saviour. It has fabricated five false sacraments, and ascribed their institution to Christ. It has overloaded the two sacraments which he did institute, with a mass of useless and profane ceremonies, the mere inventions of superstition, and has ascribed to the outward acts and signs effects which Christ and his Apostles never ascribed to them. And, in addition to all this, it has introduced innumerable matters of external ceremony and observance into the worship of God, and urged them upon men as pleasing to him, and beneficial to them. *This* is the peculiar guilt of Popery, this the special danger to which it exposes men in the matter of superstition or will-worship. It has fostered the natural tendency of depraved men by providing for it most abundant, though unlawful gratification, by throwing around all the materials it has provided for the gratification of this sinful and dangerous tendency, the most solemn sanctions of religion, and thus encouraging men to engage in a constant round of idolatrous and superstitious, and therefore sinful practices, under the delusion that they are thereby propitiating God and meriting his favour.

Now it is quite true that this superstitious tendency being natural to fallen man, indications of its presence and operations sometimes appear among Protestants, and that, therefore, it is right and proper to warn them against it. But the great distinctions that ought to be ever remembered and kept in view, are these:—1*st*, That the *tendency* of the Popish *system* is to foster and cherish this tendency of depraved human nature, by providing abundant materials for its gratification, and by falsely ascribing to them a divine origin, and a beneficial, if not meritorious, efficacy; whereas, the *tendency* of the Protestant *system*, like that of the Apostles, is to suppress and eradicate it, by prohibiting and discountenancing the inventions of men in the worship of God—by promulgating the great scriptural principle, that nothing ought to be introduced into divine worship which God himself has not sanctioned, and that any deviation in practice from this principle is, in place of being acceptable to God, most offensive in his sight; and *2d*, That the practical results of this tendency have been immeasurably more extensively and offensively exhibited in the Church of Rome than ever they have been among Protestants.

Another feature of superstition to which also Dr. Whately adverts under this head, is the natural tendency of men to indulge in unwarranted speculations, and in unfounded hopes and fears, on matters connected with death and the invisible world. And to this the same general observations apply. Popery has laid hold of this tendency, and has made provision for strengthening and confirming it, while the influence of Protestant views is wholly directed to correcting and eradicating it. This may be briefly illustrated, first in regard to death, and then in regard to the invisible world. It seems to be a natural tendency of men when death appears to be approaching, to grasp at some easy, short-hand method of being in some measure prepared for that event and its consequences, and to seek something of the satisfaction of having made this preparation. Now, this tendency is no doubt too often exhibited in a painful and distressing way among ignorant and irreligious persons who call themselves Protestants, by sending for a minister of religion to pray with them on their deathbed,—a service, in some cases inexpressibly painful from the apprehension, not unreasonably entertained, that in spite of full warning the dying sinner may pervert it into a cause or ground of fallacious

hope. But Protestantism is not responsible for this. She has done nothing, either by her doctrines or her practices, to foster or cherish this tendency; they are all directly opposed to it. How different is the case with Popery. She has adroitly laid hold of this natural tendency, and has fabricated the sacrament of extreme unction, without a shadow of scriptural authority, for the purpose of giving it embodiment and expression, thus practically, whatever formal explanations she may give when called upon to defend this doctrine, pandering to an erroneous and dangerous tendency, consecrating and confirming it by religious solemnities, invented for the purpose, or at least taken from a different matter and applied, without reason, to this, and in this way practising a ruinous delusion upon the souls of men.

It is a tendency of human nature to shrink from the idea of men's everlasting condition being irrevocably determined at the period of their death, and to seek for some definite knowledge of what immediately succeeds death, under a vague hope that this may hold out to them some further opportunity of probation, or at least of preparation for happiness. Protestants have adhered to the guidance of the Word of God in giving no countenance or toleration to these dangerous tendencies, and in constantly proclaiming what is the substance of all that God has been pleased to reveal to us upon the subject, viz., that men's eternal destiny is irrevocably determined at the period of their death, and that all men then enter upon a state of happiness or misery, which, in no instance, is ever thereafter to change its general character. Whereas the Church of Rome has, to some extent, adapted her teaching to this erroneous and dangerous tendency of human nature, and holds up before men the intermediate state of purgatory, in which they are to be prepared, by penal inflictions, for the enjoyment of heaven. She has not indeed in this matter so directly contradicted the doctrine of Scripture, as to deny that it is irrevocably settled at the period of men's death whether they are ultimately to go to heaven or to hell; for she teaches that all who are admitted into purgatory reach heaven at last. But no one who is acquainted with human nature, and who duly estimates the natural tendency which we are now considering, will entertain any doubt that the Romish doctrine of purgatory has, in innumerable instances, deadened men's sense of moral responsibility, their appreciation of the certain consequences of death, and led many to cherish the delusive hope, that through a process of posthumous purgation they would reach heaven at length, when they had no scriptural ground for this expectation. There is a tendency in human nature to desire, and to believe in, an opportunity of purgation after death; and it is an indication of this tendency, that the Jewish Rabbins have also been in the habit of teaching the existence of a purgatory. But they were honest, stupid bunglers compared with the skilful and unscrupulous fabricators of the Popish system; for they have limited the period of men's endurance of the pains of purgatory, in all cases, to twelve months, and they further teach, that nothing can in the mean time be done for them on earth to shorten its duration,*—points of contrast with the Popish doctrine, the bearing of which upon the influence and interests of the priesthood is too obvious to need to be pointed out.

2. We have dwelt, however, long enough upon this subject of superstition, and must now advert to the next topic which Dr. Whately discusses, that of vicarious religion. That there is a tendency in human nature leading men to place some reliance with reference to their future and eternal prospects on the supposed worth and excellence of other men, on what some one or more of their fellow-men have done, are doing, or will do for them, is confirmed by abundant experience. And it cannot be denied that indications of the operation of this most erroneous and dangerous tendency occasionally appear among men who call themselves Protestants. But here, too, Protestantism is free from blame. There is none of her doctrines or practices that has the slightest tendency to encourage this vicarious religion,—the tendency of all of them is directly the reverse. Protestantism holds in the fullest and most unqualified sense, that God alone can forgive sin—that Christ is the only sacrifice, the only priest—that he alone could render any satisfaction to divine justice—that it is solely on the ground of the relation into which men may have been brought to him, and of what He has done or will do for them—that any of them can escape merited punishment or receive any mark of God's favour, and that every man must bear his own burden. And while Protestantism holds all these doctrines in their fullest sense, she teaches nothing which has any tendency to neutralize or modify them, or to obstruct their full practical operation upon men's minds. Whereas the Church of Rome, accommodating herself to this natural tendency of men towards a vicarious religion, and anxious

* Basnage's Histoire des Juifs, liv. v. c. 17-20.

to devise pretences for encouraging and strengthening it, has invented tenets, and embodied some of them in outward ordinances, the manifest tendency of which is to subvert or neutralize, at least, the practical influence of those great doctrines of God's Word which we have just described as maintained by Protestants. Romanists profess, indeed, to teach all that is laid down in Scripture, upon these subjects, and they do not in words contradict it. But they give such perversions of the Scriptural doctrines, and they join to them so many additions of their own of an *opposite* bearing and tendency, that they can be clearly proved in some points to subvert or contradict them even in argument or speculation, and in other points where perhaps this cannot be made out so plainly, it can at least be shown that their tenets, when viewed in connection with men's natural tendency to a vicarious religion, are well adapted, practically and with reference to the mass of mankind, to confirm it. The Church of Rome teaches that her priests have the power of forgiving sins, and this not only declaratively, but judicially and authoritatively. Romanists acknowledge other mediators besides Christ, not indeed, as they are accustomed to say, other mediators of redemption, but, as they admit, other mediators of intercession. They teach that men may perform works of supererogation, deeds of excellence over and above what may be necessary for securing to themselves admission to heaven without passing through purgatory, and that these works of supererogation may be made available for the spiritual welfare of others than those who performed them, the intervention, however, of some act of the Pope or of his agents being made necessary in order to effect this; and that one man may give satisfaction for another by paying what is due by him in the way of temporal punishment inflicted by God for sin. In short, the Church of Rome teaches explicitly that no one is admitted to "Heaven unless the doors be opened by the priests to whom God has committed the keys."* And not only are all these doctrines explicitly taught as portions of divine truth, but many of them are embodied and exhibited in outward ceremonies and observances, fitted and intended to give them a stronger hold of men's minds, and to make them more practically influential upon their feelings and conduct. Indeed, it may be said with truth, that the whole aspect and complexion of the Romish system are adapted to, and fitted to strengthen and confirm, the natural tendency of fallen men to a vicarious religion, to a reliance in the matter of their salvation, on those on whom they have no warrant from God to rely. The Church will tell us, and her subjects may repeat the assertion, that they rely only on Christ for salvation; and that there are men in the Church of Rome who are practically and substantially relying on Christ alone, we do not doubt; but where this reliance on Christ alone really exists among them, it is in opposition to the general tendency and the ordinary results of the system of their Church. The manifest tendency of the Romish doctrines above described, is to withdraw them from exclusive reliance upon Christ, and to lead them to trust in their fellow-men. Indeed the sum and substance of Popery, considered practically and as exhibited among the mass of men in countries where it has full and unrestrained operation, is just this, that the priest virtually undertakes to secure the salvation of the people, upon condition that they give themselves up wholly to his guidance, and submit implicitly to his will. Neither priest nor people will openly profess this, or admit it in words; but no one who is familiar with the real sentiments, the practical impressions, and the actual hopes and fears, of the mass of ordinary papists, will deny that this is the actual general result of the system when it is really embraced; and the more carefully men examine the system itself in the light of God's Word, and in connexion with the powerful tendency of depraved human nature to a vicarious religion, the more firmly will they be convinced, that this practical result is one which it is admirably adapted to produce.

3. The next topic which Dr. Whately has discussed is that of pious frauds. And here we fully admit the truth of his leading position, which is this,—

> "The tendency to aim at a supposed good end by fraudulent means is not peculiar to the members of the Romish Church, it is not peculiar to those who are *mistaken* in their belief as to what *is* a good end; it is not peculiar to any sect, age, or country; it is not peculiar to any subject-matter, religious or secular, but it is the spontaneous growth of the corrupt soil of man's heart."—P. 149, 2d edit.

There is a natural tendency in men to act, more or less consciously, upon the principle that the end sanctifies the means, that a desire to effect a good object may justify, or at least palliate, some deviation from the strict rules of integrity and veracity; and

* Ut enim locum aliquem ingredi nemo potest sine ejus opera cui claves commissae sunt, sic intelligimus neminem in coelum admitti, nisi fores a sacerdotibus, quorum fidei claves dominus tradidit, aperiantur.—Cat. Rom. P. ii. c. v. Sec. 57.

some traces of this lurking practical Antinomianism occasionally find their way even into the hearts of pious men. It is on this account right and proper to warn all men against it. But we must not overlook the *peculiar* guilt of Popery in this matter. Protestantism has given no countenance or sanction to this depraved tendency. Protestantism holds no principles, and countenances no practices, that are in any measure fitted to encourage and strengthen it; and it is impossible to find, *to any considerable extent*, in the writings or in the actions of Protestants, examples or defences of its application. Whereas, on the other hand, we are fully entitled to say, that the Romish system is fitted to foster, and has actually fostered, this natural depraved tendency to the practice of pious frauds, and no other warrant is needed for the assertion than these undoubted historical facts:—1st, That Popish writers have more frequently and more explicitly defended the practice than any other body of men that ever existed; and, 2d, That this tendency has been more fully exhibited in actual operation in the Church of Rome than anywhere else. These are facts which can be established by conclusive evidence, and they prove that the Church of Rome is in some way or other chargeable with *peculiar* guilt in sanctioning and fostering this depraved tendency. She is chargeable with those results as to writings and actings which we have described. They are undoubted features of her historical character, and she cannot escape from the guilt which they imply. No productions of heathen or infidel writers exhibit such bold defences of fraud and falsehood as can be produced from the writings of Jesuits. The history of heathenism can produce no such exhibition of every kind and degree of fraud, practised professedly for the advancement of religion, as is unfolded in the history of the Church of Rome, and as can be brought home to the Popish ecclesiastical authorities. This the Sacred Scriptures warrant us to expect to find in the Romish system, and this, accordingly, impartial history fully develops there. This is enough to show that, whenever pious frauds, as indicating a natural tendency of depraved men, are made the subject of discussion in connexion with the errors of Romanism, it is right and necessary to bring out the important and undoubted facts, that Romish writers alone, or nearly so, have defended such frauds, and that Romish ecclesiastics have practised them more extensively than any other body of men who can be comprehended under a specific designation.

But we can not only infer the tendency of the Popish system to foster the natural tendency of the human heart to practise pious frauds, from the results as exhibited in history, we can lay our hands upon the roots and ingredients of the tendency, as developed in the system itself. These are to be found in the Popish doctrines of the distinction between mortal and venial sins, and of the right of the ecclesiastical authorities to grant dispensations of oaths and vows, doctrines which, whatever glosses or explanations may be given of them for controversial purposes, have a most direct and powerful tendency, especially when viewed in connexion with the natural leanings and inclinations of depraved men, to produce a very inadequate sense of the difference between right and wrong, and to make men regard certain deviations from the laws of integrity and veracity as innocent and harmless. These Romish doctrines, skilfully adapted to men's depraved tendencies, are well fitted, and amply sufficient, to produce *the fraud*, and then the *piety*, such as it is, is furnished in abundance by another feature of the Popish system, viz., the constant and zealous inculcation of the paramount regard due to the prosperity of the Church as an outward visible society, and the obligation to subordinate everything to the promotion of her interests. These features of the Popish system, taken in combination, and viewed in connexion with men's natural tendencies, which they are manifestly fitted to encourage and strengthen, fully explain the undoubted fact, which the history of the Church of Rome presents to our contemplation, viz., that Popish writers have defended, and that Popish ecclesiastics have countenanced and practised, pious frauds, to an immeasurably greater extent than any body of men that ever existed. And this fact contrasts very oddly with the claim which Romanists are accustomed to put forth on behalf of their Church to peculiar and pre-eminent sanctity, as a note by which she is plainly and palpably marked out, even to the eyes of men, as the true and only Church of Christ, amid all the societies which claim to themselves that character.

4. The next topic which Dr. Whately discusses is undue reliance on human authority in religious matters, as connected with the Romish claim to infallibility. His Essay on this subject contains some very valuable and sagacious remarks in support of the position, that the errors of Romanism, speaking generally, were not originally deduced from those texts of Scripture which are now usually brought forward in defence of them, but that after they had sprung up from other causes, and especially the natural tendencies

of the human heart, these texts were pressed into the service. This is a very important truth, and it is well brought out in the following extracts :—

"The infallibility of the (so called) Catholic Church, and the substitution of the decrees of Popes or of pretended General Councils, for the Scriptures, as the Christian's rule of faith and practice, is commonly regarded as the foundation of the whole Romish system. And it is so, in this sense, that if it be once admitted, all the rest must follow: if the power of 'binding and loosing' belong to the Church of Rome in the extent claimed by her, we have only to ascertain what are her decisions, and to comply with them implicitly.

"But I am convinced that this is not the foundation *historically* considered, (though it is *logically*,) of the Romish system;—that the Romish hierarchy did not, in point of fact, first establish their supremacy on a perverted interpretation of certain texts, and then employ the power thus acquired to introduce abuses; but resorted, as occasions led them, to such passages of Scripture as might be wrested to justify the prevailing or growing abuses, and to buttress up the edifice already in great measure reared."—Pp. 183, 184.

"Whatever slight differences, however, there may be among Protestants as to the precise sense of these passages, and of all that our Lord has said on the subject, they all agree in this—that it will by no means bear the interpretation put on it by the Romanists; who are commonly supposed, as has been above remarked, to derive from their mistaken view of our Lord's expressions in this place, the monstrous doctrines of the Universal Supremacy of the Church of Rome and her infallibility as to matters of faith. I have said that these doctrines are *supposed* to be thus derived, because there is good reason to think that such is not really the case; and that in this point, as in most of those connected with the peculiarities of Romanism, the mistake is usually committed of confounding cause and effect. When there is any question about any of the doctrines or practices which characterize that Church, it is natural, and it is common, to inquire on what rational arguments, or on what Scriptural authority, these are made to rest; the reasons adduced are examined, and, if found insufficient, the point is considered as settled: and so it is, as far as regards those particular doctrines or practices, when judged of by an intelligent and unbiassed inquirer. That which is indefensible *ought* certainly to be abandoned. But it is a mistake, and a very common, and practically not unimportant one, to conclude, that the *origin* of each tenet or practice is to be found in those arguments or texts which are urged in support of it;—that they furnish the cause, on the removal of which the effects will cease of course—and that when once those reasonings are exploded, and those texts rightly explained, all danger is at an end of falling into similar errors.

"The fact is, that in a great number of instances, and by no means exclusively in questions connected with religion, the erroneous belief or practice has arisen first, and the theory has been devised afterward for its support. Into whatever opinions or conduct men are led by any human propensities, they seek to defend and justify these by the best arguments they can frame; and then, assigning, as they often do, in perfect sincerity, these arguments, as the cause of their adopting such notions, they misdirect the course of our inquiry. And thus the chance (however small it may be at any rate) of rectifying their errors, is diminished. For if these be in reality traceable to some deep-seated principle of our nature, as soon as ever one false foundation on which they have been placed is removed, another will be substituted; as soon as one theory is proved untenable, a new one will be devised in its place. And in the mean time, we ourselves are liable to be lulled into a false security against errors whose real origin is to be sought in the universal propensities of human nature."—Pp. 187–190.

"Again, if the Romanists are urged to defend and explain their practice of praying for the souls of the departed, they refer us to the doctrines of their Church respecting Purgatory. But it is not really the doctrine of Purgatory which led to prayers for the dead; on the contrary, it is doubtless the practice of praying for the dead that gave rise to that doctrine—a doctrine which manifestly savours of having been invented to serve a purpose. Accordingly it never, I believe, found its way into the Greek Church; though the use of prayers for the dead (difficult as it is to justify such a practice on other grounds) has long prevailed in that Church no less than in the Romish.

"If, again, we call on the Romanists to justify their invocation of saints, which seems to confer on these the divine attribute of omnipresence, they tell us that the Almighty miraculously reveals to the glorified saints in heaven the prayers addressed to them, and then listens to their intercession in behalf of the supplicants. But the real state of the case, doubtless, is, that the practice which began gradually in popular superstition, and was fostered and sanctioned by the mingled weakness and corruption of the priesthood, was afterwards supported by a theory too unfounded and too extravagantly absurd to have ever obtained a general reception, had it not come in aid of a practice already established, and which could be defended on no better grounds.

"And the same principle will apply to the greater part of the Romish errors; the cause assigned for each of them will in general be found to be in reality its effect;—the arguments by which it is supported to have gained currency from men's partiality for the conclusion. It is thus that we must explain, what is at first sight so great a paradox, the vast difference of effect apparently produced in minds of no contemptible powers, by the same arguments;—the frequent inefficacy of the most cogent reasonings, and the hearty satisfaction with which the most futile are often listened to and adopted. Nothing is, in general, easier than to convince one who is prepared and desirous to be convinced; or to gain any one's full approbation of arguments tending to a conclusion he has already adopted; or to refute triumphantly in his eyes any objections brought against what he is unwilling to doubt. An argument which shall have made one convert, or even settled

one really doubting mind, though it is not of course necessarily a sound argument, will have accomplished more than one which receives the unhesitating assent and loud applause of thousands who had already embraced, or were predisposed to embrace, the conclusion."—Pp. 191–193.

"It is, on many accounts, of great practical importance to trace, as far as we are able, each error to its real source. If, for instance, we supposed the doctrine of Transubstantiation to be really founded, as the Romanists pretend, and as, no doubt, many of them sincerely believe, on the words 'This is my body,' we might set this down as an instance in which the language of Scripture, rashly interpreted, has led to error. Doubtless there *are* such instances; but I can never believe that this is one of them; viz., that men really were *led* by the words in question to believe in Transubstantiation; for besides the intrinsic improbability of such an error having so arisen, we have the additional proof, that the passage was before the eyes of the whole Christian world for ten centuries before the doctrine was thought of. And again, if we suppose the doctrine to have, in fact, arisen from the misinterpretation of the text, we shall expect to remove the error by shewing reasons why the passage should be understood differently: a very reasonable expectation, where the doctrine has *sprung from the misinterpretation;* but quite otherwise, where, as in this case, the *misinterpretation has sprung from the doctrine.* When there was a leaning in men's minds towards the reception of the tenet, they of course looked for the best confirmation of it (however weak) that Scripture could be made to afford.

"There is no instance, however, that better exemplifies the operation of this principle, than the one immediately before us—the Romish doctrines of the Universal Supremacy, and Infallibility, of their Church. If we inquire how the Romanists came so strangely to mistake the passages of Scripture to which they appeal, we shall be utterly bewildered in conjecture, unless we read backwards the lesson imprinted on *their* minds, and seek for the true cause in the natural predisposition to look out for, and implicitly trust, an infallible guide; and to find a refuge from doubts and dissensions, in the unquestioned and unlimited authority of the Church. This indeed *had* been gradually established, and vested in the Romish See, before it was distinctly claimed. Men did not submit to the authority, because they were convinced it was of divine origin and infallible; but, on the contrary, they were convinced of this, because they were disposed and accustomed so to submit. The tendency to 'teach for doctrines the commandments of men,' and to acquiesce in such teaching, is not the effect, but the cause of their being taken for the commandments of God."—Pp. 195–197.

There is a natural tendency in men to rely on the authority of others in religious matters; and indifference, laziness, and timidity,—influential elements of character, taken as a whole, in the mass of mankind,—all go to strengthen this tendency, if they may not rather be said to constitute and produce it. There is a desire natural to men, of some easy and expeditious way of getting rid of their doubts and difficulties, and attaining, without much trouble or research, to some authoritative foundation on which they think they may securely rest. This tendency is fitted to lead to error and danger, because the Word of God does not sanction it, and makes no provision for men attaining, in this way, to a certain knowledge of the truth; while, from the numerous temptations to error which beset men from without and from within, those who indulge this tendency, and the elements out of which it grows, will be very apt to go astray, and to become the prey of designing men, who may advance unfounded but plausible claims to the submission and obedience of their understandings. Protestantism is decidedly opposed to this erroneous and dangerous tendency. It not only does not appeal to it, or seek to derive from it any advantage, but its principles, based upon the Word of God, tend directly to counteract and eradicate it, by urging the necessity of men coming into direct and immediate contact with God himself and his Word in the matter of their salvation, and by denying, openly and fully, that the exercise of any authority, properly so called, in religious matters, is lawful, or that God has appointed any man, or body of men, whose decisions on these subjects are to be implicitly obeyed. The Church of Rome, on the other hand—and here lies her peculiar guilt in this matter, while it is one chief means by which she has kept men under her sway and gained many to submit to her claims—has skilfully pandered to this natural tendency of men, has given it the fullest and most solemn sanction, has habitually availed herself of its influence, and made the most ample provision for strengthening, by exercising it. In endeavouring to establish the general position, that it is desirable and necessary that there should be a permanent judge authorized to settle all controversies in religion, the Romanists commonly appeal not to Scripture—for it affords no countenance to the idea—but just to this very tendency of human nature, and to those low and grovelling influences to which we formerly referred, as encouraging, if not producing it. In laying down the general position, that infallibility is necessary in order to the right execution of what are generally admitted to be the ordinary proper functions of the Church as an organized society, and of the Christian ministry collectively considered, including the decision of religious controversies, they are

skilfully addressing themselves to the same general tendency, and making the fullest provision for gratifying and confirming it. And that this is one of the ultimate objects or final causes of the claim which they put forth to infallibility, is *not* disproved by the partial inconsistency into which some Papists have been led by their disputes among themselves as to the seat of infallibility, viz., the assertion that the decisions of the Pope, as undoubted head of the Church, are to be obeyed by all the faithful, whether he be personally infallible or not.

Here, again, we see the peculiar guilt of the Popish system, and the special danger with which it is attended. Men, ignorant and depraved men, have a strong natural tendency to place an undue reliance upon human authority in religious matters. God guards us against this tendency in his Word, by discountenancing all reliance upon mere human authority, by appointing no authoritative judge of religious controversies, and giving no hint of the desirableness or necessity of such a provision, by requiring men to come into immediate contact with his own Spirit and Word, that they may correctly and certainly know his mind and will, and by demanding that every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. The Church of Rome sets itself in opposition to all this, takes this erroneous and dangerous tendency of depraved human nature under its fostering care, gives it all the sanction of its authority by holding it up as a principle of religion, encouraging men's indifference, sloth, and cowardice by persuading them to act upon it, and thus contrives to lead many men, without almost any sense of responsibility, without any careful examination, and with scarcely any knowledge of the grounds on which they are proceeding, to give themselves up to dangerous error. The iniquity of the Popish system in this respect, may be regarded as exhibited in a concentrated and practical form in the simple and well-known fact, that the Popish authorities are in the habit of circulating in this country a pamphlet called "The Duke of Brunswick's Fifty Reasons for embracing the R. C. religion," and that the last of his reasons is expressed in these words:—"The Catholics to whom I spoke concerning my conversion, assured me that if I were to be damned for embracing the Catholic faith, they were ready to answer for me at the day of judgment, and to take my damnation upon themselves — an assurance I never could extort from the ministers of any sect, in case I should live and die in their religion. Whence I inferred that the Roman Catholic faith was built upon a better foundation than any of these sects that have divided from it."*

It is right to warn Protestants and all men against undue reliance upon human authority in religious matters, for none are free from danger in this respect; but it is not right to overlook the special and pre-eminent guilt which the Popish system, as distinguished from the Protestant, has incurred in this matter, and the peculiar danger with which its influence is attended.

5. The fifth topic which Dr. Whately discusses, in illustration of the general principles of his book, is persecution. It is fully conceded, that there is a tendency in human nature to persecute because of differences of opinion upon religious subjects, to treat these differences as injuries or insults to ourselves, and to punish them as such; and then this natural tendency is often strengthened and confirmed by erroneous and perverted impressions of the obligations under which men lie to God and to His truth, and of the way in which these obligations ought to be discharged. There is scarcely any one of the errors of Romanism that has a deeper foundation in human nature than this, or any one which more readily allies itself with some of the better feelings of our nature, and which can produce a larger amount of apparent, though only apparent, countenance from Scripture. And accordingly there was no one of the errors and evil tendencies of the Romish system that adhered more firmly, or for a longer period to Protestants, than this. But while it is admitted that this tendency to persecute is natural to men, and has been often exhibited in practical operation by Protestants as well as Papists, and while on this account it is right that *all* men should be warned against yielding to its influence, we should not overlook the special and peculiar guilt of Popery with reference to this, as well as all the other depraved tendencies of human nature.

Now, the first and most obvious consideration which presents itself in illustration of this, is in substance the same as that which we adduced under the head of *pious frauds*, viz., that Papists have more openly and generally defended, and more extensively and recklessly practised persecution, than Pro-

* This is copied from an edition of the pamphlet published at London in 1822 by Keating and Brown. It continues in great repute and general circulation. It is given entire, filling sixty pages, as an appendix to the first volume of a Popish work of great pretensions, published at Paris in 1847, entitled "Lettres au Clergé Protestant d'Allemagne," by Monseigneur Luquet, Evêque d'Hesebon.

testants, or any other body of men, have done, from which we infer that the Popish system is better adapted to encourage and strengthen this natural tendency than the Protestant or any other system. Protestants have seldom if ever been guilty of wholesale murders of large masses of human beings professedly upon mere grounds of religion, while these atrocities are common in the history of the Church of Rome. Protestants, even when most deeply imbued with this deplorable error, have usually restricted their violence to heresiarchs, or to ringleaders in heresy, whom they regarded as leading other men astray; while Papists have been accustomed to make scarcely any distinction between the misleaders and the misled, and to involve as far as they could all who they thought had gone astray from truth in one common destruction. Protestants have never been guilty of the folly and absurdity of compelling men to embrace the true religion, as if a mere external profession of what was right could be really honouring to God or beneficial to men,—their sin in this matter has been restricted to punishing and removing out of the way individuals who they thought were extensively injuring the souls of others; while Papists have been in the habit of disregarding these distinctions, overleaping these barriers, and persecuting men in masses, avowedly for the purpose of forcing them into the true fold of Christ.

These are great aggravations of the iniquity of Romanists, as distinguished from that of Protestants, in regard to this matter of persecution, and confirm the inference we have drawn, that the Popish system must be peculiarly adapted to call forth and to strengthen this natural tendency of depraved men, and to give it an extensive influence over their conduct. This is enough for our purpose, even if we could not point any specific features in the Popish system on which this peculiar fitness to call forth, to encourage, and to strengthen, men's natural tendency to persecute, was based. But there is no difficulty in doing this. The principle of subordinating everything to the interests of the Church, as a visible organized society, has just as strong a tendency to produce persecution as to produce pious frauds; and the virtual substitution of the visible Church in the room and stead of Christ, which is a leading feature of the Popish system, is well fitted to consecrate and to confirm this tendency. The supposed possession of infallibility tends to produce in men a reckless disregard of the claims and rights of others, and a pressing, at all hazards and against all opposition, of their own. The notion that opposition to the Church involves a forfeiture *de jure* of ordinary civil rights and privileges, of property and life, has been long deeply ingrained in their system, and has been acted upon whenever, and in so far as, circumstances seemed to render it expedient; while their notions about the bearing and consequences of external communion with the true visible Church, have no doubt seemed to them to give a sanction to persecuting proceedings, which would otherwise have been seen to be foolish and absurd, and which, as we have explained, no Protestants have ever adopted. It will not do, then, to slur over this matter of persecution, as is now-a-days a common and fashionable practice, merely by saying that there is a strong tendency in human nature to persecute, and that Protestants have persecuted as well as Papists. This is true, but it is not the whole truth, and it is right that on this point, as on every other, we should bring out the peculiar guilt and danger of the Popish system as distinguished from the Protestant,—of the Church of Rome as distinguished from Protestantism,—in cherishing and fostering the depraved tendencies of human nature, instead of mortifying and subduing them, and, as a consequence of this, in exhibiting in point of fact far more extensively their baneful and ruinous operation, both on the temporal and spiritual welfare of men.

There is nothing in Dr. Whately's Essays on Romanism inconsistent with the representations we have now given of the system, and we have no reason to doubt that he would concur in the whole substance of what we have said. But we cannot but regard it as a defect in the work, that some little pains was not taken to guard against the impression, not unlikely to be produced by it, that Popery is not very much less safe and innocent than Protestantism, and that there is not even an *assertion* of the peculiar and pre-eminent guilt of Popery in reference to the topics discussed.

In addition to this general defect, there is a more specific omission of a somewhat peculiar kind, in the non-introduction of what is commonly known by the name of self-righteousness in its bearing upon the doctrine of justification. The general omission on which we have animadverted is not mentioned or referred to by Dr. Whately, probably because it was not very directly suggested by the leading object which he proposed to himself in the composition of the work. The discussion, however, of the topic of self-righteousness, according to the views generally entertained of it by the Reformers and by Calvinistic and Evangelical divines, lay so directly in the line of the course of

investigation to which the work is devoted, that it was scarcely possible to omit it, without adverting to the omission and giving some explanation of its cause. Accordingly Dr. Whately has devoted the Appendix B to an exposition of his views upon the subject of self-righteousness, and of the reasons why he did not discuss it in the body of the work, as an illustration of the "errors of Romanism having their origin in human nature." This appendix we regard as containing no small amount of serious error, and as manifesting something less than Dr. Whately's usual candour and fairness. We do not deny that there have been instances among those who have held the doctrine of the Reformers with respect to justification and self-righteousness, in which that latent and insidious spiritual pride, which he exposes, has been manifested, and we willingly acknowledge that there are some of his statements upon this subject from which these persons may learn some useful lessons of warning. But we consider it unwarrantable to make statements, as he seems to do, fitted to convey the impression, that this is the natural tendency and the appropriate result of the views on this point which he opposes, and that it characterizes generally those who advocate them. The most important question, however, connected with this subject, is as to the soundness and accuracy of his reasons for omitting to give a distinct and prominent consideration to the subject of self-righteousness, meaning thereby, an undue and unwarrantable reliance upon our own good deeds as a means of obtaining the forgiveness of sin and the enjoyment of God's favour. The substance of what he lays down on this point may, we think, be fairly enough comprehended in these two propositions,—1st, That a tendency to self-righteousness, in the sense above explained, is neither very common nor very dangerous, and, 2d, that the Romanists teach no very material error upon this subject, "though they may perhaps have made an injudicious use of the word *merit*."

The examination of these positions would open up a wide field of theological discussion, on which we cannot at present enter. But we must say, that we regard the maintenance of them as amounting to a virtual denial of the great doctrine of justification as taught by the Reformers and by the Apostle Paul, and as a deplorable specimen of the anti-scriptural views in regard to it which have generally prevailed in the Church of England since the time of Bishop Bull. There was no subject on which the Reformers were so unanimous, or to which they attached so much importance, as the doctrine of justification, including the exposition of the place which good works hold in the scheme of salvation. Lutherans, Calvinists, and Anglicans, at the period of the Reformation, were all persuaded that the Church of Rome taught very serious error upon this subject, and they were of one mind as to what was the doctrine taught in Scripture concerning it. If Dr. Whately's opinions upon this subject are correct, the Reformation, in the very matter to which its authors attached the highest importance, must have been founded wholly in misapprehension and error. For more than a century after the commencement of the Reformation, the divines of the Church of England continued to believe that the Church of Rome had very materially perverted the doctrine of Scripture upon this point. This is evident from two great works in which this subject is minutely investigated, viz., Bishop Davenant's "Praelectiones de Justitia habituali et actuali," published in 1631, and Bishop Downam's "Treatise of Justification," published in 1633. In these two works, the best and fullest scholastic discussions of this subject which Britain has produced, it is proved that the Church of Rome teaches very material and dangerous error in regard to the place which men's good deeds hold in the scheme of salvation, while, incidentally, it also appears from them, that the defenders of the doctrine of the Reformation upon this topic, had Papists for their only antagonists, and met with no opposition from any of their own brethren. When Protestants began to corrupt the doctrine of Scripture and of the Reformation, by inculcating those views on the subject of justification which Dr. Whately maintains, the Papists raised a shout of triumph, and adduced the fact as a concession, at length extorted by the force of truth, to the effect, that there was no very material difference upon this point between Protestants and the Church of Rome, and that of course one fundamental article in the theology of the Reformers was based upon misrepresentation and falsehood.*

Ever since the time of Bishop Bull, very erroneous views upon the subject of justification have been widely prevalent in the Church of England—views in substance the same as those taught by the Church of Rome. Those who hold these views cannot but admit, as Dr. Whately does, that the Church

* A proof of the truth of this statement, and an interesting specimen of the use made by Romish controversialists of the renunciation by Protestants of the doctrine of the Reformers on the subject of justification, will be found in the work of the celebrated Jansenist Nicole, entitled "Préjugés Légitimes contre les Calvinistes," c. xi. p. 270-6.

of Rome teaches no very material error upon this subject, and, of course, must maintain, if they would speak out, that the Reformers were defeated in argument by the Romanists, in that very matter which they reckoned the article of a standing or a falling church. It is true that the decrees and canons of the Council of Trent upon this subject, are drawn up with a good deal of caution and cunning, and are well fitted to deceive those who have not thoroughly investigated it. But in the writings of the two great divines to whom we have referred, and in those of other old divines of the Church of England who might be mentioned, it is proved, we think, beyond the possibility of answer, that the Church of Rome does teach very serious error upon this important subject; and that the general scope and tendency of all the error she teaches, is just to cherish and foster self-righteousness in men's minds, that is, to lead them to place a reliance upon their own good works as a means of obtaining forgiveness of sin and the favour of God, which the Sacred Scriptures not only do not sanction, but condemn and denounce. The history of religion in every age and country seems to us to make it manifest, that there is in human nature a powerful tendency leading men to place a measure of reliance upon their own good deeds—their own compliance with the laws of morality—as a means of obtaining pardon and acceptance from God, which is clearly precluded by the whole substance of what is taught in Scripture, concerning men's natural state of guilt and sinfulness, and concerning the remedy which has been provided for it. And the truth of this position is in no degree invalidated by the truth of another, viz., that men have a strong natural tendency to rely unduly, with the same view, upon their external religious observances, and, even to substitute the observance of religious ceremonies for the performance of moral duties. These two tendencies are perfectly consistent with, and mutually auxiliary to, each other. And in adducing and establishing against the Church of Rome, the charge of fostering and cherishing men's natural tendency to self-righteousness, we have no difficulty in shewing that it encourages men to rely unduly and unwarrantably *both* on good works or external conformity to the moral law, and on outward ceremonies. It does the former by its anti-scriptural doctrines as to the meaning, the nature, the causes, and the grounds of justification, and by an error on the subject of the *merit* of good works, going very far beyond what Dr. Whately calls, "the *perhaps* injudicious use of a word." It does the latter by inventing and imposing a host of unauthorized rites and ceremonies, and teaching men to regard them as conveying and conferring grace. There is perhaps no more striking proof of the strength of this tendency than its prevalence in a large section of professedly Christian and Protestant society. If we investigate the state of mind of the great body of those whom we see around us in the world, not the openly profligate but the externally decent, we will be satisfied, that the more ignorant they are of religion, and the more indifferent they are habitually to all their responsibilities and obligations as immortal beings, the more are they disposed to rely upon their own good deeds, or external observances, as a ground of hope towards God.

There is, then, in human nature, a powerful tendency to self-righteousness. The Popish system, in place of seeking to eradicate this, as evangelical Protestantism does, is fitted to confirm and extend it. And there is no one aspect in which Popery can be contemplated, better fitted to illustrate its injurious bearing upon the spiritual welfare of men, than when we survey those of its tenets and practices above referred to, in connexion with that tendency of human nature to which they are so skilfully accommodated. The Apostle Paul seems to have found this strong natural tendency of men to self-righteousness, to be the great obstacle to the success of his labours; and the experience of most men who have rightly understood the real nature of the Apostle's object, and who have adopted *his* method of seeking to effect it, has been of a similar kind. It was this tendency to self-righteousness, that was most influential in making the preaching of Christ crucified a stumbling-block to the Jews, and foolishness to the Greeks. It is still true, we fear, in regard to multitudes to whom Christianity has been made known, that "they being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God." (Rom. x. 3.) And this statement of the Apostle's applies perhaps more fully and emphatically to the victims of Popish delusion, than to any class of men within whose reach Christianity has been brought. The whole system is fitted to keep them in ignorance of God's righteousness, to encourage them to go about to establish their own righteousness, and thereby to prevent them from submitting unto God's righteousness, the only scheme or provision by which sinners can be saved. If there be any principle better entitled than all others to a place in an exposition of the depraved tendencies of human nature in which the errors of Romanism

originate, and if there be any error of Romanism against which it is peculiarly important to warn Protestants, it is self-righteousness, or an undue reliance upon good works and religious observances as a means of procuring forgiveness and acceptance from God.

There is one of Dr. Whately's colleagues on the Irish episcopal bench, who holds what are, in our judgment, much more Scriptural views on the subject of justification and good works, and the relation in which they stand to each other, viz., Dr. O'Brien, Bishop of Ossory. Dr. O'Brien has rendered an important service to what we believe to be the cause of truth in this matter, in his work entitled "An Attempt to Explain and Establish the Doctrine of Justification by Faith only." The revival in the Church of England of the scriptural doctrine of the Reformers upon this important subject, has found in Dr. O'Brien a worthy representative and advocate. His work is an able and learned defence of what we believe to be the true doctrine of the Sacred Scriptures, of the whole body of the Reformers, and of the authors of the symbolical books of the Church of England, upon the subject of justification. It is peculiarly valuable to the theological student, because of the fulness with which it adduces the evidence, that the Reformers unanimously maintained, in opposition to the Romanists, those views upon that subject which have been generally rejected by the divines of the Church of England, ever since Bishop's Bull's time.*

Dr. Whately in a note to the above-mentioned Appendix, (pp. 368, 369,) gives a brief indication of the general method by which he would attempt to show that the Apostle Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans, did not teach the doctrine on the subject of justification which the Reformers deduced from his statements, and plainly hints, that by the very same process it might be shown, that the Reformers did not teach the doctrines which have been generally ascribed to them, by those who have most highly valued, and most carefully studied, their writings. It is in substance this, that the Apostle, in discussing the subject of justification, was dealing with men who did not place their reliance for pardon and acceptance upon their good works properly so called, upon the performance of moral duties, upon any conformity, even in external action, to the moral law, but merely upon ceremonial observances, and that the Reformers had to do with a similar class of persons and of notions. He says,

> "The error which is perhaps the commonest among Protestants upon this point, is that of forgetting that the 'works' by which the Pharisees sought to establish their own righteousness, 'which was of the law,' were not the performance of moral duties, but ceremonial observances."—P. 368.

And again,—

> "An error very nearly the same had crept in among us to a vast extent before the Reformation. 'Good works' had come to signify principally, if not exclusively, pilgrimages, fasts, genuflexions, and ceremonial observances of various kinds; and *hence* our Reformers use much the same language as the Apostle Paul, with the same meaning, and on a like occasion."—P. 369.

The notion which Dr. Whately seems to intend to convey by these statements is, that *the works* which Paul and the Reformers so absolutely excluded from the matter of justification, to which they so strenuously denied all justifying efficacy, were merely ceremonial observances. He admits, indeed, that "to found a claim to immortal happiness, on the ground of immorality of life, would have been an error," and that both Paul and the Reformers "were well aware that virtuous actions can never give a man a claim to the Christian promises, independently of Christian faith; and also that the best actions—in themselves the best—are not acceptable in God's sight, (indeed, are not even morally virtuous at all,) independently of the principle from which they spring." But these are statements to which no Romanist would object; and we are not at present considering the whole subject of justification, or Dr. Whately's views concerning it, but merely adverting to the interpretation he puts upon a portion of the language employed by Paul and the Reformers, in treating of it. And with reference to this point, we regard as fully warranted the statement we have made, viz., that he is of opinion, that the works to which Paul and the Reformers so strenuously denied all justifying efficacy were ceremonial observances. It is well known that this is one of the interpretations which have been proposed and advocated, for the purpose of showing that Paul taught the doctrine of the Church of Rome, and not the doctrine of the Reformers, upon the subject of justification. We have no hesitation in saying, that we regard it as the most indefensible of all the misrepresentations of the Apostle's language that have been put forth with that view.

* This very valuable work of Dr. O'Brien's is out of print, and cannot be procured. Why is it not reprinted? What has become of Dr. O'Brien's promised History of the Doctrine of Justification? This is a noble subject, and in his hands would be most useful and interesting.

We cannot at present discuss this matter upon its merits; but we think it right to state, that this interpretation of the Apostle's language has been generally rejected by the more judicious of those, whether Romanists or Protestants, who have concurred in the main in Dr. Whately's opinions on the subject of justification. Cardinal Bellarmine, in treating of this point, says, "Some Catholics teach that, by the *works* which the Apostle excludes from justification, must be understood the observance of legal ceremonies, circumcision, the Sabbath, new moons, &c. But it is the uniform opinion of St. Augustine, and without doubt it is most true, that by works which are opposed to faith, and are excluded from justification, must be understood the works which precede faith, and are performed by the mere power of free will." (De Justif. lib. I. c. xix.) *Bishop Bull's leading positions upon the subject are these:—1st, That by *works* the Apostle understood obedience to the whole Mosaic law; 2d, That in discussing the Mosaic law as a whole, and showing that obedience to it could exert no efficacy in procuring justification, he at the same time exposes some Jewish dogmas which had been combined with it; and, 3d, That as he had also to do with the Gentile philosophers, he argues also against the works of the natural law, or obedience rendered to the moral law by the mere powers of nature, without divine grace, though he does this only incidentally, and by the by. (*Harmonia Apostolica Disser.* ii. c. vi., pp. 93–100.) It seems to us very manifest, that the works which Paul excludes from any efficacy in procuring justification, include all this *at least;* nay, we have no doubt it has been proved, that they include not merely obedience to the whole law of Moses, the moral as well as the ceremonial part of it, not merely works externally conformed to the moral law proceeding from men's natural powers without faith or grace, but also, moreover, absolutely and universally, obedience to law as law, conformity to legal requirements as such. All this, we believe, the Apostle excludes from the matter of justification—to all this he denies any efficacy in procuring for men the forgiveness of their sins and the enjoyment of God's favor.

The chief grounds on which Dr. Whately seems to found the interpretation he gives of the Apostle's language are, that he was disputing with the Pharisees, that therefore his words must be understood only in the sense which the work of refuting them requires, and that they were openly immoral men, who did not profess to rely upon their good works or external morality, but only on ceremonial observances. We object both to the general principle of interpretation indicated in this mode of arguing, and to the application which is here made of it. We do not deny the importance of ascertaining as fully as possible the precise and immediate object which the inspired writers had in view in the statements they made upon any occasion, and the propriety of applying this for the purpose of bringing out the meaning and bearing of what they may have said. But we maintain that there is no improbability in the idea, that men, whether inspired or uninspired, may, in discussing a particular subject, be led on to make statements more wide and comprehensive than what the precise topic with which the discussion started obviously suggested, or necessarily required, and that they may use language, in the course of the discussion, so plain as to make the fact that they had been led to do this, altogether unquestionable. We believe that the Apostle's language so clearly and certainly excludes from the ground of justification obedience to the whole Mosaic law *at least*, that we would feel ourselves constrained to ascribe this doctrine to him, even though he had commenced his argument by expressly telling us, that he was about to expose the reliance which the Pharisees placed on ceremonial observances. But there is no ground whatever for believing that this was his sole or even his principal object. He was dealing not so much with the practice as with the doctrine of the Pharisees, and we have conclusive evidence that they professed to rely for acceptance with God upon their obedience to the whole Mosaic law, and taught that this was a legitimate and valid ground of confidence. The application which Paul makes of his own case and character while a Pharisee, ought to have precluded the whole process of thought on which Dr. Whately grounds his misinterpretation of the Apostle's language.*

* Tam hoc manifestum est, ut cum olim nonnulli ex Romanæ ecclesiæ addictis hac exceptione usi sint, Paulum, Rom. iii. 28, alibique, opera solum legis caeremonialis a justificatione excludere, recentiores tamen, *quam parum illi insit roboris animadvertentes*, aliam hinc se expediendi ingressi sunt viam. J. F. Buddaei Ecclesia Apostolica, c. iii. s. iii. p. 151.

* For a full investigation of the erroneous notions on the subject of justification and good works that generally prevailed in the Apostolic age, both among Jews and Gentiles, and for a conclusive proof, as we think, that all that can be ascertained upon this point, confirms decidedly the interpretation put upon Paul's language by the Reformers, we refer to two eminent divines, the first a Calvinist, and the second a Lutheran, Witsius and Buddaeus. See Witsius's Miscel-

Dr. Whately's statement, that "our reformers used much the same language as the Apostle Paul, with the same meaning, and on a like occasion," is plainly intended to convey the notion that the "good works" which they excluded from all efficacy in procuring forgiveness and acceptance, were merely outward ceremonial observances. This notion we believe to be entirely unfounded, to be wholly inconsistent both with the historical facts as to what they had to oppose in the Church of Rome, where the meritorious efficacy of repentance and moral duties in procuring the Divine favour was openly proclaimed, and with the true and plain meaning of their own statements as to what they intended to teach.

There is one other feature in Dr. Whately's Essays which we would like to notice, though we have not now space to dwell upon it. He presents an interesting and important view of the Popish system in the following passage :—

"The peculiar character of Romanism (and also of the religion of the Greek Church) in this respect, will be best perceived by contrasting it with Mahometism. This latter system was framed, and introduced, and established, within a very short space of time, by a deliberately-designing impostor; who did indeed most artfully accommodate that system to man's nature, but did not wait for the gradual and spontaneous operations of human nature to produce it. He reared at once the standard of proselytism, and imposed on his followers a code of doctrines and laws ready-framed for their reception. The tree which he planted did indeed find a congenial soil; but he planted it at once, with its trunk full-formed and its branches displayed. The Romish system, on the contrary, rose insensibly like a young plant from the seed, making a progress scarcely perceptible from year to year, till at length it had fixed its root deeply in the soil, and spread its baneful shade far around.

> In fecunda quidem, sed læta et fortia surgunt;
> Quippe sola *natura* subest;

it was the natural offspring of man's frail and corrupt character, and it needed no sedulous culture. No one, accordingly, can point out any precise period at which this 'mystery of iniquity'—the system of Romish and Grecian corruptions—first began, or specify any person who introduced it. No one, in fact, ever did introduce any such system. The corruptions crept in one by one; originating the most part with an ignorant and depraved *people*, but connived at, cherished, consecrated, and successively established by a debased and worldly-minded ministry; and modified by them just so far as might best favour the views of their secular ambition. But the system thus gradually compacted, was not the deliberate contrivance of any one man or set of men, adepts in priest-craft, and foreseeing and designing the entire result. The corruptions of the unreformed Church were the natural offspring of human passions, not checked and regulated by those who ought to have been ministers of the Gospel, but who, on the contrary, were ever ready to indulge and encourage men's weakness and wickedness, provided they could turn it to their own advantage. The good seed 'fell among thorns,' which, being fostered by those who should have been occupied in rooting them out, not only 'sprang up with it,' but finally choked and overpowered it."—Pp. 7-9.

There is, no doubt, a great deal of truth in this passage, and in others to the same effect which occur in different parts of the work. But we are disposed to think that the statement as a whole is somewhat exaggerated, and to assign a larger share of influence to the priesthood in devising and fabricating the Popish system. Not only did the priests share equally in the same natural tendencies which led the people to desire and to welcome the system of tenets and practices which constitutes Popery, but they were, for many reasons, much more likely to give to the appropriate results of these tendencies the fullest expression and the most ample encouragement. It is a view of Popery that ought never to be overlooked, that its tenets and practices, individually and collectively, though they have their origin in human nature, are also admirably adapted to increase the influence and promote the selfish interests of the priesthood, a fact which indicates pretty plainly the source to which their growth and development are to be mainly ascribed. And there is another view of Popery that ought never to be forgotten, viz., that all its peculiar tenets and practices, while having their origin in human nature, and while fitted and designed to increase the influence of the priesthood, are also adapted to lead men to form erroneous views of the doctrines inculcated and the duties enjoined in the Sacred Scriptures. They thus tend to prevent men from making a right use and improvement of the Revelation which God has given them, and in this way to endanger their spiritual and eternal welfare. There are thus three leading general views of Popery, all of which must be taken into account in order that we may thoroughly understand and appreciate that most marvellous system. Its tenets and practices have their origin in certain tendencies of human nature, and this view is fitted to impress those useful practical lessons which Dr. Whately has so well illustrated. They are all fitted, equally and at once, to promote the two great objects of

lanea Sacra, tom. i., Exercit. xx. xxi. xxii. xxiii., and Buddaeus's Ecclesia Apostolica., c. iii. s. iii.

advancing the influence of the priesthood and endangering men's spiritual welfare. The most remarkable thing in the history of Popery is, that, gradually, during a long series of years, and through the labours of many individuals, not acting on a preconcerted plan, a system should have grown up, which is admirably compacted and thoroughly consistent in all its parts, and which, in all its provisions and arrangements, the most minute as well as the most important, is fitted to secure the two great objects to which we have referred. We are persuaded, as we have already intimated, that this can be explained only by means of the principle, which appears to us to be clearly taught in Scripture, viz., that Popery, in its complex character and as a system, is Satan's great scheme for frustrating the leading objects of the Christian revelation.

Such efforts are made in the present day to diffuse defective and unduly favourable views of the Popish system, and so many influences combine to promote the success of these efforts, that we have considered it our duty to dwell chiefly on those parts of Dr. Whately's Essays and Cautions which may possibly be employed to aid in advancing this object. We have animadverted on them freely and plainly, but we trust that in doing so we have said nothing inconsistent with the high admiration we entertain and have expressed of his great talents, or with the profound sense we cherish of the value and importance of the services he has rendered to the world by his writings.

Art. VIII.—1. *First Report of the Commissioners for the Exposition of* 1851. London, 1852. 8vo, pp. 267; with Plates.

2. *Education and Educational Institutions considered with reference to the Industrial Professions, and the Present Aspect of Society.* By the Rev. J. Booth, LL.D., F. R.S., Chaplain to the Marquis of Lansdowne. London, 1846. 8vo, pp. 108.

3. *Papers relating to Proposals for Establishing Colleges of Arts and Manufactures for the Better Instruction of the Industrious Classes.* By T. A. Lloyd, F.R.S., F.G.S. London, 1851. 8vo, pp. 40. Printed for Private Circulation.

4. *On the Importance of studying Abstract Science with a View to its Future Practical Application: Being an Introductory Lecture at Putney College.* By Lyon Playfair, F.R.S., F.C.S. London, 1848. 8vo. Printed for Private Circulation.

5. *Notes on the Organization of an Industrial College for Artisans.* By T. Twining, Jun. In a letter to Lord Shaftesbury. London, 1851. Printed for Private Circulation.

6. *Suggestions for a Crystal College or New Palace of Glass for combining the Intellectual Talent of all Nations; or a Sketch of a Practical Philosophy of Education.* By W. Cave Thomas. London, 1851, pp. 64.

7. *How much longer are we to continue teaching nothing more than what was taught two or three Centuries ago? or ought not our highest Education to embrace the whole Range of our Present Knowledge? and ought not the Education of all Classes to have a direct Reference to the Wants of our Free, Busy, and Enlightened Age?* By the Rev. Foster Barham Zincke, Vicar of Wherstead. London, 1850, pp. 42.

8. *Why must we educate the Whole People? and what prevents our doing it?* By the Rev. Foster Barham Zincke. London, 1850, pp. 54.

9. *Ecole Centrale des Arts et Manufactures, fondée en* 1829. Paris, pp. 42.

10. *Report of the Head Master of the Government School of Design at Sheffield on the National Exposition of Manufactures at Paris.* (In the Annual Report of the School.) Sheffield, 1849.

11. *Records of the School of Mines, and of Science applied to the Arts.* Vol. i., Part i. Inaugural and Introductory Lectures to the Courses for the Session 1851–52. Published by order of the Lord's Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury. London, 1852. 8vo, pp. 148.

12. *Lectures on the Results of the Great Exhibition of* 1851, *delivered before the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, at the suggestion of* H.R.H. Prince Albert, President of the Society. London, 1852. Pp. 634.

The Exhibition of 1851 is now an event of the past. Its gems of Nature and of Art have disappeared, and the crystal casket which inclosed them is about to return to its elements, and to assume, under another sky, a more permanent character and a nobler form. Like the hero who dies in his glory, or the sage whose name is embalmed amid the great truths which he has bequeathed to his race, the Exhibition of the World's Industry rises on the page of history when its material elements have fallen; and long after its crystal roof has ceased to dazzle, its cherished memories will put forth more hallowed and more enduring radiations. The transparent chrysalis has burst, and we must

now study the future being to which it has given birth.

Had the Exhibition of 1851 been a mere pageant to please the eye of its visitors, and to gratify the vanity of the nation ;—or had it been simply a palace of the arts to amuse and to instruct the public, it would, under either aspect, have exercised a salutary influence over our social condition, and its founder would have well deserved both individual and national gratitude. The motives, however, by which Prince Albert was influenced, and the ends which he had in view, were of a higher and nobler kind. Educated as British princes and British statesmen had never been educated—uniting with the elegant acquirements of literature and the fine arts a sound knowledge of the physical and natural sciences, and of the mechanical arts with which, in foreign lands, the sciences have been long associated, he perceived the defects in our intellectual institutions; and occupying that high position from which truth can speak without giving offence, and reform emanate without inspiring fear, he conceived the idea of turning the attention of the nation to the state of its manufacturing arts, and giving a new direction to its science, and a fresh impulse to its industry.

During the early half of the present century, after war had ceased to usurp the talent and exhaust the resources of the State, a few individuals of ardent patriotism and enlarged views called the attention of the nation to the humble condition of its industrial and scientific arts, and to the feeble and ill-directed efforts of our scientific and educational institutions. In the pages of the two great Reviews which shed their light quarterly over the land, these truths were often pressed upon the public notice ; and this Journal has not been behind its rivals in appreciating the importance of practical science, and in advocating its claims to national recognition and support. But facts and arguments, reproof and expostulation, made no impression on the advisers of the Crown ; and the members of the Legislature were equally callous to the demands of science and of art. The seeds of truth, however, even when sparingly sown, never fail to germinate. Though buried for centuries and unproductive, they yet spring into life under the inspiration of the elements, and often cast into the social granary a rich and abundant produce.

The Metropolitan Society of Arts, which had long been the only, though the feeble patron of inventions and useful discoveries, had been stimulated into activity by the accession of a few patriotic and zealous members. The Royal Scottish Society of Arts, established in Edinburgh, became a powerful auxiliary in the cause of practical science. The mechanical institutes, too, throughout the kingdom :—the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—the British Association for the Advancement of Science, including Mechanics and Civil Engineering—the Amendment of the Patent Laws, which we owe to Lord Brougham—the splendid Exhibition of the Manufactures of Birmingham in a large temporary building—the Government Schools of Design—the Agricultural College at Cirencester—the College of Practical Science at Putney, under the patronage of the Duke of Buccleuch—and the Museum of Practical Geology, with its School of Mines and of Science applied to the Arts—were all important steps in the onward march of British industry. But valuable and progressive as these steps were, they were nevertheless but insulated steps in divergent directions, proceeding from no centre, and pointing to no goal. Private interests, professional prejudices, and local necessities, combined to keep the scientific institutions of the country beyond their sphere of mutual attraction ; and the voluntary character of almost all of them, and the general absence of pecuniary aid, and consequently of control, on the part of the State, prevented the establishment of some central institution round which they might cluster, and from which they might derive new life and energy.

But while these institutions were developing their powers and displaying their results, the English Government, neglecting the very interests of which it was the guardian, made no attempts even to improve and extend the national colleges and institutions over which it had control. The Scottish and even the English Universities, with a staff of able professors, whose talents might have received a fresh impulse and a better direction, were allowed to stand unchanged amid advancing civilization, while the academical institutions of other lands were embracing, with extended arms, those various courses of study which administer to the wants of social and domestic life, and promote the glory and prosperity of nations. When practical science was wanted by the British Government, it was collected by the most expensive process in committees of Parliament, often from ill-informed and interested witnesses, and consigned to blue books to which few had access, and whose contradictory hieroglyphics still fewer could understand. If there was one nation in the civilized world, for which an opposite course might have been expected, that nation was England.

Her naval pre-eminence;—her lines of steamers connecting her shores with the remotest regions of the earth;—her Saxon tongue the vehicle of liberty and truth over half the globe;—her colonies swelled, and swelling into gigantic kingdoms;—her commercial greatness, and the enormous extent of her manufacturing establishments, all concurred in demanding from England a willing patronage of the arts and sciences—a generous treatment of the men who advanced them, and a munificent endowment of the establishments which they required.

In support of these views, let us take a rapid glance at the process of industrial institutions in France. The illustrious Descartes had at an early period recommended the establishment of public lectures for artificers and workmen. He proposed that each group of trades should have a lecture-room, with its hall of tools and models, and a practical lecturer to explain the manipulations of their art to the students, and solve the difficulties which might embarrass them. At that time, even, there was a large collection of machines under the charge of the Academy of Sciences, which had been transferred to the Louvre, where it had remained for nearly a century, till the intellectual energies of a new era brought it into use. The celebrated mechanist M. Vaucanson, to whom we owe the remarkable automata of the flute player—the pipe and tabor player—and the masticating and digesting duck, had experienced the want of this species of ocular instruction, and even at an advanced age began to make a collection of machines, models, and philosophical instruments, which he placed in the Hôtel de Mortagne. At his death in 1782 he bequeathed the whole of his machines to the Government, and this valuable collection became the nucleus of the present "Conservatory of Arts and Trades." But although a love of the marvellous more than a love of science had induced Louis XVI. to take an interest in Vaucanson's caoutchouc automaton—of a man with the whole of his physiological apparatus, yet it does not appear that he or the nation placed a sufficient value on the extraordinary pieces of mechanism which Vaucanson had constructed. The two musical automata which we have mentioned, as might have been expected, were not acquired by the State and placed in the collection which it had received from their inventor; they were purchased by Professor Bayreuss of Helmstadt, to adorn the museum of another land, or perhaps to disappear, as they seem to have done, in the possession of their ignorant owner. The Government, however, set a proper value on the legacy of Vaucanson. They placed it under the charge of a Comptroller-General, and issued an ordonnance, requiring that all machines and models which received a national reward, should be deposited in the collection. The Hôtel de Mortagne was subsequently purchased by the Government, and an annual sum voted for the maintenance of the collection. Before the commencement of the Revolution, above 300 new machines for cotton and carding, and for the manufacture of hosiery, ribbons, and lace, were added to the museum; but amid the destruction of monuments and works of art which characterized that barbarous event, the machinery for abridging labour was peculiarly exposed to the fury of the people. The Legislative Assembly, indeed, and the National Convention appointed commissioners to collect the scattered relics of science and of art which the Vandals had spared; but it was not till 1794 that a Commission of Arts, in which the Abbé Gregoire and M. Charles were the most active, contrived to save, often at the peril of their lives, upwards of 800 objects which were lodged in the Hôtel D'Aguillen, and which led to the present establishment of the "*Conservatoire des Arts et des Metiers*," founded by a decree drawn up by the Abbé Gregoire, and issued on the 19th Vendemiaire 1795. In 1799 the collection was transferred to the Abbey of St. Martin, where it received great additions, and was classified for the instruction of artificers and workmen. In 1806 M. de Champagny, the Minister of the Interior, founded a school for the industrial education of the children of workmen to be recommended by the mayors of towns and the prefects of departments. From 1810 to 1811 this school counted 300 students. "It furnished," as Colonel Lloyd observes, "sub-officers to the sappers and engineers,—young men for the offices of the Bureau of Fortifications and of St. Cyr, as well as a great number of overseers of works, and superintendents of workshops and manufactories." About this time Napoleon had offered a million of francs for prizes in the manufacture of cotton and carding machinery, and in furtherance of these views there was established in 1810 a school for instruction in the spinning of cotton and wool. Under such influences the march of industrial instruction was rapid and regular. The lectures, however, became too scientific, but this retrograde step, as soon as it was recognized, led in 1842 to the establishment of a commission under Baron Thenard, which not only remedied the evil, but raised the institution to its present improved and flourishing state. In 1846, the sum of 1,000,000 francs was voted for additions to the collection,

and in 1850 it possessed 4500 articles representing 7000 machines, together with a great number of machines themselves, chemical apparatus, philosophical instruments, and tools.

In 1850 the sum of £6250 was voted for the service of the *Conservatoire*, and the following was the system of instruction given in two theatres on different days of the week :—

Sunday.	Charles Dupin.	Geometry applied to the Arts and Statics.
	Olivier.	Descriptive Geometry—applied and theoretical.
	Morin.	Practical Mechanics, Steam Engine.
	Peligot.	Chemistry applied to the Arts.
	Pouillet.	Physics applied to the Arts and Machines.
Monday.	Olivier.	Descriptive Geometry.
	Payen.	Chemistry applied to the Arts.
Tuesday.	Moll.	Agriculture.
	Blanqui.	Industrial Œconomy.
	Wolowski.	Industrial Legislation.
Wednesday.	Pouillet.	Physics.
Thursday.	Ebelmen.	Ceramic Arts and Manufactures.
	Morin.	Mechanics.
	Peligot.	Chemistry, Metallurgy, Dyeing, Colours, &c.
Friday.	Moll.	Agriculture, Drainage, Irrigation, and Manure.
	Blanqui.	Industrial Œconomy.
	Wolowski.	Industrial Legislation.
Saturday.	Payen.	Chemistry, Textile substances, and Œconomic Manufactures.
During the Week.	Martelet.	Geometry.
	Armengaud.	Designing of Machines.
	De Wailly.	Agriculture.
	Le Compté.	Industrial Design.

In the excellent institution which we have now described, industrial education was given *gratis* to mechanics, and to the poorer classes of students; and zealous and intelligent workmen thus educated were intrusted with the direction of many manufacturing establishments. The progress of the arts in England and other countries, rendered necessary a more extensive system of industrial education for the middle classes in France; and with this view the *Ecole Centrale des Arts et Manufactures* was established in 1829, under the most eminent and experienced professors, for the purpose of educating the pupils as engineers, directors of manufactories, managers of public works of all descriptions, and professors of the applied sciences. Though at first a private establishment, it was placed under the surveillance of the Minister of Public Instruction, and in 1838 under the Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, who received a public grant to defray the expense of sending up students to it from the State. In 1842 nineteen of the "Conseils Généraux," in different departments of France, voted funds to send up twenty-three young men from their towns, and the Minister had made provision for forty students whose families were entitled to the gratitude of the nation.

We have now before us the pamphlet, No. 9 of our list, containing ample and interesting details respecting the constitution of this important establishment, and as it must, to a very considerable extent, be a pattern for all similar institutions, we shall endeavour to give an abstract of its contents. The Central School of Arts and Manufactures occupies the "Hôtel de Juigné, Rue de Thorigny, au Marais." The authority of the school is vested in a Director, and there is also a director of studies, assisted by a council of *nine* professors. Besides these professors there are other *six* who are not members of council, together with five assistant professors. In addition to these functionaries two teachers give instruction on Special Technology, (textile manufactures, carding, sawing, pottery, &c.,) other two superintend the mechanical works, and other three the department of design. There are also twelve *répétiteurs* or tutors of high character, three *préparateurs* for the experimental courses of chemistry and physics, *three* officers for the "Service d'Administration," *two* librarians, and *four* inspectors, who have the surveillance of the pupils, and are charged with the maintenance of discipline. The following are the general statutes :—

1. *The object of the School.*—The central school is destined specially to form civil engineers, directors of workshops, superintendents of manufactories,—to foster the industry of men capable of bringing into the direction of these establishments and of great public works, the lights furnished by the physical and mathematical sciences, not only when studied in their more important and general doctrines, but above all when con-

sidered in reference to their practical application.

2. *The Institution of the School.*—The council of studies chooses the professors and officers, and admits or rejects candidates according to the result of their examination. The director who lives in the college has the charge of the correspondence and the general administration, and in the interval between the monthly sittings of the council, there is a "council of order," consisting of the director and at least one professor. The Government candidates must be between the age of 18 and 21, while private students, who may be foreigners acquainted with the French language, are admitted at any age above 16. The students live in private lodging-houses, and wear no uniform; they breakfast, however, in the establishment. The fee for each student is 775 francs, (£32,) or £36, including the materials used at the school.

3. *Instruction.*—The course of instruction is limited to *three* years. It includes lectures, daily examinations, drawing and graphic exercises, chemical manipulations, working in stone and wood, physics or natural philosophy, mechanics, details in the construction of buildings and other works, problems for solution, plans for industrial constructions, and partial and general examinations. All the courses are obligatory for *three* years; but at the middle of the second year, the graphic studies, and the manipulations, and plans (projects) are divided into two series, the one of a general nature, and the other relative to the special profession for which the student is to be prepared. These specialties are *four* in number, viz., the specialty of *Mechanicians*, including, 1. The construction and establishment of machines and the mechanical arts; 2. The specialty of *Constructors*, including the erection of buildings, public works, and the physical arts,—bridges, canals, roads, railways, civil and industrial architecture, heating, lighting, and the salubrity of towns and great establishments; 3. The specialty of *Metallurgists*, including the working of mines and metallurgy; and 4thly, The specialty of *Chemists*, including *mineral* chemistry, with pottery, porcelain and glass making, chemical products in general, and the arts of assaying and refining the precious metals, organic and agricultural chemistry, dyeing, distilling, bleaching, brewing, tanning, sugar making, &c., &c.

At the end of the first six months of the second year, the student is obliged to decide to which of these special studies his future education is to be directed.

The annual course commences on the 10th of November for the *first* year, and on the 2d of March for the *second* and *third* years, and it terminates during the month of July. The general examination takes place at the end of each course, and they all terminate from the 10th to the 20th of August, when the vacation begins.

4. *The Diplomas and Certificates of Merit.* The *diploma* of civil engineer is given only to those who have passed the prescribed trials during the three years of the school; and *certificates of capacity* are granted to those who have passed only a certain number of the prescribed trials. The trials are written and oral. The students are allowed *thirty-five* days for executing their designs in the interior of the school, and drawing the memoir in reference to them; and they are afterwards examined orally on their designs, which they are obliged publicly to explain and defend in presence of a jury of at least five professors. Those only who hold diplomas, or certificates of capacity, are recognised as having been students of the school, (*anciens élèves*,) and the professors are prohibited from giving to the other pupils any kind of special certificate.

5. *Mode of Admission of the Pupils.* No pupils can be admitted without passing two examinations—one written and another oral, in arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and drawing. Preference is given to natives of France that have passed their trials, whose literary education fits them for the composition of memoirs and reports; foreign students being required only to have such a knowledge of French as will enable them to follow the lecturer.

The following is a list of the Professors who teach the different branches of knowledge in the school during the course of three years:—

First Year.

M. Olivier.—*Descriptive Geometry.*—Theory of Application; Perspective Drawing and Shadows; Stone-cutting and Carpentry.

M. Martelet.—1, *Analytical Geometry*, and 2, *General* Mechanics.—Theory of the Motion and Equilibrium of a Material Point; Media of a System of Material Points; Statics of Solid Bodies.

M. Walter de Saintange and M. Faure.—*Construction of Machines.*—Elements of Machinery.

M. Masson.—*General Physics.*—Hydrostatics; Hydrodynamics; Heat, Magnetism; Radial Electricity; Electo-dynamics; and Electromagnetics; Molecular Action; Acoustics, Optics; and the Construction and Use of all kinds of Philosophical and Physical Instruments.

M. Dumas and M. Cahours.—*General Chemistry.*—Mineral and Organic.

M. Rigout.—*Chemical Manipulation.*

M. Doyere.—*Hygeian Science* and *Natural History applied to Industry.*—Physiology and Medicine in reference to Public Health and the Health of Workmen; Natural History of the Animal and Vegetable Kingdom.

In the first year, Drawing and Design are taught in all their branches; and during the vacation the pupils execute plans and elevations of buildings and machines, which they are obliged to present on their return to school.

Second Year.

M. Olivier.—*Descriptive Geometry*, with Modelling in Plaster for Stone Cutting.

M. Peclet.—*Industrial Physics.*—Different kinds of Fuel and their heating powers; Chimneys of Factories and Houses; Furnaces; Conductibility; Vaporisation; Distillation; Evaporation; Heating and Cooling of Bodies; Heating, Ventilation, and Sanitary Arrangements for Houses.

The students of the second year construct with bricks or plaster, on a scale of one-fourth, chimneys, furnaces, &c.; and during the vacation they visit factories and workshops, of which they make drawings and write descriptions, to be presented on their return to college.

Second and Third Year.

The following courses are divided into two sections, marked A and B, each of which is given every two years to the united pupils of the second and third year.

M. Belanger.—*Applied Mechanics.*—Section A, Statics; Section B, Hydrostatics and Hydraulics.

M. Walter De Saintange.—*Construction and Establishment of Machines*—Section taught every year.—The different Elements of Machinery. Section A, Properties of Materials; Theory of their Resistance; Modes of Executing Machines and putting them together. Section B, General Principles on the Establishment and Construction of Machines.

M. Peligot.—*Analytical Chemistry.*—Section A, General Method of Analysis; Gases; Acids; Alloys and Minerals. Section B, Use of Re-agents and Blowpipe, Analysis of Principal Organic Products.

M. Payen.—*Industrial Chemistry.*—Section A, Minerals; and, Section B, Organic and Agricultural Chemistry.

M. Mary.—*Architecture* and *Public Works.*—Section A, Public Works; Bridges; Inland and River Navigation. Section B, Architecture, Public and Private; Carpentry; Roofing; Sawing; Valuation of Works; Conducting of Water.

M. Amedee Burat.—*Geognosy* and *Working of Mines.*—Section A, Physical Geography; Mineralogy and Geognosy. Section B, Working, Draining, and Ventilating of Mines.

M. Ferry.—*Metallurgy* of *Iron.*—Section A, Manufacture of Iron and Steel; of Zinc and Copper. Section B, High Furnaces and Foundries; Metallurgy of Tin, Lead, and Silver.

M. Ferry.—Year A.—Ropemaking; Sawing of Wood and Stone.
Year B.—Mill-work and Oil-making.

M. Alcan.—Year A.—Preparation of Textile Materials—Cotton, Wool, Lint, Hemp.
Year B.—Weaving—Felting and Fulling.

M. Salvetat.*—Year B.—Manufacture of Pottery and Porcelain; Slates; Bricks and Crucibles.

Special Courses of the Third Year.

M. Thomas.—*Steam Engine.*—Steam Navigation.

M. Perdonnet.—*Railways.*—Locomotive Powers and Machines, &c.

The pamphlet from which we have abstracted, in an abridged form, the preceding details, contains a list, occupying *ten* pages, of all the pupils who have left the school with a diploma and a certificate of capacity, and of the situations which they now fill, or have formerly filled, together with the principal works which they have executed—the letter D being affixed to the names of those who received a diploma, and C of those who have merited only a certificate of capacity. The table is one of the most interesting documents in the statistics of education with which we are acquainted. It exhibits the true practical working of the institution from which it is derived; and were we furnished with such a table of the results of our own educational system, we should be able to appreciate better the character and value of the colleges, and schools, and private academies, from which our youth are ushered into the social world. We cannot, of course, in our limited space, give a translation of this remarkable document, but we shall attempt to give a brief analysis of it, without the hope of indicating its true value.†

* The subjects taught by these three Professors constitute *Technology.*

† The following is a specimen of the complete list:—

Fonctions Publiques. Alphonso (D) Director of the Conservatory of Arts and Trades at Madrid.

Industrie Diverses. Chartrand (C) Civil Engineer in the Isle of Cuba.

	[No. of Students.]	No. of Diplomas.	Where Employed.
Agriculture,	*French*, 10; *Poles*, 2,	8	7 in France; 1 in Turkey; 1 in Algeria; 1 in Poland; 1 in Gallicia; 1 in Louisiana.
Architecture, Buildings, & Canals,	*French*, 32; *Poles*, 2,	22	30 in France, holding some of the highest scientific appointments in the State; 1 in Wallachia; 1 in Algeria; 1 in Germany; 1 in Switzerland.
Railways,	*French*, 84; *German*, 2; *English*, 1; *Poles*, 4,	70	85 in France, with high appointments in Railways, Telegraphs, &c.; 1 in Wurtemberg; 1 in England; 1 in Belgium; 1 in Germany; 1 in Switzerland; 1 in United States.
Industrial and Scientific Instructors,	*French*, 29; *Spaniards*, 2; *Chilians*, 1; *Swiss*, 1; *Rio Janeiro*, 1; *Greeks*, 1; *Poles*, 1,	28	29 in France; 2 in Spain; 2 in Austria and Russia; 1 in Switzerland; 1 in Greece; 1 in Cracow.
Spinning, Weaving, Calico Printing,	*French*, 16; *Swiss*, 3; *Germans*, 1; *Spaniards*, 2; *Swedes*, 1,	17	20 in France; 4 Switzerland; 6 Germany; 2 Spain; 1 Sweden.
Public Functionaries,	*French*, 17; *Spaniards*, 2; various *Foreigners*, 20,	27	18 in France; 3 Brazils; 2 Spain; 16 in various parts of the Old and New World.
Industrial Chemistry, Ceramics, Glass Works, Tanneries, Sugar and Gas Works,	*French*, 37; *Foreigners*, 6,	28	31 in France; 1 Brazils; 1 Isle of Bourbon; 1 America; 9 in Europe.
Civil Engineers,	*French*, 34; *Americans*, 2; *Egyptians*, 1; *Cubans*, 1; *Belgians*, 2; *Others*, 4,	36	31 in France; 4 Germany; 3 Belgium; 2 Holland; 2 Egypt; 1 Rio; 1 Spain.
Mechanics and Machines,	*French*, 21; *United States*, 2; *Russian Poles*, 2,	21	17 in France; 2 England; 1 America; 1 Belgium; 4 elsewhere.
Metallurgy, Mining Forges,	*French and Foreigners*, 69,	49	40 in France; 9 Germany; 4 Belgium; 3 Algeria; 4 Prussia; 2 Spain; 1 Ireland; 6 Others.
Papermaking, Plating, Commerce, Salt Works,	*French*, 20,	16	20 in France.

Besides these two great central institutions, there are in France three very large provincial Colleges of Arts and Trades, established for the education of the industrial classes. The oldest of these was founded at Chalons-sur-Mer, by the Duke de Rochefoucault. Another is placed at Angers, and a third at Aix. They are all Government establishments, maintained by an annual grant of 300,000 francs, or £12,500 for each. The scholars, 250 in number, and in three divisions, are lodged, educated, and maintained in the college during a term of three years,—five hours in the day being devoted to study, and seven to the various workshops. When their course is completed, they receive their certificates of capacity after a severe examination; and from these colleges, all the Government establishments, and many others, are supplied with engineers, or assistant engineers, highly qualified for the offices which they fill.

If we examine the preceding table, we shall find that in 1850 436 students educated at the central school, were known to hold important situations in France, and 118 in other parts of the world. The countries adjoining France, and particularly Belgium, where the French language is spoken, have experienced the advantage of these institutions, and have derived from France their most accomplished scientific manufacturers. The Belgian Government, thus cognizant of the advantages of such a system of practical education, have resolved to establish an Industrial College at Antwerp, and probably another at Brussels, and likewise to give a more practical character to their system of primary education. In the small states of Germany, too, where classical studies predominated, almost to the exclusion of practical knowledge, a system of scientific education has been introduced, which has been attended with the happiest effects, and contributed to the rapid development of their manufacturing industry.

Such was the state of Industrial Education in France and other parts of the Continent previous to the Exhibition of 1851. We have already seen what was its condition in England. A Chair of Chemistry and of Physics in each of the Universities of the

empire, and a few insulated institutions, were the Pierian springs for refreshing the industrial genius of a nation whose manufactures were about to be rivalled under the advancing intelligence and national encouragement of foreign countries. This great truth, which had been long felt and deplored by sagacious individuals, displayed itself to the public eye, and pressed itself upon the public notice, during the year of the Exhibition. Dr. Lyon Playfair, whose position as the Commissioner appointed to aid the Juries, enabled him to form a correct and unbiassed judgment, has nobly thrown off the official reserve which that position imposed upon him, and established beyond a doubt the unpopular truth, that the Sciences have been long declining in England, while they have been rapidly advancing in every other country; and that the industrial arts of foreign lands, following the fortunes of science, have been deriving from its advancement a vitality and power which it will require all the energy of the philosopher, the manufacturer, and the Government, to equal or surpass. Dr. Playfair's lecture on the Necessity of Industrial Instruction, and of a high state of abstract science as its only sure foundation, reminds us of the eloquent and powerful appeals which, nearly a quarter of a century ago, were made by Mr. Babbage and his friends to the Government of the day.* National vanity was wounded by the truth, and second-rate gladiators rushed into the arena to challenge the writers who had thus maligned the philosophy and the philosophers of their country. It was, doubtless, mortifying to hear from the mouth of Sir John Herschell, "that whole branches of continental discovery were unstudied in England, and almost unknown by name" —that "we were fast dropping behind"— that "in mathematics we had long since drawn the rein, and given over a hopeless race"—that "in chemistry the case was not much better,"—and that "there were, indeed, few sciences which would not furnish matter for similar remark." Sir Humphrey Davy in his latter days assured us, "that there were very few persons in England who pursued science with true dignity;" and that it is by science alone that our manufacturing wealth must be preserved and extended; and Mr. Babbage emphatically declared, "that mathematics, and with it the highest departments of physical science, have gradually declined since the days of Newton."

More than a quarter of a century has passed away since English Science was thus denounced by competent authorities: let us now see how authorities equally high, and equally disinterested, speak of its condition in the present day. Dr. Playfair assumes the unpalatable truth as an axiom. He tells us that "the means of advancing science in this country are wanting"—that "its professors and cultivators require position and patronage"—*that "Science languishes in England, and that her capital has to import it from other lands.*" The influence of such a state of things on our industry and industrial institutions is too palpable to escape the notice of Dr. Playfair. He regards the man of science—"the discoverer of abstract laws, as the real benefactor to his kind." He pronounces "abstract and not practical science to be the life and soul of industry," and its cultivators the horses of the *chariot* of industry, while "the manufacturers are but the harness by which the motion is communicated to the chariot." But he asks in continuation, "if the chariot is drawn by the horses or by the harness? Truth to say, *in this country of ours, and mark you well, in no other country in Europe, we honour the harness, but neglect the horses.* It is the harness that is gilt; the hard-working horses too often receive but meagre fare. Now, in all this I tell you *a living truth*, one far more connected with the actual material progress of our nation than you may be aware of."

But while Dr. Playfair ascribes the decline of science to the fact that the honours of the State "are chiefly conferred on those who are useful in their own time and generation," and withheld from men who discover truths eternal and sublime, and which may even have a practical application in another age; he points out other causes equally fatal to its progress in the system of education which prevails in the Universities and Academies of the empire. He considers it "truly lamentable that Oxford and Cambridge so little encourage the sciences," and he declares that the scientific instruction in the Scotch and Irish Colleges, and in University and King's College, London, "terminates just where the Industrial Colleges on the Continent begin." In the beautiful language of Eothen, quoted by Dr. Playfair, the aspirations of our youth towards science "are quenched by freezing drenches of scholastic lore." "You feel so keenly the delights of early knowledge, . . . you learn the ways of the planets, and transcend their narrow limits, and ask for the end of space; you vex the electric cylinder till it yields you for your toy to play with that subtle fire in which our earth was forged."

* See this Journal, Vol. xiv. No. xxvii. pp. 129-158.

. . . . What more will you ever learn? Yet the dismal change is ordained; and then thin meagre Latin—(the same for everybody)—with small shreds and patches of Greek, is thrown, like a pauper's pall, over all your early lore;—instead of sweet knowledge, vile, monkish, doggerel grammars, and graduses, dictionaries, and lexicons, and horrible odds and ends of dead languages, are given you for your portion: and down you fall from Roman story to a three-inch scrap of *Scriptores Romani*, from Greek poetry down to the cold rations of *Poetæ Græci*, cut up by commentators, and served out by schoolmasters." "Is this horrible quenching," adds Dr. Playfair, "of all our youthful innate love of God's truth, the education for the youth of a nation depending for its progress for their development? How is it possible that dead literature can be the parent of living science and of active industry?"

Similar views respecting the discouragement of science in England have been expressed by Mr. Glaisher of the Greenwich Observatory, in his excellent Lecture on Philosophical Instruments and Processes. "As an Englishman," he says, "anxious for the maintenance of his country's prosperity, I cannot forbear observing that lavish as is the repayment of science for its culture, inadequate, in this country, at all times, has been the repayment permitted to its followers. The lot of the scientific man has been heretofore most frequently to expend years of study, experiment, and research, his means, possibly his health: For what return? To find himself unrecognised, unheeded, and each year a poorer man than he was the year before, to find that for want of power, through the lack of means for its employment, he thus served to lay a foundation for the after use of countries more liberal and more discerning, and so to possess another with ease of the gift, to place which at the disposal of his country he has sacrificed the best years of his life. . . . . The scientific man being so frequently exposed to a life of unremunerated labour, urges me to express a hope that at no distant time the pursuit of science in England may *constitute a distinct profession, open to the preferments and advantages of other professions.* . . . I have permitted myself to speak thus freely, from a conviction that the dawn of a brighter day for science is fast approaching. The erection of the Exhibition, and the respect shewn to mind by entrusting to its charge the management and direction of its multitudinous details, and the constituting it sole judge of the respective excellencies of its contents; the high interest that science, in its highest applications and development of power, commanded from its illustrious designer, leads to the reasonable expectation that more encouragement will be held out to those who are capable of adding to the number of truths on which such applications are founded."

Such are the opinions entertained and avowed by competent and disinterested judges, respecting the decline of English science;—the necessity of its being endowed and honoured by the State as the only true foundation of the industrial arts;—and the probability that the Exhibition will, through the aid of Prince Albert, be the means of effecting a complete revolution in our educational, scientific, and industrial institutions. In order, therefore, to enable our readers to judge of the reasonableness of these views, and of the necessity of such essential changes to the development and progress of our manufacturing industry, we shall proceed to point out the great truths which we have learned from the Exhibition, in reference to the state of science and the industrial arts in our own and other countries;—to explain the changes which are acquired in our existing schools, academies, and universities, and to indicate the general nature and character of the new establishments for industrial instruction, and of the new institution for advancing those abstract sciences without the light of which both art and industry would perish.

In order to learn the lessons taught us by the Exhibition, we must enter into some statistical details respecting its character and results; and though some of these may have been partially given in a former Article,* while others may be regarded as more interesting from their curiosity than from their application to our argument, we have no doubt that they will be both gratifying and instructive to those who have not access to the sources of information from which we derive them.

We have already stated in a former Article, that the Exhibition building was 1848 feet long, 408 feet wide, and 108 feet high in the semicylindrical transept, 64 feet high in the nave, and 24 feet in the parts without galleries. The contract price of the building was £79,800, but owing to an increase in the extent of the building for extra offices, refreshment rooms, and the enclosure of a separate area for the machinery department, the total expense of the Crystal Palace was £107,780, 7s. 6d. Even this sum, however, owing to causes over which the contractors had no control, was not adequate to cover all expenses, and to remunerate the contrac-

* See this Journal, Vol. xv., or No. xxx., pp. 273-292.

tors for their services. An additional sum, therefore, of £35,000 was paid to them, making the total expense of the Crystal Palace, not including the fittings, to be £142,780, 7s. 6d.

The arrangements made by the Commissioners for the protection of the property of exhibitors, and of the persons of the visitors, were of the most admirable kind. The expense incurred for the external police was £5,043, 19s. 4d., and for the internal £14,603, 18s. 5d., making in all £19,647, 17s. 9d.; but as the Commissioners were desirous of "marking their sense of the admirable conduct of the police," they awarded a sum of £2710, to be distributed among them in gratuities, so that the total expense of the police amounted to £22,337, 17s. 9d. The largest number of police employed inside the building at any one time was on the 26th and 27th May, (the first shilling days,) viz.:—8 inspectors, 38 serjeants, and 609 constables on duty; the average number, however, subsequently varied from 350 to 400. In addition to police constables, 26 provincial and 36 foreign police, together with 26 interpreters, were employed. It is a curious fact that there was "almost an entire absence of crime connected with the Exhibition," and that "although the number of visits paid to it exceeded *six millions*, not more than 21 persons were apprehended in the building on any charge whatever!"

With the addition of the police expenses, the necessary outlay on the part of the Royal Commission amounts to £165,132, 5s.; and when we recollect the refusal of the Government to give any pecuniary aid, and the numerous prophecies that the Exhibition would be a failure, we cannot too highly applaud the liberality and public spirit by which the Commissioners were guided in hazarding so enormous an expenditure. If the parties liable for this large sum ever had any fear, which we believe they had not, that it would not be balanced by the receipts from the visitors of the Crystal Palace, that fear must have been removed on the very first day of its opening, when those who had been hostile to the Exhibition, as well as those who had been doubtful of its success, were compelled to admire and to applaud. The total number of visitors who entered the Palace was 6,039,195, or upwards of *six millions*.

		Average per Day.
During 141 days,	773,766 entered with season tickets,	5,473
„ 2 „	1042 paid £1,	521
„ 28 „	245,389 paid 5s.,	8,763
„ 30 „	579,519 paid 2s. 6d.,	19,319
„ 80 „	4,439,419 paid 1s.,	45,493

It is not easy to ascertain how many visitors to the Crystal Palace came from foreign countries, but it appears from the Alien lists, that the excess of foreigners who arrived in England between the 1st of April and the 30th September 1851, over those who arrived in the year 1850 during the same period, was 42,913, a number much less than had been anticipated.

The number of visitors during the week after the first four weeks (during which it varied from 58,042 to 204,060) fluctuated between 250,000 and 300,000: In the last week but one it amounted to 323,948; and in the last week the number was 518,277. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, October 6, 7, 8, when the admission was 1s., the numbers were, 107,815, 109,915, and 109,760. The average number of visitors each day was 42,831. The greatest number of persons in the building at one time was 93,224, on the 7th October, when the whole number during the day was 109,015. It is interesting to know that the total number of schools whose scholars visited the Exhibition was 493, and the number of scholars, 35,540. In connexion with the number of persons who visited the Exhibition, the following document, exhibiting the number who visited the public and private buildings in and near London in the years 1850 and 1851, possesses peculiar interest:—

		1850.	1851.
Windsor Castle,		31,228,	129,400.
St. Paul's—The Floor,		No account,	From 600 to 6000 per hour.
„ The Galleries,		small fee paid,	110,250.
Westminister Abbey,	Free admission.	..	6000 per day.
British Museum,		720,643,	2,230,242.
National and Vernon Galleries,		519,745,	1,109,364.
Hampton Court Palace,		208,374,	325,776.
Kew Botanic Gardens,		163,828,	184,248.
Kew Pleasure Gardens,		35,318,	127,517.
Armoury at the Tower,	Admission by regulated Fees.*	33,313,	233,561.
Crown Jewels at the Tower,		32,888,	209,000.
Greenwich Hospital,		66,054,	364,680.
Woolwich Arsenal,		17,211,	100,104.
Woolwich Dockyard,		10,744,	165,421.
Deptford Dockyard,		3,313,	4,465.
Dulwich Gallery,		13,000,	19,000.
Sir J. Soane's Museum,		3,251,	7,357.
United Service Museum,		33,733,	36,470.
East India Company's Museum,		18,620,	37,490.
London Missionary Museum,		No acct.,	About tenfold.
City Museum,		..	2680 parties.
St. Stephen's Walbrook,		Not open,	137,500.
Temple Church and Middle Temple Hall,		..	450 per day.
Northumberland House,		..	240,000.
Sion House,		..	110,000.
Lord Ellesmere's Gallery, Bridgewater House,		..	80,000.
Lord Ward's Collection,		..	20,000.

The noble conduct of the Duke of Northumberland, in opening his magnificent town-house, and also his house and splendid gardens and conservatories at Sion, was well rewarded by the excellent conduct of the

* To all the other buildings there was free admission by tickets easily procurable.

240,000 persons that had the freest access to them by ticket during the Exhibition. About 7000 were admitted in one day to Northumberland House, and "no damage whatever was done to the furniture, or to the numerous articles of vertu and china on the various tables and cabinets in the state apartments; and at Sion not a flower was taken, nor a shrub injured!" Lord Ellesmere and Lord Ward speak with equal gratification of the conduct of those who visited their fine collections.

From the great number of visitors who crowded the Crystal Palace, our readers will have anticipated the fact that a very large sum of money has been realized. The following is an analysis of the receipts and the expenditure up to the 29th February 1852:—

RECEIPTS.

Subscriptions,	£67,896 12 9
Catalogue Contract,	3,200 0 0
Refreshment Contract,	5,500 0 0
Season Tickets,	67,514 1 0
Receipts at the doors,	356,278 3 7
Receipts from Retiring Rooms,	4,580 3 8
Interest and Premium on Exchequer Bills,	897 17 4
Miscellaneous Receipts,	233 8 7
	£506,100 6 11

PAYMENTS.

Personal Services,	£67,309 11 7
Extra Clerks from Law Stationers,	735 4 10
Metropolitan Police,	22,357 17 9
Travelling Expenses & Expenses of Committee,	1,220 12 4
General Office Expenses,	8,869 1 11
Building and Fittings,	169,998 15 2
General Maintenance of Exhibition,	4,877 19 7
Jury Department,	6,916 10 8
Law Expenses, Stamps, &c.	2,106 7 1
Award to Messrs. Mundays,	5,707 1 4
Interest on do., and other Interests, Contingencies,* &c.,	2,695 9 0
Total Expenditure,	£292,794 11 3
Total Receipts,	506,100 6 11
Exhibition Fund in the hands of the Committee,	£213,305 15 8

The First Report of the Commissioners, from which we have abstracted these interesting details, contains a great number of curious facts, which, had we space, we would willingly transfer to our pages. The average expenditure of each class of visitors on refreshments (the receipts for which were £74,349 15s. 3d.) was—

Visitors at 5s. and upwards, 4s. 4d. per head.
" 2s. 6d. " 4s. 8d.
" 1s. " 2s. 4d., the general average being about 3s.

The following was the average amount expended by each visitor, including his entrance fee, catalogues, refreshments, and waiting rooms:—

Entrance fee,	£1	0	0	.	£1	0	7.83
" "	0	5	0	.	0	5	5.75
" "	0	2	6	.	0	3	0.09
" "	0	1	0	.	0	1	3.03

* Among the expenses incurred we find a loss on light gold, £218; on defaced and foreign coin, £232; on spurious coin, £90; and on lost coats and umbrellas, £7 3s. 6d.

The most interesting portion of the Commissioners' First Report relates to the contents of the Exhibition, the value of the articles exhibited, the number of persons that exhibited them, and the rewards conferred by the Juries. The following table shews the nature and value of the different articles contributed by the United Kingdom:—

BY THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Group A—Raw Materials.—	
Class I. Mining and Mineral Products,	£21,623 12 10
II. Chemical and Pharmaceutical do.,	3,279 16 4
III. Substances for Food,	5,565 4 3
IV. Vegetable and Animal Subtances, for the Arts,	3,974 15 10
Group B—Machinery.—	
V. Machines for direct Use, Carriages, &c.,	108,115 5 11
VI. Manufacturing Machines and Tools,	44,976 6 10
VII. Civil Engineering and Architectural Articles,	20,123 18 11
VIII. Naval Architecture and Military Engineering,	30,079 4 5
IX. Agricultural and Horticultural Machines and Implements,	13,426 8 8
X. Philosophical, Musical, Horological, and Surgical Instruments,	63,976 12 7
Group C—Textile Fabrics.—	
XI. Cotton Manufactures,	1,828 9 9
XV. & XII. Woollen and Mixed Fabrics,	24,433 5 0
XIII. Silk and Velvet,	5,427 15 10
XIV. Manufactures from Flax and Hemp,	5,000 9 0
XVI. Leather, Saddlery, Harness, Skins, Furs,	9,764 6 6
XVII. Paper, Stationery, Printing, and Bookbinding,	7,242 0 2
XVIII. Specimens of Printing and Dyeing,	4,239 8 2
XIX. Tapestry, Carpets, Lace, Embroidery,	24,128 14 1
XX. Clothing for personal use,	6,408 11 2
Group D—Metallic, Vitreous, and Ceramic Manufactures.—	
XXI. Cutlery and Edge Tools,	1,287 0 10
XXII. Iron and General Hardware,	57,669 11 3
XXIII. Precious Metals, Jewellery, Articles of Vertu,	340,481 17 7
XXIV. Glass,	21,126 1 11
XXV. Pottery—China, Porcelain,	10,939 7 3
Group E—Miscellaneous Manufactures.—	
XXVI. Furniture, articles in Papier Maché; Japan,	45,925 7 11
XXVII. Mineral Manufactures, Marbles, Porphyries, &c.,	8,628 2 1
XXVIII. Animal and Vegetable manufactures,	4,251 18 7
XXIX. Miscellaneous and Small Wares,	15,364 8 10
Group F—Fine Arts—	
XXX. Sculpture, Models and Plastic Art,	55,413 8 6
Belonging to Different Classes.	
Transept,	12,589 0 0
Main Avenue,	40,113 0 0
Outside.	3,425 13 9
Articles exhibited by her Majesty and Prince Albert	12,778 0 0
Koh-i-noor Diamond, not valued.	
TOTAL of the United Kindom,	£1,031,607 4 9

BY THE COLONIES.

From India,	£70,000 0 0
" Canada,	2,378 17 7
" Van Diemen's Land,	1,500 0 0
" Jersey and Guernsey,	1,456 5 2
" Nova Scotia,	1,350 0 0
" Malta,	1,133 8 10
" Cape of Good Hope,	367 17 10
" Western Africa,	323 0 0
" British Guiana,	150 0 9
" New South Wales,	132 15 0
" Bahama Islands,	122 19 0
" Ionian Islands,	118 4 0
" Trinidad,	100 0 0
" Ceylon,	95 0 0
" Mauritius,	84 10 0
" New Zealand,	80 0 0
Carry forward,	£79,662 2 6

Brought forward,	£79,662	2	6
From Barbadoes,	63	0	0
" Other fourteen localities,	176	12	6
Total from the Colonies,	£79,901	15	0

By Foreign States.

From France,	294,683	11	1
" Austria,	71,44	18	2
" Belgium	60,000	0	0
" Russia,	58,889	14	5
" Prussia,	41,314	15	0
" United States,	23,835	0	0
" Bavaria and other six Zollverein States,	19,299	15	0
" Rome,	17,475	0	0
" Spain,	10,000	0	0
" Tuscany,	10,000	0	0
" Turkey,	9,500	0	0
" Tunis,	8,988	8	0
" Switzerland,	8,153	17	11
" China,	6,367	10	0
" Netherlands,	5,920	10	0
" Sardinia,	5,000	0	0
" Portugal and Madeira,	5,000	0	0
" Hanse Towns and North Germany,	4,457	10	0
" Sweden and Norway,	3,941	17	0
" Denmark,	2,000	0	0
" Chili,	1,000	0	0
" Egypt, Greece, Persia, Mexico, New Granada, Brazil, Society Isles, St. Domingo,	2,649	0	0
Total from Foreign Countries,	£670,420	11	7

Summary.

United Kingdom,	£1,031,607	4	9
British Colonies,	79,901	15	0
Foreign Countries,	670,420	11	7
Total value of articles exhibited,	£1,781,929	11	4
To which if we add the Koh-i-noor,	250,000	11	4
We have,	£2,031,930	2	8

The Commissioners, including all the expense of the building, have stated that the value of the Crystal Palace and its contents was fully Two Millions. Adding the Koh-i-noor at a low value, which ought to have been done, the value of the whole amounts to Two and a Quarter Million.

From the articles exhibited, we must now pass to the exhibitors, and the rewards which they have received. The Commissioners have published a very curious table, occupying eight pages, shewing the number of exhibitors from each country to each of the thirty classes of articles, with the quantity of space, horizontal and vertical, which their articles occupied; but it is only the following gene-ral results which we can give:—

	No. of Exhibitors.	Space in Superficial Feet.	
		Horizontal.	Vertical.
United Kingdom,...	6861	189.275	411,340
British Colonies,....	520	17,784	18,974
Foreign Countries,..	6556	131,655	222,832
Total,....	13,937	388,714	653,143

On the same scale the Commissioners have published a list of the awards, given to exhibitors of every nation, and in every class. The following is the general result:—

	No. of Exhibitors.	Council Medals.	Prize Medals.	Honourable Mention.	Total Awards.
Group A.....	2474	22	552	675	1249
B.....	3022	88	516	163	767
C.....	3818	4	923	544	1471
D.....	1705	32	510	407	949
E.....	1801	14	371	249	634
F.....	930	4	82	85	171
	13,750	164	2954	2123	5241
Unclassified,....	187	7	,,	,,	,,
Total,.....	13,937	171	2954	2123	5241

After the Exhibition was closed, the medals were sent to the Commissioners from different foreign states, and we presume have been given to the exhibitors with some solemity and form at public meetings held for the purpose. In France, where all such duties are performed so as to confer honour upon the promoters of science and industry, the medals were distributed by the President Louis Napoleon, and the decoration of the Legion of Honour conferred upon the most distinguished exhibitors. Within the last month, on the 27th June, the medals awarded to the Tuscan exhibitors, *thirty-two* in number, with 25 honourable mentions, were distributed at Florence in the Hall Dell' Buonumore, by M. Baldasseroni, minister of finance, commerce, and public works,

having on his right hand the minister of Great Britain, Sir Henry Bulwer.* The Grand Duke had desired that the distribution of these honourable awards to the genius and talent of his subjects, should be conducted in as solemn a manner as possible, *in order to create a new tie between the throne and industry.* In order still more to evince the value which he attached to the prosecution of the scientific and industrial arts, the Grand Duke has instituted an industrial decoration, consisting of medals of the first and second class, bearing on one side the head of himself, as the founder of the order, and on the other the words ALL' INDUSTRIA —*To Industry.*

Such is a general view of the Exhibition, and its immediate results. Time alone can shew us the happy influence which it has exercised upon individuals and nations, not merely in promoting feelings of mutual kindness and sympathy among races hitherto hostile or estranged, but in advancing throughout the civilized world, and in introducing among barbarous communities, those peaceful arts which alone can ensure the social and physical happiness of man.

The Prince to whose talents and moral courage we owe the Exhibition itself, was not likely to leave it to work out its results within the United Kingdom. It might have been expected indeed that the statesmen who contend for place, and desire reputation, would have seen in the advancement of abstract and industrial science the true elements of political power, and the pure sources of undying fame, as well as the highest objects of political duty; but excepting in one document, we have not observed even the remotest allusion to art, industry, and science, in the manifestoes of parties, or in the appeals of individual aspirants to power. The document to which we refer is the Royal speech at the prorogation of Parliament, in which Her Majesty pledges herself "to extend and improve the national education, *to develope and encourage industry, art, and science*, to elevate the moral and social condition, and thereby promote the welfare and happiness of the people." This is the first time that the word *Science* has, in the hearing of Parliament, been pronounced from the throne of England, and we trust it is an earnest that the Minister intends to co-operate with Her Majesty and the Prince in fulfilling the expectations which a sentiment so new and noble cannot fail to have roused.

The first step to embalm the memory and perpetuate the results of the Exhibition, was to obtain and preserve descriptions with diagrams and representations, either pictorial or photographical, of its varied contents; but it was soon found that this was a very imperfect plan, and that it would be advisable, with the co-operation of the exhibitors, to collect actual specimens of the materials and fabrics themselves, and, when possible, the very instruments and models which were exhibited. In this way the collection would be a valuable means of reference for commercial, scientific, and artistic purposes, and would enable a strictly philosophical classification of them to be made. The success of this plan has already far exceeded the expectations of the Commissioners; and in so liberal a spirit has the proposal been received by exhibitors, both native and foreign, that a foundation has already been laid for a "Trade Collection with the Imports and Exports of the World," where men of business may examine and practically test samples of the very articles in which they are trading. No fewer than 1020 British exhibitors have presented specimens of the articles exhibited, while 654 have presented drawings, and 685 have promised samples, &c. Of the colonial exhibitors 212 have presented specimens, while 803 foreign exhibitors have done the same. The collection, therefore, which has been temporarily deposited by permission of the Queen in Kensington Palace, has been roughly valued as follows:—

British,	£6563
Colonial,	452
Foreign,	1703
	£8718

Our readers will now be prepared, by the preceding details, to see the necessity and appreciate the advantages of establishing in the metropolis a Great Industrial Institution, similar in character, though more comprehensive in its plan, to the "Central School of Arts and Manufactures" in Paris,—a University, in short, in which the sciences and the arts of industry will be taught and illustrated by a Museum containing all the raw materials employed in manufactures, and all the machines and instruments by which these materials are modified and combined. Such a plan would no doubt startle those ill-informed and presumptuous individuals who regard the arts and manufactures of England as having long ago reached the acme of perfection, and who consider the voluntary institutions already in existence as amply sufficient to keep them at the high level which they have already attained. To demand new establishments for the useful arts appears to such persons an acknowledgment

* See the *Times* of July 7th, 1852.

of our inferiority to other nations; and to sustain them by national liberality is pronounced to be *un-English*, and inconsistent with the voluntary liberality of the people and the free action of our institutions. Does not the Exhibition, say they, prove the high condition of English art and the advanced state of her industry? What nation has surpassed us in machinery and tools? and in what part of the globe can we find superiors in the splendid fabrics with which British industry has adorned the Exhibition? But even if our arts and manufactures are entitled to so high a distinction, may it not be possible to raise them still higher? May not foreign nations, with a better climate and cheaper labour, and more intellectual Governments, be rapidly gaining upon us in the race? and do they not already surpass us in many important departments both in the fine and the useful arts?

Dr. Playfair, in his admirable lecture on the results of the Exhibition, has had the moral courage to answer these questions in their broadest aspect, and to declare truths to which the presumptous ear of England has been but little accustomed.

"All European nations, except England," says he, "have recognised the fact *that industry must in future be supported not by a competition of local advantages, but by a competition of intellect.* Their thinking men have proclaimed it; their Governments have adopted it as a principle of state, and every town has now its schools in which are taught the scientific principles involved in manufactures; while each metropolis rejoices in an Industrial University, teaching how to use the alphabet of science in reading manufactures aright. Were there any effects observed in the Exhibition from this intellectual training of their industrial populations? The official reserve necessarily imposed upon me as the Commissioner appointed to aid the Queen need exist no longer, and from my personal conviction I answer, without qualification, in the affirmative. The result of the exhibition was one that England may well be startled at. Wherever—and that implies almost every manufacture—science or art was involved as an element of progress, we saw, as an inevitable law, that the nation which most cultivated them was in the ascendant. Our manufacturers were justly astonished at seeing most of the foreign countries rapidly approaching and sometimes excelling us in manufactures our own by hereditary and traditional right. Though certainly very superior in our own common *cutlery*, we could not claim decided superiority in that applied to *surgical instruments*, and were beaten in some kinds of *edge tools*. Neither our *swords* nor our *guns* were left with an unquestioned victory. In our *plate glass*, my own opinion—and I am sure that of many others—is, that if we were not beaten by Belgium, we certainly were by France. In *flint glass*, our ancient *prestige* was left very doubtful; and the only important discoveries in this manufacture were not those shown on the English side. Belgium, which has deprived us of much of our American trade in *woollen manufactures*, found herself approached by competitors hitherto almost unknown, for Russia had risen to eminence in this branch, and the German woollens did not shame their birthplace. In *silversmith work* we had introduced a large number of foreign workmen as modellers and designers;* but, nevertheless, we met with worthy competitors. In *calico printing* and *paper staining*, our designs looked wonderfully French; whilst ours, though generally as brilliant in themselves, did not appear to nearly so much advantage. In *earthenware* we were masters, as of old; but in *china* and in *porcelain* our general excellence was stoutly denied, although individual excellencies were very apparent. In *hardware* we maintained our superiority, but were manifestly surprised at the rapid advances made by other nations."—*Lecture* on pp. 89, 90; or, in the volume of *Lectures*, pp. 193-195.

With these facts and opinions before us, we cannot but conclude, as Dr. Playfair does, that many foreign nations, and even those who were obviously in our rear, have been advancing in the race of industry *at a greater rate than ours*;—and if this be true we *must be left behind.* But this palpable truth, which Dr. Playfair seems almost unwilling directly to declare, he subsequently brings out in a form as startling as it is pregnant with instruction and warning:—

"All the visitors," he says, "both foreign and British, were agreed upon one point,—that whichever might be the first of the exhibiting nations—regarding which there were many opinions—that certainly our great rival France was *second.* Let us hope that in this there is no historical parallel. After the battle of Salamis, the generals, though claiming for each other the first consideration as to generalship, unanimously admitted that Themistocles deserved the second; and the world ever since, as Smith remarks, has accepted this as a proof that Themistocles *was beyond all question the first general.*"—*Ib.*, pp. 90, 195.

Although Dr. Playfair, as an Englishman, expresses the hope that there is no historical parallel between the Exhibiting Nations and the Athenian generals, he must doubtless admit, as a logician, that *the world* will accept his statement, and the opinion of "all the visitors, foreign and British," *as a proof*

* It is a curious fact, that our Manchester calico printers give liberal salaries to foreign designers in France. In our glass works, too, foreign science has been purchased to assist in their management. In the potteries we have foreign managers and designers; and our diamond-setters, as well as our silversmiths, depend much on foreign talent in art, and foreign skill in execution. Dr. Playfair calls this *a suicidal policy which must have a termination.*

that France was the first exhibiting nation in the Crystal Palace."

But whatever be the opinion which we form of the relative progress of exhibiting nations, we are now all agreed on the great point, that the time has arrived when science must be united with skill in the advancement of the Industrial Arts, and that this union can be effected only by a grand effort, individual and national, to establish upon a permanent basis a metropolitan university of arts and manufactures. This scheme has been pressed on the attention of the Royal Commission by memorials from many influential bodies. The magistrates and manufacturers of Birmingham and Bristol, who contributed so largely to the funds as well as to the contents of the Exhibition, have in an able memorial pointed out the necessity of an Industrial University. "Having long felt the necessity of some more extended system of practical and scientific education in England, which would place within the reach of the industrial classes a much higher standard of scientific attainments," than they could otherwise reach, they express their conviction "that with greater facilities in elementary scientific education, intimately connected with and always accompanied by practical illustrations and manipulations, there would be found as much original genius and talent to develope in the people of this country as in those of the great continental states of Europe." They had seen in Paris the great Industrial Institutions with their efficient and interesting museums under the charge of the State, where numerous young men "the most eminent of the age," had received the systematic education which had raised them to rank, consideration and fortune, and they longed for similar institutions in their own country. They admitted, with gratitude, that Government had made a great step by the establishment of schools of design, and the Museum of Practical Geology, though "the first were only partial in their advantages, and the latter only an *isolated branch* limited in its influence." They therefore solicit the Commissioners "that a great central college of arts and manufactures should be established in London, and endowed with the whole surplus receipts of the Exhibition;" "that a museum of arts and manufactures should be established at the college, the basis of which might be selected from the present Exhibition; that provincial schools, having the same object in view, should be connected with the great central college, and carried on under the same system, and that the public should have a voice in a general system of education of such vital importance to their own commercial prosperity."

Views similar to those of large municipal bodies had presented themselves to several individuals, and there can be no doubt that the Prince himself, and his distinguished colleagues in the Commission, had at a very early period contemplated the establishment of a national system of Industrial teaching. Mr. F. Twining, junior, had, as early as 1849, communicated to Mr. Scott Russell the idea of such an institution, analogous to the *Gewerbe Institut* at Berlin, and in a letter to the Earl of Shaftesbury in August, 1851, he proposes an Industrial College as the means of improving the efficiency of British artisans. His scheme embraces five points,—1. The establishment by Royal Charter of a Central College on a large scale, in or near the Metropolis, and *sufficiently endowed* to secure its permanent efficiency; 2. The establishment of evening schools in all large towns, for the professional instruction of apprentices, and connected with the central institute; 3. That qualified journeymen shall be admitted as inmates of the college; 4. That diplomas and certificates of merit shall be given after due examination; and 5thly, That a Museum of Industry shall be established containing specimens, models, or diagrams, illustrating the latest improvements and inventions.

The important subject of a great Central Institution of Arts and Manufactures has been viewed in all its various phases and relations by Prince Albert and the Royal Commissioners, and they have resolved to devote to its establishment the Exhibition Fund amounting to upwards of £150,000. The specific plan that has been adopted by the Commission will be made public in their Second Report, which will very speedily be published: but whatever the details of the plan may be, we may rest assured, from what we know of the capacity of the Prince and of the wisdom and talents of his coadjutors, that it will as far transcend the ideas that have yet been made public, as the Exhibition itself transcended the highest expectations of its friends. The Institution will of course consist of a College or University, with laboratories and workshops, a museum and a library. An ample staff of professors carefully selected, and uniting practical with theoretical science, will deliver regular courses of lectures,—a number of tutors analogous to the *Répétiteurs* of the *Ecole Centrale* will assist the pupils in their preparations both for the class and public examinations; while well informed and skilful workmen will superintend the chemical and other manipulations in the laboratory, and the mechanical

and handicraft operations in the workshops. In addition to these teachers, we would strongly recommend the addition of Honorary or Emeritus professors—men of high name and lofty acquirements, who would occasionally give one or more lectures to the assembled students. The association of such men would give dignity to the Institution, inspire the youth with the desire to emulate them, and form a link between the artists and manufacturers and the upper classes of society, with whom our most distinguished men are in the habit of associating.

The Museum will, of course, consist of *three* parts—of the collection of raw materials and fabrics, the subjects of export and import throughout the world,—a collection of tools, scientific apparatus, instruments, and models,—and a department of actually working machines. This museum, which is peculiarly a desideratum in England, will answer another great purpose beside that of instruction. When the public attention is turned to the value of practical science, and to the importance of encouraging every new idea, and every species of invention, and above all, when they have learned that there cannot be a *frivolous* patent, the present patent laws* cannot fail to be repealed, and an inalienable privilege given to the patentee on the report of a Board of Commissioners. For the use of such a Board, the hall of models and the collection of apparatus and instruments will be of essential use, by enabling them to decide on the novelty of inventions submitted to their judgment.

The establishment of affiliated Schools of Industry in the provinces will follow in the train of the great Central Institution. At these primary Industrial Schools the youth will be prepared for their higher studies in the metropolis; and we have no doubt that our private academies, our parochial and other schools, and even our universities and colleges, will tell the Rev. Mr. Zincke that they will no longer "continue to teach only what was taught two or three centuries ago;" and that they will accommodate their system of instruction to that "high education which embraces the whole range of our present knowledge, and has a direct reference to the wants of a free, busy and enlightened age."

Extensive as this plan necessarily is, it is contemplated by the Prince and the Commissioners to offer sites, in the locality which they have acquired, to all the institutions in the metropolis connected with science and the arts. The National Gallery will here find a valuable and appropriate resting-place, and the various Societies* which, we believe, are required, on account of the want of Government offices, to quit their apartments in Somerset House, will be desirous of having new and more commodious halls erected for them by the State in the same locality. Other institutions, such as the School of Mines, (the Museum of Practical Geology,) the Linnæan, the Geographical, the Chemical, the Microscopic, and the Meteorological Societies, will seek an asylum in the same sacred grove; and while all these institutions will maintain their former independence, and be regulated by their own laws, their libraries and their collections might, as a measure of economy, as well as of utility, be united under the same apartments and managed by the same officers.

We now approach a question of vast importance, which we have no doubt has been anxiously considered by Prince Albert and the Commissioners: Is the great institution, of which we have been writing, to be a self-supporting one? or is it to be national, and endowed by the Government? Mr. Twining never doubts "that it must be founded under Royal Charter, and sufficiently endowed to secure its permanent efficiency." All the Industrial Institutions on the Continent flourish under state endowment; and if the locality is purchased and the buildings erected by the Exhibition Funds, the Gov-

* The Patent Amendment Law, just passed, is certainly a great improvement upon the former law; but a tax of such magnitude as it still imposes on inventors is a disgrace to the statute-book. Its provisions are as follow: One patent only is necessary for the United Kingdom and the Colonies,—protection for six months is given for a fee of £5; at the end of six months a fee of £6 is paid for the notice to proceed with the patent; the other fees are, £5 for sealing, and £5 for filing the specification; at the expiry of the third year, £40 is to be paid—and at the expiry of the seventh year, £80: The stamp-duties are, £5 for warrant of law officer, £10 for certificate that the fee of £40 is paid, and £20 for certificate that the fee of £80 is paid:—These fees amount in all to £176!! So that, if Mr. Watt presented to the public his steam engine, or Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone their electric telegraphs, they must each pay £176, without any security that their inventions will be protected from piracy. A Protectionist Government would not be worth an hour's purchase were it to inflict a fine of £176 upon a tenant-farmer who discovered a cheap and efficient manure, or upon an agricultural mechanist who invented the most perfect reaping-machine. It is a problem of the indeterminate kind, why England exacts £176 for a privilege which other nations, less dependent on inventions, confer for the *tenth* part of the sum; and it is one, in our judgment, absolutely incapable of solution, why the wealthiest country in the world, and the most dependent on art and science, should demand a price for a right which ought to be given for nothing, or paid for as a boon to the nation.

* The Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, the Geological and the Astronomical Societies.

ernment cannot refuse to supply the annual expenditure and maintenance of the college by a handsome endowment. Experience will not permit us to place in the hands of Government the right of appointing the professors and the other necessary functionaries. A general superintendence, confined to the right of inquiry in the case of maladministration, is all the power that can be safely intrusted to political patrons.

The Prince and the Commissioners have no doubt adopted some decided views relative to the nature and character of the studies which are to be pursued within the College. Generally speaking, there will be little difference of opinion on that subject; but there is one phase of it upon which a variety of opinions will be entertained, and which, therefore, requires to be viewed in all its bearings. What is the relation between abstract Science and Art? What are the influences which they mutually exert upon each other? And to what extent is abstract science, independent of its applications, to be introduced into the curriculum of study, or demanded from students who may have received their scientific education in other institutions? These are questions of fundamental importance. Dr. Whewell* has made some reference to the first in his admirable Lecture on the General Bearing of the Exhibition; and Dr. Playfair,† in his most appropriate and eloquent discourse "On the Study of Abstract Science, as essential to the Progress of Industry," has indicated very clearly the answer he would give to all our questions. It is well known, however, that practical men, not defective in judgment, and especially civil-engineers, have spoken and written rather contemptuously of the value of abstract science in the professions depending on chemical, mathematical, and mechanical knowledge. It is oftener thought than said, "that an ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory;" but without denying that there may be theories of which this equation is true, we venture to say that we could name many examples in which an ounce of theory has produced many tons of practice. Dr. Whewell has made some observations, which without any design on his part may be regarded as giving a kind of predominance to art over science. Regarding science as the "natural and general succession to art," as "criticism is to poetry," he pronounces *art to be "the mother of science*—the vigorous and comely mother of a daughter of far loftier and serener beauty;" or as he elsewhere expresses it, "Men were led to seek for science as well as art; for science is the natural complement of art, and fulfilment of the thoughts and hopes which art excites; for *science is the fully-developed blossom of which art is the wonderfully-involved bud.*" It is true, as Dr. Whewell remarks in support of this opinion, that there were good artificers in brass and iron before the principles of the chemistry of metals were known;—but these principles were not deduced from the works of Tubal-Cain, or Benvenuto Cellini, or any of their successors. It is true also that wine cheered the heart of man before he knew the philosphy of vinous fermentation;—but that philosophy never sprung from the fermented juice of the grape. It is true, too, that pyramids, and obelisks, and cyclopæan walls, and pillars and entablatures of gigantic Doric, long preceded "a theory of mechanical powers;"—but the pulley, the wedge, and the lever, were not derived from the art which raised these mighty masses from the ground; and at this moment we do not even know by what power they were lifted into the air. We are not acquainted, indeed, with a single case where science sprung from art. The harp and organ of Jubal never taught us the principles of Acoustics, nor have we learned from the gopher ark of Noah the Strength of materials and the doctrines of Carpentry. Even the magnificent Temple of Solomon, with its costly stones, its pillars of brass, and its vessels of silver and of gold, has not shed a ray of light upon the humblest of the sciences. Necessity, as the proverb tells us, was the mother of invention; but science never had a mother. She sprang, like Minerva, from the brain of Jove, not full grown, but with the elements of growth;—not an organic body, but a germ to be organized;—not a tree rejoicing in its foliage, but a seed to become the parent of luxuriant forests, destined to give shelter and food to man, and elaborate its leaves for the healing of the nations.

But while science has been thus independent in her march, art has, in a direction converging with hers, ever been vigilant and energetic in the cause of humanity. Before science, her younger sister, was born, she had given shelter, and food and raiment to man;—she had provided luxuries for his board, and medicines for his cure, and arms for his defence;—she had entrenched him in the cloud-capt tower, and lodged him in the gorgeous palace; and she had, for his use, turned the Oxus from its course, and swelled the Jaxartes with the waters of its sister stream. She has travelled over continents on the chariot's iron wing, and she has

* *Lectures on the Results of the Exhibition*, Lect. i., pp. 3–34.

† *Records of the School of Mines*, pp. 23–48.

marched over the mountain waves in her arks of wood and of iron; and acting in co-operation with her younger sister, she holds out to us the prospect of fresh achievements over sublunary matter and terrestrial space.

In contemplating science and art in their separate spheres, there is in each a most essential feature, which, though it may not affect the family likeness, gives to the one a loftier mien and a diviner form;—it is the celestial halo which encircles the Madonna of Science. Earth-born, and chained to the earth, Art, in her highest aspirations, whether useful, or ornamental, or imaginative, works with terrestrial materials, and contemplates but terrestrial forms. The mechanist has not found the place (the *που στω*) from which he can move the earth with his lever, nor has he been able to span the shortest space in our system. His presumptuous hopes were buried under the ruins of his Babel Tower. The engineer has not thought of navigating the ethereal ocean of universal space, and he has not even solicited the aid of a Company to navigate the atmosphere in which he lives and breathes. The practical chemist has not essayed the air and the earth of our neighbour planets, nor analyzed the glorious emanations which telegraph throughout universal space the eternal truth, that God is Light, and that in Him there is no darkness at all.

Hence it is that Art preceded Science without giving her birth. When man received the earth as his freehold, he was surrounded with natural objects from which he had to supply his more immediate necessities; but no sooner were his physical wants supplied, than his intellectual powers came into play, and physical truths and physical laws were the result of his labour. Science now threw her auroral beams upon the mountain range of art, and in her meridian path developed the principles and laws of material nature. It was science alone that rounded the earth on which we dwell—that turned the gigantic sphere round its axis, to be lighted and heated by the God of Day—that placed the sun on the throne of our system, and separated that system from the universe of stars. It was the lamp of science that conducted the geologist into the dark caverns of the earth, to disinter its dead, to excavate its riches, and to read to man the mortifying lesson, that he is as much an upstart in her chronology as he is an atom among her everlasting hills. It was science that converted the microscope from its drop of water and its lens of glass into that noble instrument which is every hour disclosing the otherwise unseen creations of unparalleled wisdom; and it is science that has swollen the spy-glass of Galileo into the colossal tube with which Lord Rosse is contemplating the infinitely distant and infinitely great.

But while science has thus transcended art in expounding mysteries which the latter never pretended to approach, she has outstripped her handmaid in theories which art might have been expected to reduce to practice. The chemical philosopher has determined the elements of the diamond; but the artist has not electrified them into the brilliant gem. The mathematician has discovered the true form of a perfect lens; but the optician has not succeeded in giving the hyperbolic form to his materials. The natural philosopher has shewn how to make telescopes perfectly achromatic; but the artist in glass cannot furnish the materials necessary to construct them. The natural philosopher has taught us the use of electricity as a moving power, and as a source of heat and light; but art has not yet taught us to apply it in moving our ships, or in heating our dwellings, or in lighting our streets.

In thus pointing out to those who are not deeply versed in the principles and history of science, the relations between art and science, our object is to prepare the reader for the great truth advocated by Dr. Playfair, "that the study of abstract science is essential to the progress of industry." By means of numerous and instructive examples, in which the most abstract chemical and physical truths have resulted in the most valuable practical applications, in the establishment of new arts and new manufactures, he has shewn to the "practical men," and to the ignorantly learned, if the prejudices of the one and the incapacity of the other will allow them to see it, that "practice and science must now join together in a solemn union," and "that the time is past when practice can go on in the blind and vain confidence of a shallow empiricism, severed from science like a tree from its roots." "It is indispensable," he adds, "for this country to have a scientific education in connexion with manufactures, if we wish to outstrip the intellectual competition which now, happily for the world, prevails in all departments of industry. As surely as darkness follows the setting of the sun, so surely will England recede as a manufacturing nation, unless her industrial population become much more conversant with science than they now are."

That these views are not peculiar to ourselves, or to the distinguished chemist whom we have quoted, might be shewn by nume-

rous references to the various lectures on the subject of the Exhibition, and to the reports of the different juries which will soon be published. In advocating the same truth, a foreigner peculiarly acquainted with the relations between abstract and practical science, and with the working of the educational institutions on the Continent, the illustrious Liebig, has told the world, and England in particular, with whose wants he is well acquainted, "that the great desideratum of the present age is practically manifested in the establishment of schools in which the national sciences occupy the most prominent place in the course of instruction. From these schools a more vigorous generation will come forth, powerful in understanding, qualified to appreciate and to accomplish all that is truly great, and to bring forth fruits of universal usefulness. Through them the resources, the wealth, and the strength of empires will be incalculably increased." In a similar strain has the illustrious Humboldt, the prince and patriarch of philosophers, pled the cause of abstract science as the fountain of national wealth, and the source of national greatness and security.

"An equal appreciation," he says, "of all parts of knowledge, is an especial requirement of the present epoch, in which the material wealth and the increasing prosperity of nations are in a great measure based on a more enlightened employment of natural products and forces. The most superficial glance at the present condition of European States shews, that those which linger in the race cannot hope to escape the partial diminution and perhaps the final annihilation of their resources. It is with nations as with nature, which, according to a happy expression of Goethe, knows no pause in ever-increasing movement, development, and production—a curse still cleaving to standing still.

"Nothing but serious occupation with chemistry and natural and physical science can defend a State from the consequences of competition. Man can produce no effect upon nature, or appropriate her powers, unless he is conversant with her laws, and with their relations to material objects according to measure and numbers. And in this lies the power of popular intelligence, which rises or falls as it encourages or neglects this study. Science and information are the joy and justification of mankind. They form the springs of a nation's wealth, being often indeed substitutes for those material riches which nature has in many cases distributed with so partial a hand. Those nations which remain behind in manufacturing activity, by neglecting the practical applications of the mechanical arts and of industrial chemistry, to the transmission, growth, or manufacture of raw materials—*those nations among whom respect for such activity does not pervade all classes*—must inevitably fall from any prosperity they may have attained; and this by so much the more certainly and speedily as neighbouring States, instinct with the power of youthful renovation, in which science and the arts of industry operate or lend each other mutual assistance, are seen pressing forward in the race."

Assuming, then, as an incontestable truth, and one admitted by the nation, that abstract science is necessary to the improvement and perfection of the practical arts, and that it is required from the student in the new College of Industry, we come to the discussion of a question not less important than any we have been considering. From what quarter are we to obtain the abstract science which we need, and how are we to obtain it in the largest quantity and of the best quality? Science is an article of which a certain quantity is produced annually in every civilized nation. It has therefore two forms—that which is *imported*, and that which is *indigenous*. Our imported science is introduced directly into this country in scientific journals, and in the memoirs of foreign academies, and indirectly in scientific instruments and apparatus manufactured abroad. These books and these instruments are taxed by an import duty, the one by *weight* and the other by *value*; so that the science which we have been lauding as the mainstay of our arts is actually a prohibited article, and prohibited, too, by the consent of the very legislators who are commissioners for the establishment of our industrial colleges! But when our imported books, and memoirs, and journals, and instruments, reach the learned individuals, who either purchase them, or receive them gratuitously from their authors, or from the academies of which they are members, they would be of little avail to art, and of as little use for public instruction, unless they were translated into our own language, and either published separately, or diffused through the nation in our scientific journals. It is well known, however, that a book of abstract science will not sell in this country owing to the heavy imposts upon knowledge—the tax upon the paper upon which it is printed, and the tax upon the advertisements which are required to make it known to the public. For the same reasons our scientific journals are unable to afford the expense of translations and abstracts from the scientific productions of foreign countries, and of the diagrams and plates which are so frequently necessary for their illustration. The consequence of this is, that we have not in England, or Scotland, or Ireland a single Journal of Science, or Magazine of Art of the least merit

—either well conducted, well illustrated, or well circulated; and those which we have are neither patronized nor read by the nobility and gentry of the land, and scarcely looked into even by those who are most deeply interested in the advancement of science, both theoretical and practical. Hence our imported science is kept in bond through the apathy of our legislators, maintaining scientific ignorance among the people, and checking the progress of science and the industrial arts. Thus hostile to *imported* science, we should expect that our statesmen would be very friendly to that which is *indigenous*. But here, too, the ignorance and illiberality of our Governments stand in painful contrast with the wisdom and generosity of those of every other nation. Instead of being encouraged, our indigenous science labours under disabilities, as if an article of contraband, which it is the interest of the State to seize, or an immoral importation, which it is their duty to suppress. If important discoveries require for their description and illustration to be consigned in elaborate memoirs, our voluntary associations of philosophers, with limited means at their command, cannot afford to publish them; or if they can, they may possibly refuse, because their publication may interfere with the scientific claims of some of themselves or their functionaries. If the author desires or is obliged to publish his discoveries in a separate work, no bookseller will hazard the expense of printing and illustrating a volume, the sale of which will hardly repay the duty on paper and advertisements with which it is taxed. The consequence of all this is, that many English philosophers write books and memoirs of great learning and value which are never published, and others would willingly write them, were there any probability of their paying, as they do in foreign countries, the expense of publication.

If, on the other hand, our indigenous science is enshrined in a process, or instrument, or machine, which has required years for its elaboration or construction, the law will seize the property, as belonging to the public, if the confiding inventor has accidentally allowed his secret to transpire, or employed a faithless assistant to aid him in his labours.* As justly might the bystander appropriate the purse of gold that has dropped from his sovereign's hand, or the slave merchant claim the white child that has strayed from its home. But even if the inventor has kept his secret, by making use of no other hands but his own—a work of extreme difficulty, and itself injurious to the development of his invention or discovery—he must purchase a fourteen years' right of receiving any benefit from his labours, by paying in exchange for that right the sum of £176, (at present till the 1st of October 1852, between £300 and £500,) the public being put in possession of all the results of his invention, which it may have cost him many hundred pounds to secure. Some liberal friend or generous benefactor may perchance assist the poor inventor to discharge the preliminary debt; but no sooner does he send his invention into the market, or offer licenses for the use of his instrument or process, than he is assailed by pirates, who openly rob him of his invention, on the ground of some trivial defect in his specification, or on the allegation that he has not clearly described his invention, or that it has been somewhere described before. If our indigenous science then is proscribed, in place of being fostered, by our Patent Laws, and if it is admitted on all hands that it is required by our industrial institutions as the mother and companion of art, some arrangements must be made to supply it in due abundance and of the requisite quality. It will no doubt be said, that we have the Royal Society and the other scientific institutions of the Empire engaged in the prosecution of abstract science, and the School of Mines actively occupied in the same cause. Referring to former articles,* in which we have pointed out the defects of all voluntary associations, and especially our own, let us consider for a moment how such institutions must work in reference to the advancement of science. Those who labour for the Royal Society, for example, namely, the philosophers who contribute to its transactions, are its own members principally, or those who might be its members if they could afford it. These individuals, to whom, as well as to the active and unpaid officers of the society, the country is under the deepest obligations, carry on the researches to which accident or their own individual tastes may have directed them, consign the result of their labours in the Society's Transactions. Whole branches of science, such as those pointed out by Sir John Herschell,† are thus entirely neglected, and not even pursued in the Empire. Now this is an undoubted and essential feature in all voluntary institutions, and it is impossible to remedy the evil un-

* The late Lord Eldon, in the trial of a patent right, declared, that if he intended to take out a patent for an invention, he would not confide the secret of it even to his brother.

* See this Journal, vol. vii. p. 139, and vol. xiv. p. 126, and Mr. Babbage's two works on the Decline of Science, and on the Exposition of 1851, *passim*.

† See page 286 of this Number, and vol. xiv. p. 128.

less the society had power of appointing committees of their number to devote themselves as in the Institute of France, and other foreign academies, to special departments of science.

In societies supported by an entrance fee, and the annual contributions of its members, amounting in some cases when compounded for to £50 and upwards, the subscription is in reality a tax upon science, and when levied as it is from men of small income, stealing a little leisure for research from their professional avocations, or, what we know to be the case, sacrificing their professional gains on the altar of science, we cannot but view it, though freely paid, as worse than any of the taxes that have ever been levied by financial cupidity; for we must regard it as virtually imposed by the Government that refuses to sustain our scientific institutions. Heavier still does such a tax fall upon the men of genius, who, as Mr. Glaisher* well expresses it, "are content to pass by the beaten tracks to wealth and preferment, and choose that which successfully pursued would lead them to renown," but meeting with obstacles which they cannot surmount, "the far greater number of those who are well qualified by talent, education, and bias, to add to the stores of science and shed lustre on their country, are compelled to turn aside to the smoother paths leading to professions which hold out inducements to their pursuit." In this manner is the staff of science diminished in number and in genius; and the finest and most vigorous minds in the nation, who would light up our manufactures with their science, and supply its brightest fuel to our industry, are thus rusticated in professions whose duties could be sufficiently discharged by inferior minds.

But while want of position scares the young philosopher from the bleak domain of scientific research, there is no motive but that of future fame to allure him from the field where wealth and professional distinction may be surely won. When the honours of the State have been conceded to the most distinguished of our philosophers, they have been of the lowest kind, and instead of being the spontaneous and generous emanations from the seat of power, they are but the withered leaves which faction throws from her own laurelled bust to gratify a political partisan, or perchance to pay by a transferable bond the wages of corruption.

With these facts before us we are driven to the conclusion, that from the voluntary character of our scientific institutions, and the ignorance and parsimony of our Government, a supply of indigenous science, abundant in quantity and high in quality, cannot be commanded to meet the wants of our new industrial institutions. This therefore is the time for the true patrons of art and industry—the Prince and the Royal Commissioners, to earn a double laurel from their country, by reforming our scientific as well as our industrial institutions. The national feeling developed by the Exhibition marks the time, and the proposed local union of all our societies points to the occasion when this great intellectual revolution should be accomplished. The bold minister who now wields the power of the State, has, at this auspicious moment, promised, through Her Majesty, and declared it to be his duty, to "develope as well as to encourage industry, art, and science." With no common feelings shall we watch the glorious sunrise of which this announcement may be the dawn; and yet not without some mingling fear that the promise thus given to science may be one of those political pledges which are made in weakness and broken in power, or but a passing sentiment which has escaped from the hand of the minister, without having thrilled through his heart. Athwart the darkness of the future the brightest ray of the present but dimly shines, and that sun whose ruddy orb is nearing our horizon may yet rise in darkness deeper than the presaging dawn. We nevertheless confide in the loyalty of the statesman's heart, though we may doubt the strength of his arm. The royal lip, however, has stamped the pledge as sincere: The approbation of the Prince may seal its accomplishment; and with such securities we hail it as an augury of the triumph of British science, and of British industry, and therefore of social wealth and contentment. Our new legislature has yet to endorse the fiat of the Cabinet, and fulfil the desire of the throne; but even if ignorance and faction shall still combine to thwart our intellectual progress, we trust it will never be recorded in history's enduring page, that a British statesman had broken at noon the vow which he had made at midnight,—insulting the sovereign by whose lips that vow was embalmed, and the nation whose hopes it raised, and whose interests it involved.

---

* Lectures on the Results of the Exposition. p. 395. See also Babbage's Exposition of 1851, pp. 236, 242.

ART. IX.—1. *Political Elements, or the Progress of Modern Legislation.* By JOSEPH MOSELEY, B.C.L. London, 1852.

2. *On the Method of Observation and Reason-*

ing in Politics. By G. Cornewall Lewis. 2 vols. London, 1852.

The present condition of our "Political Elements" in England, while to the superficial observer it offers little but a scene of chaos and contention, is yet discernible by those who look below the first appearance of things to be fraught with the most hopeful possibilities. Rightly understood, the crisis through which we are now passing is that shattering and crumbling away of the old which necessarily precedes the creation of the new. Rightly used, it is one of those epochs of disruption and transition which should become the seed-time of a nation's future. It is the closing of one chapter in our political history, and should be the opening of another and a brighter page. The questions which have divided parties for the last century are all set at rest; the old battles have been fought and won; the old disputes have died and been buried; everything about which politicians formerly differed, has either been finally disposed of, or has ceased to be a matter for disagreement; old antagonists and hereditary foes look each other in the face, bewildered to find that the point of contention has vanished from between them; but, having been enemies so long, they fancy they must be enemies still, and so cast about them for new positions of hostility and new points of difference. Instead of rising out of the rut of custom, and hailing with joy the termination of the ancestral war, they deem it necessary to invent or discover topics and pretexts for keeping up at least a semblance of the old antagonism. It is hopeless and unwise, as well as utterly gratuitous, to strive at this day to keep up the old distinctions of Whig and Tory: the vitality has died out of one party: the ground has been cut away from under the other; the old banners of both are torn; the old watchwords of both are meaningless and obsolete; the doctrines of the two are now inextricably blended; and a new opponent has risen up to combat both alike, and to test whatever of truth may yet remain in their principles, or of energy in their attenuated frames.

We may regret this state of things; but we cannot deny it. The old men—the *laudatores temporis acti*—those who live only in the associations and worship only the glories of the past, mourn over the change, and sigh for the days of well-defined Parliamentary armies and of political contests carried on according to the ancient rules of courteous warfare. The younger and the newer race of patriots and statesmen rejoice at the prospect of a time when Parliament shall be an assembly met to deliberate with a single mind, amicably and in union, on the welfare of a nation equally dear to all—not an arena wherein gladiators struggle for victory over the bleeding body of a prostrate country. But to both alike the *fact* has become obvious. The old Tory party is as extinct as the old Jacobite party. Its culminating point was during the Napoleonic wars: it began to languish with the peace, and every subsequent year dealt it a death wound, till it finally succumbed with Lord Eldon at the date of the Reform Bill. A genuine Tory of the old school is now almost a fossil animal, and at least as rare as the mammoth or the megatherium. The fathers have died out; and the sons have done homage to the spirit of the times. They have taken up a position far in advance of their predecessors: have borrowed something from their former antagonists; have learned much from observation and reflection; and in many things the young Conservatives are more truly liberal and popular than the old Whigs. The old Whigs, again, are effete even more than they are changed; they are out of date; what made them a party is all gone; the popular control of the Crown—Catholic Emancipation—Parliamentary Reform—a foreign diplomacy sympathizing with constitutional government elsewhere,—all these points of policy have been adopted by the nation, and are no longer distinctive of a party. And the principles which were formerly the chief and most honourable characteristics of the Radicals while they were few and powerless, viz.—economy in the public expenditure, the abolition of jobs and abuses, and non-interference with the internal affairs of the Continent, are now proclaimed by all parties alike. The sober among Radicals differ in scarcely an appreciable degree from the more liberal among the Whigs; while between the aristocratic Whigs and the rational and popularizing Conservatives lies only the shadow of a name. Everywhere the old party landmarks are swept away, or stand far out at sea—monuments to shew how far the tide of circumstances and progress has carried all parties alike from the positions they once occupied.

Instead, therefore, of endeavouring artificially to prolong an unnatural and condemned existence, to breathe renewed life into the hollow and decaying carcase of a sham, and to give forced and galvanic motion to things which have no longer a real and self-sustained vitality,—let us unreluctantly allow "the dead past to bury its dead," and, seizing with glad energy upon so rare an opportunity of shaking ourselves free from the shackles of worn-out formulas and hampering engagements, inquire if it be not possi-

ble to suggest some new combinations of the rich "political elements" still left to us, which shall be based upon more real and enduring distinctions, and fruitful of grander and more beneficent results.

The actual state of affairs in the Parliamentary world is felt by all to be neither dignified, satisfactory, nor safe. Representative government is not honoured by the spectacle of the first deliberative assembly in the world floating hither and thither over the sea of legislation without rudder and without compass, blown about by every wind of doctrine, a prey to every manœuvre of faction. Parties and sections seem to be becoming more and more multiplied and fluctuating, and none of them to have any firm position, any fixed policy, any tenacious or enduring bond of union, except, indeed, it be the Manchester School and the Irish "Brigade." While no party has a definite purpose at once high enough to avow and clear enough to follow; while none is strong enough to control or overpower the others, or to pursue an independent and untrimming course; while each, though unable to act itself, is able to fetter and prohibit action to any of its rivals; while the government is too weak to exist except upon sufferance and by connivance, and yet the opposition too unstable and divided to overthrow and replace it;—in such a state of things the feeblest faction rises into dangerous importance, and the wildest project acquires a formidable chance of temporary triumph; individuals, whom an energetic administration or the general good sense of the House renders insignificant and innoxious in ordinary times, become endowed with a tenfold capacity for mischief; casual support is purchased by unworthy concessions, and plans and doctrines are listened to and temporized with, that in better days would be scouted ignominiously and without a hearing. Nor is this the worst: amid party squabbles imperial interests are forgotten or cast into the shade; each faction is so intent on the maintenance of its own position, or the assault of its adversary's camp—so absorbed in the petty tactics of attack and defence—that other and far greater questions, domestic, colonial, and international, are pushed into the background; the question of Chancery reform is postponed to the far inferior one of who shall be the Chancellor; the settlement of our financial system is shoved aside and evaded by the contrivance of a provisional budget; the issue of a nearly balanced division excites more concern than the possibility of a foreign invasion; and friendly powers may be offended, and invaluable colonies alienated and disgusted, because the instinct of self-preservation engrosses the whole mind and energies of those to whom the welfare of the country has been entrusted.

We should, therefore, deprecate in the strongest manner the continuance of Lord Derby's ministry in office, even if it were in any way likely that the result of the general election should so alter the relative position of parties as to enable them to command a majority on all measures of immediate necessity to the business of the country. We can easily imagine, that while their opponents are divided as now into so many sections, the present ministers might contrive, —by submitting to a life of ingenious stratagems and consummate tact: by pushing forward such measures of reform as the country demands and all parties would concur in supporting; by carefully avoiding all questions which might evoke a general expression of hostile opinion; by postponing or putting aside all proposals on which their defeat would be a matter of certainty; by exciting and bringing into the foreground those discussions which would divide their antagonists, and throwing into the background the topics which would unite them; by attention to all complaints, by courtesy to all suggestions; by a few wise improvements which they might easily introduce into the transaction of public business, and by doing the actual work of office with judgment and despatch,—to acquire a certain small and artificial credit, and to prolong, almost indefinitely, a languid and undignified existence. There are many in the country, we believe, who even wish for such a state of things, men who look to immediate gain and disregard secondary and remote results, who have learned that concessions are most easily wrung from a feeble and tolerated government, and who set a high value on the steps towards reform, and the irrevocable admissions in favour of reform, which a Conservative administration is compelled to make in order to retain its power. They observe that a liberal party generally becomes timid and reactive when in office, and is supported by a Tory opposition in its timidity and reaction; whereas the Tory party always becomes reforming and liberal when in office, and is aided and dragged forward in its liberalizing course by the reforming opposition. Thus reform, they say, always advances faster under the rule of its enemies than of its friends. There is some truth and some wisdom in the policy of those who reason thus; but it is partial truth and a short-sighted policy. The immediate advantage is perceived: but the price at which it is purchased is kept out of sight. There is no doubt that of late years the Conservatives

have always improved in office and the Whigs in opposition. But this improvement may be dearly bought by a lowering of the standard of public morality, and by a corrupt, careless, or reactionary spirit sysematically pervading the distribution of appointments.

An Administration has three sets of functions to perform—three classes of duties which the country expects from it,—viz., a wise general legislative policy; a skilful management of the business of the various Government departments; and a judicious and patriotic distribution of its patronage. The importance of this last branch of ministerial duty is seldom sufficiently estimated. A Cabinet may do this well, and other matters ill. A Government may be timid and ineffective in its general action; its legislative schemes may be imperfect and ill-concocted; it may manage the official routine of administration with a somewhat lax and unpractised hand; and yet it may be preferable to its rivals, and it may be important to retain it in power, at all events for a time, because its appointments are carefully, sagaciously, and honestly made. Or the converse of this proposition may be just. It is no trifling matter whether the immense patronage of the Government —especially in the higher class of appointments—shall be in the hands of men who, whatever their feebleness or their faults, earnestly desire progress, ardently love freedom, and conscientiously endeavour to find the fittest candidates for every post;—or in the hands of men whose hearts are in the past, who dread the march of mind, who abhor all mental liberty and daring, the whole spirit of whose policy would, though unavowedly, be steadily and systematically reactionary, and whose whole weight would be thrown into the scale of absolutism, at home and abroad. It is impossible to overestimate the gradual and silent influences of good, or bad, appointments to the episcopate, to the bench, to the magistracy, to the government of colonies, to the inspectorship of schools, to the multitude of other posts at the disposal of the Executive,—in educating, inoculating, and regenerating the nation,—or the reverse. It is no slight matter that each vacancy among the bishops should be filled up by Ministers who will appoint a Stanley or a Sumner, instead of a Phillpotts or a Wilberforce; that the many hundred livings in the gift of the Crown should be conferred on clergymen who will carry the olive-branch of peace, instead of the torch of discord, into their respective parishes, who will attach, instead of alienating, the hearts of an earnest and inquiring generation. It is no trivial question whether a flood of rational piety, or a flood of rampant Puseyism—a religion of blessing, or a religion of cursing—shall be poured, year after year, over the land. It makes no small difference whether the judges who are elevated to the bench shall be lawyers who are bigoted to every old enormity, or lawyers who are earnest in favour of every beneficent reform—men like Eldon, or men like Romilly. It is no slight matter whether the magistrates who administer justice in the first resort, shall be of a character to make the law loved and respected, or hated and despised—whether they shall be real "justices of the peace," or mere persecutors of vagrants and of poachers. In the course of a few years, the different effects produced on the education of the people, by school-inspectors appointed for their wide sagacity, and school-inspectors appointed only for their narrow orthodoxy, will have been incalculable. And, finally, who can pretend to estimate the mighty and contrasted consequences which would be wrought on our colonial empire, our national strength, the happiness, prosperity, and loyalty of our numerous dependencies, by a series of governors sent out by a Reforming or a Tory administration—a series of governors like Lord Dalhousie and Lord Elgin, or like Captain Fitzroy and Lord Torrington? Yet all these differences might, and to a great extent probably would, be produced by a simple change of the men who sat in Downing Street. The indirect influence of the real ingrained principles held by the members of the Cabinet, is often far greater and wider than their direct action. On this account we deprecate the continuance of the present Ministers in power.

We deprecate it, further, on the ground of public morality and Parliamentary honour, which of late years have received so many severe shocks. We have seen a Ministry come into power on the ground of the necessity of "the appropriation clause," and resign that ground after they had been a year in office. We have seen a Ministry appointed and a Parliament elected, for the object of defeating the policy of commercial freedom, and end in carrying out that policy in its fullest meaning. We have seen a third Ministry unseat its antagonists on the question of a coercion bill for Ireland, and almost immediately find themselves compelled to propose a still more stringent one themselves. And if the country now allows a fourth Ministry to retain, as free-traders, offices which they have sought and obtained as Protectionists, it will have made itself a *particeps criminis*, and will have given its sanction to a system discreditable now, and ominous of future evil.

There is no worse augury for a nation's welfare than the prevalence of a low tone of public morality. Nothing is a surer indication of decline; nothing a more certain presage of approaching ruin. Where great criminals are leniently dealt with, and great crimes meet only with gentle and modified condemnation; when the past, however disreputable, is readily forgiven at the first promise of an amended future; when the prodigal son is promptly and without question welcomed back, though low tastes dictated the prodigality, and flagrant selfishness alone suggested the return; when a long and obstinate persistence in wrong is held to be cancelled by a month of tardy and convenient repentance; and when all the mischief wrought by a life of error can be atoned for and blotted out by final obeisance to the majesty of truth,—there is much reason to fear that a dangerous laxity is beginning to undermine those principles of right among statesmen and politicians which are the strongest safeguards of our national interests and honour. The idea that it is never too late to amend, and to reap the full reward of amendment, is no doubt a prodigious comfort to the frail and erring; but it is also a dreadful encouragement to the shrewd and calculating sinner to continue in his iniquity as long as the balance of immediate advantage seems to be in his favour. We can quite understand the unhesitating readiness with which all who are earnest in the pursuit of a great object will naturally hail the arrival of every recruit desirous of being enlisted in the same cause, without too close or severe an inquiry into his antecedents. We can sympathize to a great extent with the credulous cordiality which welcomes every fresh convert to our views, and thinks it ungracious to question the sincerity or the motives of the conversion. In the one case, the assistance brought to our cause, in the other, the homage paid to our doctrines, dispose us to think as well as possible of the superficial convert or the hollow ally; and in the immediate gain we are too apt to overlook and under-estimate the remote and insidious mischief. Our mistake, to use the words of Sir James Mackintosh, is that of "too readily allowing exceptions to general rules; that of too easy a permission of the use of doubtful means where the end seems to us good; that of believing, unphilosophically as well as dangerously, that there *can* be any scheme or measure as beneficial to the State, as the mere existence of men who would not do a base act for any public advantage."

For a long period we were too much given to idolize CONSISTENCY in our public men. Adherence to party, even when the party pursued an unprincipled course—adherence to former opinions, even when those opinions had become untenable, was long regarded as constituting the first and most sacred duty of a statesman. Change of opinion, or desertion of colleagues, was the one sin for which there was no forgiveness. A politician's obligation to his country was a tradesman's debt, which he ought to pay if he could: his obligations to his party were a debt of honour, which it was unpardonable not to discharge. Reflection and circumstances have greatly modified our feelings on this matter, and the tendency is now to run into the opposite extreme. Party ties have been so much broken up; changes of opinion have been so frequent, so serviceable, and so well defended; the education both of the nation and of statesmen has proceeded so rapidly of late, that the strangest tergiversations and conversions excite no surprise and little animadversion; and, provided only the change be in the right direction, we are too ready to accept it as genuine and meritorious—even if it be tardy to a shameful degree, and timely to a most suspicious extent,—and to pass a general act of indemnity and oblivion for all the past. We must raise our voice against this tendency, as the offspring of a lax morality, and pregnant with much future danger.

Every individual change of policy or recantation of opinion on the part of leading public men, must stand upon its own merits: of the simple fact of inconsistency little, either good or bad, can be predicated. Each case must be judged by its antecedents and its concomitants. There have been, within recent recollection, some changes so rational, so gradual, so grounded on new knowledge, wider experience, and deeper study, so justified by the purest motives and the clearest necessity, so obviously honest because attended with much mortification, and punished by severe penalties,—that we class them among the most indisputable sacrifices of patriotic virtue. Such was that of Sir Robert Peel from 1842 to 1846. And there have been some recantations, also in the right direction, but so sudden, so audacious, so utterly unbased upon any additional facts, so inexcusable on the common plea of previous want of inquiry, so apparently traceable only to the one circumstance of altered position,—that it is impossible for the widest charity to elevate them into merits, or to give absolution to the subject of them. Such, it appears to us, was Mr. Disraeli's homage of adhesion to the princi-

ples and consequences of the financial policy of his antagonists, as displayed in his celebrated speech on the budget.

We can make every allowance for the case of those politicians who are *born* into a particular set of opinions, who inherit them from their parents, or imbibe them insensibly from their early associates. They have for years been accustomed to *take for granted* that their friends were right, and their adversaries wrong; they have been in the habit of hearing and repeating the stock arguments on their own side of the question, without ever dreaming of the unsoundness of them; and have never regarded the subject from their opponents' point of view. Hence, when new party combinations, or the increasing dangers of the country, compel them for the first time really to investigate matters with the single purpose of discovering the truth, and they perceive that they have all their life been unconsciously living on shallow fallacies, they are placed in a most embarrassing position. And if they candidly avow their error, we give them ready and generous absolution, approve heartily their final deviation into right, and reserve whatever blame must necessarily attach to them for their former inconsiderateness, not for their present retractation.

Again: when a man has from any accident been thrown among a political party, whose notions and sentiments are uncongenial to his own; when the entanglement of personal ties or family connexions have long held him in that species of unwilling thraldom which it is particularly difficult for a sensitive and honourable man to escape from; when his whole career has been, though often unconsciously, a ceaseless struggle for emancipation; when on all occasions he has advocated those views of his party which, by their moderation, approached most nearly to those of the party which his false position obliged him to oppose; when his *tendencies* have always been obvious, and always in the same direction; and when, year after year, he has proceeded, casting off shackle after shackle, abjuring error after error, till his mind was ripe and the hour was come for the crowning, public, and decisive metastasis;—then we recognise in him no fitting subject for animadversion or reproach, but hail and applaud his final conversion as the matured fruit of a tree which has long been growing beneath our sight.*

We are even inclined to treat leniently, and to put the best construction upon another and very frequent cause of tergiversation. Many public men have taken up their opinions, if not hastily, yet at all events without due deliberation; they have fought for them zealously, but not always with a zeal according to knowledge; they have examined them, where they have examined at all, with the strong bias of a foregone conclusion; while in opposition, they have urged their views upon ministers with reckless heat and inconsistent confidence; but as soon as they are invested with the insignia and sobered by the cares of office, and are called upon to *act* upon their former principles, and therefore to reinvestigate them with all the new lights and under all the weighty responsibilities of power—they find, to their surprise, their confidence abated, their convictions becoming less vehement and dogmatic, and their former courage fast evaporating under the burden of ministerial obligations. For the first time in their life they sit down honestly to investigate matters with the real and sole determination to arrive at truth and fact; and for the first time they begin to perceive how deplorably mistaken they have hitherto been. It is not that the possession of office has supplied them with any *sinister* motives to a change of opinion; but that it has made them for the first time sincere, earnest, and unblinded inquirers. They were honest before: they are honest now; but before, they talked recklessly—now, they reflect cautiously. Their sin lies in their past, not in their present, conduct: they are culpable, not for acting and speaking *now* under an overpowering sense of duty and responsibility, but for having hitherto forgotten that opposition has its responsibilities as well as office, and that every public man, whatever be his position, owes to his country the purest and most conscientious exercise of all his faculties. Public life is equally a post of trust, whether on the right or the left hand of the Speaker's chair; and a senator who does not deem it necessary to be sound and true in his counsels till he is in office, forms a very low and vulgar estimate of his moral obligations.

But none of the above grounds for putting a favourable construction on a Statesman's tergiversation, can be considered applicable to the strange recantation made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his budget speech and his address to his constituents—especially the former. The financial policy, of which in that speech he so powerfully, lucidly, and gratuitously displayed the beneficial operation, is, we cannot forget, the policy which, for the last six years and up to the previous three months, he had been in the

---

* "The first inconstancy of unripe years
Is Nature's error on its way to truth."
Edwin the Fair, by Henry Taylor.

habit of vehemently denouncing as mistaken in principle and ruinous in its results. The facts which he stated to the house on that memorable Friday, are precisely the facts which year after year his opponents have been pressing on his attention. The conclusions which flow from these facts were as manifest and inescapable, and must have been as obvious to him in 1851 as in 1852. He cannot plead that his mind has never been strongly directed to the subject till now, for it is the subject on which he has been harping session after session, which has occupied the chief share of his attention and research, and which he has turned over and over, and handled with every conceivable manœuvre of perverse ingenuity. If he never examined it seriously and dispassionately till now, he has throughout been acting a most unworthy part; if, having so examined it, he came to Protectionist conclusions, how comes it that now in office he sees the matter in such a very different light? If, again, having so examined it, and seen then as he sees now, the hollowness of the Protectionist doctrines, he yet upheld them as a party weapon, then we say that history scarcely affords a more glaring example of double treachery—treachery to the political phalanx which he led—treachery to the country of which he was a sworn and chosen legislator.

We have no desire ever to make the retractation of error difficult, or the retreat from a false position unnecessarily painful and humiliating. We are willing to conclude that Mr. Disraeli's allegiance to the principles we have long defended is genuine and final, and assuredly should be sorry to hunt him back to his former follies. We believe the views which it is impossible, in spite of all mystification, not to imagine were developed as his own in his budget-speech, to be the sincere and inevitable views of a man who regards these questions from the position, with the light, and under the grave responsibilities of office. But in admitting this, we can give Mr. Disraeli no absolution for his obstinate and wilful persistence in the advocacy of untenable opinions; and we can only acquit him of the most frightful and prolonged insincerity, by supposing him guilty of a degree of thoughtless levity in his mode of regarding and treating the great interests of the nation, which must for ever disqualify him for the position of a leading Statesman, and preclude him from obtaining the confidence of the English people.

Nor can we for a moment allow to pass, as becoming or admissible, the language which has on several occasions been held, both by Lord Derby and his lieutenant, "that, whatever be his own opinions, a statesman must conform to the spirit of his age;" "that such and such a line of policy would be the just and wise one, but that the country is not sufficiently alive to its justice or its wisdom to adopt it, and therefore that another system must be followed." Cases no doubt occur in all countries governed by free institutions, in which acquiescence in the will of the nation, or even in the deliberate decision of an adverse majority, is the clear duty of a statesman. Laws are often passed which even those who opposed them most energetically would not dream of repealing. Laws are often repealed, which those who defended them most stoutly would not dream of re-enacting. It may often be wise and right to accept a defeat as final and conclusive. Sir Robert Peel did this in the case of the Reform Bill, to which he had offered the most strenuous opposition. He bowed to the manifest determination of the country, and at once abjured all attempt to disturb it. "I accept that measure (said he) as the final settlement of a great constitutional question." Nor would it be a just or wise principle to lay down, that the opponents of a great revolution in our national policy are to be held disqualified from taking office under the new system of things which that change has introduced. Such perpetual exclusion from power of any class of statesmen is a thing foreign to our constitution, and would, in our opinion, be far from salutary. Conservative politicians may even be peculiarly valuable at the helm of affairs, when progress has been established as the principle and pole-star of the country's policy, provided only their former opposition to that principle was rational and patriotic, and their present acquiescence in it honest and without *arrière pensée*. But the language held by the present ministers, and the conduct they seem disposed to follow, can be justified by none of these considerations. They never acquiesced in the free-trade policy inaugurated by Huskisson, continued by Sir R. Peel, and completed by their immediate predecessors. They never "accepted" the crowning enactment of 1846 "as the final settlement of a great constitutional question." On the contrary, they have repeatedly and incessantly declared it to be erroneous in principle and ruinous in its results; they have been perpetually endeavouring to undermine it, and defeat it by flank attacks, and have lost no opportunity of assuring the people that, if entrusted with power, they would reverse it. Had they, after so obstinate a contest as they waged in 1846, submitted to their defeat, and bowed gracefully to the decision of the country, there could be no reason why

they should not now have formed an administration with credit and with promise. But they did not pursue this course; they kept themselves before the country as a Protectionist party; they solicited confidence and support on Protectionist principles; they took office as a Protectionist ministry; their cabinet was composed of men having no claim to confidence or attention, except as Protectionists; and for such men to say to the country—"We will retain power to upset and neutralize free trade, if you will enable us; or, if not, we will still retain power to consolidate it and carry it out," seems to us language alike without spirit and without shame. It is true that in England no statesman can bid defiance "to the spirit of the age," nor pursue a policy condemned by the opinion of the nation; but no honest men can be bound, or can bear, to carry out a policy which they regard, and have all along denounced as fatal to the nation's welfare; if the nation insists upon being ruined, they at least should refuse to be the instruments of its ruin. No statesman, with a particle of self-respect—none worthy to guide or govern a great people—would address them thus,—"Place me in power, that I may lead you to safety if I am allowed; but if this cannot be, place me in power, that I may at least be your leader to destruction!" When the country and the statesmen differ so widely as to what is salvation, and what is ruin, the dignity and duty of the statesman is not acquiescence, but retirement.

Finally, we deprecate the continuance of the present ministers in office, because we do not believe in their capacity to manage the affairs of a great empire. Lord Derby has been a prominent public character for a quarter of a century, but has never shone except in parliamentary warfare. Mr. Disraeli's *cleverness* no one doubts; but steadiness of purpose, dignity of conduct, or lofty and consistent principles, are what his antecedents give us no right to expect from him. The Home Secretary is an able, sincere, and conscientious lawyer, whom every one respects, but who has no experience in public life, and whose reputation has not risen since he took office. Of the rest, the best that can be said is, that they are unknown men—and likely to remain so. On the whole, it is probable that sixteen more incompetent men never sat in the Cabinet together. During the few months they have sat on the Treasury Bench, their blunders and solecisms have been many and glaring, and the proceedings of the Foreign Secretary have been utterly suicidal and self-damnatory. Even if they had a decided policy, and if that policy were sound, the credit, honour, and safety of the country would require a speedy transference of power to more competent and experienced hands.

But if we deprecate the continuance in office of Lord Derby's ministry, we should deprecate with scarcely less earnestness a revival of the former administration—especially under its former leader. At the point of time and of progress at which we are now arrived, Whig Government can never be else than an un-reality: no genius can henceforth breathe into it any other than a feeble, artificial, and spasmodic life. A Reforming party is a permanent *reality:* a Whig party is only its accidental and transitory *form.* To struggle for the preservation of the form is to endanger the more valuable reality. We should be among the last to deny or to under-estimate the services rendered to the dearest interests of England by the great aristocratic Whig party during the century of its existence. It has kept a wholesome control over its rivals, and has saved them from many follies and from some crimes. It has supplied a rich galaxy of eminent and noble statesmen to our history; it has consolidated and widened both our civil and our religious liberties; it has stood between the living and the dead in fearful moments of pestilence and danger; it has at once ridden on and moderated the wave of popular demand, and has changed what might have been a bloody and abortive insurrection into a peaceful and salutary revolution; it has been like an Ark to our Constitution during a deluge of no ordinary violence and no short duration. But we do not read that Noah felt himself called upon, out of gratitude, to live in the ark after the deluge had subsided. We do not testify our sense of the services of the bows and spears which scattered our enemies at Agincourt and Crecy, by furbishing them up for the battles of to-day. We do not shew our respect for the superannuated veterans who fought half a century ago, by intrusting our defence *now* to their impaired vision and their enfeebled strength. We pension off the old warriors, and we hang up the antiquated armour and the rusty firelocks which won our ancestral victories, and shew our gratitude by tender reverence, not by untimely use. The worst way in which we can repay the services of patriots and statesmen who have swayed and adorned their day and generation, is by retaining them in a position in which they can only tarnish their former fame, and obliterate and cancel the memory of their former deeds. Now, everything which made the Whigs a party is told off into the historic past; their part is performed; the arena in which they distinguished them-

selves is changed; their arms and their banners are alike obsolete; their bonds of union are broken or dissolved; the timid and reactionary among them are Conservatives; the sanguine and enterprising among them are "something more" than Whigs; and a graceful euthanasia—a deathbed made beautiful by the devotion of a few clinging adherents unable to believe in the extinction of what was once so great—is all now left them. A resurrection, under new conditions, of the great Whig party, may be possible: a prolongation of its existence is not. Like its nobler prototype, "it cannot be quickened except it die."

Least of all is its revival possible or desirable under its late leader. Though an experienced tactician—a gallant and chivalrous colleague—a high-minded and honourable senator, Lord John Russell was the most complete partisan of his whole party. He worshipped Whig idols; he lived on Whig traditions; he measured everything by Whig compasses; he looked at everything through Whig spectacles; and could seldom rise high enough above the ideas and interests of party warfare, to contemplate any subject from a purely patriotic point of view. Since the commencement of the present year, too, his usual skill and judgment seem to have deserted him. His dismissal of his ablest colleague at a moment when difficulties of every kind were thickening around him; his violation of all constitutional courtesies and decorums, in producing the Queen's letter when justifying that dismissal; his unpardonable mistake in advising the Queen to intrust the formation of a new Government to Lord Derby when he saw fit to throw up the reins; and, lastly, the glaring factiousness and sudden whim of his opposition to the second reading of the Militia Bill, to the utter amazement and confusion of his own party, who, for the most part, refused to follow him in so indefensible a step;—all have contributed to lower him deplorably, and we fear irreparably, in public estimation. Had he at the time of his own resignation suppressed all natural feelings of pique and indignation—had he consented, as the French say, *de s' effacer*, and advised Her Majesty to send for Lord Clarendon, or Sir James Graham, or Lord Palmerston—which would have been the constitutional course to adopt, since his defeat was not owing to a Protectionist assault—the country might have arrived at the desirable result of a strong and united Government, without having to pass through the dangerous and damaging ordeal of a ministry whose foreign policy is conducted by Lord Malmesbury, and whose finances are managed by Benjamin Disraeli—without being subjected to all the evils of a feeble Government in a crisis of singular *exigeance*, and of a general election in a period of angry excitement.

Since, then, the interests, desires, and requirements of the country cannot be satisfied either by the continuance of the present ministry or by a recurrence to the former one, it remains only clearly to state what is the real desideratum of the time, and by what political combinations that desideratum can be supplied.

In a free and parliamentary Government, like that of England, there are two parties, inherent and undying—the Stationary and the Progressive—the party whose principle is Conservatism, and the party whose principle is Reform. The parties themselves are eternal: the forms, disguises, combinations, pretexts, battle-fields, they may assume are accidental and transitory. Their ideas are distinct, and too often antagonistic; they attract different orders of mind; they look at questions from opposite points of view; they are each the representatives of a truth—but a truth that is partial and imperfect till it has found its complement and counterpart.

The principle of Progress or Reform (as Mr. Moseley has well stated) is both instinctive and sound.

> "It is the means by which the higher destiny of man has to be worked out. The doctrine of contentment—the proverb of 'leave well alone,' and such like, acting exclusively—is peculiarly that of the lower grades of the creation. In its full extent it is at variance with the first principle of the physical temperament of man as an individual; and, if carried out, were fatal to the destiny of man as a race. . . . Again, the principle of progress is boundless, endless in its operation; there is no moment of cessation; its work is never done. It may be weakened by the toil it imposes on itself, but never satisfied—never extinguished; for that which it longs after and lives for—perfection—is never to be enjoyed—never to be realized. Improvement in political wellbeing, as in other wellbeing, but leaves us still with desires—with the power of discerning further means of satisfying itself—new hopes—greater power, and consciousness of power, for achieving them."

The principle which lies at the bottom of Conservatism, too, is equally instinctive, equally necessary, equally legitimate. It may often run into excess; it may often assume unamiable forms; it may often cling round unworthy objects; it may often manifest itself in unwise and untimely ebullitions; but at its root lies a beneficent and indisputable truth. There is the Conservatism of mere indolence, which shrinks from the effort

and disturbance of a change, and hates to be aroused from its torpid and unserviceable slumber. There is the Conservatism of selfishness, which, finding that the existing state of things supplies its own low wants and satisfies its own small ideal, cares not how many millions might be made happy by a just and judicious innovation. There is the Conservatism of timidity, which clings to the familiar and the safe; which fears to launch upon an untried sea; and finds the most sanguine and brilliant prospect of a better, inadequate to counterbalance the faintest possibility of a worse. There is the Conservatism of poetry, which measures political good by sentiment and impression; in whose votaries the feeling of veneration is stronger than that of aspiration; and which can deck the past more readily than the future with the gorgeous colouring of fancy. But there is also the Conservatism of wisdom, which knows how much there is of strength and virtue in the rooted and old, —how much of danger and illusion in the gaudy attractions of the new; which sees the price even more clearly than the blessing which it purchases; which sits down to count the cost before it builds the tower; and which has learned by long experience how often the substance is risked by grasping at the more seductive shadow. In fact, the principle of Conservatism is less a negation and antagonist of the principle of Progress than a different side of the same shield —the other half of the same truth.

"We have seen," says Mr. Moseley, "that Reform and Conservatism are true principles of all good government—that both are essential constituents of it. But the parties formed on these doctrines are severally combinations for carrying out—for giving effective operation to—*one only of these;* or at least for giving to one a dominant, preponderating, if not exclusive, influence in the government of the country. Each of these parties, then, is grounded on a false theory. All who claim a truth exclusively as their own, or who profess to take one great truth as their rule of action, when the other, at least—though it be the anthithesis of their own —is an essential principle of such government, place themselves in a false position. And all combinations formed on such a basis must be untrue to themselves, and deceive those who place confidence in them."

Bearing in mind these considerations, we will now cast a glance over the *real* parties into which the English political world is now divided, ignoring those divisions which, though still ostensible, are merely or almost nominal, and passing over those minor but numberless distinctions which can never be absent among a nation of independent thinkers.

First, there are the Old Tories—the relics and survivors of the party that, so lately as thirty years ago, was dominant and rampant. They are few in number, and far from standing high in public estimation; but they are not therefore to be altogether despised, and must not be overlooked among the elements of political calculations. In some parts of England, and among some classes, they have still great influence; they are often men of vast possessions and of attractive character; and, what is of still more consequence, there are several of their opinions with which the great mass of refined and cultivated English gentlemen have a ready and deep-seated, though a modified and tempered sympathy. They represent a permanent element in the national mind—they are the depositaries and expounders of a certain set of sentiments and ideas which are eminently British;—antique loyalty; unreasoning, and often irrational, attachment to the Church as an institution; instinctive *vis inertiæ;* veneration for ancestral times; and hatred of *parvenus* and *parvenuism*. A few of these are to be found in the House of Commons—more in the House of Lords. They can never again govern the country: democracy and commerce are now both too strong;—but they can never be wholly without influence over those who do.

At the other extremity of the political gamut lies the Radical party, now almost merged in the Manchester School. This section is composed of men who are both numerous and influential; but whose numbers and influence are greater out of Parliament than in. They are men whom it would be well worth while for our Statesmen thoroughly to study and understand. They may be most useful, or most formidable, according as they are met and dealt with. They are men of unwearied activity and dauntless pertinacity. They have all the concentrated and unhampered energy which springs from earnest purpose and clear but narrow vision. They feel strongly and speak vehemently, because their knowledge is not thorough and their reflection is not deep. To them, every political difficulty is simple, every labyrinth plain, every problem easy of solution. They delight in and promulgate those broad views which are so seductive to presumptuous and uneducated masses—so shallow, so short-sighted, so dangerous, in the judgment of trained and thoughtful minds. They have, in their character and conformation, much of the Yankee and something of the Puritan—a combination most sure to command success, and most especially to be dreaded where the profound and subtle questions of the higher policy are at stake. In

their eyes, everything that is old has a *primâ facie* case against it; every thing new, at least a high degree of probability in its favour. They have a quick eye and a keen satire for all past mistakes; and have no modesty or caution to make them shrink from the boldest experiments. They have a vivid perception of all that is indefensible in theory, but are wholly without appreciation for the hidden compensations and counteractions which have caused even monstrous systems to produce valuable results. Their most valuable characteristic is their merciless and rude hostility to all abuses and all shams; their most pernicious quality is their disposition to try every thing by the lowest and most mercenary standard. They would overturn, without fear, the whole traditional policy of the nation; and, while unable to rise to a statesmanlike contemplation of Imperial questions, are prepared to set at nought international customs, to abjure all foreign relations, and to reverse and confound all colonial connexions. To some among them, the increased predominance of the democratic element in our Constitution is only a means towards the attainment of their ends; to others, it is an object of desire for its own sake; but by all it is steadily pursued. All are the advocates of vital and organic changes.

Between these two extremes stands the vast Eclectic party, neither conterminous with, nor represented by, any of the official and antique divisions in the Parliamentary chart—whether Whigs, Radicals, or Tories. It is composed of deserters from every section, and of men who never belonged to any section. It has been long, and of late rapidly, augmenting, and is now more numerous than any other, though its members are still scattered up and down in the ranks of every political denomination, from the want of a common banner and a central leader to rally round. As soon as such shall be found, its surpassing strength, both numerical, intellectual, and social, will be at once recognised. It comprises all those, bred in the old Tory camp, whose enlarged education had shown them at once the narrowness of their paternal creed, and the no less untenable nature of the positions from which even what is true and sound in it has hitherto been defended; who have discovered that the retention of the old, without its modification and adaptation to an altered age, is only half the idea of a philosopher and half the duty of a statesmen; and who are sincerely and nobly desirous to remove—even at their own cost and at the sacrifice of many prejudices—those abuses which have disfigured venerable institutions, and those excrescences and incrustations which have overgrown and hidden so much that is genuine, beautiful, and divine, in the hallowed legacies of the past. It comprises numbers among the Whigs, who are sick of an artificial bond, and weary of a hollow sham, and who dread the increasing temptation and tendency among their leaders to purchase a new lease of life by unworthy coquetting and unholy alliances with a party with whom their sympathies are only limited, casual, and apparent. It comprises, too, many who, while ardently attached to the cause of progress and reform, yet fear the advance of democracy, as of the two opposing dangers the most formidable and the most imminent; and who are anxious to resist it, not by obstruction and reaction towards the past, but by forestalling all its just demands, and so cutting away the ground from beneath its feet. It comprises, further, not a few, formerly known as zealous leaders in the vanguard of Radicalism, whose early illusions time and experience have dissipated, to whom age has brought sobriety of expectation, whom observation and reflection have made aware of perils and difficulties undreamed of in their sanguine youth, and who, while true at heart to the real and enduring attributes of their old idolatry, yet bring a purer oblation and worship at a statelier shrine. Its ranks are swelled by all those who, having conquered, one by one, every object for which they fought, having carried all the reforms they sought and valued, have now passed by a natural and legitimate transition from the body of assailants into that of defenders of the existing order of things. It includes, again, those experienced and influential men who, feeling how much has to be done, and how vast are the obstacles in the way of doing it, finding the day too short and their strength too slight for those practical improvements and those *imperative* reforms in which the immediate interests and welfare of millions are involved, shrink from entertaining the less urgent questions of organic change. Finally, it includes all those—so far more numerous out of Parliament than within its walls—who are turning with angry weariness and contemptuous loathing from party struggles and intellectual tournaments; whose voice is to be heard in every quarter of the empire and through every organ of opinion, calling upon our rulers to look to things, not names; to deeds and laws, not to watchwords and to war-cries; to leave aside and brush away the cobwebs and trivialities of faction; to cease sharpening and changing their tools, and to begin using them; to concentrate all efforts and attention on the real wants of

the country; to foresee and provide against imperial perils; to grapple at once in a spirit of business-like and manful resolution with all those social evils and abuses which no one denies and which few defend; to approach the great questions of the day as problems to be solved at hazard of our national existence, not to seek in them missiles of mutual offence,—in fine, to gird up their loins for the heavy work before them, like men to whose genius, consciousness, and devotion, is entrusted the management of as grand a fragment of human destiny as was ever committed to human hands.

The great demand and desideratum of the country is a STRONG GOVERNMENT—a Government imbued with these ideas, and consecrated to these aims—a Government which, exonerated by reason of its strength from the low and wasting necessities of hourly self-defence, should be able to address its whole capacities of conception and of execution, "to do the work that should be done." Such a Government once formed—its banner raised, its leader chosen, its programme of policy announced—would find itself supported by recruits in unexpected multitudes and from unsuspected quarters. Men, now ranked among Conservatives, because their connexions lie in that line, and they have never yet openly thrown off their allegiance to party; men classed by public estimation among the Whigs, and reckoned by Whig leaders as forming part of their effective strength, and now acting with that section, partly from old habit, partly from unconsummated change; men sympathizing with the Radicals on many points, and voting with them on many questions, and never suspected of being Conservatives by temperament and at heart; all who are weary of unproductive strife, all who are sanguine of practical advance, will flock to the new standard and enlist under the new enrolment.

Who, then, will be the chief, and what should be the policy of this remodelled administration? The programme of its policy will decide in a great measure the men who are to compose it. As an indispensable preliminary we must suppose Lord John Russell removed to the Upper House. As long as he remains in the House of Commons he will be, we fear, an insuperable obstacle to such a re-organization and combination as the necessities of the country require. While there he is altogether too prominent and powerful not to fill the post of leader, and he cannot be the leader of such an administration as we are now contemplating. When he is removed we see no serious impediments to the formation of a ministry comprising, for example, Lord Clarendon, Sir James Graham, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Granville, Lord Carlisle, Lord Panmure, Mr. Labouchere, Lord Dalhousie, (when he returns,) and possibly Lord Palmerston, as principal members, and Mr. James Wilson, Mr. Cornewall Lewis, the Duke of Argyll, and Mr. Frederick Peel, and others, as secondary colleagues. Such a ministry would be one of conservative progress: the leading principles of their policy would be to grapple at once with those *practical social* questions on which so much of the immediate wellbeing of the country hangs, *and to postpone*, wherever possible, *those measures about which many wise and experienced men differ in favour of those about which nearly all wise and experienced men agree.* In dealing with these latter they will find work enough to engross all their genius, all their industry, all their time, for many years to come. And when they have exhausted the catalogue of those things which every one feels ought to be done, which the national peace, comfort, and character require should be done, many of those questions which are now matters of doubt and discussion will either have solved themselves, or time and experience will have paved the way for a far nearer agreement as to the mode of treating them than is now possible.

Such a cabinet would agree in the essential points of their *foreign policy:* they are all men whose attachment to the principles of constitutional liberty is undoubted, and who yet have never tampered with democratic excess. Their sympathies would, we know, be enlisted on the side of justice, freedom, and humanity abroad, while at the same time they have all repeatedly avowed their adhesion to that great rule which is to govern the international relations of this empire in future—non-interference with the internal affairs of other countries ourselves, and steady, unswerving, severe discouragement of such interference on the part of others. The names of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Carlisle would be an ample intimation to those governments whose brutal cruelty is now the opprobrium of Europe, that from England they could expect only the countenance of deep disgust and the language of unmixed disapprobation; the presence of Lord Clarendon and Lord Granville would be a guarantee for a conduct of mingled gentleness and firmness; while the support of Lord Palmerston, which we are satisfied would not be wanting, would be surety enough that the just claims and rights of British subjects would be everywhere watched over and enforced. And more than all,

such a ministry would be able to speak with the confidence and the weight arising from the conviction, both on their own part and on that of foreign governments, that they spoke the sentiments, and were backed by the sympathy, of the whole British nation.

Such a cabinet would agree in the principles of their *financial* and *commercial* policy. They are all resolute free-traders; they are all pledged to carry out, to its full legitimate consequences, the system which they all helped to inaugurate. At the same time they will all be willing to meet the claims of any suffering interest, as soon as the justice of those claims can be made good. On minor points of fiscal arrangements it is possible they may differ; but they are all agreed upon the vast importance, at the present time, of considering deeply, and settling definitely, the fundamental principles on which future taxation should proceed. They will not be content every year to surrender a surplus to the most fierce and noisy claimant for relief—to take off now a triffe in one direction, now a trifle in another; to coquet first with direct, and then with indirect taxation, without any clear comprehension or fixed opinion of the preferable advantages of either; or to base any new impost on the lazy and vicious system of exemptions. They will be anxious to place our future revenue on something like a scientific foundation, feeling that all change in such matters is an evil, but that change guided by fluctuating motives, and proceeding in no uniform direction, is an unmitigated mischief; and before they lightly give away the rare and undervalued treasure of a surplus, they will consider well whether such surplus ought not to be constant, and to be accumulated for purposes of ultimate and permanent relief.

They are agreed on the great and now urgent and hopeful question of *legal reform.* On this some of them are known to be deeply in earnest. With Lord Cranworth or Sir John Romilly as Chancellor, they have, in this line, a career before them, in which they may confer more signal blessings, and reap a richer fame than has fallen to the lot of any ministry for many generations. In the complete extirpation of Chancery enormities; in the extension and consolidation of cheap law courts; in the merciless abolition of the actual ecclesiastical tribunals; in grappling with the vast and difficult question of secondary punishments; in establishing some system for the disposal of juvenile offenders which shall neither shock common sense, common humanity, or common justice,—which shall at once rescue these miserable victims, and take away the motive to their creation;—lies work sufficient to task all their energies, to satisfy all their aspirations, to occupy all their thoughts; while, as none of these are party questions, and as it would be iniquity to make them such, they may call on all sections of the political world, their opponents as well as their adherents, to aid them, in a spirit not of rivalry, but of collaboration, in toils in which every Englishman has a common and an equal interest.

Next comes the great subject of *Colonial Policy.* This—though much personality has been mixed up with colonial discussions—has scarcely yet become a distinct arena for party strife, and we earnestly trust will never be made so. It presses, not so much for immediate action, as for prompt attention with a view to the determination of principles, and the fixation of views which as yet are, with most men, floating and indefinite. Whether England's colonial empire shall be cut adrift as a burden, or cherished as a jewel, a glory, and a strength; what is the nature and extent of that self-government which should be conceded to the colonies; and what is the fitting time and mode for that concession; whether, while managing their own concerns, as soon as they are qualified to do so, they should be further bound up in our Imperial circle by sending representatives to the Parliament of the mother country; on what basis the relative claims of the settlers and the aborigines are to be adjusted; what amount of protection the colonies can fairly demand from us, and what portion of their defence they must provide for themselves;—all these are questions, though of paramount importance, and of no small difficulty, *rather to be inquired into and studied,* than to be fought about in St. Stephens. They are matters which all may join in helping forward to a decision; and the decision of which will marvellously narrow the future field of faction, and prodigiously aid the development and the peace of the empire.

Surely here is work enough to be done, without looking further into the future, without embarking on the waters of factious bitterness and strife, without raking up the mud that lies at the bottom of the dirty pool of party politics. But there is a question, about which much has been said, and about which something is felt,—a question which proceedings have made it difficult either to shelve or to postpone,—that of Parliamentary Reform. Now we think that it would not be difficult to draw out a Reform Bill—very different indeed from the crude and wretched proposition introduced by Lord John Russell at the beginning of

the session—which such a ministry as we have suggested might unanimously adopt,—which it would be wise for them to bring forward and easy for them to carry,—which would command the support of the Liberals as an undeniable improvement on the present system, and which might reasonably look for the consent of the Tories, both on the ground of its intrinsic merits, and as far preferable to what they must be prepared to submit to, if the Whigs should again regain ascendancy, and find it desirable to bid high for radical support. There are many points in the actual arrangement both of the franchise and the representation which are felt by *all* parties as evils which ought to be removed, and anomalies which cannot be defended—there are practical improvements in the electoral system, which have never been made party questions, and have scarcely even been brought before the public, but which, as soon as suggested, would be recognised by every one as most valuable and salutary; and there are modes of *extending* the franchise without *lowering* it, which, when once proposed, would be felt to be at all events safe and serviceable approaches to the solution of one of the most perplexing problems which beset the friends of a reform in the great vital organ of the State. A bill embodying these amendments, which Sir James Graham and Mr. Gladstone might honourably, and without compromise, join in proposing, which Lord John Russell and Mr. Cobden could not help supporting, (though it might be under protest as not going far enough,) and which Lord Derby could scarcely find any decent pretext for opposing, would, we believe, be at once a great source of strength and popularity to the administration, and a substantial and permanent blessing to the country.

Such, in brief, are our notions as to the political wants of the nation, and the best means of supplying them. The new Parliament will show what are the chances of seeing our hopes fulfilled. We have left ourselves no space to speak of the books placed at the head of this Article. That of Mr. Moseley contains much good sense, many sound views, many useful suggestions; but it is sadly languid and wordy, and the style is loose, rambling, and inelegant. The work of Mr. Cornewall Lewis is of a far higher order and has a different scope. It is scientific in its object and arrangement, and is full of solid thought and extensive learning. But it would be doing it great injustice to treat of it at the fag-end of a paper on practical policy.

NOTE BY THE AMERICAN PUBLISHERS.

We have to apologise to our subscribers for the inferior quality of the paper upon which this number is printed. The long continued drought of the past summer, has made it impossible for our paper manufacturers to fulfil their contracts; and necessity has driven us to make use of such paper as we could get. We have, however, made arrangements for the future, which will effectually prevent the recurrence of a like difficulty.

L. S. & Co.

THE

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

No. XXXV.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1852.

ART. I.—*Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the State, Discipline, Studies, and Revenues of the University and Colleges of Oxford; together with the Evidence, and an Appendix.* London, 1852.

Two years ago we reviewed the history, existing condition, and future prospects of the University of Oxford, on the occasion of the appointment of the Royal Commission of Inquiry. That Commission has now laid the result of its labours before Parliament and the public, in the shape of a Blue Book of more than 700 pages. The document appeared at a time of happy omen for the abolition of old things and the introduction of new. The late House of Commons was drawing its last legislative breath, while the arraigned University was witnessing the close of another academical year—an epoch which, like similar periods in that individual life which is regarded as so exact a parallel to the existence of corporations, may be charitably supposed to be sacred to self-examination and resolutions of amendment. National representatives *in posse*, and collegiate authorities *in esse* have alike had the opportunity of devoting a portion of their summer leisure to the study of a work which may be sport to the one or death to the other. Before these pages reach our readers one of the two bodies, if not both, will have met for the despatch of business—summoned by the inexorable requirements of University routine, or the more capricious dictates of Lord Derby's sense of decency. But whenever Parliament may assemble, the temporary pressure of political perplexities, no less than the invariable slowness of Oxford movements, is a sufficient guarantee to us that nothing will have been done by either to supersede any comments which we may venture to offer on the aspect of the question as viewed from within or from without.

Though the proceedings of judicial Westminster and dependent Oxford are still *in dubio*, there is, we believe, no doubt that the Report has been well received. Even the more advanced section of the Liberal press has spoken of it as forming a favourable exception to the vacillation and feebleness of most of our parliamentary literature—even the prejudice of High Church journalism admits that it is able and well-considered, and acquits it of the charge of one-sidedness in dealing with the evidence given. It is of course not to be expected that the microscopic gaze of the elder Conservative residents should not have discovered some flaws intellectual as well as moral, in a document affecting their interests, yet not emanating from themselves in whole or in part. Nor can we wonder that the publication should provoke the unfriendly criticism of one or two doubtful Reformers who are disappointed not to have been able to influence the direction of the inquiry. But on the whole, both friends and foes seem agreed that it is a work of high character and great importance, to be carefully weighed, not summarily dismissed. We should have been surprised if the most casual reader had come to any other conclusion. At the first glance it is evident that the Commissioners have a thorough acquaintance with their subject, both in its history and in its philosophy; that while they know, as Oxford men, what is now going on in Oxford, and as historical students, what has been found possible there in former times, they are not blind to those less limited visions which represent an ideal but seldom contemplated by English minds

—the University of the Future. But it is not to the authors of the Report alone that the public has to render its acknowledgments. One half at least of the bulky folio is occupied with the evidence of other members of the University; and the proportion holds good no less morally than materially. More than fifty gentlemen of academical station and recognised ability have come forward to state their views on a number of questions, indicated by the Commissioners as those on which it was most important that the general sense of men of enlightenment should be ascertained; and there is besides much direct testimony to special facts by persons officially qualified to speak, such as professors and tutors of colleges. The result is, that the country has been presented with a collection, as complete as could have been made under the circumstances, of pamphlets on University matters by the best authors, especially addressed to readers of the year 1852. These, as might be supposed, are in many cases distinguished by striking ability, and that not always in direct proportion to the reputation enjoyed by the various writers in the world without; so that the further advantage is gained of familiarizing people with the names of men who have hitherto deserved rather than attained notoriety. The past experience of the Archbishop of Dublin, though unfolded with characteristic acuteness, shows less of comprehensive observation and mature reflection than the present impressions of Mr. Jowett. Or to take an instance of men, both of whom have long been absent from the University, Mr. Wilkinson, the unknown Rector of Broughton Gifford, Wilts, has meditated on the condition of his Alma Mater with much more profit than Mr. Herman Merivale, late Professor of Political Economy, and Under Secretary for the Colonies. It is pleasanter, however, to award praise directly than to leave it to be inferred from invidious comparisons. Professor Vaughan's academical celebrity did not require any additional support; but we would thank him most warmly for the profound thought, austere enthusiasm, and lofty eloquence, which would commend his evidence to general attention, even if regarded merely as a piece of composition. The rare judgment and practical power shown in Mr. Temple's elaborate and systematic exposition will satisfy the public that it is fortunate in having secured the services of such a man as Principal of the Training College at Kneller Hall. Those whose attention has been attracted to the unfortunate disputes at Lincoln College, recently made matter of publicity, will now see how greatly the intellectual character of the Society might have been benefited by the elevation of Mr. Pattison to the Rectorship. Mr. Wall's answers will enable practical men out of Oxford to judge of the ability and zeal which are making Balliol College as pre-eminent economically as it has long been intellectually and socially. Nor ought we to forget the brief but decisive statement in which Mr. Lowe, the new member for Kidderminster, disposes of certain educational fallacies which yet haunt the mind of the University. There is beside a considerable variety of dissertations on special points. Mr. Denison contributes some valuable remarks on the propriety and possibility of fostering the study of law in Oxford, and Dr. Acland does the same for medicine. Mr. Neate, on the other hand, brings his legal knowledge to bear on the questions of the permanent obligation of founders' wills, and the management of College property; while the indefatigable Mr. Wilkinson adds a postscript on the visitatorial power of the Crown over the University, which proves that he might have made an excellent lawyer himself. But it is the merit of the whole collection, rather than that of its several parts, which constitutes, in our view, its chief claim to attention. As we turn over its pages, we feel that one thing at least is demonstrated indisputably—that the principles and objects, as well as the multifarious details, of University education, are in the main thoroughly understood by Oxford men in the nineteenth century. Educators, recluse students, and men of the world, have combined to produce a work which England can present to Paris or Heidelberg, in the confidence that it will be received with respect, even by those whose superiority in some essential points it frankly acknowledges. We feel that if the Academical citadel be susceptible of defence against the anti-educational influences of the day, there is no lack of hands to defend it. Nay, we doubt whether Oxford conservatism could vindicate itself better than by pointing to this very Blue Book, and insisting on the fact that the old system has been found capable of producing so much intellect, knowledge, and energy, as are now engaged in pleading for its reformation.

In passing on to a closer examination of the Report, we shall not be required to bestow an equal share of notice on every part of it. Much space is naturally devoted to a historical account of the University and the Colleges, which we can safely recommend to our readers as sufficiently clear, vigorous, and complete. To enter upon this, however, would be only to repeat a considerable

part of our former Article, as the general results aimed at by the Commissioners, are, we are happy to say, the same as our own, and our limits will not allow us to lose any time in the by-ways of antiquarian detail. Neither will it be necessary to reiterate any of the conclusions which appeared to follow as practical corollaries from our view of the past, to prove again that the Universities are national, and that College property is not private property. It is a satisfaction to have a regular legal statement like Mr. Dampier's on the subject of collegiate trusts, as an answer to those who prefer the letter to the spirit of the constitution; but little good would be done by attempting an analysis of it for the benefit of persons already convinced that proved abuses are their own condemnation. We purpose, then, at once to dismiss all that has reference to the principle of the inquiry, both as having already received such consideration as it was in our power to give, and as being virtually settled by the institution of an inquiry at all, and so to occupy ourselves with the only part which can in our judgment be fairly made a matter of debate in or out of Parliament, the superstructure of practical suggestions resting on the admitted hypothesis of University and Collegiate reform.

The first recommendation of the Commissioners, as might be surmised, is, that the University be relieved from the chains in which, two hundred years ago, it was bound hand and foot by the serpent wisdom of Laud. What is the precise extent of its present bondage is indeed not absolutely clear. In 1759, the Heads of Houses were desirous of altering one of the Laudian statutes, and found no difficulty in getting lawyers to assure them that no act of the University could possibly have deprived it of a privilege once belonging to it. But the eminent counsel of 1759, like the eminent counsel of 1851, failed to remove the scruples of men who asserted that the opinion, however consolatory in the abstract, did not meet the precise facts of the case. At any rate, a directly contrary opinion was given in 1836 by Lord (then Sir John) Campbell, and Dr. Lushington, who declared that in depriving Dr. Hampden of the rights secured to the Regius Professor of Divinity by the Laudian Code, the University had, in the eye of the law, forfeited its charter. The practice of the University, it appears, has been a singular attempt at compromise, analogous to the policy which the Colleges have observed with regard to their own statutes. Three of the Laudian statutes have been detached from the rest and treated as inviolable, while the others have been explained, dispensed with, and even abrogated at pleasure —a distinction for which the Commissioners profess themselves unable to discover any authority. Under these circumstances they suggest that steps should be taken to ascertain the legal position of the University, and that, if necessary, indemnity should be granted for the past and liberty for the future. If there be any prudence in the academical mind, we do not see how this suggestion can be regarded as otherwise than well-timed. The best course for Oxford in general may be to remain quiet and avoid public notice; but it must surely be more advisable to accept an obligation from the English Parliament than to run the risk of a crushing collision with the English Law.

This antecedent disability removed, the thing which comes first under question is the academical constitution itself. Of the three insurmountable statutes that which establishes the government of the University of course is one. Unchanged itself, the Hebdomadal Board has been the arbiter of all change—of the many corruptions which the lapse of two centuries and the decay of learning and enthusiasm have introduced, and of the few remedies which have been applied to meet the disease. And now at last, when it is put on its trial before the University which it has governed so long, its condemnation is all but unanimous. The one exception proves the rule most unmistakably. "It is, however," the Commissioners gravely say, "that of an eminent man who is himself a member of the governing body," a sentence adroitly worded, so as to leave it doubtful whether the meaning is that an eminent man is more or less entitled to a hearing on account of the position which has at once given him a personal knowledge of the system and a personal interest in maintaining it. Doubtless, however, all the other Heads of Houses, if they could or would speak, would assure the world that the University has no chance of getting on without them. The ominous silence of Dr. Macbride, the only other member of the Board who has found a tongue, may be owing to unexpressed reforming predilections, but it may also be set down to the good taste of his conservatism. But whatever may be the feelings of the shepherds, the voice of the sheep is sonorous and unequivocal. It has had its effect on the Commissioners, one of whom, it must not be forgotten, is, like Dr. Cardwell, "an eminent man, who is himself a member of the governing body." We do not find that Dr. Jeune absented him-

self from the meetings of the Commission during this part of their deliberations, as was done by one of his colleagues, on a subsequent occasion, to avoid the operation of personal bias; so full credit ought to be given for the value of his adhesion. When we read (Report, pp. 11, 12) that "it is anomalous that the government of this great institution should be committed to persons, the great majority of whom are elected by the fellows of the separate colleges out of their own narrow circle, often for reasons of a personal or social nature, and with little or no regard to the welfare of the University," and, "more anomalous still, that the literary interests of the University should be committed to persons who are not necessarily chosen for literary qualifications," it is important to recollect that these are words in which the instinctive sentiment of the unprivileged many is ratified by the deliberate judgment of one of the privileged few.

After this unprecedented concurrence of opinion, sanctioned by authority so unimpeachable, we may be spared the necessity of arguing against the Hebdomadal Board. It constitutes, in fact, the climax of the great corruption of Oxford, the superseding of the University by the Colleges, though the advocates of the collegiate system are second to none in their expressions of hostility to this last development of the usurpation which they so strenuously abet. But while the evil is palpable, the cure, as the Commissioners themselves feel, is not so clear. Wisely, in our opinion, they reject the simplest of the expedients proposed—that of "investing Convocation with the right of debating and amending all propositions submitted to its vote." So far from it, they would abridge the powers already possessed by that unruly and unenlightened body. We have since been told that "the shutting up of the great council" imperils "the heritage of Alfred and de Montfort:" but these magniloquent antiquarianisms fail to convince us of the desirableness of encumbering the academical legislature with a large body of persons in most cases originally incompetent, and further disqualified by lengthened absence from the place which is to be affected by their legislation. The Universities, as things now stand, are far too liberal in conferring a degree which ought to be a certificate of real merit; but as it is the country which is mainly in fault, so it is the country which mainly suffers by the lowering of the standard. But the disgrace becomes flagrant and cruel injustice when this indiscriminate assemblage of graduates is summoned to Oxford to neutralize and overwhelm the *bona fide* votes of distinguished men actively employed on the spot—to throw out a statute which nine-tenths of them would be puzzled to explain, or to degrade a theologian for an elaborate work known to them only by a few garbled extracts, and even those imperfectly apprehended. It is not a question of universal suffrage, of the Braintree rabble *versus* Major Beresford, strange as it would be that the Tory University should set so high a value on the popular voice. The masses of England are directly interested in the leading questions of English politics; they are alive to the imposition of taxes, and naturally anxious about their appropriation. But the masses of Oxford cannot be said to be concerned in a system with the working of which they have nothing whatever to do, and to the support of which, in spite of their slender yearly payments, they will not venture to pretend that they contribute anything. As members of the nation, they may justly claim to exercise a certain general control over the seats of national education; but that is already secured to them in Parliament and in public opinion. The cause of Convocation is not the cause of academical self-government, but the reverse—the cause of interference from without, and that not by a qualified functionary, but by a miscellaneous multitude—a thing to which the worst democracies, so far as we know, supply no parallel. Nothing, we fear, short of a *coup d'état* could sweep it away altogether: but we hail with delight any measure which tends to counteract its injurious efficiency. However, the only alternative is not between this reactionary ochlocracy and the "stable oligarchy of the Hebdomadal Board." It has been proposed to regenerate the Board itself either by enlargement or by diminution—by infusing new blood, or by lopping off useless limbs. But the Commissioners feel, and we think with justice, that neither plan would answer the desired end—the one as involving the evil of frequent elections, as the additions made would naturally consist of a selection from the tutors and professors; the other as making an invidious and possibly inefficacious distinction, while it would leave the grievances of the unrepresented residents wholly unredressed. Accordingly they suggest a *tertium quid* in the shape of a restoration of Congregation, the assembly of regents, which, as we explained formerly, was once a living reality, and is now an existing nullity. As regency now implies not teaching but simply juniority of standing, this body of course has to undergo reconstitution as well as emancipation. It is suggested that it should consist of the heads of houses and proctors, the professors and public lec-

turers, (a class which, as we shall see, the Report proposes considerably to increase,) and the senior tutor of each College. This assembly is to meet not regularly but by special summons, on the requisition of the heads, or of a certain number of its own members, and to deliberate in English on such matters as fall within the province of the University. The Hebdomadal Board is to remain, independently of its position in Congregation, for the purpose apparently of transacting administrative business, and of exercising the initiative just mentioned. Convocation, too, is to remain, in its present condition of a Lower House, receiving and (if it pleases) rejecting but not discussing bills, and electing the chancellor and the burgesses, though not the professors. This clemency, as we have said, we are inclined to grudge: nor do we sympathize with that which continues to the Hebdomadal Board an abbreviated authority. It is true that heads of Colleges, if deprived of their university functions, would find a large part of their occupation gone, and their offices would in consequence fall considerably as objects of ambition; but this cannot be helped, if indeed it would not be a positive advantage. The influence which the Commissioners would leave them is somewhat indeterminate; but we see no medium between an oppressive fact and an unmeaning fiction. We think, too, there is some academical pedantry in the notion of formally reviving an institution which has been a *caput mortuum* since the Reformation, as if it were absolutely necessary to shew a historical precedent for a change clearly good in itself, as if such precedents, when not followed literally, but strained to admit large modifications, could really be said to retain any appreciable historical value. Prudence, indeed, may sanction such nominal revivals, as concessions to scrupulous lawyers or timid Conservatives; but, on the other hand, they have a fatal tendency to encourage, what in Oxford needs no encouragement, that distrust of new remedies which, as Bacon remarks, is the surest way of incurring new diseases. Still, it is well to be thankful for what we can get; so we will not quarrel with the boon of Congregation either for its name or for its concomitants, but accept it in the hope that the old form may prove a new power, strong enough to control the two most uncongenial elements which are still suffered to co-exist with it.

The discipline of the University is the natural pendant to its administration. This question, as treated by the Commissioners, is a very wide one, embracing not only the condition of the present race of students, and the means of acting on them, but the whole subject of University Extension. The former part of it, however, though infinitely difficult to grapple with in practice, necessarily shrinks to a more moderate compass on paper. The more obvious kinds of mechanical restraint are already in force. The proctors preserve external decency, and cut off a certain proportion of facilities for temptation. The collegiate system, if good for nothing else, succeeds in securing to a small extent the personal supervision which is realized by boarding houses at schools. Hence with regard to two out of the three evils especially noted, sensual vice, gambling, and extravagance, the Commissioners have little to offer beyond a stereotyped exhortation to greater vigilance, which is tantamount to saying that no great diminution of their present amount is to be expected. The first of them, indeed, is merely a single aspect of an enormous social problem which, though daily becoming more and more urgent, scarcely any one ventures to approach: still we think that, without any breach of delicacy, it might have been spoken of more fully both in the Report and in the Evidence, if it were only to shew that the Commissioners, and others interested in education, had reflected on the subject, and felt its difficulty. But about extravagance there is a good deal more to be said. The respectable public has of late years become awake to the fact, that to have a son hampered with college debts is exceedingly inconvenient, and it not unnaturally asks, Why cannot University and College authorities stop it? In deference to this cry, the Commissioners enter at considerable length into a question which, as it seems to us, they do not themselves regard as a very profitable one. They even venture to suggest that the Legislature might do something by enacting, that no debt shall be recoverable from a minor *in statu pupillari*, unless the bills shall have been sent in within a certain time to the pupil, and, if necessary, to his tutor. Another of their remedies, though classed by them as indirect, strikes us as much more to the purpose—the summary removal of idle and extravagant students. But then comes the pinch, Would the respectable public support the authorities in taking such stringent measures? in other words, Would it be wise enough to see that the less promising part of the rising generation must be sacrificed to save the rest? We fear not. "Ces pères de famille sont capables de tout:" and though ready enough to speak of their grievances as a class, they feel and act as individuals. Some would talk of cruelty and injustice, others of ill-judged and im-

pertinent interference. And if the result were, as it probably would be, a visible diminution of numbers even in the most flourishing Colleges, would principals and vice-principals have the strength of mind to perceive that this failure was probably temporary, to be followed by a return of public confidence equal in quantity and increased in quality a hundred fold, and that in any case their duty to the youth of England is to be performed not by lowering themselves to its standard, but by raising it to theirs? We suspect that the Committee of Heads of Houses in 1846, in declaring that little would be done by direct interference, was not sorry to discourage an activity which might lead to unpleasant consequences. "Malumus regnum vastatum esse quam damnatum," is a hard saying—perhaps more than can be expected from any whose convictions are not of equal strength with the bigotry that originally uttered it. Yet Arnold was found to declare, that while it was not necessary that Rugby should be a school of 300, or 100, or 50 boys, it was necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen; and it would be humiliating to think that such sentiments were utterly unknown to the officials of his own University. Certainly no better answer could be given to the complaints of parents than the announcement of a resolution to purify the College atmosphere till it could be safely breathed by the weak and inexperienced. The onus would then be thrown on society, which would have to bear it as it best might. Meantime there is one recommendation of the Commissioners, which, supported as it is by the great bulk of the evidence, will, we trust, encounter but little opposition—the abolition of all academical distinctions of rank and wealth. After ages will hardly credit, that up to 1852, Oxford so far encouraged some of the worst tendencies of the English character, as to accept extra fees from as many of its students as thought it worth their while to go to the expense, and grant them in return a measure of exemption from that moral and intellectual discipline which, on general grounds, she declared to be essential.

On the subject of University extension our own opinions have already been expressed too fully to need repetition. It must be confessed, however, that both the Report of the Commissioners and the great body of the evidence are decidedly against us. When we are despondent they are sanguine. We do not wish to underrate the importance of such an accumulated weight of testimony. But we should have thought more highly of it if it had obviously been given after a deliberate consideration of the arguments that present themselves on the other side. We never disguised from ourselves that on this point we were dissenters from the catholic faith of University reformers; we only felt that we had protestant reasons to render for our dissidence. Thus, when we find that neither the Commissioners nor the mass of their supporters appear to have been insensible of the difficulties which struck us as not only grave but insuperable, we can hardly think our position altered from what it was in November 1850. Mr. Clough, late Fellow and Tutor of Oriel College, and afterwards Principal of the new Hall in connexion with the London University, is the only one whose adhesion to the orthodox belief seems to be based on a full consciousness that there are two sides to the question. But against his testimony we may set off that of Mr. Mansel, Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, whose views as nearly as possible coincide with those hazarded by ourselves. No allusion is made to this part of his evidence in the Report: while Mr. Clough, though quoted at length, as having "well argued the whole question," is appealed to, not in answer to objections actual or possible, but simply in confirmation of a sentiment assumed to be universally prevalent. We will give such extracts from the arguments of both these gentlemen as may enable our readers to judge of them positively as well as comparatively.

After stating the presumption which the increase of commercialism affords against the success of any attempt to extend the University, Mr. Clough proceeds,—

"Though there certainly is a good deal of reluctance to allow much time for education before business, yet it seems to be true that the opposite feeling gains ground. If fathers are on one side, mothers are on the other. It is not uncommon for a merchant to send his son abroad, after leaving school, for a year's experience of the world. The apprenticeship both for solicitors and merchants, it is said, might be abridged with advantage. Indefinite fears of extravagant and dissipated courses, the notion of unfit habits and ideas and useless studies and tastes, would undoubtedly operate long enough to make the change extremely gradual. But if those fears are, as I believe them to be, exaggerated, and that notion only half true, experience would surely, however gradually, lessen the former and modify the latter. The sphere which already includes the London banker would presently be extended over other commercial classes. More and more young men, sons of the more affluent parents, destined for business, would be brought under the influence of the ancient rational education. There would perhaps be a pressure for earlier

admission than is now usual. Yet the data of University or King's College, London, must not be overstrained. They prove, perhaps, that classical and mathematical instruction, even when modified for modern views, is not a sufficient attraction. But Oxford and Cambridge have others. On the whole, I venture to conclude that there are a great many young men who ought to come to the old Universities, and who would come. What keeps them away is, I believe, rather the want of confidence than the actual amount of expense. Single colleges, I am told, in which confidence is felt, are applied to by numbers, who, if refused admission there, do not come to the University at all. I would suggest to Her Majesty's Commissioners the analogy of the public schools. Twenty years ago somewhat of a similar feeling prevailed respecting them. May not the next twenty years as greatly extend the University system as the last have the public schools? I do not at all say that these as they now are perfect, but they are extensively useful; and any change which experience shall prove to be needed will not knock at those doors altogether hopelessly. The vessel is in motion, and its course may be guided. And certainly, if I may judge by personal recollections of the conduct of that change, during what may be called its eight first years, under the most vigorous and effective of the reconstructing hands, a good deal of unfearing experimentation may and should in such cases be hazarded."—*Evidence*, pp. 212, 213, quoted in *Report*, p. 97.

On the other hand, Mr. Mansel says,—

"I do not think that any great scheme of University extension is practicable in the present day. The whole current of society appears to be setting in an opposite direction. In an age of great competition of all trades and professions, few parents will send a son to spend three years at the University in the general enlargement of his mind, when he might be concentrating his faculties in his own business in the office, the counting-house, or the surgery. It gives his competitors too great a start in the race of life. Nor would this be in any great degree obviated by making University education more professional. The University must undertake to supply all the technical details of each special apprenticeship, or she will be unable to compete with any as a training-school for money-making. Such a teaching of technicalities is not desirable, and, what is more to the purpose, it is not practicable: the working part of every business will be best learned on the spot where it is exercised. Even as regards theoretical study, I believe that the minute cultivation of special departments of knowledge is as incompatible with the local grouping of all on the same spot, as with the possession of universal information by a single mind. A study, to be cultivated with real zeal, must be *the* study of the place. Each separate branch tends in its progress to acquire, not merely its own special devotees, but its own special locality. If the whole tendency of the age is to education as the means of earning a living, if, relatively to that purpose, practical experience is everything, and if centralization of all branches of knowledge is not the best means of gaining practical experience in one only, general University extension is in this respect a backward, not a forward step. . . . The Church is about the only profession to which the above remarks do not apply; partly because clerical duties are not, like those of other professions, a direct means of pecuniary competition, and partly because the canonical period fixed for ordination prevents the struggle for an early start in the race of life. And it must be allowed that the tendency of late years has been to make the Universities, in an educational point of view, chiefly a training-school for clergymen, or for men of fortune who need no profession. In this respect the amount of University extension will be in a great degree regulated by the relations of supply and demand for labour in one particular department. And this has always appeared to me to be the weak point in the demand so frequently heard of late of very cheap education for very poor men. The question is frequently argued as if the B.A. degree were the end of a man's natural, as it generally is of his academical, life. Were this the case it might be a worthy object of every exertion to secure for him such a glorious euthanasia. But the further question remains, what can you do with your man when you have educated him? Is it really a charity to fit him for one walk only in life, to give him much general cultivation of mind, but little special means of bread-making; to turn him out too poor to associate with his equals in culture, too cultivated to associate with his equals in purse? Will Church extension meet the supply? and are very poor curates the most desirable or the only practicable means of Church extension? or is it expedient or practicable to introduce, as is largely the case in Germany, a body of family tutorships as a provision for poor scholars; in other words, to combine on a large scale the education of a gentleman with the condition of a servant? And will not the victim occasionally wish that dignity had been sacrificed to comfort, and that he had been sent behind the counter?"—*Evidence*, pp. 19, 20.

In one respect Mr. Clough's opinion is the more valuable of the two, as being presumably the result of a more extensive experience, the judgment of one who knows London as well as Oxford. We suspect, however, that distance lends enchantment to his view of the prospects of his original Alma Mater. Against the fact of an undeniable tendency he has little to offer beyond surmises and possibilities. The analogy of the public schools, to which he appeals, will not carry him very far. Their history during the last twenty years proves that it is possible to introduce with success considerable changes into an old established system of instruction, supposing external circumstances to be favourable. But this supposition is precisely what in the case of the Universities we are not entitled to make. There was nothing to prevent a reform in the public schools but the feelings of those who were

attached to the *status quo*. If the reactionary process has already commenced, as we grieve to think that it has, in the very head-quarters of improvement,—Arnold's own school of Rugby,—that is owing not to any irresistible obstacles existing in the nature of things, but simply and solely to a change of dynasty, such as may be brought about any day by a body of conservative trustees. Boys intended for business could be sent to public schools so soon as their parents became convinced that the instruction to be got there would be useful and not merely ornamental. Some might remain at school during the whole of the usual time, and others could be withdrawn earlier, whenever an opening for them could be found elsewhere. But it does not follow, that because our future merchants and manufacturers can be spared from the counting-house or the factory till the age of sixteen, or even nineteen, they are to be tempted by any amount of educational or economical reform to defer their entry into life to their twenty-second or twenty-third year. On the contrary, it is obvious that where the demands of a school are complied with reluctantly, those of a University are sure to be refused altogether. The fact is, that, as Mr. Griffiths remarks, (Evidence, p. 202,) our public schools have taken the place and do the work of what our Universities were in former times, so that an argument from the success of the one to that of the other is not only inconsequent but absolutely suicidal. The instance of the London bankers only proves that men whose fortunes are assured can afford to exempt their sons, to a certain extent, from that competition to which the less favoured have to submit. But those are surely exceptional cases in which a man of business can hope to hold his own by mere hereditary right, like a landowner or a member of a Whig cabinet. Since our last article appeared Mr. Cobden has told the people of Manchester what sort of education it is that the nature and opportunities of manufacturing life will allow. Standard works are to give place to periodicals, Thucydides to the Times. Can our rulers believe that if *he* could have been got to furnish evidence to the Commissioners, his estimate of the literary leisure of the younger portion of his order would have agreed with Mr. Clough's?

But although we think with Mr. Mansel that the vision of an extended University belongs rather to the irrevocable past than to the possible future, we cordially concur in the remedial measures suggested in the report. New halls, private lodgings, connected with or independent of colleges, and admission of strangers to professorial lectures, are improvements which will suit Oxford as it is, no less than Oxford as it will be. The College monopoly, as the Commissioners appear to see, is an evil in any case, productive of useless expense, without any counterbalancing advantage: and its destruction is a simple matter of justice to those classes of society already within the academical pale, as well as to those, be they many or few, who are deterred from entering solely by the expense of the academical course. It may be said, indeed, that should no large extension take place, the accommodation already supplied will be amply sufficient; but we can hardly be expected to listen to reasoning which virtually contends that students are to be forced to reside within College walls merely because College walls have been erected for their reception. Any suggestion for the improvement of the University is surely entitled to a hearing on its own merits, subject to no reservation of the rights of empty buildings or their unprotected proprietors. Let us say then that we admire the magnanimity with which the Commissioners recommend that a fair trial should be given to all of the four plans already referred to, simply on account of the evidence with which each is supported, though themselves doubting the feasibility of one or two of the number. It is only by such a spirit of liberal concession that the cause of reform can possibly be advanced in these days, when the dissatisfaction of years has to find expression in a moment, and every sufferer draws on his own experience for a universal remedy. Oxford is now in the position of Germany in 1848; no Parliamentary Government has taught it the measure of political practicability; its soundest and best thinkers have never felt that they could secure the carrying of even the most common-sense proposition by the strength of ordinary combination, much less by the mere force of reason: and the only thing to be wondered at is, that a manifesto representing so great a variety of floating opinion should contain so little individual crotchet. In the present instance, we think the simultaneous developement of rival schemes may prove to be not only necessary, but positively beneficial. Even where they encroach on each other's sphere, the public may reap advantage from the competition. Existing side by side, they may tend to neutralize each other's defects.

We have no great affection for the project of a hall for poor students, as we believe that the line of demarkation thus introduced would be equally injurious to the poor and the rich, impressing the former with a daily sense of social inferiority, and confirming

the latter in any habits of indolence or insolence which they may have formed already. But the evil would be mitigated if the cheap hall were to present itself as one out of many means of avoiding expense, so that the choice might not lie between aularian frugality and collegiate extravagance. On other grounds nothing, as we conceive, can be said against restoring to the academical body the liberty of opening fresh halls. The enactment which took away the right seems to have been passed for the benefit of the Chancellor, whose power it helped to consolidate; but the purposes which it has really secured have been those of the College oligarchy. The question as it stands now is in effect that of the voluntary system against an effete establishment. The same cause which engages the interests of inferior men in support of the existing monopoly makes really able and energetic persons anxious for its abolition. They would far rather trust to their own powers of attracting students than to the prestige of an institution which, whatever its endowments, must always seem to them more or less hampered and paralyzed. The complaint indeed may be met in a much more obvious way by a reform of the Colleges themselves, such as, we shall see, the Commissioners proceed to propose. But though it would have been absurd for them, in their position, with an unlimited power of suggestion, to attempt to compass their object otherwise than directly, it is but common prudence in us to remind our readers that changes are seldom effected wholesale, and that a large portion of a reformer's work will generally be in the counteraction rather than in the removal of evils. As for affiliated halls, supplementary to the several Colleges, it is hardly worth while to waste a word in their defence. As the Commissioners remark, they would be mere extensions of the parent societies, so that no objection on the ground of principle can possibly apply to them. Difficulties of detail, such as want of funds, and want of building ground, are palpably matters of consideration for the Colleges which are ambitious of so extending themselves. It might be a question whether they should be obliged to found halls; but nothing can be said against repealing any statute which forbids them to do so. The real obstacle which would probably prevent the reception of such a proposal by the present governors of Oxford, the jealousy felt by the inferior Colleges, which owe their continuance in any shape mainly to the limitations imposed on the developement of their more meritorious rivals, can be powerful only so long as it is not openly avowed. Lodgings in connexion with Colleges are another expedient which may be rapidly dismissed. The apprehension of a relaxed discipline is the only objection, and that may, perhaps, be worth something. Cambridge, where, if we mistake not, about half the students of the larger Colleges reside in lodgings, is commonly reputed to be less moral than Oxford; and from *post hoc* to *propter hoc* is an easy inference. There are, however, some reasons for doubting its validity in the present instance. So far as morality, in the common sense of the term, is promoted by actual restraint, its guardianship is in the hands of the University Proctor, rather than in those of the College Tutor. The necessity of being in doors by midnight, in Mr. Pattison's words, affords no great amount of protection; and that, such as it is, may be secured, though not perfectly, by making the lodging-house keepers responsible to the Colleges for their lodgers. The educational routine of the College would be equally binding on in-door and out-door pupils. On the other hand, the good effects of the Cambridge system are clear and unequivocal. It is sufficient to say that it enables the first College in Europe to double the number of its students.

The next plan recommended in the Report finds its precedent not in Cambridge but in the Scottish and Continental Universities—that of independent lodgings. It is, in fact, a return to the ancient University system, when Colleges were not; and as such, is sure to be vigorously opposed by all whom interest or conviction engages on the side of the existing monopoly. It has, however the warm approbation of the Commissioners, who evidently expect far greater results from it than from any other project of extension. There can be little doubt that they are right. No better, because no more direct means can be devised for placing an Oxford education within the reach of *all* who may happen to wish for it. We do not believe, as we have said repeatedly, that any large accession is to be expected from classes who are at present excluded not so much by formal enactments, as by the necessities of English life; but there will always be some natures willing to accept education at the risk of a future struggle for existence, and in their case the compulsory expenditure of a College course operates as a real disfranchisement. All that they ask is to be allowed to live in Oxford as they would in any other place, without having to submit to a system not calculated for their special exigencies. For such men a cheap hall might have some advantages, but it would

have many drawbacks, independently of the outlay necessary for its establishment. Even the regulations to which the Commissioners propose to subject these lodgings would have to be cautiously applied, so as not to interfere with that private and personal character which belongs to all really economical living. On the other hand, there would be little fear that lodgers of this class would abuse their liberty. The circumstances of their connexion with the University would be a far more efficient safeguard to them than the discipline of College officers, which they would be without, or that of the Proctors, to which they would still be amenable. Permission to live independently in lodgings, the Commissioners naturally presume would only be granted on special application to the Vice-Chancellor, who might easily command sufficient information as to the antecedents of the applicant. It is merely in accordance with the analogy of ordinary life that the sons of the poor should require, as they receive, less of vigilant superintendence than those of the rich. These considerations, we trust, may serve to quiet the alarms which are already beginning to be expressed at the mere announcement of so revolutionary a proposal.

At any rate, the last point raised by the Commissioners is one at which even timidity itself need not be startled. It appears that persons unconnected with the University are at present allowed to be present at professorial lectures, and even to receive certificates of attendance, so that all that is needed is that the permission should not be withdrawn when the Professoriate becomes really active, and every subject of knowledge is expounded with the same ability and zeal which is now extended only to two or three.

It may be fairly pleaded, too, that the advocates of University extension have a right to have their disabilities removed. We feel as they do, that practice is the only test of the truth or falsehood of their anticipations; and when what is asked is not protection, but simply freedom to act, it would be the mere prejudice of ultra-conservatism to refuse the request. The following appeal is from one of the most efficient of the tutorial body, Mr. Pattison:—

"Instead of guessing in the dark at the probable effect, [of these plans,] let us make the experiment. Let it not be forgotten that we diverted the Great Western Railway to Didcot, for fear of its bad effects on our discipline. What is urged is not the creation of any new machinery, not that the University should undertake to do any thing more, but that an oppressive restriction should be removed, and the field thrown open to private enterprise and energy. When free, this will speedily run into the best channels. Let us leave halls and colleges, old and new, all with unlimited liberty of admission to work together, and trust to the power of self-adjustment in things which will bring to the surface the capabilities of the several methods. It might be allowed for ten years; nothing will have been done that cannot then be recalled. If the evil now anticipated should be found to result from lodging in the town, we shall then be warranted in recalling the students within the walls, and shall be supported by public opinion in so doing. Or private munificence, or government, would then more probably come forward to erect *hospitia* to meet a proved need than to provide for a probable one. It might be found that both methods (*i.e.*, halls and lodging out) would work well *together*, as accommodating different classes of persons. There would always be found persons who would be willing to pay the existing high rates for the advantages they believe to attach to domestication under our roofs; while all that class who cannot afford £120 to £130 per annum, but who could afford from £60 to £80, would, by this single enactment, be admitted to the general benefits of University education. It is incumbent, indeed, on a University to be cautious and deliberate in all its proceedings. But experiments are not necessarily rash—there are wise ones; there are even wise experiments in legislation which do not answer, and then to desist from them involves no disgrace. On the other hand, nothing would be more feeble than for us to emerge from this crisis of opinion with a scheme of paltry reforms. A great measure vindicates itself, and helps its own success. The present is a moment which may be made very decisive. I would earnestly press, not indeed the more comprehensive measure that one could wish for—for that the public mind, either in the University or the country, is not prepared—but such an extension as will at least set agitation on that subject at rest for some years to come. We in Oxford are weary of scheming, suggesting, and pamphleteering. Give us leave to be doing something. Untie our hands, and open our gates, and let us at least try if we can attract here, and can usefully deal with that large circle of youth whom we are told we ought to have here. If only a little relaxation is given us, and if then our numbers do not increase, it will be impossible to avoid ascribing that to the usual abortiveness of half measures. But, indeed, the utmost that is now asked for is truly little. The ideal of a national university is that it should be co-extensive with the nation—it should be the common source of all the higher (or secondary) instruction for the country; but the proposed measure would, after all, only go part of the way towards making it co-extensive with that part of the nation which supports the Established Church."—*Evidence*, pp. 43, 44.

Whatever we may think of University extension, we cannot doubt that it is the interest of Oxford to place herself in the

hands of men of this stamp. Their labours may be fatal to sinecures and monopolies, but they will not injure anything that is worth preserving. Ten years of their failures will do more for the University and the country, than ten years of the greatest success which can be attained in these days by the organized imbecility of a collegiate oligarchy.

We ought not to omit to mention that the Commissioners glance in passing at another sort of exclusion—that by religious Tests. The general question of the admission of Dissenters is one which they were instructed not to entertain, though several of those who have given evidence condemn the present policy in terms much more decided than those just quoted from Mr. Pattison: but they consider that the particular mode of exclusion comes fairly within the scope of their inquiry in connexion with the morality and discipline of the University. Accordingly, they proceed briefly but emphatically to enumerate their objections to the existing practice of subscription, censuring it as arbitrary, indefinite, and harassing, uncertain in operation, and generally demoralizing. As we wish to imitate their conciseness, we will only copy their conclusion, in which we cordially coincide:—"We do not offer any suggestion as to the manner in which the evil should be remedied; but we must express our conviction that the imposition of subscription, in the manner in which it is now imposed in the University of Oxford, habituates the mind to give a careless assent to truths which it has never considered, and naturally leads to sophistry in the interpretation of solemn obligations."

From the taught the Report naturally passes to the teaching and the teachers. We need not follow it into the history of the old Laudian examination for the B.A. degree, further than to notice an extraordinary statement by the present Hebdomadal Board, who, in their Letter to the Duke of Wellington on the announcement of the Commission, speak of "the academic system of study" as having been "admirably arranged in 1636, at a time when not only the nature and faculties of the human mind were exactly what they are still, and must of course remain, but the principles also of sound and enlarged intellectual culture were far from imperfectly understood." Will our readers believe that this system, within a short time of its establishment, fell into a neglect from which it has never recovered, partly from defects in its provisions, partly from the culpable complicity of the authorities? It is now superseded by another, resembling it neither in the subjects of study, nor in the mode of examination, which, after existing for half a century without any very substantial change, has recently, though with great difficulty, and in spite of pertinacious opposition, been made to undergo considerable reforms. Even as it is, however, it exhibits grave faults, which are duly noted, though not wholly remedied by the Commissioners.

The most crying sin of the unreformed system was, that it demanded from the student either too much or too little. It demanded too much, if we look to its nominal requirements, involving a real proficiency in three very different branches of knowledge—classical philology, moral and mental philosophy, and Greek and Roman history. It demanded too little, if we judge it by the results which were practically found to satisfy an examiner, a certain acquaintance with the language and substance of twelve or thirteen books, most of them single works of some classical author, a facility in recollecting and using the jargon of contradictory systems of philosophy, and a moderate—sometimes a very moderate—measure of skill in Greek and Latin composition. The end proposed was the imparting of general cultivation; the means adopted were the destruction or injury of any special aptitude which the student might possess by compelling him to bestow time and trouble on subjects which were never likely to engage his mind to any purpose, though they might very well succeed in dissipating it. This evil has been aggravated rather than mitigated by the authors of the late reforms. Two new schools are added to the old bipartite divisions of Classics and Mathematics, viz., those of Physical Science and of Modern History; but the great advantage to be expected from such an enlargement, the comprehension of students whom a narrower range of subjects had failed to attract, is neutralized by a clause requiring every candidate for a degree to pass through two schools out of the four. And while this new grievance is added, the old one remains substantially untouched. *Besides the Greek and Latin languages*—such are the words of the statute—candidates for classical honours are to be prepared with philosophy and ancient history as before. Those who know experimentally what the Greek and Latin languages include will smile at the *πάντολμος ἀμαθία*, the confident sciolism, which thus parenthetically assumes an acquaintance with them on the part of an undergraduate as a sort of preliminary requisite. Practically, we believe, the words are

likely to become mere surplusage, philosophy and ancient history alone being required. In other words, classical scholarship is to have no place whatever in the final examination. This is certainly one way of getting rid of a self-imposed difficulty. Oxford is to have a school of *literæ humaniores*, from which humane letters, so called, are to be expressly excluded—Hamlet with the character of Hamlet omitted by particular request. The Commissioners do not seem to have anticipated this solution, which has been announced since their Report appeared. They are sensible, however, that classical scholarship in Oxford requires an encouragement which no system of examinations, reformed or unreformed, has yet supplied; and they see that the only thing to be done is to give it a department of its own. Yet even they are not free from the Oxford vice of overloading. They talk of a school of philosophy, which is to embrace not only Latin and Greek, but Sanscrit and the Oriental languages, and also those of modern Europe. It is true that they would allow the student to select one or more languages as his especial study. But this, if really carried out, would create not one school but many, with different subjects and different examiners, while in practice it would probably come to the exaction of a superficial acquaintance with most or all of the languages included. The conception of an examination in *comparative* philology, which seems to lie at the bottom of this proposal, is sufficiently disposed of by Sir William Hamilton in his elaborate appendix on *Oxford as it might be*, (subjoined to his recent republication of *Discussions on Philosophy*, &c.,) from which it may be worth while to extract a few sentences. "This doctrine," that of ethnology, "most curious and important in itself, is, *as a result to be taken upon trust*, so limited, that it may be comprised in a brief book, in fact, in a single table: whereas, *if intelligently known*, that is, in its grounds, it imposes an acquaintance with some ten, twenty, fifty,—in truth, with above a hundred languages and dialects. Now, to institute a chair for a professor to retail his second-hand opinions is sufficiently foolish; but the lectures would be equally inept for academical education were the professor, instead of speaking on the authority of others, himself a Mezzofanti and a Grimm in one: himself cognizant of all the relations of all the languages on which he founds: for the pupils would still be only passive recipients of another's dicta, and *their* comparative philology, at least, would at best be the philology of parrots. . . . Ethnology is thus misplaced in being made a subject of academical discipline, objectively, an important knowledge, it remains, subjectively, an unimportant mechanism."—(Pp. 690, 691, note.) The same high authority, however, emphatically recommends the cultivation of "another philology." "Nothing," he says, "can better exercise the mind than a rational study, either of the grammar of a known language, or of universal grammar, illustrated by the languages with which a student is acquainted. Here every doctrine of the teacher is elaborated by the taught. Yet this most valuable science, (an applied logic and psychology,) and most profitable exercise of mind, is wholly neglected in our Universities." We trust that this reproach will not long continue to attach to Oxford, though we doubt the existence of energy within the University sufficient to effect its removal. It might be difficult, however, to make a satisfactory division of subjects. Applied logic and psychology would seem rather to belong to a school of mental philosophy, such as the Commissioners proceed to advocate. Indeed, Sir William Hamilton himself, in a subsequent part of his Appendix, (p. 732,) when he comes to speak definitely of the subjects proper for a University course, holds very different language. He there discriminates the two kinds of knowledge which he would connect with the highest academical distinction as empirical and rational —the former a knowledge of the *fact*, comprehending "all dexterity at language, all familiarity with literary products, all acquaintance with historical record . . . . limited to the domain of Greek and Roman letters," the latter a knowledge of the *cause* or *reason*, comprehending, "in a proximate sphere, the science of mind, in its faculties, its laws, and its relations, (Psychology, Logic, Morals, Politics, &c.); in a less proximate sphere, the science of the instrument of mind, (Grammar, Rhetoric, Poetic," &c.) The first he would call the department (or school) of humane letters, the second that of philosophy. "The present confusion," he says, "of the empirical and the rational, in the one department of *literæ humaniores*, originates in the inability of the tutors, as at present constituted, to teach philosophy as it was taught of old, and as by statute it should be taught still." Just as the reflection may be, we doubt whether the evil would be really remedied by the division proposed. "The nature and faculties of the human mind" may be the same now as they were in 1636, even in the case of an Oxford undergraduate: but, in those days, the body of rational knowledge, if ac-

quired at all, (a point about which the Commissioners are judiciously sceptical,) was acquired in seven years, not in three or four. As it is, we tremble to think of the probable results of a formal examination, not only in Psychology, Logic, Morals, and Politics, but in Grammar, Rhetoric, and Poetic. We know of but one man who would be bold enough to undertake any office in connexion with such a school, and that man is Mr. Sewell. Surely the four first-named subjects would be amply sufficient for a high department, without the addition of the three last. On the other hand, it does not seem unreasonable to expect an *intelligent* knowledge of Greek and Latin—a knowledge, that is, of principles as well as of facts—both from teachers and learners. The examination in that, in short, should include all the requisites which are usually understood to concur in forming an accomplished classical scholar. We would exclude "all acquaintance with historical record," thinking, with the Commissioners, that history may properly claim a separate school, in which there need be no distinction of ancient and modern. Sir William Hamilton, it is true, does not wish to confine one class of students to rational, and another to empirical knowledge. On the contrary, he thinks that a minimum, not in one, but in each, ought to be established as the condition of a degree at all. We can only repeat our conviction, that a student who is expected to know many things will, as a general rule, know nothing to any purpose. Surely what is wanted is a knowledge, both rational and empirical, of some one subject. In earlier years instruction is naturally miscellaneous: the memory is the only faculty in full development, and the boy is taught a variety of things of which it is judged important that he should know something. But, as the other mental powers become matured, special education is seen to be more and more of a necessity, with reference, not merely to a professional occupation, but to the culture of the mind itself. It is precisely because, with Sir William Hamilton, we should lament to see our Universities "declining into popular seminaries for the cultivation of the superficial, the amusing, the palpable, the materially useful," that we would have the Oxford student, in the last year of his pupilage, left perfectly free to take his own course—free to concentrate himself on classics, or mental philosophy, or history, or mathematics, so that the progress which he makes may be genuine, and the honours which are awarded to him really significant.

With regard to the further object which the Commissioners hope to attain, by a reform of academical studies, the restoration of a connection between the Universities and the learned professions, we must confess ourselves still unconvinced. We think, as we said in our previous article, that the separation which has taken place has been owing, not only to the shortcomings of the Universities, but to the general course of society, so that we can have no great faith in any merely intra-academical remedy. To the case of Theology, indeed, this remark does not apply. If divinity students are driven to seek instruction elsewhere, at Wells, or Chichester, it is mainly because Oxford offers them none. Even the moral disadvantages, which, as Mr. Lake justly remarks, make a University an unadvisable place for candidates for orders, are, to a certain extent, curable. Nor can we see any sufficient reason why Theology should not be made the subject of examinations and honourable distinctions. Such a stimulus would increase knowledge: it would not diminish reverence. It is not the scholar, but the dunce—not the candidate for honours, but the aspirant to an ordinary degree—who speaks and thinks disrespectfully of his books. On the other hand, it would be difficult to overrate the evils arising from the "lack of knowledge." Whatever dangers may threaten the Church of England, none can be greater than the distrust produced by the conviction that there are questions which the clergy, as a body, are unprepared to meet. A really educated clergyman is a "restorer of belief," quite independently of any influence which he may excite by teaching or writing. But from the schools of jurisprudence and physical science we expect no such important results. It would be hopeless, as the Commissioners see, to establish in Oxford a strictly professional education; and the number of those who can afford time for any other is likely to become less, rather than greater. At the same time, we are quite disposed to believe that a considerable portion of legal and physical knowledge might be communicated through the medium of University lectures, and that an undergraduate would do well to get a foretaste of his profession before he begins to attend chambers, or walk the hospitals. Oxford may make her teaching useful to those who still come to her, without flattering herself with hopes of recovering those whom she has unavoidably lost.

We have lingered so long among the more important details of the Oxford examinations, that we can merely allude to those which remain behind. The Commis-

missioners recommend an examination at matriculation, but discourage one for the higher degrees. The first is absolutely required as a protection to the University against the facility of the inferior colleges, which not only sacrifice their own character, but lower the standard of the public examinations, by the admission of unqualified members. It might be well, as the Commissioners suggest, to allow deficiency in one branch to be compensated by proficiency in another, so as not to exclude those who have not had the advantage of the ordinary course of previous instruction. But to shut the gates of the University on incurable ignorance, whether voluntary or involuntary, whether found among the rich or the poor, is no more than common sense and common justice. In discussing the question of the higher degrees, the Commissioners have scarcely shewn their wonted courage or penetration. It may be desirable, under present circumstances, to let a higher degree follow as a matter of course, where a lower one has been fairly obtained; but it cannot be well that any degree should be conferred on a candidate whose qualifications are unknown. Yet this is what they propose in the case of Divinity and Law, both the degrees in which are supposed to be supplementary to the lower degree in Arts. Surely they might have seen that here at least was an opportunity of turning the new schools to some practical account. What would be easier than to make the lower degrees in Divinity, Law, and Medicine conditional in passing an examination in the schools of Theology, Jurisprudence, and Physical Science? The present practice of postponing these degrees to later periods of University standing is a mere anachronism, belonging to the Laudian system, with its long course of years. In a modern scheme they ought clearly to be allowed to fall into their natural place, so as to become co-ordinate with the degree of B.A., as at present conferred. The student, after graduating in some one of the non-professional schools, might offer himself for examination in that faculty in which he desired, for professional reasons, to obtain a degree. This would involve no addition to the existing requirements, which oblige a candidate for the B.A. degree to go through two schools at least, at the same time that it would introduce an intelligible distinction between those who wish to prosecute their non-professional studies and those who regard their academical education merely as subsidiary to some one of the professions. The degrees of the University would be made what they should be, a reality, while the indignity, as Mr. Wall calls it, of examining senior men would be successfully avoided.

We now approach one of the most important parts of the Report—that which treats of the instruction of the University, with reference to the teachers. The historical sketch which we gave in our former Article must have enabled our readers to appreciate the difference in this respect between ancient and modern Oxford. The authorized teaching of the University was formerly conducted by the University itself: it is now in the hands of the Colleges—a change which has taken place in violation rather than in pursuance of the Statutes. To remedy this abuse, by establishing the Professorial system, not in place of, but by the side of the Tutorial, is the task to which the Commissioners have addressed themselves.

It was hardly to be expected that the existing regime would meet with extreme severity at the hands of the Commissioners. That men, most of whom either are or were recently in actual connection with the University, should canvass strictly the qualifications of a body, comprising the majority of the working residents, is not in human nature. Sir William Hamilton, however, is molested by no such scruples. With the unrelenting eye of a systematic philosopher, he investigates the antecedents of the Tutorial staff of each College, and the effects of their teaching, as shown in the academical successes of their pupils, combining the whole in a tabular view in which College is weighed against College with a minute accuracy extending even to fractions. The results of the comparison as regards particular Colleges, are not always such as the experience of an Oxford man would endorse—a fault owing to causes which it would be tedious to explain; but the general conclusion is clearly made out—the fact of an enormous difference between College and College, in respect of educational power. It would not be fair to rely wholly or principally on the success of the pupil as a proof of the competency of the tutor, though the two are generally supposed to bear some kind of relation to each other, and a College is to a certain extent responsible for the class of under-graduates whom its reputation attracts. But Sir William Hamilton stands on firm ground when he calls attention to the fact, that "in the two departments which the University possesses, and which the Colleges and Tutors are, *de facto*, exclusively authorized to teach, the whole Collegial Tutors (49) have only, of their body, in *Literæ Humaniores*, about *a half* (26), in Mathematics, about *a sixth* (8), of the first class;" and concludes that "if

there be any connection between superior knowledge and superior tuition, Oxford now abandons, indifferently, the work of education to competent and incompetent hands."—(P. 701.) We need not stop to remark that the test of the public examinations, though, of course, not infallible, is generally a fair one—not to mention that the University itself elects to be tried by it; and that, as a matter of fact, the most efficient Colleges are those which number most first class men among their tutors. It is of more importance to show that the result complained of is due entirely to the Colleges themselves. The nomination of tutors belongs, apparently by an unstatutable usurpation, solely to the Head of the College, who selects them almost invariably from the Fellows, preference being mostly given to seniority. Owing to the restrictions with which all the Colleges are more or less fettered, there are very few instances in which the election to a Fellowship is entirely open, so as to secure the services of the ablest man in the University not otherwise provided for. Thus, neither the persons in whom the choice of tutors is vested, the principle of choice, nor the field of choice, are such as to promise any large measure of educational success. If anything be wanted to complete the condemnation of the system, it is to be found in the sentence practically passed on it by the University itself in the tacit recognition of private tutors, a class of men who, as the Commissioners remark, though unknown to University or College statutes, exercise at once the personal supervision belonging to the original *Tutores*, and the privilege of free teaching which is the statutable right of all graduates. When we consider that this kind of instruction has become popular under infinite discouragement both direct and indirect, the real teaching of the best men in the University having, as is admitted by one of the most decided opponents of the system, Mr. Congreve, lain for some time past in the hands of the private tutors, though the money paid to them by the Students is not in place of but in addition to that which is exacted for College tuition, we shall learn what to think of the indefeasible right of a usurpation which has failed to justify itself not only in the eyes of the world, but even in those of its perpetrators. What plea can be urged in favour of those who are found wanting, when weighed in a balance which they have themselves been allowed to trim?

The means by which the Commissioners propose to remedy this state of things are, the reform of the Colleges and the reanimation of the Professoriate. The Tutors are to be left in *statu quo*, security being taken for their fitness by the removal of the restrictions on Fellowship elections, while those whom they have supplanted are re-established and fortified by fresh endowments drawn chiefly from the Colleges themselves. Under these circumstances, it is believed that the two systems would work well side by side, each occupying its own sphere without encroaching on that of the other. The Private Tutors are not to be directly interfered with: but hopes are expressed that their influence may be diminished, partly by the improvement of public instruction, and the greater facilities given to individual superintendence by the College Tutors, partly by the absorption of the more eminent among the Private Tutors themselves into the Professoriate, which is to have a lower department of University Lecturers, taking the more elementary part of the work, and acting as a sort of Professorial nursery.

The weak point of this arrangement appears to us to be that which affects the College Tutors. Nothing in our judgment can be said for retaining them in their present position, except the fact that they are in possession. We fully recognise the importance of a distinction between the Professorial and Tutorial functions. Sir William Hamilton's definition shews that both have their places in a University. "By Professor," he says, "I mean a teacher exclusively privileged to deliver from his own resources and at his own discretion, a course of lectures, on a certain department of knowledge, to the whole academical alumni. By Tutor, I mean a teacher, among others, privileged to see that his peculiar pupils (a section of the academical alumni) read and understand certain books, certain texts, codes, departments of doctrine, authorized by the University." But the question which naturally arises is, why should not these Tutors be *University* Tutors? Why should not men be appointed to the Tutorial office on account of their University reputation, not in virtue of their connexion with this or that College? Even supposing the Fellowships to be given away by merit, there is surely great awkwardness in a plan which divides the qualified men in the University into twenty-four houses, and makes their appointments depend on the accidental wants of the particular society with which they may be connected. Again, why should the choice of these Tutors be left in the hands of the Heads of Houses, a body for whose discernment in educational matters the University has no guarantee? Why

should the students be forced to attend the tuition supplied by the College to which they happen to attach themselves, when there may be other Tutorial lectures delivered elsewhere which would be of greater service to them? Differences between Tutor and Tutor will still exist after each College has done its best to secure the most competent men: and it is surely unjust to limit a Tutor's usefulness by the accommodation which the buildings of his College may chance to afford. Add to this, that even in a reformed Oxford the isolated character of small societies is sure to generate narrow and local feelings, petty rivalries, and a general disposition to estimate academical questions by a College rather than a University standard. The appointment of Examiners by the Proctors is at present retained on two grounds, that of justice to the Colleges, that University offices may descend to them in rotation, without reference to the comparative merit of their respective bodies of fellows, and that of justice to the undergraduates, that they may have tutors of their own to protect their interests against those of other candidates. We are not inventing motives, but merely repeating those which, if we are not greatly misinformed, have been actually assigned. Such views of justice are intelligible enough, but they are scarcely compatible with the educational action of a free University.

We think, then, that the Commissioners are mistaken in supposing that the continuance of College tuition is the best or the only way of combining the labours of Tutors and Professors. The proper functions of a College Tutor are moral rather than intellectual. Such was undoubtedly the original conception of the office, as it appears in the College Statutes, the Ordinances of Edward VI., and even the Laudian Code, though the latter superadds instruction to the Tutor's other duties. Such is, in effect, the theory current at the present hour in Cambridge, where, though the Colleges have engrossed the education no less than at Oxford, the Tutor's business is not so much to lecture to his pupils as to look after their bills. Such, finally, is the view taken by the Commissioners themselves, when they are legislating for those students who are to be admitted to the University without belonging to any College or Hall. Their lodging-houses, we read in the Report, are to be "placed under the special superintendence of University officers, to be constituted Tutors or Guardians of the University students,"—men whose "duty would be, so far as the case permitted, to acquaint themselves with the character and circumstances of these students, and to take all means in their power for exercising over them a due moral and religious superintendence." Yet it surely cannot be meant that these students are to go without tutorial instruction. What is necessary for residents in Collgees must be equally necessary for residents in unattached lodgings. The obvious solution is, the appointment of Tutors by the University. Their classes would be formed to suit the wants not of the undergraduates of each College, but of the aggregate mass. This would at once remove what is felt to be an inherent evil in the present system,—"that of crowding into the same class students differing greatly in knowledge and capacity, merely because they happen to come to the University at the same time." Oxford would, in fact, realize the condition of a large public school, the chief difference being that the classes would consist not of boys, but of young men, and consequently that the scale of instruction as a whole would be higher, while the discipline enforced would be less irksome. The Professorial lectures would find their natural parallel in the instruction given to the Sixth Form at Eton or Rugby. The mechanical arrangement of the classes might be the same as that which now obtains in College lectures, men being drafted from one class to another without that inflexible regularity of promotion which is required where rewards and punishments have to be looked to as the principal motive powers. Sir William Hamilton, who goes into the subject very fully, (pp. 718–724,) proposes that honours should be awarded by the joint suffrage of pupils and teachers,—a suggestion probably better adapted to the latitude of Edinburgh or Glasgow than to that of Oxford. But we must not wander into details.

One complaint, at least, we may safely make of the Commissioners. If they found themselves unable or unwilling to reduce the College tutors to their normal dimensions, why could they not have followed the milder counsels of Mr. Clough, who sees "no reason why" the proficients of the several Colleges "should not be united in a College class, and the *viva* disjoined from the *mortua corpora*, by collegiate or inter-collegiate arrangements?" The concordat need hardly bear even on the less competent Tutors, who would merely be required to abandon what ought to be the distasteful work of lecturing on certain subjects with which they are not fully conversant. In any case, their anticipated remonstrances cannot be set against the palpable interest of the students. The practice of a public school, which we have

just referred to, will furnish us with an apt illustration. What would be said if the assistant-masters, instead of taking some a higher, some a lower form, were to claim to teach those boys, and those boys only, who happened to reside in their respective boarding houses, as a matter of justice to themselves, and as the only means of maintaining an influence over their pupils?

The reanimation of the professoriate is a measure for which it could hardly have been supposed that an apology would be needed. Anywhere but in Oxford Professor Vaughan's splendid vindication of his order, (Evidence, p. 274,) which we wish our space would allow us to extract, would read like the eulogy pronounced on Hercules by the sophist in the story. But the collegiate system is not only alien from, but antagonistic to the professoriate: and even the reform camp is recruited from the anti-professorial party. In extracting passages from the evidence of the most prominent of these recusants, Mr. Pattison, the Commissioners significantly express their belief that there are many persons entertaining sentiments of a similar kind. Mr. Pattison's own opinion, however, deserves attention in itself, from the ability with which he has unfolded and illustrated it, as well as from the character which is stamped on the portion of his evidence already quoted by us, that of a vigorous and decided reformer. In the course of delivering it, he reviews the intellectual history of the Universities in a rapid but effective sketch, which is well worth consulting for its own sake, independently of any arguments which may or may not be deducible from it. One thing is evident, that in denouncing professorial instruction, "the system of delivering courses of original dissertations to a miscellaneous audience," as superficial and unsatisfactory, he is not decrying a line in which he might not himself excel. Nevertheless, we cannot think that he has made out any case for his alarm. As the Commissioners well remark, his argument involves several assumptions;—the incompatibility of the professorial and tutorial systems—the absolute sufficiency of the former, and the inevitable superficiality of the latter. For the first of these, indeed, the Commissioners themselves are in some measure answerable. A reference to Mr. Pattison's evidence will show that his fears are excited by the proposed admission of unattached students, which he regards as a virtual substitution of professorial for tutorial instruction. The report shows that the apprehension is not groundless, as by refusing to separate the tutorial from the collegiate system, the Commissioners apparently wish to leave these students without any tuition at all. But to protest against the abrogation of the tutoriate is one thing, and to assert its exclusive efficiency another. Yet Mr. Pattison, throughout, appears to think that he may do either indifferently. Because pupils require to be made to master standard books, he argues that they will not be the better for hearing original dissertations. Because theories are mere tumid verbiage to minds unfurnished with facts, he argues that the knowledge of facts is sufficient without them. Because in French and American education, as he supposes, showy and current accomplishment is the end desired, and exclusively professorial instruction the means adopted, he argues that the same result would follow in a country where both end and means are different. In one case, at least, we must take leave to question not only his inferences but his observation. Surely no one who had not an argument to maintain would speak of German instruction as *superficial*. "The absence of all taste in composition, and the fatal defects of expression," which Mr. Pattison laments in the great men of Germany, are precisely the faults which, as he admits himself, a superficial culture has excluded in the case of France. If their attainments are but the attainments of a few, what is to be said of the attainments of the graduates of Oxford? Will Mr. Pattison tell us that the majority of Oxford students are more thoroughly educated than the youths described in his quotation from Dr. Niemeyer? The distinction between the intellectual and educational value of a lecturer's original researches may be speculatively correct, but cannot go for much practically. Why should not a well-grounded and inquiring hearer—and we are speaking only of such—feel something of that "vivifying effect" which, according to Mr. Pattison's own admission, "we ourselves experience from new views?" The allegation that a professor is likely to be less useful than a book on the one hand, and than a tutor on the other, is another logical juggle. At worst he might surely be serviceable as combining a *portion* of the educational advantages of each. But we believe that beside this he might be something different from and, so far, superior to either. What that would be is expressed in the well-known words of Niebuhr, quoted by the Commissioners, (p. 96.) Of the "thousand thoughts" which are "awakened" by "the sight" of an assemblage of hearers, and the sense of "the personal relation in which they stand towards" their

professor, how few present themselves either to the writer or reader of a book, either to the catechiser or to the catechised student! At the close of his remarks Mr. Pattison virtually abandons his heresy by censuring the professorial system as the *main* method of education; but the surrender comes too late. Whether from dread of the supposed anti-tutorial tendencies of the Commissioners, or from involuntary one-sidedness, he has certainly contrived to produce the impression that he is altogether opposed to professorial instruction. We are sorry for the result, as it takes away from the effect of at least one remark which as we shall see presently, is really valuable. But we would not punish him further than by wishing that he may himself become a member of an active professoriate in a regenerate Oxford.

A more tangible objection to the restoration of the professoriate might be, that it is the revival of a system which has already died a natural death. But we demur to the fact. The death of the professoriate was not natural, having been caused partly by want of proper sustenance, partly by actual violence. The Laudian Examinations had no connexion with professorial lectures: the latter examinations were not established till professorial teaching had ceased to exist. The professorship of Moral Philosophy we know to have been deliberately stifled for more than one hundred and fifty years by a private compact among the electors. Now that it has recovered its existence, it has shown that it is abundantly endowed with inherent vitality. Four other of the statutable readerships were illegally extinguished by the Hebdomadal Board, at what time and under what circumstances we know not; and the re-establishment of one of these has been attended with sufficient success to show that the day for a University prælator of Logic is by no means passsd. As for the Chairs of the other sciences, which, as forming part of the Oxford course, might afford a test of the efficiency or inefficiency of the professoriate, we do not know how they first became ineffective, but we know why they still continue so. The Professor of Ancient History delivers no available lectures; the Professor of Greek none whatever. The Professor of Latin does not exist even in name. On the other hand, Dr. Arnold's and Professor Vaughan's lectures on Modern History drew crowded audiences before the University held out any inducement to the study of that subject. There is no need to fear that the ears of the undergraduates are closed. "*Dein* Herz ist zu, *dein* Sinn ist todt."

The details of the restoration may be difficult in practice, but they are comparatively easy to arrange in theory. It will be necessary to found new professorships, and to increase the endowments of existing Chairs. Every subject which the University undertakes to teach ought to have one or more professors, as the case may be. At present the only department which can be said to be adequately endowed is that of Theology, which has seized on several of the canonries of Christ Church. The lay professors will require to have their numbers and their incomes raised in proportion. The Report justly says, that £800 a year is the least which they have a right to expect. Whence the funds are to be drawn we shall see before long. To all these recommendations, which the Commissioners pursue into minute particulars, we give our hearty assent. If they are not carried out it will only be because the strength of possession is stronger than the strength of reason. We agree, too, that professorships should be freed from all restrictions whatever, except the *negative* theological test provided by the statute, which forbids all professors to impugn the faith of the Church of England. On the mode of appointing professors the Commissioners would have done well to consult an elaborate article by Sir William Hamilton in the Edinburgh Review for April 1834, containing a large historical induction in favour of the establishment of a body of curators for this special object. Meantime there is much to be said for the two kinds of patronage which the Report most favours —that by the Crown, and that by the Reformed Congregation. The latter may at any rate safely be preferred to such existing nuisances as election by Convocation, by graduates in Divinity, by the Hebdomadal Board. At present the standing evils of elections within the University are two—collegiate interest and theological party. The former will be impaired by any measure tending to establish an extra-collegiate power, such as the new House of Congregation, *once fairly constituted*, might be expected to be. The latter will probably never disappear till Oxford ceases to be a Church University; and even then it is quite possible that secular Chairs may be made objects of struggle between rival denominations. For ourselves, we hope as much from the mere multiplication of professorships as from any more direct guarantee of purity of election. Where there are many prizes the fever of intrigue will necessarily cool, and honest men will be more likely to get their due.

The project of University lecturers certainly looks well at first sight. If introduced

into Oxford as it now is, or under the circumstances contemplated by the Commissioners, it would undoubtedly do great good, principally by affording congenial employment to unplaced talent and learning. But it may be doubted how far the duties of these lecturers would be distinguished from those of the tutors, except by the factitious concomitants of exemption from College restraints, and a sort of hereditary expectancy of a professorship. The professor, as we have seen, delivers original expositions: the tutor sees that his pupils know their books: but what is the lecturer to do? In a thoroughly reformed system, where tutorial as well as professorial labours were regulated and economized by the University, the difficulty would doubtless be felt and provided for.

Before leaving the Report on the professoriate, we must note, briefly but gravely, one great omission. No place whatever is made for those scholars and men of science whose vocation it may be to teach by the pen rather than by the tongue. Professor Vaughan has done justice to the utility of "silent men" in a strain of commanding eloquence, which the Commissioners actually quote, as if unconscious of its meaning. Another of those who have given evidence has made this particular deficiency the keynote of all his suggestions. Even Mr. Pattison, in *his* academical scheme, has found room for a professor who is "not the organ of instruction," but "the man of greatest attainment in his branch, rewarded and withdrawn from instruction, to enable him to devote himself to the cultivation of the more abstruse parts of his science." But the Commissioners apparently ignore altogether either the existence or the desirability of such an element. In this at least they are sure to have the vulgar on either side.

We pass, *sicco pede*, over a few pages of detail about scholarships, prizes, libraries, and museums, as adapted rather for special than for general consideration. The question of the University revenues is equally technical, and embarrassed with the further difficulty of the absence of authentic information, owing to the refusal of the authorities to comply with requests made in the name of their royal Visitor. All that we can do is to endorse the five recommendations of the Commissioners,—the publication of the University accounts, the publication of all fees and their application, and the reduction of their amount, the confinement of academical revenues to academical objects, (a most important point, as unenlightened majorities are at present in the habit of voting away the trust-money of the corporation for objects which, though ostensibly public, are really, as regards the University, of a private nature, such as the support of colonial Episcopacy), the repeal of the stamp duty on matriculations and degrees, and the granting of a license of mortmain to enable the University to invest its funded property in land. The remainder of our space must be devoted to the last, and in some respects the most serious question mooted in the Report—the Reform of the Colleges.

We have already said that we are not going to tell twice the tale of the foundation of these institutions, nor to slay the slain arguments in support of their inviolability. In a national document like the Report, it is right that the historical truth should be formally stated, and the current fallacies judicially disallowed; but a reviewer, having once gone over the ground, may be excused from traversing it again. A different reason prevents us from discussing another part of this division of the subject—the special recommendations with regard to particular Colleges. Whatever means we may have for judging of their appropriateness, we can hardly presume that those whom we address will have been similarly favoured; and when we think of the errors into which Sir William Hamilton has fallen in his estimate of the "educational eminence" of Merton and Corpus, we may well shrink from the task of descanting on academical mysteries to a purely lay reader. Our remarks shall therefore be confined to the general reforms suggested as necessary for the whole collegiate body. The abolition of all local and family restrictions on fellowships is, of course, the first thing. The restrictions to particular schools are removed in the case of fellowships, continued in that of scholarships. New College, however, is made an exception, being allowed to retain its connexion with Winchester, though the old ties are to be readjusted. We cannot understand the ground of this exemption. The only shadow of a reason which appears in the evidence is contained in the words "Notwithstanding, few persons would be willing to give up the associations of William of Wykeham," following immediately on a statement of the practical evils of the connexion. How can the associations of William of Wykeham, in any true or high sense, be said to be preserved by the spectacle of a College paralyzed by an indissoluble alliance with a single school, not of the first rank? However, the next recommendation of the Commissioners makes some amends for this momentary feebleness. The obligation of fellows to orders is entirely swept away, and an inestimable benefit con-

ferred not only on education, literature, and the other professions, but on the clergy. It might have been expected that the obligation to celibacy would have followed; but the fear of ridicule has prevailed, and the restriction is retained on grounds which apply only to tutors, and even as regards them are by no means impregnable. The obligation to residence is to be annulled statutably, as it has long been annulled practically. The property disqualification, as it may be called, is to be put on a uniform and more intelligible footing, income as well as property being included, and the disqualifying amount raised. All compulsion to proceed to higher degrees is to be removed—an arrangement which would not have been required if those degrees had been rationally dealt with. Something is to be done towards purifying College Elections, by substituting in the larger societies electoral boards in the place of universal suffrage, by abolishing all nominations by persons or bodies external to the College, and by extending the right of appeal to the visitor from decisions presumably unstatutable to decisions presumably not according to merit. Certain fellowships are to be specifically appropriate to proficients in the new university studies. Colleges are to be compelled to found open scholarships adequate in number and value. The wealthier societies, such as All Souls, New College, Queen's, Magdalen, Merton, and Corpus, are to receive from one to six professors, for whose benefit a certain proportion of the fellowships are to be suppressed. University lecturers are to be ordinary fellows of Colleges, living partly on their fellowships, partly on fees from their pupils, and allowed to marry. The Election to Headships of Colleges is still to be vested in the fellows, who, however, are to be permitted to choose any Master of Arts. Lastly, visitors are to require annual reports from their respective Colleges, and transmit such reports to the Queen in Council.

All this, bold as it is in some respects, and likely to be beneficial so far as it goes, appears to us essentially unsatisfactory. It is, in fact, mere tinkering—an attempt to improve a thing which is not partially but wholly unsuitable. College life at one time meant something very definite, comprehensible, and real. College life now means nothing of the kind. A fellow used to be a poor student, following an ecclesiastical rule, performing certain duties, religious and domestic, and receiving a small payment. A fellow is now a clergyman, a lawyer, a physician, a London habitué, differing in no respect from other clergymen, lawyers, physicians, and habitués, except that he is presumably a man of superior education, possesses £200 a-year of his own, and is unmarried. Even resident fellows are precisely like other resident graduates, the only distinguishing features, in addition to those already named, being that they sometimes attend daily service, dine together whenever they have no better engagement, meet occasionally for the nominal performance of business, which is really performed by officials, and live in rooms instead of in lodgings. Again, the collegiate framework is not necessary to the existence of tutors: their present lectures might be delivered in University lecture-rooms, their present superintendence exercised over halls or boarding-houses. All powerful as the Colleges are in the University, the University cannot be said to gain anything by their organization. The good that is done in Oxford could be done without such a machinery. After this we need not add, that the machinery itself is something worse than harmless. Perhaps there is no evil greater than the atmosphere of unreality which it tends to produce. As we observed just now in the case of New College and Winchester, men imagine that they are carrying out the work of a mediæval founder, when they are pursuing occupations which, even when most useful and laudable, are totally different from anything contemplated by him. Hence arises a waste of effort, a yearning after hopeless ideals, the more to be regretted in proportion to the greater elevation and purity of the natures so employed. The real wants, intellectual and moral, of the age and nation are ignored and despised in the vain attempt, however disguised from the mind itself, to recall an irrevocable past. Leisure and quiet, and means of study, which might be engaged in satisfying the inquiries of a busy but speculative century, are used only to thwart them. The theological history of the last twenty years is no more than a logical deduction from the operation of the collegiate system. It was no mere accident that connected the Tracts for the Times with the Oriel Common Room, and the persecution of Dr. Hampden with the Corpus Committee. And while the higher minds are exhausted by this unreality, the lower are filled by realities of a very earthly sort. Community of life, to which special duties are not attached, naturally comes to be synonymous with community of indulgence. Jobbing is proverbially the vice of corporations; and small corporations, without any definite object, are peculiarly liable to it. The injunction which is at present found in the statutes of some Colleges, to prefer a member of the society in an academical election to any other candi-

date, is a duty which naturally commends itself to a Fellow's moral sense. Not many years ago four close Colleges, distinguished for nothing but the number of their fellows, formed a league which went by the appropriate name of the Unholy Alliance, for the express object of carrying elections. This conspiracy against the University was at last broken up by a disagreement among the conspirators about the division of the spoil, but not until it had procured the exclusion of several men enjoying a university reputation in favour of persons undistinguished before or since. The opening of the foundations may possibly prevent the repetition of such a scandal as this; but it will not remove the unmeaningness or inexpediency of the system. Even when a fellowship is open, it is nothing better than a scanty celibate sinecure. Even after the new professors have taken their share, a number of these sinecures will still remain—and it is scarcely possible that many of them should not be ill bestowed. If a College had no more appointments than were absolutely required for the work it had to do, there might be some security for the choice of fit men: but the permission of non-residence shews that this is not expected under the new regime. It may be right that a certain portion of the resources of Oxford should be employed to help men who have distinguished themselves there on entering upon a profession: but why not let this be done fairly and openly by means expressly calculated for the end? In a word, why suffer any part of the academical revenue to be apportioned without a special object, recognised and provided for as such? Why make the distribution of the intellectual and educational forces of the University depend in any way on the accidental existence of twenty-four houses? If tutorships are desirable, why not let them exist for their own sake? If professors require maintenance, why billet them on societies with which they have nothing to do, and to which they might possibly be uncongenial? These are questions which, it is obvious, strike at the root of the Collegiate system, not only as it is, but as it will be, if the suggestions of the Report should take effect. Whether they have ever occurred to the Commissioners themselves is more than we can pretend to guess. But we can well understand why they should have been kept out of sight on the present occasion. In any case, however, there is no reason why a reviewer should not ask them.

Nevertheless, after all our objections, we must return to our original verdict. If the Report is open to some criticisms, we feel that they may be made without detracting from its substantial excellence. And though we might ourselves wish to re-write a few of its pages, we more than doubt whether we should allow that privilege to any one else. "Pass it, pass it!" was the exclamation with which the most enlightened and most independent of Liberal journals greeted the promulgation of the Reform Bill in 1831. So our desire is that the recommendations of the Commissioners may become law as quickly as possible, without change or modification. In Parliament, most of those acquainted with the condition of the Universities are hostile to reform; and if the Liberals descend to the discussion of particular points, in the hope of introducing improvements, they may be deceived into letting go the very things which Reformers within the Universities feel to be the most precious. Let them beware of Mr. Gladstone in committee.

ART. II.—1. *Acta Laboratorii Chymici Monacensis seu Physica Subterranea.* (Leipz. 1703. STAHL'S edition of BECCHER'S principal work.)

2. *G. E. Stahlii Fundamenta Chymiae Dogmatico-Rationalis et Experimentalis, &c.* Norimbergae, 1747.

3. *Experiments upon Magnesia Alba, Quicklime, &c.* By JOSEPH BLACK, M.D. Edinburgh, 1782.

4. *Traité Elémentaire De Chimie, &c.* Par M. LAVOISIER, de l'Académie des Sciences, &c. Paris, 1789.

5. *Leçons sur La Philosophie Chimique, &c.* Par M. DUMAS, recueillies par M. BINAU. Paris, 1837.

THE polypharmacists of the Arabian school of medicine, and the alchymists of mediæval Europe, followed ideas so transcendental that, in so far as their ever-vanishing aims were concerned, they at first sight seem to stand in no true historical relation with the moderate and practical chemists of the present century. The seeking for the alcahest or universal solvent, the attempt to extract the elixir of life, the effort to lay hands on the philosophical stone, (and that among the mist and darkness of a time which was rather the night than the morning of science), were things essentially unlike the sober and attainable aims of our own positive chemistry; and the men of our laboratories could have taken little interest in the labours they involved, had it not been

for the fact that those old scholastics, chasing images they were never to seize, worked out thousands of incidental results. If they went after the illusions of the dawn, shaped out of the murk by the twisted rays of a sun which was yet far below their horizon, it was on the solid ground of nature that they sped their weary hunt; and many a trophy they found lying in the twilight, ready for their early hands, sometimes dazzling them into false perception again, but always rewarding their pains. If they were fond idealists, if they were visionaries, they were also chemists; and it is as chemists that they deserve the recognition of the world. They worked with water, they worked with fire; they digested, boiled, distilled, roasted, burned, smelted, crystallized, set agoing putrefactions and fermentations; in short, they put in operation the same sorts of processes upon the same sorts of stuff as ourselves. Following their hereditary and antique elemental ideas, they were the first discoverers of those material principles and compounds, which are commonly called chemicals. Trying to scale the heavens, they began to subdue the earth. It has been remarked, that those of the polypharmacists, regarding whom there is any information extant, seem to have been vastly more taken up with their pharmacological preparations than with their panaceal speculation; while the really great men among the alchemists, from Roger Bacon down even to Paracelsus, were the busy students of such chemical reactions as could then be brought within the reach of the experimentalist, and made no personal pretensions to the stone.* The hypothetical idea of both these successive schools, namely, the transmutation or elevation of the metals and the analogous elevation of man's fallen and sickly body into the state of golden health, seems at all times to have been a very separable thing from the everyday occupations and practical hopes of the higher order of adepts; although it certainly vitiated their observations not a little, and corrupted the phraseology of their works through and through, if it did not demoralize their intellectual habits in some degree. Soon after the insolent, but gallant and imperative protest of Aureolus Theophrastus Bombastes Paracelsus, modestly so self-styled, against the pseudo aristoteleanism of the medical school of his day, the alchemical theory and the alchemical practice of genuine observation in the laboratory fell asunder;—one might say, always under censure for a play upon words, that the Arabian particle separated itself by fissiparation from the good Greek noun, if Greek it be; the oriental Al took itself off, and left chemistry to pursue its own fortunes. The ancient eastern element, however, did not at once disappear from the earth; for it retained its devotees, no longer respectable because behind their age, till the close of last century; and indeed it has them yet, old half-witted men and younger monomaniacs not a few; happy creatures, ignoring all the results of growing science, and catching at the gifts of nature with ineffectual hands, like ghosts at a feast! On the other hand, those of the sons of the prophets, who at this parting of the ways chose the path of true chemistry, were men of much diligence and sound understandings, and they addicted themselves with zeal to the finding out of all sorts of new chemicals and chemical reactions. Van Helmont had begun life as an alchemist, not in the sinister sense of the word; but he ended his career as a chemist of some degree of worthiness, although he will perhaps be better known to posterity as the originator of that hypothesis concerning an all-pervading cosmical fluid, which has been elaborated in later times by Mesmer and Reichenbach. Libavius, who came upon the fuming chloride of tin, Cassius, whose purple precipitate of gold is as beautiful and curious as ever, Glauber, whose 'wonderful salt' is still the friend of horses and horse-doctors, and the sensible though prosy Agricola, deserve remembrance for their industry and the number of single facts they found out; and it must never be forgotten that it was little better than an unmitigated chaos of things and thoughts, in the thick of which they had to do their poor day's-work. It should also be observed in their praise that, if they were a kind of learned artizans rather than men of science, it was particularly in their persons that (what Comte not happily calls) the metaphysical epoch of scientific history was reaching towards a higher stage of development, namely, toward the positive epochal method, the era of Descartes and Bacon, the day of experimental observation and the inductive syllogism.

It will be readily understood how, as soon as the mind of science was withdrawn from aims which were too lofty for its reach, and was then unreservedly directed to the positive labours of the laboratory, there would quickly succeed a remarkable extension of practical or concrete chemistry. The only thing that could compensate the emancipated votaries of alchemy for the giving up of their great ideal, and thereby appease the craving

* Alchemy and the Alchemists. Chambers' Papers for the People, No. 66.

of the soul for greatness of some sort or another, was the rapid accumulation of a great mass of new information. Ideal had to be substituted by material wonderfulness, sublimity by size, depth by surface: and it must be confessed even by the lingering disciples of the alchemical mysticism, if such posthumous and undated spirits can turn aside for a moment from their enchanted toils, that the number of solid and liquid bodies, curious for their aspect or for their properties as chemical reagents, acids, alkalis, salts, mixts, calxes, precipitates, sublimates, essences, oils, butters and spirits, which were brought out of nature at this period, was astonishing. It is impossible, indeed, for the most positive and the least speculative of the chemists of the present day, were it even a Rose among his platinum crucibles or a Plattner with his blowpipe, to overvalue the amount of plain honest and sufficient, though merely preliminary, work that was done between the apotheosis of alchemy and the ascension of the phlogistic chemistry.

But that happy, though somewhat meteoric, rise of a new science from the shaken ashes of the old mystery was not long of beginning; for, in the midst of all the gathering and crowding details, wrought out by the post-alchemical craftsmen, a true chemical principle began to gleam. These industrious experimentalists began to understand, once for all, that the act of the burning of a body, or the process of combustion, as it is now called, is a phenomenon of principal significance in chemistry. Perceiving that the interpretation of the burning of a piece of wood, or brimstone, or anything else that is capable of being destroyed or changed by fire, would yield the clew to this whole department of inquiry, namely, to the half-chaotic mass of the chemical discoveries of the period, they invented a theory, or rather a hypothesis of the fictitious sort, capable of rendering the phenomenon of fire intelligible to the mind, but not of explaining it in conformity with the now known reality of things; and it was that memorable hypothesis which constituted or consummated the new movement, and fairly consolidated the second epoch of chemical development. But their doctrine was founded on fact, and it owed all its value to the facts it represented. Notwithstanding the fictitiousness of the point of view, on which they eventually planted themselves, they were eminently practical men. They noticed with learned eye that the process of common combustion concealed one of those central facts, on the elimination of which the progress of science is ever and anon depending. Obedient to the hint of genius, they proceeded to the generalization of the phenomenon throughout all its known particulars and circumstances. The metals, with the exception of silver and gold, were changed into rusts or calxes, resembling chalk or brick-dust or other colored earthy bodies, when heated high in exposure to the air of the furnace; and this alteration they saw to be identical with what is undergone by brimstone, phosphorus or any common combustible, when it burns with flame. Tin burns with a glow, indeed, which is so like ordinary flame as to have been quite adequate to the suggesting of the rest of the secret;—no secret now-a-days, of course, since we work in metals that take fire when thrown on water, and think nothing of burning iron-wire in oxygen like a wax-match in the air; but a great affair for the early twilight, between the meteors of the alchemical night and the coming sun of positive chemistry, in which it was first made. It was thus, then, that the whole science, such as it was in the first watch of the post-mediæval morning of its now broad day, was divided into distinguishable parts:—the study of bodies before combustion, and that of the same bodies after that great cosmical process. This division of chemical objects implied, as a matter of course, the study of the act of combustion itself. Unburned matter was the thesis, burned matter the antithesis, and the process of burning the mesothesis, of the new logic of chemistry. The matters were as various as nature could afford; they already knew a large number of substances, and undoubtedly anticipated the acquisition of many more: but the process was one and indivisible.

Even this dividing of all the species of matter then known into these two great classes, the burned and the unburned, was most important for the wants of the period; and it is now well understood to have been founded in truth. In a larger sense, it is as true to-day as it was then, that all mineral substances are either combustibles or ashes; and in the smaller sense of those grandfathers of ours, namely, in that of every inorganic matter being either a combustible or an atmospheric ash (that is, an oxide) it is still correct, in so far as the immense majority of natural bodies are concerned. The chemistry of that time was therefore brought into intelligible order by the generalization in question; and all the facts, of which its body then consisted, were thereby made to revolve round one great phenomenon as their common centre. In short, similar things were put together, in spite of their apparent dissimilarity; and dissimilar things were put asunder, notwithstanding their superficial resemblances; and a genuine reformation was

begun, all with a degree of sagacity far more than equal to the task in hand. But it has already been hinted that those venerable chemists were by no means satisfied with the perception and exposition of the analogy that subsists between the metallic calxes and the acids, nor yet with their new classification of material forms. They advanced, without the infirmity of a doubt, to the explication of the phenomenon of fire itself, that one and universal agent of their chemical transformations. Nor was an interpretation, say rather a figment or a hypothesis, far to seek. The fiction, that fire is a substantial, though subtile, material element of nature, had been promulgated by Empedocles more than four centuries before the coming of Christ: handed down to the polypharmacists, it had played but a small figure in their doctrine; brought to Europe once more, the alchemists had written not a little about it and about it, while they had made nothing of it whatever as a theoretic centre: but now it was destined to quicken the whole mass of a growing chemistry, and to give that unity to all its parts, of which they stood more in need than ever. In fine, the ancient Greek, if not Egyptian, matter of fire, the empyrean element of the old quaternion, was at length recognised, set apart and consecrated by the hierophants of a young European science under the classical name and style of Phlogiston!

Not to trace the hypothesis embodied in that long-lived word with historical accuracy from chemist to chemist, or even from time to time of its existence as a scientific power, let us look at it as an epochal whole before proceeding to the consideration of the positive chemistry of Lavoisier and his more manly school.

A lighted candle burns till it is done, giving out flame or matter of fire all the while:—for what reason, but because a candle is a compound of candle-matter and phlogiston, because that compound is decompounded when it burns, and because phlogiston is thereby set free and shews itself in the flame from the beginning to the end of the process? The pure dephlogisticated candle-matter is also liberated, of course, little by little as the taper burns from top to socket; that candle-matter turning out to be carbonic acid gas and water, as discovered by later methods of research: so that, according to the phlogistic chemistry, tallow should have been tabulated as a compound of fire with water and fixed air. Counting the ashes of the wick and oil, this was neither more nor less than the experiment of the Greek physiologists after all:—phlogiston or fire, carbonic acid or air, moisture or water, and ashes or earth! But our cunning and well-appointed chemists, as has been said above, generalized the idea all over the enlarging science. A stick of brimstone burns away with a blue flame and a suffocating vapour, and the residue of its combustion is the sulphurous acid: in the language of the phlogistians, brimstone is a compound of two things, sulphurous acid and phlogiston; and, when it is suffered to burn, it gives out its phlogiston or flame of fire, and there remains its dephlogisticated sulphur, or sulphurous acid, in the separated state. Phosphorus contains, according to the exploded hypothesis, a white deliquescent acid and phlogiston; and that so loosely united as to be kindled or decomposed by a little friction, or by a slight elevation of its temperature: being burned, it sheds its phlogiston and the phosphoric acid is reproduced. This school also regarded the metals as compound bodies: each metal was supposed to consist of its own rust or calx and the all-embracing phlogiston; and, when any metal was burnt to a calx in the fire or before the blowpipe, it was considered to have given out its fiery principle, and its ashes or rust remained. Iron was composed of iron-rust and fire, in the scientific theory of those speculators; dephlogisticate it, that is, burn it to a cinder, and you have the rust. Hence some bodies, such as wood, coal and especially charcoal, which give out much heat and leave apparently little dephlogisticated matter when burnt, were viewed as substances overcharged with phlogiston, and therefore capable of imparting it largely to others. Now it always was, as it still is, desirable to transform ores, such as the iron-rust in the various iron-stones, into reguline metals, such as iron; and it has long been understood that the best way of doing so, in the majority of common instances, consists in mingling those ores with carbon in some form or other and then heating them in the furnace; a thing but too easily explained by the fiction under consideration, for the carbon had only to pour its phlogiston into the ores, and thereby to convert them to metallic natures, solid and bright! In the substance of silver and gold, however, the fire was so compacted and inherent that nothing could take it out of them; and thence their fixity in the furnace, under all ordinary circumstances: other metals were dephlogisticated or turned to mere calxes, their metallic nature quite gone when heated to redness or melted in the air; but the royal pair remained intact under the fiercest trial, and that constituted their royalty then, as it is one of the conditions of their value now. Even when their calxes were stealthily made by precipitation from

the solutions of these noble metals, in the nitric and the nitro-muriatic acids respectively (the strong and the royal waters of a bye-gone terminology), the least elevation of temperature, even the action of light in some circumstances, or the mere contact of some highly phlogisticated substance, at once enabled them to snatch back their appropriate portions of phlogiston, and thereupon to become silver and gold again!

It might readily have occurred to an ingenious student of those days to inquire into the fortunes of phlogiston, when once liberated from a metal or a combustible: for, after the combustion of a piece of phosphorus, for example, the phosphoric acid remained and could be bottled up as a specimen of one of the supposed ingredients of that kind of matter; but what came of the fiery principle? where did the flame go to? was it merely seen for a moment and then lost? could it not be caught and kept like the acid? The opinion of the ancients seems to have been that it ascended right to the empyrean, that boundless space of pure fire which was supposed to inclose the air as the air inclosed the earth and the water of their universe; but, in the view of the phlogistians, it was no sooner liberated from a combustible than it passed into combination with the surrounding atmosphere, coming forth from the latent state of combination only to be devoured by the air, born only to die again! It could not, indeed, be emancipated from its union with one body unless another were ready to take it in without delay: fire was the momentaneous glance of phlogiston in its passage from one engagement to another; and thence the necessity of air to common fire, or else of some other atmosphere to the process of combustion in its more exceptional forms. It was, therefore, in connexion with this way of thinking concerning flame (and respiration at a later period) that Priestley, when he discovered oxygen, one of the constituents of our mingled atmosphere, supposed it to be air deprived of that phlogiston which fire-places and lungs appeared to be continually pouring into it, and he called it dephlogisticated air.

Among the difficulties which stood in the way of poor phlogiston, there was one which it needed both ingenuity and hardihood to surmount. It had been early observed (especially by Jean Rey, whose name deserves honourable mention as the unwitting herald of Lavoisier) that certain metals were heavier after than before calcification: ten grains or ounces of lead weighed more than ten after having been burned to a calx; whereas they ought to have weighed less, if phlogiston were really a material substance. Lead, supposed a compound body, gave off one of its ingredients, phlogiston, becoming thereby the mere calx of lead; and yet that calx was heavier than the original lead. Whereupon the friends of phlogiston discovered that it was the one exceptional substance, and possessed of the unique property of positive levity; so that what body soever it entered into union with, such as lead-calx, straightway became lighter than it was before such addition to its substance! Air and smoke had formerly been supposed to be positively light, until Torricelli shewed that they rise, not because of their greater levity, but on account of their less density; and it is curious to consider that the popular mind, as well as the young or half-taught individual intellect, resembles the earlier historic spirit in this particular, and is invariably prone to the conception of cold, darkness, and other undeniable privatives or minors, as positive things. It is easy to smile at such mistakes now-a-days, with all those accumulated advantages to which the present age has been promoted by the labours of the very men who made them; but it is difficult to realize the position and the attitude of their minds. To do the former requires only a little information and flippancy; while the latter demands knowledge, reverence and imagination. It would be as ridiculous as it is impossible, of course, for the investigators of the nineteenth century to go back to the ways of thinking (not to mention the opinions and attainments) in science of the mediæval or the transitional period: but it were desirable to study the circumstances and the psychological direction of the times, together with the particular misconceptions and hypotheses which prevailed in them; for it is probable, if not certain, that similar errors, both in method and in matter, predominate in those departments of our own science, which have not yet lifted themselves entirely out of the limbo of fiction.

The singular evasion of the question of weight, frank and ready as it was, only introduced another perplexity; but the good old chemists were equal to the new emergency. If the calx of lead, or of any other metal, became lighter in common balance-weight by combining with phlogiston, that subject of a positive levity, how was it that it also became specifically heavier? The calx was a comparatively light sort of stone; the lead, into which it was converted by union with light phlogiston, was a comparatively heavy metal: a cubic inch of the metal was twice as heavy as an inch of the stone. If the particles of an ounce of calk

had buoys of fire attached to them, so as at once to change them into particles of lead and to make them lighter in the aggregate, how should such enlarged and lightened particles produce a metal of so much greater a specific gravity than the unphlogisticated rust! But there lay the secret: these phlogisticated particles of calx were not enlarged, they were only lightened; the fiery particles were not stuck on the calx ones like so many vesicles; they penetrated them, as a sword goes into a scabbard, and then constringed or compressed them, as the earth draws the atmosphere tight about it, so that a greater number of the fire-pierced calcareous particles, thereby rendered metallic, packed into the same space, and therefore the metal was specifically heavier, though absolutely lighter, than the calx from which it was made!

How catholic, elastic and satisfactory this venerable hypothesis must have been! It was all wrong, indeed, as a substantive doctrine. In one particular, it was a sort of reverse of the truth. It is not the calxes and acids that are simple: it is not the combustibles and metals that are compound: it is exactly the reverse. Sulphur, phosphorus, carbon and the combustibles, on one hand, with lead, iron and the metals on the other, are elementary: the respective acids and calxes of these principles are the compounds. The phlogistians may therefore be said to have perceived the relation subsisting between these two classes of bodies upside-down, like the figures in a Camera Obscura; and surely their chamber was obscure enough, all honour to the light they managed to cast into it from the depths of their own minds. The images of things are painted on the nervous receiving-sheet inside the eyeball in the same fashion, namely, in the inverted position; but there is some cunning principle of rectification, whether in or beyond the retina, whereby those images are put on their feet again before presentation to the perception of the indwelling mind. Now this correcting power was wanting in the intellectual organ of the phlogistic schoolmen; their interior eye had probably not been sufficiently educated to the unsophisticated perception of outward truth by the cruel experience of their predecessors; and they consequently suffered that we might learn, not only to look exclusively at nature, but also to see things as they are. Their cogitative energy was still, in fact, greater than their perceptive capacity; as had been more and more signally the case with their three races of predecessors, the alchemists, the polypharmacists, and the physiological school of the ancient Greek movement in philosophy. Nobody who knows anything of Beccher and Stahl, for example, can doubt that they were the equals of Lavoisier and Dalton in all intellectual respects, excepting that Christian virtue of sacrificing the intellect itself on the altar of observation, while they were certainly their superiors in extent of culture and in aspiration. Assuredly this phlogiston of theirs was nothing but an Idolum Specūs, a figure cast upon the imagination from the phosphorescent walls of that cavernous part of the history of chemistry which they were traversing, but it was an image worthy of admiration and reverence. As to the generic idea of it, erroneous though it was and is, it is extant in the science yet; for it is impossible to see wherein that of Caloric differs from it as a scientific conception, although elaborated with immensely greater precision, except that caloric is the matter of heat while phlogiston was the matter of fire. Both phlogiston and caloric are substances which have no existence whatever in the external world; they have both been the convenient, though fictitious representatives of natural realities, and they have both been eminently useful in standing for certain phenomena in their several days: but the latter creature of the materializing tendency of unripe science is not a whit better in essence than the former. Then as for the application of the phlogistic dogma to the details of chemistry, that was certainly wide of the mark, yet it glanced bye the fact of the case in a remarkable manner: the doctrine was little short of being the half of the actual truth. It kept the calxes together, and the known acids too, as all so many analogons; so that, when Lavoisier arrived and discovered the composition of the mercurial calx, the remainder of his task was done to his hand, and all the other rusts and acids followed the oxide of quicksilver by a natural and easy consequence. Moreover, when Davy came on the scene, the classification of our phlogistians, as extended and enhanced by the great discovery grafted on it by the French chemistry, pointed not doubtfully to the alkalis and earths as being probably nothing but the rusts or oxides of metals difficult of separation from their ores; whereupon, with the help of electrolysis, he made the brilliant discovery of potassium and the other easily combustible metals. To sum up the whole matter, this phlogiston prepared the way for the balance, just as the balance heralded the Daltonian arithmetic of chemistry: it had done the gigantic task of putting the enormous huddle of known

facts into order; and there they stood, awaiting the renovated eye of science in the person of Lavoisier.

It also served as a centre of coherence for the thoughts and new attempts of a race of splendid thinkers and industrious workmen, from Stahl down to Cavendish. But for phlogiston, less than half-truth though it was, the science of these clear-headed and adventurous men would have been but a crude heap, instead of an intimate and seemly combination of details; a mingling of all sorts of observations, not a melting of them into one substance; a clumsy pudding-stone, or at best a somewhat confused granite, not a clear and many-crystalled quartz; a chaos of the senses, and not a creation of the mind. A great half-truth will be found at the core of the Lavoisierian, at the heart of the Daltonian, chemistries too; for man, at least considered as chemist, is destined to advance by a succession of oblique steps, forward yet ever somewhat aside, for many a time to come; and the sooner he becomes aware of the fact the better. Not till then, at all events, shall he be able to show forth a childlike faith in the past, a manly contentment with the present, and a ripened trust in the future of science and of all generous endeavour. Not till then will he feel the succeeding æons of his vast existence, in every part of history, to be the onflowing of one river, the growing of one tree of life, or the rising as of one human being from infancy to age. The last of these is the truest image, in fact, that could be used. The playful and apparently successless childhood of chemistry may be said to have passed among those young-souled Greeks, from whom phlogiston came down: they asked such profound questions at Nature that they could not understand her motherly responses, yet the very putting of those questions foreshadowed the whole history of the science. Its busy but little-doing boyhood was spent in the East, under caliphs and physicians, whose very names are fragrant with romance: its ardent and imaginative pubescence, in the unbroken Christendom of the middle ages, amid the hum of scholasticism and under the shadow of Gothic architecture: and we have just seen something of its sturdy youth of somewhat positive effort during the reign of phlogiston. The fifth of its ages, that of victorious and self-confident manhood, now offers itself to the attention of the historical student: but it will be a relief to the strain of chemical discussion, to put in a few words about the men whose names are associated with the memory of the matter of fire, before proceeding to that still more remarkable epoch.

If phlogiston was not formally enunciated, or invented and applied in all its breadth, it was at all events announced in an intelligible manner by Joachim Beccher; a man of an eccentric and keen spirit, a scholar of liberal cultivation, and a wanderer upon the face of the earth. Little that is certain can be said about the particulars of his outward life. He was born at Spire in 1635, was chief doctor to the electors of Mayence and Bavaria in succession, and subsequently the object of a world of persecution, although under the auspices of the Emperor. One cannot know how much or how little he may have drawn the enmity of his contemporaries upon him by defiance and waywardness; and it is certainly interesting to observe how frequently the Galileos, Keplers and Hahnemanns of scientific history have been much to blame for the harsh entertainment they have received at the hands of a world, that is as impatient of disdain as it is placable by submission. It is not easy to avoid the suspicion that he must have been but a 'discomfortable cousin' at the best, and perhaps he drew untold comfort and self-reliance from the fact. Be that as it may, he was pursued with the utmost rigour of both the civil and the lynch law of his day, and had to betake himself to flight and expatriation. He fled first to Holland and afterwards to England, but both his travels in exile and his latter end are now lost in obscurity. Dumas avers that the envy of courtiers, and the persecution he everywhere brought on himself by his intolerable vanity, made him the most wretched of men; but even inordinate self-assertion, still more that over-valiant self-trust which is easily mistaken by the vain for the insolence of pride, is not without its secret joy, with which no stranger can intermeddle. It is therefore not inconceivable though surprising that, notwithstanding his erratic and peaceless career, he wrote largely on theology, politics, history, philology, mathematics and chemistry. In one of his chemical pieces, he describes an excellent portable furnace, full of little contrivances, and handy enough in its way; and it is to be inferred that there was a practical turn in the midst of his multifarious speculative tendencies. He was even more fiercely anti-scholastic than his turbulent predecessor, the raging Paracelsus himself. Standing out for the rights of experiment, he rejected the four elements, as well as the quintessence, fifth element or first matter of the later alchemists; but he did so only to promulgate

four elements of his own, namely, fire, the earthy principle, the combustible element and the metallic one. The foundation of his chemical doctrine, in fact, was just a classification of material substances into fiery or imponderable bodies, earths, combustibles and metals. The latter two kinds of matter being subsequently understood to be analogous in so far as combustibility is concerned, this division was still further simplified. Fire was then the first kind of substance; earths, calxes and acids were the second; and combustibles, including both the metals and the common acid-yielding combustibles, such as brimstone and phosphorus, formed the third: fire, the products of combustion, and combustibles eventually constituting the logical triad of that chemistry which arose out of the protest and new classification of this singular reformer; and it is needless to shew how true and invaluable all this was, always deducting the materialization of fire—a thing with which, by the way, the science of this age should kindly sympathize, for it still abounds in materializations of the same sort. His great work was, let us rather say is, the Physica Subterranea, of which only one part remains. It is dedicated to the Almighty Compounder in a queer, familiar yet striking style, leaving the sympathetic reader in doubt as to whether it is *im*pious, or merely im*pious*, or actually though fantastically pious. It is true, to be sure, that Van Helmont inscribed his works to Jehovah in a strain, which is as devout as it is foreign to the taste, if not to the spirit, of the present day. It were a becoming consecration, indeed, to put upon every grave production: but it ought to be written all over the book, and not only at the beginning or the end; and it should surely be done in invisible and sympathetic lines, so that only the warm and understanding heart of the reader should be able to bring them out on the unostentatious page, and that for no eye but his own.

George Ernest Stahl, the elaborator of the phlogistic hypothesis, was inspired with his thought by the works of this uneasy Beccher. He adored the Physica Subterranea more especially. He calls it Opus sine Parû, a work without a peer, Primum ac Princeps, first and foremost, Liber undique et undique Primus, a book everywhere and everywhere supreme—and so forth. Born at Anspach in 1660, twenty-five years after his master or intellectual sire, he was a physician, and a first-physician to dukes and kings, in Saxe-Weimar and at Berlin, till he died in 1734. His medical as well as his chemical works approve him a man of deep and wide views, or attempts to understand those parts of nature to which he belonged; and it is well known that he is an important figure in the history of European medicine, while the Homœopathists of this contentious time of transition claim him as one of the forerunners or outriders of their hierophant. He was born a methodologist, and there lay his strength. His extensive information, gathered from many quarters, grew easily into a system within his mind. By nature and by cultivation he was an unrestrainable system-builder; and, happily, his method, or principle of unity, was a good one for his sort of studies, especially for the chemistry of that day, which lay waiting for reduction to order after its agitation by the rough-handed Joachim of Spire. There was the particular work to do, here was the very man to do it; and it was done. Under the influence of poor Paracelsus, as well as of his more immediate exemplar, he was an experimentalist as well as a dogmatist, an advocate for experience as well as for thought, a man of facts as well as of ideas. In short, the theory of chemistry, which has just been explained at some length, was mainly the result of his observative meditation; and it is unnecessary to add anything to that explanation, until the movement against it under the conduct of Lavoisier comes to be considered.

If Beccher was odd as well as original in his way of thinking, Stahl was certainly original as well as odd in his way of writing. His style is the strangest motley. It is half Latin and half German. This cannot have been owing to ignorance, for he was a learned man, and had more than enough Latin for his purposes. Neither is it to be rashly attributed to indolence or carelessness, for he was an industrious and painstaking chemist and physician. Certes, neither ignorance nor laziness were amongst his defects. Can it have been the sheer wilfulness of a Titanic and intellectually licentious spirit, like that of his elephantine and sportive countryman Richter in later times? Was there any inward necessity, of a personal and psychological kind, for this fantastic coat of many colours, in which he could not but invest his new thoughts, as seems to be the case of our own Carlyle? Or may it not have been a determined will to introduce, to the extent that he could, the writing of scientific works in the vernacular speech? Let our admiration and gratitude prevail with us to suppose that the last of these is the true explanation of this ludicrous characteristic of his, for in that case he would have one claim more on our regard; a claim which should have peculiar force in a

popular dissertation like this, for it is clear that science could never have been discussed before the unprofessional reader, until good German and English had been substituted in our books for bad Latin. Since, then, Doctor Stahl may really be considered as one of the tutelary geniuses of scientific literature, the concluding words of his five folios on the Foundations of Chemistry cannot be without some interest in the present connexion. It is impossible to exhibit the grotesque effect of the mixture of Latin and German, with a sprinkling of Greek, in a translation; but the impatient etceteras are faithfully taken from the text, and they will convey some impression of the glorious absurdity of the original. The recipe of the folio is this—three parts of good Dog-latin, two of German, one of Etceteras, and a dash of new Greek, to say nothing particular about a pinch of Arabic.

'As for the use of these things, both for science (that is, the excessive delectation and the cultivation of the mind,) and for purposes which are physical, economical, civil, &c., all that has been said is worthy, &c.:—I advise my noble readers to ruminate over what has been said, &c. But I warn them altogether against those meteoric studies, and vain promisings, opinions, speculations, for fear their mind should ruin their conscience, fame, time, faculty, &c. Wherefore I warn them away from that vulgarly so-called alchemy and its foolish hopes, for it were surely absurd to hope that God would make a man rich because he has made him wise: and as for doing good with it, that is mere knavery to be spit upon. Our Lord God wishes to have the poor and the rich together, although he could soon make us all rich. Morrhosius, in his epistle concerning transmutation, which is certainly worth reading, for it contains some excellent things, tells how Kelly the Englishman got a certain tincture in a wonderful manner, namely, on condition that he should dower poor virgins with it; but while he toyed with it, and wished to see if he really knew the craft of the thing, he actually wasted it all in trials; and there happened to him one of those fates, whereof we have no examples now-a-days: wherein is to be seen how their own inconsiderate nature and perversity, especially in youth, can bring men to ruin. Well, truly, does God ever deal with us, even while the divine goodness denies us smiles in order to award us wrath, &c.' So ends the Fundamenta Chymiae, and so the world takes its last farewell of alchemy, with the wrath of heaven and an &c.!

In addition to these two patriarchs of the science, it was under the illumination and guidance of this Pillar of Fire that there lived, laboured, and prevailed some of the finest spirits that ever devoted their talents to the work of chemistry. Amongst others, whom the particular limitations and the general scope of this short review render it undesirable even to name, there were Scheele of Sweden, Priestley and Cavendish of England, Black and Watt of Scotland, as well as the great Frenchman, Lavoisier himself, at the commencement of his career. To say nothing of the modest and secluded Scheele's discovery of new solid and liquid bodies of every kind, it was these men who began and carried forward that pneumatic chemistry, or chemistry of the gases, which has done so much for the arts of life, which has also been incidental to the transformation of the science, and into which it is now necessary to look, both because it arose among the phlogistians, and because it led to that memorable expansion of modern chemistry about to be described as the epoch of Lavoisier.

It was long till the vital air was clearly understood to be a substance essentially similar to the earth and the sea; and there is little wonder that it should not, it is so thin, transparent, evanescent, invisible and mysterious. The result of the earliest thoughts of mankind on the subject, in so far as these are embodied in the young languages of the world, seems always to imply some supposed analogy between the impalpable breath of the physical heavens and the inscrutable spirit of God himself. The winds were Æolian powers, or rather potentates, passing through the omnipresent sea of life, now rushing with demoniacal hurry athwart the scene, and now gently stirring it like the breath of angels. The very word Spirit, in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, is significant of breath. It appears that the force of inspiration, or the coming of god or demon into an ecstatic person, is expressed by the word Wareen, the winds, in Hindostan; and the very name cannot but remind one of the divine Aura of the ancient Romans, the sacred breeze of poetic or prophetic rapture. Let facts of this sort be the indications, either that the mind of man in history has ascended step by step from material towards spiritual conceptions; or, contrariwise, that he has come down from a primeval life of ideas into that of nature and the senses, until he has lost the idea in the symbol, and thereby become materialized: there is one conclusion that remains the same in either case, namely, that it was only in comparatively modern times that the truly crass and unreservedly

material nature even of atmospheric air, not to mention the other (long unknown) gases, was plainly recognised. Nor has the æerial ocean, in which we are submerged, ceased to be the inalienable symbol of whatever is spiritual and divine, even now that we know all about it. It is still the appropriate type for the inflowing of the Catholic spirit into the private soul of the saint, although its soft and secret substance has been weighed in the balance, solidified in many a tangible compound, and made out of stones by the hands of art. Notwithstanding all our experiments, fixations and recoveries, it is just as beautiful, as mysterious, and as necessary to life as ever; for science does not destroy the poetical or the spiritual significancy of nature at all, it only removes it to a greater depth. 'Thou canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth.'

Galileo was the first to form something like a right conception of the ponderous character of the atmosphere. It had been found, during the erection of certain public works by the then reigning Grand-duke of Tuscany, that water could not be drawn up a pump any higher than some two-and thirty feet. The piston having been raised towards the upper end of a tall pump, the water followed with due fidelity so far, but it would not budge beyond a certain height. The schoolmen of that day had found an easy explanation of the rise of water in pumps, when the pistons are drawn up, in the famous proposition, or rather figure of speech, that Nature abhors a void:—the air tight piston being elevated, an empty space is left between the surface of the water and the piston, and therefore the water goes up to fill it without a sensible instant of delay. But they had now to mend their maxim, because it appeared that Nature did not unreservedly and implacably abhor a void after all; inasmuch as even water, the very type of mobility and obedience, would not follow the piston an inch above its own particular point of choice:—and they were thereby driven from the ineffectual, but not unpoetical, mysticism of their fathers to something like sophistication, for they were fain to assert that she abhors it only to the height of ten yards or so! It is never the originators of a great but useful scientific error, nor yet its true and industrious believers, but its indolent perpetuators who will not move to the music of the new fact and the new time, that are ridiculous, shifty, ambiguous, and not respectable.

The case was now put to the discoverer of the satellites of Jupiter, and he seems to have seen into the secret at once. It was reserved, however, for his pupil Torricelli to establish and work out his ready conjecture. The celebrated Pascal repeated, verified, and extended Torricelli's experiments. The truth of the thing, in brief, was and is just this:—air, though comparatively light, is positively heavy, having a weight of its own. The experiments of these men showed that a square inch of it, carried up from the surface of the earth to the top of the atmosphere, is no less than 15 lbs. in weight. It is this weight of the atmosphere, 15 lbs. on every square inch, that pushes water into the void left by the updrawn piston of a pump; and there is, of course, a limit beyond which it cannot push the water, namely, the point of height at which the column of water in the pump-tube is exactly balanced by the weight of the atmosphere. It is just a question of balance; 15 lbs. can support only 15 lbs.,—a thing which every body understands now-a-days, thanks to Galileo, Torricelli and Blaise Pascal, the seer, the discoverer and the verifier of the fact.

In the time of Van Helmont, who flourished at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the workmen in certain German mines were molested, just as our colliers still are, by poisonous choke-damp and explosive fire-damp; that is to say, (for the words were German, though only too easily domesticated in England), by suffocating and by fiery vapours, the former of which put out life silently but summarily, while the latter might blow its unfortunate victims to pieces. In sarcastic playfulness with the popular superstition regarding these guardians of the mineral treasures of the old earth, that singular man imposed upon them the name of ghosts or gases; but it must be confessed that he knew little or nothing positive about them. Boyle was probably the first to suspect that some solid bodies do in certain circumstances, when they are heated for instance, throw off artificial airs resembling the common atmospheric gas in thinness and in elasticity, as well as in dryness and permanency, but differing from it he could not well tell how. It is related of Hoffman, that he got himself into much trouble with the ecclesiastics of his place and time, who embittered his latter days not a little on account of his physical criticisms, by averring that the spirits by whom certain foolish students, addicted to midnight magical incantations over chaufers glowing within chalk-drawn circles and pentagrams, had been seduced, frightened, floored, otherwise maltreated, and hardly suffered to escape

with their beggarly lives, were undoubtedly evil spirits or caco-demons, as they had been pronounced by a respectable bench of theological judges,—but the spirit of avarice to begin with, and the spirit of charcoal to carry on the process!

It was young Black, however, the greatest chemist Scotland has produced, and the discoverer of that fact of latent heat which Watt has embodied in the steam-engine, that took the first positively chemical step in this progress. He discovered that limestone (or chalk or marble or oyster-shell,) when burned in the kiln and thereby rendered quick, parts with a kind of air in which no animal can breathe and live; and also that it is owing to its setting free this air or gas that the change from inactive limestone to caustic quicklime is due. He called it fixed air, imprisoned in the rock till the furnace or oil of vitriol or the spirit of salt extricated it from its fixture. He perceived and proved that this fixed air was neither more nor less than of the nature of an acid, but existing, alone of all acids, in the airy or gaseous state; not in the liquid or solid one, as was common and world-like. Thus was the fertile conception that there may exist many different kinds of airy matter, just as there are many kinds of solid and liquid substances, differing as much from the gas of the atmosphere as the vitriolic oil or the fuming liquor of Libavius or the essence of turpentine differs from the waters of the ocean, or as marble differs from sandstone, and sandstone from alabaster, fairly inaugurated. It was a magnificent discovery, and it was made at Edinburgh almost within the memory of its present inhabitants. The late venerable Lord Glenlee, who had been the companion of Black, Hutton, Robertson, Adam Smith and all the intellectual magnates of old Edinburgh, once described to us the sensation it excited amongst the learned of that critical city; and it must still be avowed that it is the greatest discovery in natural science that has ever been made there. We also remember a conversation with Doctor Chalmers, who retained his generous love of science to the last concerning this chemistry of the gases. Flinging himself back into the last century, after having condescended on the latest improvements in organic analysis, he exclaimed,—'Yes, it is all very beautiful; but think of Black catching fixed air, and discerning it to be an acid, at a time when nobody thought of such things: that was the great stroke; it was a very great thing to do.' Yes, be the orator's judgment re-echoed now, for it is the first step that is ever the heroic step. It has to be taken in the dark, it has to be taken alone, it can be taken only by a man who is capable of taking all the past along with him, and it cannot be taken by him on whom the bounded present has already crystallized, changing him to a pillar of salt.

Soon after this initiative had been taken by Joseph Black, Priestley invented an easy way of collecting and handling gaseous bodies, the pneumatic trough with its jars, and actually came upon some nine kinds of gas (all differing from ordinary air and from one another) in the course of a few busy and even stormy years,—for poor Priestley was as restless a controversialist in theology and philosophy as ever Beccher or any of the alchemists had been, and had to undergo a world of trouble in connexion with his disputatious career. Scheele had meanwhile been making conquests of the same sort in an obscure Swedish town, with no apparatus but phials and bladders, and had added two or three more to the list of new gases. All Europe followed these sagacious leaders, Cavendish the discoverer of hydrogen, Watt who first suspected water to be composed of two gases, Rutherfurd the discoverer of nitrogen, Lavoisier the interpreter though not the first discoverer of oxygen, and the rest; until everybody has at length become aware that gases are just the steams of liquids which boil at immensely low points of temperature, these liquids being the liquefactions of solid bodies which melt at temperatures lower still, and that therefore there may be no end to the number of the kinds of gaseous matter, precisely as there is no known limit to the vast variety of liquids and solids. One species, or rather a variable mixture of two or three, composed of carbon and hydrogen, is made in the outskirts of nearly every town now-a-days in enormous quantities, and then sent away from a huge Priestleyan trough and jar, as from a heart, to circulate through a system of metallic arteries for the purpose of lighting the houses of the rich, the chambers of the poor and the halls of the public, the incredulity of Walter Scott notwithstanding. Hoffman's spirit of charcoal, the fixed air of Black, the carbonic acid of the present nomenclature, is studiously crushed into bottles of soda-water by stout machinery, to be quaffed by the luxurious and the ailing before it has time to fly away. Our cottons and linens are bleached by chlorine. Great balloons are filled with the phlogisticated air or hydrogen of Cavendish, the lightest of corporeal bodies, to carry men of science and fools with singular impartiality. Oxygen and hydrogen are separated from chemical union with one

another in water, suffered to remain mechanically mingled, and then made to unite again by combustion at the nozzle of the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe, so as to produce a number of useful and beautiful results. The arsenic that may lurk about the putrid remains of a dead and buried man is transformed by an easy process into arseniuretted hydrogen gas, so as by its decomposition to bring the metal that laid him low before the eye of a jury. The spirit of hartshorn is now understood to be but a compound of nitrogen and hydrogen, called ammonia, absorbed and probably in combination with water; while the old spirit of salt or muriatic acid, is just an aqueous solution of hydrochloric gas; and the knowledge of these things is daily made use of in the manufacture of those indispensable liquors. The nitrogen is seduced into something like an unwilling chemical union with the oxygen of the atmosphere, by a device borrowed from nature, so as to yield the nitrate of lime, the nitrate of potassa or salt-petre, the nitrate of soda, and (by a secondary process) the nitric acid or nitrate of water itself, that invaluable oxydant and solvent of the metallurgist and the chemist. Hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and chlorine, the four gaseous elements now known, (to say nothing of fluorine, which is doubtless destined to be proved a true gas) and a great number of gaseous compounds of these simple airs with one another, and with both liquid and solid kinds of matter, are not only daily prepared with certainty and precision, but hourly transferred from combination to combination, in the operations of the manufactory and the laboratory. In fact, there is no end to the applications of this pneumatic chemistry, which took its rise within the (old) college of Edinburgh from the mind of a student of medicine, who had been faithfully brought up in the Stahlian creed by Dr. Cullen, at once his preceptor and his disciple. The chemistry of the gases, in truth, is one of several achievements which unite to throw something like an imaginative lustre around those crowds of nomadic young men, who yearly congregate in the metropolis of Scotland for the study of physic. Within the indefinite circumstances and the questionable appearance of the student of any current session, there may be working and striving towards effective utterance some conception, which will one day raise him to the companionship of the accomplished and much accomplishing, though mild, retiring and delicate Joseph Black, who lived as fine a life of science as was ever lived, and died with a cup of milk unspilt in his hand.

But neither the multifarious applications of the pneumatic chemistry, nor yet the light it threw on a multitude of natural operations, was its greatest result. Its relation to the growth of the science was still more important than these things. It was nothing less than a critical momentum in the history of chemistry at large. It rendered the existing theory painfully too narrow; the phlogistic hypothesis and classification could not stretch to its demands; the tree began to burst its bark. That admirable phantom phlogiston could not contain, keep in order, and govern all those new discoveries. It was no longer sufficient for its historical purpose. Chemistry was growing too great for its antiquated rule. The very discoveries, which would never have been made but for phlogiston, were turning against it almost as soon as they were made. As is ever the case, his own progeny rose up to devour this Saturn; his own dogs wheeled round on this Actæon to rend him: and the memory of Thales and all the Greeks was now to be done to death for more than age. But the old fellow stood gallantly at bay: and it is notorious that the very men, whose discoveries brought all this tendency to mutiny and revolution about, stood by the falling order of things to the last. Neither Cavendish nor Priestley ever abandoned the matter of fire. True to Empedocles and Stahl, they persisted in conceiving of hydrogen as phlogisticated and of oxygen as dephlogisticated airs respectively, even after the ponderable constitution of water had been suggested by Watt, discovered by Cavendish himself, and completely interpreted by Lavoisier. Cavendish, indeed, gave over chemical investigation in disgust, and betook himself to electricity, as soon as it became clear that the new theory of chemistry had won the day. The restless and hasty, but inventive and generous Priestley in his old age took refuge from his enemies in America; and persevered in the writing of long querulous letters to the Academy at Paris about phlogiston, after it had been taken up by the roots with universal acclamation and consigned to the Hortus Siccus of History. Old doctrines and beliefs are the true mandrakes, many-rooted in the long-trodden soil; and they utter their cries of pain when they are torn up, like those living plants of old and fabulous renown. Alas, the superlative difficulty, and that not only the intellectual, but even more especially the moral difficulty of loosening the mind from the firm-seeming coast of prescriptive and contemporary theory, and of thereupon tempting the untried deep where no credible

land appears to rise, has never been handled with love and justice, whether by poets or historians. More commonly the apostle of the new insults over the senility of the prophet of the old idea :—and yet the New Testament might surely have taught Christendom how to think, feel and speak about every foregoing dispensation. On the other hand, the pain with which an industrious man, whose nature it is to love the past, to revere its great names, to delight in its excellent construction, to cling to its established ways, to take a paternal pride in his own contributions to its citizenship, and, in fine, to embrace it with all the arms of his soul, must feel the island-home of his thoughts and hopes begin to move under his tread as if it were no island, can be altogether understood only by the high-hearted and adventurous mariner, who has pitched his tent on some pleasant, but volcanic and temporary margent the day before its going down again to the deep. To bring this sad reflection to a merry end, however, it must also be confessed that there is a lazy conservative spirit which is as ridiculous and comic as this earnest passion for the good old ways is tragic and far from ignoble. Perhaps the quaintest instance on record of that funny indolence was the case of a worthy professor of chemistry at Aberdeen. He had allowed some years to pass over Davy's brilliant discovery of potassium and its congeneric metals without a word about them in his lectures. At length the learned doctor was concussed by his colleagues on the subject, and he condescended to notice it :—'Both potash and soda are now said to be metallic oxides, said he; the oxides, in fact, of two metals, called potassium and sodium by the discoverer of them, one Davy in London—a verra troublesome person in chemistry.'

It was Antoine Laurent Lavoisier, who first felt the pressure of this necessity for a renovated theory of Chemistry, and at once began to construct it, say rather to woo it from the opening bosom of nature, where it lay ready to come forth at the call of him that knew the word of power. Dumas has triumphantly shown that his countrymen had formed the idea of his great revolution at the very outset of his career, and that even before many of the pneumatic discoveries of the Swedish and British phlogistians had been made and published. There can be no manner of doubt, in fact, of the single-handed originality of the French lawgiver of chemistry in bringing about that transition, from the era of phlogiston and the cupel to that of oxygen and the balance which constitutes the turning point of the history now under review. It is easy and social to speak with effusion about the division of labour and the grandeur of combination, but it seems generally to be individual men that do the greater business of science and of the world after all. Institutes, academies, royal societies, have all been good; but a man like Lavoisier is better than them all. German, British, American associations have their important purposes to serve, and they subserve them well; but an opinion just begins to prevail, that in these days we run some danger of being associated to death. Excessive association certainly tends to the production of weakness in the individual unit, if the resulting whole is strong; and it is fortunate that there are some men so unsocial as to dwell apart, drawing inspiration from the quiet past, from the instant universe itself, and from the twittering dawn that is ever arising in the east.

Strange to say, although Lavoisier was early an academician, there was not a little of this individuality and isolation in his character, notwithstanding that he did not resemble Stahl so much in this respect as Dalton did,—but he is never to be compared with these epochal men, his sole co-equals in the history of chemistry, in largeness and energy of intellectual structure, while he may be confidently pronounced their superior in lucidity of the understanding. Born at Paris on the 16th of August in 1743, the son of a rich merchant capable of appreciating his child, he was left very much to the guidance of his own intellectual instincts. Having studied mathematics, astronomy, botany, all with some degree of particularity, he at length took lessons in chemistry at the hands of old Rouelle, an odd and extravagant enthusiast who professed the science at Paris in those days. A young man of many talents and accomplishments, the world of science lay all before him and invited his devotion. Circumstances conspired with his peculiar genius to lead him into those chemical recesses or Physica Subterranea of nature, into which he was one day to shed a whole atmosphere of light. Dumas mentions with honest pride how, while yet a youth of twenty-two, his hero kept himself six weeks in total darkness, in order to intensify the sensibility of his eye to the perception of faint degrees of luminosity; also how he renounced the solicitations and blandishments of Parisian society for the secluded pursuit of science; and how he put himself on short commons of bread and milk, when he found that the want of air and exercise was going to do him harm.

These are probably things, one might say, which it is more difficult to do in Paris than in London or at Edinburgh, otherwise his countryman and celebrator would scarcely have thought them so notable; yet they do indicate a spirit of quiet self-determination on the part of the young discoverer. It likewise appears that he soon understood the scope of the great task which began to unfold its proportions before him, and he made ready to undertake it with a deal of cool-bloodedness. Perceiving he should need a good income for his purposes, he busied himself to obtain the appointment of a farmer-general of the public revenues. When he succeeded, the chemists said he had forsaken chemistry, and the farmers looked askance upon him as an interloper; but he eventually approved himself the best of farmers and the greatest of the chemists of his day. In timely consolidation of his monetary foundation, he at the same time obtained the hand of the daughter of one of his colleagues in the financial trade, a lady who married Thompson the American, commonly called Count Rumford, after the execution of her immortal Lavoisier.

An academician at twenty-five years of age, he was put at the head of the governmental saltpetre works at thirty-three, during the ministry of Turgot; and, after several other little public dignities had been conferred on him, he was made a member of the famous commission on weights and measures in 1790. The year after this he produced his treatise on the territorial wealth of France, and the Constituent Assembly printed it at the expense of the commonwealth. It moreover seems to be the unanimous verdict of his countrymen, at least in these days, that he behaved himself in a manly and business-like way in all his public capacities, such as they were. But within all this busy and successful outward existence there moved an orb of thought and labour, which was of incalculably more importance to the world. The revenue-farmer was working out a vast scheme of chemical discovery and doctrine all the time. Beginning in 1772, in the course of his thirtieth year, he published some forty memoirs in the Transactions of the Academy by 1786, within the space of fifteen years, all of them bearing on his new theory of chemical science. It is also recorded to his honour that, though a rich man, an eminent public character, and a great legislator in science, he engaged in some of the most disgusting of chemical investigations from motives of humanity, thereby adding works of supererogation to those great labours which have given him a name to live for ever in the history of chemistry and human progress. Take him all in all, he must have been an industrious, devoted, aspiring, public-spirited, virtuous, and really great man; as he was certainly an accomplished man of science and the first of chemists. As a man of intellect he belonged to his city and his age; that is to say, he was a positivist, a disciple of Condillac in philosophy (if philosophy it might be called), a man of the senses and the judgment according to sense, essentially if not formally a materialist, a man of science not a philosopher, analytic and rhetorical rather than a synthetist and a maker, acute not subtle, crystal-clear but not profound. What with his young and demonstrative enthusiasm in pursuit, his intimacy with Laplace and many of the greater men of his day, his liberal public spirit, his perspicacious and sceptical mind, his keen but not ungenial criticism of the past, and his discoveries in physical science, it would be difficult to find a more favourable and substantially excellent example of the kind of man and thinker which the eighteenth century could produce, in France and at Paris, than this our lucid Lavoisier. Yet all his services and all his fine qualities could not save him from the revolutionary scaffold. Upon some paltry accusation of their having authorized or winked at the putting of too much water on the Republic's tobacco, a number of the farmers-general were condemned to death; and the great chemist was one of them. It was in vain that he hid himself in some innermost cabinet of the academy: he was dragged forth like a skulking malefactor, insulted by a mock-trial, and beheaded with the rest of the suspected publicans. It seems now to aggravate this disgusting scene in the historical eyes of Dumas, but it surely relieves its ignominy in so far as the raging populace were concerned at the time, to think that the guillotine swept off the head, not of the crowned and illustrious Lavoisier, but of farmer-general Number Five. The truly pathetic circumstance, connected with this homicide, was the fact that the discoverer was just at the middle of his work, as he supposed. These are the last two sentences he ever wrote:—'This is not the place to enter into any details concerning organized bodies; indeed I have purposely avoided that subject, and that is the reason why I have refrained from speaking of the phenomena of respiration, sanguification, and animal heat. I shall return some day soon to these subjects.' He never returned—in the body; but his spirit, the clear and unmistifiable spirit with which he questioned the unknown, the candid and

obedient spirit wherewith he listened for the answer of nature, is with us still, the nobler portion of the legacy he left with his disciples. May it never leave them! While the chemists of the rising generation endeavour to assimilate, in their proper personalities, somewhat of the profound insight into principles of the Greek physiologists, the religious industry of Ghebir and his pharmacologers, the intellectual ambition of Friar Bacon and the alchemists, the inventiveness and method of Stahl and the pneumatic leaders, may they always be strong enough to subordinate those shining qualities to the incorruptible common sense of the great French chemist and his disciples; and, if still newer intellectual manifestations are now about to be evolved with the development of science, may the same principles of common sense accompany chemistry and its explorers, as the ballast of the good ship, for the name of the slaughtered Lavoisier can never cease to be whispered from ear to ear even on the strangest seas.

It is illustrative of his inborn disposition to cope with the greatest questions, as well as of the power of an old idea in a science, that the earliest spontaneous investigation of Lavoisier actually drew its initiative from the dogma of Thales concerning water as the first and fontal element of things. That primitive conception, in truth, had never quite disappeared from the horizon of physics; although water was early reduced to the inferior dignity of being no more than one of four elemental natures as has been explained above. The fontal or generative character of that all-important liquid had been advanced by Van Helmont in later times in connexion with an especial chemical instance. That converted alchemist maintained that water was convertible into earth by prolonged boiling, an opinion, apparently grounded on experiment, which had the continued countenance of Beccher and Stahl. That transcendental element of the old chemistry, in fact, was long-lived and tenacious. The inordinate love of sublimity and unity was not easily extinguished, even in so methodical a spirit as Stahl himself. He retained a provisional region for facts and thoughts beyond the reach of Phlogiston. The belief, or rather the apprehension, of something far more wondrous than metallic calxes and the matter of fire formed the back-ground on which his particular chemical doctrine was painted; and through the visible darkness of that distance there loomed two or three shadowy figures, pointing inwards to some land of promise. These did not interfere with the foreground, but they made it feel unsatisfactory. They poured a kind of mild and sad contempt upon it. They provoked an undefinable longing in the mind for something they could never give. It therefore behoved the man of a new time, it behoved the young Lavoisier to lay them to rest in one way or another, to settle the questions they suggested once for all, to discover the limits of chemical enquiry, in one word, to understand without mistake the boundaries of his sphere; and, happily, those lingering ghosts remained in such a questionable shape that he could speak to them. He asked not authority, not reason, not imagination; for none of these could tell, and he knew it: he asked Nature if water could or could not be turned into stone, and asked in such a way that she could not but accord an intelligible and also an unmistakable answer. He took an alembic, which may be described as an air-tight still in which the condensed steam or distilled liquor always flows back into the boiler, weighed it, put an ascertained quantity of water into it, made it air-tight, and set the water a-boiling; the steam rising, getting condensed, and trickling back continually through the tubular arms of the pelican. It was kept boiling in this way for a hundred-and-one nights and days, circulating inside the air-tight apparatus. At the end of that period, the whole affair had lost no weight. The pelican or alembic had lost seventeen grains. The water had gained weight, and it was muddy with earthy particles. When this mudded water was evaporated to dryness there remained 20 grains of earth, 17 grains of which had clearly been worn out of the substance of the vessel; but where had the other 3 grains come from? Lavoisier at once assigned them to the incidental errors of experiment, and he does appear to have been wonderfully easily satisfied on the point; for surely an error of three grains in twenty was too large to be overlooked in an attempt to solve so great and venerable a question. The fact is that the three odd grains came from the water itself, the original water doubtless containing that amount of saline and organic matter in solution. But this experimentalist was right in the main, and the earth, which Van Helmont and Beccher traced to the transformation of water, was thus discovered to have come from the earthy vessel in which the water had been pertinaciously boiled. Scheele investigated this very question in another manner; he analyzed the earth produced, and found it to be the same as the stuff of the apparatus. The experiments of the French and Swedish chemists, taken together told with fatal effect. The day of

scepticism had come at last, for chemistry was growing great enough to fill the imagination without the help of transcendental dogma, and the new students were merciless experimenters.

The notable circumstances in this experiment of Lavoisier, as has been pointedly urged by Dumas, is the use of the balance. Till this weighing of the alembic, the water and the residue, the balance had not been used in chemistry as an implement of research; even Scheele had an eye only to the quality, not at all to the quantity, of the earthy matter, when he made his analysis or rather his testing of it. We have already seen how the phlogistians conceived and taught that, when a calx united with a quantity of phlogiston, it had lightness added to it, not weight, and therefore the resultant metal was not so heavy as the original calx. In fact then, so long as phlogiston, assumed to be the principal agent in chemical operation, was supposed to be even lighter than nothing, the balance could not possibly be introduced into chemistry as an instrument of investigation. Accordingly, when Lavoisier ordered a fine balance to be made with a view to its employment in research, the fate of phlogiston was sealed. The very thought of the balance implied the perception, by him who first thought of it, of the central idea of all positive chemistry, namely, that every chemical operation ends in an equation; if 100 grains, ounces or pounds of any substance whatsoever are burned, distilled, or in any way altered by a chemical process, then 100 pounds, ounces or grains of material must be accounted for after the operation; if 100 grains or hundred-weights of wood are consumed by fire, the 100 must be found, when all is done, in the ashes, the water and the carbonic acid resulting from the combustion, for nothing is ever lost. Weight was, for this intelligent and resolute stranger on the arena of chemistry, an immutable thing in nature. He saw without a doubt that the opposite of gravity, namely, the levity of the schoolmen, was a mere negation; a relative term, not a positive reality; a no, not a yes. This original perception, or first act of insight, was the starting-point of his career. It was the first-fruit of his happy genius; and, thank heaven, there were also vouchsafed to him industry, courage, talent and wealth, sufficient for its fulfilment and elaboration: he had not to teach a day-school, attended by scrubby little boys with bare feet and with satchels on their backs, like Dalton during a considerable part of his life; and therefore he was comparatively rapid in his progress, although he had to work and write during not a few years before he was either listened to or understood —a kind of thing which posterity always likes to forget.

After what has been mentioned, it is easy to understand how Lavoisier should have communicated the following note to the Academy so early as the 1st November 1772, when only in his thirtieth year, before the discovery of oxygen gas, and before the full development of chemical pneumatics, which has been sketched above:—'I have lately discovered that where sulphur is burned there is produced an acid with increase of weight; and it is the same with phosphorus. That increase of weight comes from the fixation of a prodigious quantity of air. If the metals also, when calcined, increase in weight, it is just from a similar fixation of air, and I can prove it by experiment. In fact, if I take a metallic calx and heat it with carbon in shut vessels, then at the moment when the calx is reduced to the metallic state,—at the moment, for example, when litharge, (the calx of lead) is changed into metallic lead, there reappears the air which had become fixed when the metallic lead had previously been made into a calx, and you may collect an aerial product at least a thousand times more bulky than the solid litharge employed.' 'This experiment,' it is added, 'appears to me to be one of the most interesting that has been made since Stahl:'—and so indeed it was, for it involved the superseding of the Stahlian view of, and way of looking at, the phenomena of chemistry. This experiment, in truth, clearly contained the discovery that when brimstone and phosphorus are changed by combustion into acids, and when a metal is burned to a calx, the change is owing, not to the giving out of a phlogiston by these combustibles respectively, but to their absorption of and chemical combination with large quantities of some ponderable kind of air. But nobody saw its vast importance except the experimentalist himself. So late as 1778, six years after the observation was made known, Macquer had a great load taken off his stomach (to use his own expression in a letter) by finding, after all due ventilation of the matter among his scientific gossips, that phlogiston was far from having any need of going to the wall yet. Be it repeated once more, with deep and affectionate respect, that it is no easy thing to give over a cherished theory: it is almost as difficult as to discover a new one; and it is only the frivolous and changeable inventor of new-fangled conceits, or the light-hearted minion of every glittering innovator, that refuses to do homage to the loyal spirit of the honest conservative. We remember

with how much tenderness, we had almost said with what a tone of sadness and sense of injury, the late Doctor Hope chid one of the expectant graduates of the College at Edinburgh, on the occasion of the public defence of their medical theses in 1839, for entertaining the undemonstrable Ammonium-view of the constitution of the ammoniacal salts. The venerable professor retained his well-grounded fidelity to good old Ammonia, saying that he had 'hoped it should at least last all his days.'

Lavoisier knew the worth, and anticipated the future value, of his young and yet immature idea; and that was enough. Dumas has called the particular attention of chemists to the fact, accordingly, that although it was in 1772 that his hero began the interchange of preliminary shots, it was not till 1783, eleven years later and in the course of his forty-first year, that he fairly gave battle to phlogiston. Till that period, says the historian, Lavoisier seemed to have retreated from his position, in the opinion of the superficial. But it was only because he had not yet collected and organized a strong enough array of facts for the defence of his proposals. In truth, after having been eleven years engaged in the working out of his theory, Lavoisier was in the glorious minority of one, in so far as the chemists were concerned: he had only one disciple, and that one was his friend Laplace, the astronomer. It was not till 1787, when the reformer was forty-four years of age and a veteran in science, that Fourcroy began to teach both the phlogiston hypothesis and the oxygen theory in his public lectures, and to draw a comparison between them to the advantage of the latter. Berthollet joined the new cause the same year. Guyton Morveau, Monge, and gradually all the world, including Great Britain, followed their leaders at last. Then, after everybody was converted to the new views, and after the academicians had aided our discoverer in the construction of a nomenclature fitted for the expression and illustration of the new chemistry, it began to be everywhere discussed and applauded as the doctrine of the French chemists forsooth! 'This new blow was very painful to him,' writes his admirable vindicator:—'That theory,' he cried, 'is not, as I hear it called, is not the theory of the French chemists, it is mine own; it is a possession which I claim at the hands of my contemporaries and posterity.' Much was also said, of course, about those things which he owed to Priestley, Cavendish, Scheele. He owed them much; yet he owed them only facts, and facts distorted by the false medium through which their discoverers saw them, but facts which never conducted them to any such theory, facts which easily fell into order under his theory, and facts that he discovered for the most part almost as soon as themselves. He owed them not a ray of thought: he owed them obstruction. Nor were good-natured and impartial critics slow to remind a generous cosmopolitan public that Jean Rey, (and who knows whom besides?) had previously found that metals were heavier after than before combustion or calcination and did then contain air; but they reminded neither the world nor themselves that the invaluable discovery remained as barren as ice, until the radiance of Lavoisier's searching spirit made it flow over the plain, bringing all manner of fruits out of the willing earth, and going down to bear rich fleets upon its bosom.

It were impossible, within our limits, to trace the succession of particulars in the progress of Lavoisier's career: suffice it that it was arduous, singlehanded, and victorious in his own lifetime. The crowning moment was perhaps the following discovery:—Oxygen had been discovered by Priestley and by himself; he had also ascertained that it is the oxygen of the atmospheric air that becomes fixed (or absorbed and combined with) when brimstone is burnt or a metal calcined; so that the calx of quicksilver was known to contain at least mercury and oxygen, whatsoever else it might contain. He therefore took a known weight of mercurial rust, and drove the oxygen out of it by heat (for simple heating decomposes that oxide); but did so in such an apparatus as enabled him to catch and retain that oxygen, as well as to preserve the liberated quicksilver also. He next recalcined this same mercury, by means of the same oxygen as had just been expelled from the original calx employed; and he thereby obtained the same weight of the calx of mercury as had been introduced into the apparatus at the beginning of the experiment. This was an express illustration of the fact that the red rust of quicksilver is a compound of nothing ponderable but mercury and oxygen, instead of quicksilver being (as had been so long and loyally believed) a compound of its own calx with the positively light phlogiston. When it was made out that the sum of the weights of the mercury and the oxygen, obtainable by heat from any known weight of mercurial calx, is exactly equal to that weight, the experimental demonstration was complete.

The substance of the Lavoisierian chemistry may be briefly summed up in a few paragraphs, but that without being careful to assign each particular to its author, seeing the central facts and the great vivifying truth

of the whole system were Lavoisier's own unmistakable handiwork.

§ 1. Water is not the element of all things, not the first of material forms, not the beginning of creation. It is not even the best or highest in rank, as Pindar expresses it, of four or any other number of elements. It is not an element at all: it is the resulting unity of two elements in combination, hydrogen and oxygen. It is the rust or calx of hydrogen, as iron-rust is the calx of iron, as the oxide of mercury is the calx of quicksilver: it is the oxide of the gaseous metal hydrogen. It is curious to take notice of the changing fortunes of this sweet blood of nature in the history of chemistry. First the matrix of the whole universe, then only one of four elements, though the chief of the quaternion, more latterly looked upon as at least an altogether peculiar and calx-producing principle, and at last discovered to be itself nothing but a liquid product of combustion, one oxyde among many, the mere ashes of so much burnt hydrogen, a common compound of two out of a large number of elements. Yet this composition of water was a critical discovery in its day: for some years the whole science revolved around it; and it is still the typical illustration of the chemistry of analysis and synthesis. James Watt of the Steam-engine, though not otherwise known in chemistry, was the first to form the conception that water is composed of hydrogen and oxygen, or rather of phlogisticated and dephlogisticated airs (the same things as objects certainly, but somewhat different in and for the mind); and Cavendish, a truly great discoverer of facts in this science, was the first to make the proposition good by unassailable experiments: but this all-important discovery was surely mystified, in the thoughts of both these inventors, by their mistaken adhesion to phlogiston; so that it was the light of Lavoisier's system after all, that gave its significance to that capital fact. Lavoisier did make the discovery for himself, it seems; and certainly he would have made it first, but for the anticipation of Watt and Cavendish: yet the grand distinction of the French lawgiver is the circumstance that he was bringing about a reformation, developing a vast system, and exemplifying a new method of inquiry, while our countrymen were the conservative seekers of only particular facts. Such appears to be a righteous judgment regarding the several claims of these three investigators in this matter. Since they represent Scotland, England and France respectively, it is but natural that a good deal should have been written with some acerbity on all the sides of the question. Lord Brougham, Arago, Dumas, have all broken their lances in trying to settle the rival claims, to say nothing of the kindly effort of one of the relatives of Watt. It is not long, indeed, since a deceased critic of our own mingled in the controversy, investigating and adjudicating on its merits, with the skill of an advocate and the love of a friend, if not with all the impersonality of a judge. The question has likewise been handled more recently, and that with much knowledge and rare acumen, in the Life of their name-sire sent forth by the Cavendish Society. On the whole, however, while feeling that all such questions of priority are but poor things, we stand by the opinion already pronounced without misgiving, but also without much concern, for Lavoisier can spare deductions from his estate of fame, which would impair the heritage of either Cavendish or Watt.

As for the air of the atmosphere, the new chemistry found it to be no more an elemental principle of nature than the water of the ocean, but just a mechanical mixture, for the most part, of some 20 parts of oxygen, and 80 parts of nitrogen or ozote, kept habitually moist by a varying ratio of watery vapour, whether visible or invisible. It also contains some 4 parts in 1000 of carbonic acid gas, to say nothing of those traces of ammonia, carburetted hydrogen (and what not?) more lately discovered in its all-embracing substance. To the earlier Lavoisierian, then, the atmosphere comprised the three gases, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and the hardest of solid bodies, namely, carbon or the diamond,—the four organogens or main products of the decomposition of organized creatures, plants and animals.

On the other hand, the earth, the third of the old elemental quartad, is the resultant of the combinations and mixtures and juxtapositions of some seventeen metals (still to speak from the point of view of chemistry before the discoveries of Humphrey Davy, the great consummator of the movement of Lavoisier), of six non-metallic bodies or combustibles (three known, namely, carbon, sulphur, phosphorus; and three inferred to exist, namely, the muriatic, fluoric and boracic radicals, as they were called), of five earths, of two alkalis, and of the three atmospheric gases. But oxygen was the most important of all these provisional elements or undecompounded bodies. It converted the three known combustibles into acids, it was supposed to have converted the three unknown combustible radicals into the corresponding known acids; it converted the metals into bases or so many sorts of earth or alkali, and it was supposed to be the cal-

cifying principle of the regular earths and alkalis; and, in fine, the compounds of oxygen with other elements, whether known or shrewdly inferred, were perceived to be the most abundant and widely spread of all natural combinations:—so that this whole crisis of quick development may well be called the epoch of oxygen and the balance. It was the pneumatic chemistry that prepared the way for it, it was the balance that ushered it on the scene, and oxygen is its great result. The discovery of oxygen rendered the balance both applicable and necessary, the use of the balance put oxygen in its place within the system of nature and of science, and they can never be put asunder in the memory of the chemist. A glass-covered balance, turning on an edge of adamant, with the antique symbol of the mercurial calx in one scale and the modern representative of mercury + oxygen in the other, is that Libra of the historical Zodiac into which the sun of Chemistry rose, as soon as the star of Lavoisier was fairly in the ascendant.

§ 2. There is no such creature as phlogiston or the matter of fire. When a body, compound or elementary, is burned, it does not give out imaginary levitative phlogiston: it takes in real gravitative oxygen. Yet Lavoisier, in laying the matter of fire (with its positive levity) to rest for ever, could not escape from its buried power over him. Black had discovered the fact of latent heat, and explained his conception of the phenomenon with the help of the hypothesis of caloric or the matter of heat, a substance, not monstrously endowed with lightness indeed, but possessed of no weight whatever, the very ghost of poor phlogiston! Lavoisier adopted this caloric. When phosphorus burned in vital air with a flame nearly as dazzling as the sun, he knew that it entered with rapidity into chemical union with the oxygen, and he attributed the heat of the flame to the extrication of the imponderable matter of heat or caloric from the phosphorus and especially from the oxygen, to say nothing of the light of the flame in the present connexion. In short, the Empedoclean matter of fire, or rather the Stahlian phlogiston, supposed to have less than no weight, was just broken up into caloric, the matter of heat, and an analogous matter of light, both supposed to be absolutely imponderable projectiles, of a truly material nature, and capable of fixation by certain of the ponderable forms of matter. Founding on a mischievous and purely geometrical abstraction, to the effect that extension is the only essential property of matter, Black and Lavoisier admitted into their system the notion of a kind of matter, capable of entering into chemical combination with the indubitable kinds of matter, and yet, not only without visibility or palpability or separability, but absolutely without weight, without the tendency to gravitate towards the central body of the earth, without the power to help the rest of the world to draw towards and move round the sun, in a word, without one of the actual common properties of all the known forms of matter, let the mediæval scholastic or the modern geometer call it an essential property or not! Posterity will assuredly regard this as one of the half-truths or metaphysical mystifications at the core of the Lavoisierian chemistry, as it is well known to be by many now-a-days, notwithstanding that our text-books in this highly positive science are still too full of matters of heat, of light, of electricity, of galvanism, of magnetism, and even of unheard-of odyles or ogres, which the genius of Fact might have been expected to have driven beyond the confines of Science for ever, after the discovery of oxygen and the use of the balance.

§ 3. Oxygen was not only the great agent of combustions (by the extrication of its caloric on its energetic union with the ponderable combustibles), but it was also the principal party to a multitude of more peaceable operations. The respiration of animals, the process of vegetation, and many less important natural phenomena, were all found to depend on this constituent of the atmosphere. It was perceived to be incidental to the growth of organic beings, to their sustenance, and to their decay. What was true then is true still:—oxygen is the mainspring of a vast proportion of all those movements that are constantly going on under the figured face and visible indications of the terrestrial horizon. It is both the builder and the destroyer of the ever-shifting scene around us; at once the finger and the tooth of time.

§ 4. The conception of chemical union received a great, though by no means a full, accession of clearness from the Lavoisierian movement. The word Affinity, standing for the force in virtue of which the chemical combination of two or more bodies takes place, was first used by Barchusen and first defined by Boerhaave. The very word, however, shows that even the latter was under the obsolete notion that it is bodies standing in affinity with one another, that is to say, bodies resembling each other, that are the most prone to enter into mutual union. Mercury was fancied to amalgamate so easily with certain of the metals because it is

of a like nature with them. In the new chemistry, however, the strongest and most prevalent compounds were those consisting of the most dissimilar ingredients, for example, those of oxygen and the metal. The term Affinity, therefore, began at once to be equivalent with Chemical Attraction, which also began to be understood as a force acting among the invisible particles of matter, just as gravitation exerts itself among the visible masses of creation:—a thing, the latter, which Newton had seen and said long before the dawn of this, the chemistry of fact. But the Lavoisierians, especially Fourcroy and all who have come after him, went further in this direction than they were (or are yet) warranted by the facts of the science. They inferred, and even explicitly stated, that chemical attraction or particular affinity displays itself only between the particles of different kinds of matter, for instance, between hydrogen and oxygen, but by no means between one particle and another of hydrogen or of oxygen. They defined chemical affinity, indeed, as nothing else than the attraction of cohesion mutually exerted between differing kinds of matter. The particles of a piece of brimstone hold together, in the piece, by the force of the attraction of cohesion, as it is named; and the holding together of mercury and oxygen, in the mercurial calx, was attributed to the same force acting between the two differing kinds of element, namely, quicksilver and oxygen. Without entering on the discussion of this vital point, we venture to foretell that this will ere long be considered as another error in the very heart of the Lavoisierian chemistry; and it is an error which the Daltonian movement has not yet done away with.

§ 5. The Lavoisierian definition of the elemental nature was perfect. It was the first clear conception ever attained to and uttered on the subject. This great lawgiver of Chemistry become Positive, an apt scholar in scientific scepticism and the admirer of Condillac, defined a chemical element to be nothing more (and nothing less) than a material substance not yet analyzable, not yet broken up into simpler forms; in short, a body not yet decomposed but not therefore indecomponible, to be called simple for the time being but not necessarily always to remain in the list of elements, elementary not in an absolute but only in a logical and provisional sense of the term. The metals, the earths, the alkalis, the combustibles, the three gaseous organogens, were therefore all registered as elements for the meantime. Davy decomposed the alkalis and earths, proving them to be the oxydes of so many new and unheard-of metals. The same chemist, certainly the noblest of the disciples and workmen of Lavoisier, found out the true nature of chlorine, and thereby deprived oxygen of the right to its name; for oxygen had been prematurely chronicled as the acid-gendering element, but chlorine was now discovered to be at once a simple body and an engenderer of acids just as truly as oxygen. Iodine, selenium, silicon, titanium, rhodium and many other substances, equally elementary with oxygen and the old metals, have followed in their turns, and there are now no fewer than some sixty Lavoisierian elements, while there may well be a hundred of them before the century is out. There is no probable limit, in truth, to the number of this species of elementary principle. If the chemist could but dig deeper into the surface of the world he inhabits, or could be licensed to carry his quarrying gear to the moon, or could even lay hold of the smallest of the Junonian asteroids, to say nothing that might be construed into impertinence concerning the diggings of either Jupiter or Venus, what a pile of such simple bodies he might build up! It should never be forgotten that he has hitherto done nothing but scratch the outside of this old Hertha, and that only to the depth of the thickness of this paper-leaf in comparison with a sphere of two feet in diameter. Yes, he has merely raked a little among the outermost ashes of this great globe itself, the hearth of the family of man, and his own body will soon be ashes among ashes, earth in earth, when the spirit that was in him, returned to God who gave it, may well smile at the remembrance of yon dim spot which men call Earth, and at the century of elements he had gathered from all its little heights and hollows. In fact and in brief, then, there may be six hundred of such elements as ours just as well as sixty; and almost every year is actually adding a new one to the catalogue. In the meantime, it is to be understood that, from not one of these present sixty, can the hottest furnace seven times heated, the coldest freezing mixture, the strongest and steadiest galvanic pile, the most thunderous of electric batteries, or the most pungent reagent, were it even fluorine or potassium at a white heat, extract anything but itself:—gold yields gold, iron yields iron, hydrogen yields hydrogen, only gold and iron and hydrogen, to all the solicitations of the fiercest analytics yet known. 'We stand before the guarded door of nature: the strong bolts will not move: everything fails us, everything!'

Yet it is hard to think that all those sixty creatures are truly simple or elementary.

The instinct of humanity revolts against believing that the Maker has departed from his wonted simplicity of procedure in this one part of creation, and flung such a number of unchangeable elements from his immediate hand. Many thoughtful and ingenuous men, indeed, have frankly supposed that it were more like the nature of the Deity, as shewn by his interpreted works, to pour forth the unreckonable variety of things from the bosom of one or two principles. Thales and the Greek physicists, Ghebir and the polypharmacists, Roger Bacon and the alchemists, Stahl and the phlogistians, Lavoisier himself, Humphry Davy, Prout, even Berzelius himself, that man of multitude, have all given more or less explicit expression to this native yearning of the thoughts of the heart of man towards simplicity, that is to say, towards some unity or other underlying the multiplicity of appearances, in this subterranean domain of nature. Man does not love multiplicity; he admires it; but it is unity that he loves, for it moves his imagination while it touches his heart, not only making the whole world kin, but also lessening the distance between that world and God. The next great question in chemistry then, say rather, the perpetual and the greatest question in the science, is precisely this;—What is the interior nature of those elements? From the Lavoisierian point of view, in plain earnest, that is the one question of the age. The science bids us ask, and perhaps nature is ready to answer it: but what shall be done, since no known analytical power can move one of those steadfast natures from its propriety? Let synthesis be tired, if analysis has failed: synthesis has never been tried. Be it observed, too, that it is in the highest degree probable that all the sixty present elements are equidistant from simplicity: they are all equally compound (and equally simple, for that matter), if there be any truth in the unanimous testimony of chemical analogy. Their case is exactly like that of potassa, soda, lime, baryta, strontia, and their congeners, before the discovery of potassium; that is to say, potassa once discovered to be a metallic calx or oxyde, all the rest were clearly metallic oxydes too, as experiment was not long of shewing. In the same way, if the secret of one of those silent and tantalizing elements be discovered, the secret of them all is out.*

Comte's generalization of the particulars known regarding the growth of man's idea of nature has already been referred to, and it cannot but be interesting to notice the expression of his law in the history of the theory of fire, that impressive phenomenon which continued to be the central point of chemistry until the later Lavoisierians at length put it in its proper and subordinate place. Common combustion, as brought about by energetic oxidation, will always be an important object of study; but, now that other gases are known to support combustion, now that a pair of solid bodies are easily made to extricate heat and light without the presence of any kind of atmosphere, and now that fire is understood to consist in the production of heat and light by or during any chemical action that is intense enough, the venerable process falls to be considered as an accident and not an essence. In one word, the Lavoisierian theory of fire, thus widened by the discoveries that have flowed from it, and stripped of the adhesion of caloric, is an illustration of the third epoch of human thought upon the subject, according to the classification of the French positivist:—it is the plain, unsophisticated, positive statement of the facts of the case, as these present themselves to the senses and the judgment according to sense of the true chemist. The second, the metaphysicizing or fictitious stage of the theory of fire is represented by caloric, still more curiously by phlogiston, and also by the ancient element and empyrean:—abstractions of the mind transformed into things, forbidden creatures, veritable ghosts. And as for the earliest, the religious or superstitious time of knowledge or thought concerning this fiery manifestation of the powers of nature, not only is the mythological story, how Prometheus snatched the element down from a region all on fire* beyond the atmosphere and its thousand stars, an indication of the idolatrous feeling flung around a natural wonder, but the salamander or fire-spirit of the Rosicrucian mystics was a supernatural creation of the theosophic sort, almost belonging to post-mediæval Europe. Fire for the altar, strange fire, fire from heaven, and burnt-offerings are the common elements of all the antique worships of the world. Fire has also yielded some of the strongest of the imagery of the sacred books of Christianity. In the end the earth is to be burnt up, the very elements are to melt with fervent heat, the heavens

* For more particular insight into the first epoch of positive chemistry, the reader is referred backwards to an article on Davy in the third Number of this Review, and forwards to an intended criticism of the Daltonian movement: But the perusal of Lavoisier's *Traité Elémentaire* will do more for him than any later dissertation, especially if followed by the study of Berthollet's *Statique Chimique*.

* The word Empyrean means nothing else, of course, than the Place on Fire.

are to pass away like a scroll in the flames; while the horrible nature of sin is set forth by that place where the fire is not quenched: and surely the image of everburning, yet unwasting fire is a symbol more easily turned into ridicule by the frivolous understanding than exhausted by the serious imagination.*

But the true deification of Fire was that of Zoroaster and the Guebres, those worshippers of the Sun. To them the thing was Divine, the peculiar Shekinah of Jehovah, or the supreme manifestation of God among men upon the earth. The less refining multitude did assuredly, by the million and during long ages of time, look upon the sun as very god of very god; on the moon and stars as his heavenly host; and on the leven-brand, the unrestrainable fire, the culinary hearth, and the household lamp as his flaming ministers. It is difficult now-a-days to realize this devotion—in the presence of a chemical product, a combination of caloric and light, a double vibration, a pair of imponderables, or even a couple of dynamides! The fact is that Christendom has at last got into the extreme opposite point of view to all this worship of nature, and the Beautiful one has been degraded into a drudge, 'none so poor to do her reverence.' The Briton of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries actually conceives of the world as an amazingly complicated, yet exquisitely simple piece of mechanism, put together very much as a watch is made by a watchmaker, and left to go according to law, the great Creator withdrawn to some central heaven, thence beholding all its evolutions, and ready to interfere whenever the gracious purposes of his will require a present Deity. Zoroaster, on the other hand, saw nothing but god and only god in nature; he felt as though God shone upon his eye, almost without a veil, in Fire; and he bowed his head in adoration: while his people, as usual, soon confounded the idol with the divinity, the sign with the idea, and became idolaters.

What a thing Fire must have been to the primitive man the first time it flashed upon him! Say that he kept watch over his people; that at the chilliest hour of the night, just before sunrise, he noticed how a dry stick grew warm when rubbed against his club; that he rubbed them again, more stoutly still, and it became hot: at it again, with the wonder of a child and the strength of twenty men, he flung it down for it scorched his hand; yet he could not choose but try again, and it smoked; again and again, quicker and quicker, longer and longer, he pursued the wild experiment until it burst into flame, and the sun arose in the east:—What were the fire upon the brand but the spirit of the blessed sun, come down to dwell with him and his? It is surely not impossible to feel how, in the absence of science, with the presence of only an incalculably small amount of experience, in an intellect far more observative than analytical and a young soul capable of little more than wonder and love, the worship of the Sun and Fire might arise: and, once risen on a national and continental heart, it could never set until the fulness of a better time were come. Nor is Christianity herself the reconciling genius of the world, ashamed to draw upon the memory of that old faith; for she lifts up her Prince of Peace to the homage of the nations under the image of the Zoroastrian god:—

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS WITH HEALING IN HIS BEAMS.

* To say nothing of Dante and Milton at all in this connexion, if the reader would see how this symbol pierces and informs a Christian poet, let him read the Devil's Dream of Thomas Aird.

ART. III.—1. *Storia Civile della Toscana dal* 1737 *al* 1848. Di ANTONIO ZOBI. Tomi 1–3. 8vo. Firenze, 1850, 1851.

2. *Gli Ultimi Rivolgimenti Italiani: Memorie Storiche.* Di F. A. GUALTERIO. Vols. 1–5. Firenze, 1852.

3. *Lo Stato Romano dall anno* 1815 *al* 1850. Per LUIGI CARLO FARINI. Volume Terzo. Firenze, 1851.

4. *Florentine History from the earliest Authentic Records to the Accession of Ferdinand the Third, Grand Duke of Tuscany.* By HENRY EDWARD NAPIER, Captain R.N. In 6 vols. London, 1847.

5. *Italy in the Nineteenth Century.* By JAMES WHITESIDE, Q.C., M.P. Fifth Edition, 3 vols. London, 1852.

6. *Memoirs of Scipio di Ricci, late Bishop of Pistoia and Prato, Reformer of Catholicism in Tuscany.* Edited from the Original of M. D. PALTER, by THOMAS ROSCOE. 2 vols. London.

7. *Casa Guidi Windows.* A Poem. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. London, 1851.

8. *Religious Liberty in Tuscany in* 1851. London.

9. *Apologia della Vita Politica di F. D. Guerrazzi, Scritta da lui medesimo.* Un volume in 8vo. Firenze, 1851.

10. *First Annual Report of the Society of the Friends of Italy.* London, 1852.

Outside the San Gallo gate of Florence stands the triumphal arch raised to commemorate the entrance of Francis III., Duke of Lorraine, and of Maria Theresa of Austria, on the evening of the 19th January 1738, into the capital of their new dominions. That arch—a heavy imitation of the arch of Constantine, by an architect of Lorraine—stands as a great landmark in the history of the Tuscan Dukedom. The very sculptures that deform it speak of a new dynasty in old Etruria—the double-headed eagle grasps in its claws both the sceptre and the sword. Giovanni Gastone, the last of the Medici, had been borne to his tomb in San Lorenzo, to that magnificent chapel, the burial-place of his family, where the marvellous figures of Michael Angelo—"the ghosts" of Julian and of Duke Lorenzo—"are sitting on their sepulchres." Decrepit and diseased, the worn out profligate had sunk childless to the grave, and the fairest region of Italy was freed from a race that for three centuries had been "its glory and its shame."

We do not care to dwell on that dark record which constitutes the history of the later Medici, and we have no time to describe Tuscany as it was in the days of that old priest-ridden Cosmo III., whom Addison describes so spicily in his "Travels." We wish rather to speak of Tuscany in later days, and whether fortunately or unfortunately, we have "no end of books" on such a subject. We have given a sample above, and we think it peculiarly *apropos* that a history like Zobi's, so elaborate, and so thoroughly liberal, should be just now in course of publication. Captain Napier's six heavy Dutch-looking little volumes had by no means exhausted the more valuable materials of "Florentine History," and on the reign of Leopold I. they were peculiarly defective. And we thank Signor Zobi especially for his ample treatment of the great ecclesiastical questions which excited Tuscany seventy years ago, and are now in some degree exciting it again; and for these chapters on the clergy that read like a tale of the Decameron, even in the pages of a sober historian. Mr. Whiteside's book has at least received the stamp of public approval, as it has reached a fifth edition. Few of our modern writers on Italy have produced a work so readable; and this makes amends for a variety of smaller matters which we are not at all disposed to carp at. We have had occasion to admire at times the happy art with which an intelligent tourist whose "stay is limited," contrives to work up the loose materials of a few street pamplets, through which he has spelled his way by aid of dictionary, into a handsome volume, of which, the chances are, the information so liberally communicated by couriers and waiters, and *commissionaires*, aided by the unfailing "Murray," forms the staple. Mr. Whiteside, who very properly does just as he likes in these matters, has evidently picked up some of his details from such "distinguished" and "standard" authorities, and we do not know any one who has made better use of the litter of street pamphlets. A tract of Massimo d'Azeglio, well meriting a place—a history of St. Philomena, by some abbate of marvellous credulity, or of strong faith in the credulity of his readers—and, above all, "The True Story of Beatrice Cenci," condensed from a little nameless volume about as authentic as the "History of the Seven Champions of Christendom," as we strongly suspect Mr. Whiteside knew right well—besides law and literature, manners and morals, and the want of both as a variety. Such a book is just what a traveller needs, neither too heavy nor too trivial or sufficiently comprehensive—

"Quidquid agunt homines nostra farrago libelli."

Signor Farini's third volume, though perhaps less interesting on the whole than the two which preceded, indicates, we think, decided progress in the art of writing history, and in truth the loose slippery second-rate newspaper style of his earlier volumes afforded considerable room for improvement. It is already known to all who take an interest in Italian matters by the translation of Mr. Gladstone—a book much better than the original. It is to be regretted that that accomplished translator did not choose instead the far more profound and interesting volumes of the Marquis Gualterio of Orvieto, unquestionably the finest work that has yet appeared on the history of Italy since 1815. It must be admitted that the task of translating would have been considerable, as the five volumes already published bring down the history only to 1847; and at this rate, ere the work be completed, there may very possibly be another revolution, and materials in abundance for a few additional volumes as a sequel. Still, were the documents that are appended simply passed over, the mere text of Gualterio would give a far more perfect idea of the great Italian parties to an English reader than any other work we could name: and we do not yet despair of seeing some attempt made to "do" it into our vernacular. Meantime, in addition to sober prose, we

have a distillation of Italian politics in poetry, under the attractive though somewhat enigmatical name of "Casa Guidi Windows." We have no time to criticise at length a poem so vigorous and so beautiful, and calculated to take so high a place for its own merits, apart from the interest of Italian politics. It is, in short, the poetical apotheosis of Young Italy; and yet that young gentleman is pretty soundly lectured before his canonization. Our object is more sober, and less ambitious: and leaving Mrs. Browning to watch the Arno as it shoots "right through the heart of Florence," we would occupy ourselves in tracing the political history and prospects of Tuscany, as suggested in these and sundry other works, "too tedious to mention." They are of special present interest, seeing that all Tuscany has been excited of late by sundry attempts to abolish her boasted legislation, and especially the laws of the first Leopold.

We shall endeavour to convey an idea, in as few words as possible, of the great outlines of that policy which raised Tuscany to so high a place among civilized nations, and of those laws which for more than a century have been vitally connected with the social and political wellbeing of her people. The Regency that governed Tuscany in the absence of Francis II.* made no progress for years towards the removal of the glaring abuses of the Medicean legislation: even Richcourt and Rucellai feared to provoke too hastily the jealousy of the Court of Rome by any measure that might be construed into resistance of Papal authority, and hence their policy was rather that of defence than that of aggression. The history of the Regency may be summed up in a few words:—a long struggle with the Church, with clamorous monks and refractory bishops, the Franzonis of their day, aided and abetted by the Papal Court in their opposition to the very appearance of reform; another co-ordinate struggle with feudal nobles in the Apennines, surrounded with their *bravi* and banditti, such as are painted in Manzoni's romance; an ineffectual attempt on the Maremme; a few useful laws, and a step in advance towards the principle of Free Trade, but little real improvement on the condition of the country. The priests were still in the ascendant; the Jesuits were the tutors and schoolmasters in the land of Macchiavel and Galileo; the two universities, Pisa and Siena, languished under a rule that would have made the very sun stand still in obedience to the Canon law; learning had decayed—even painting and sculpture had degenerated; the Della Cruscan Academy alone flourished in all the insupportable pedantry of "word-catchers that lived on syllables."

And such was the state of matters in 1765, when Peter Leopold, the younger son of Francis I. and of Maria Theresa, ascended the Grand-Ducal throne at the early age of eighteen. The rival claims of Austria and Spain had been adjusted by the marriage of the young prince with the Infanta Maria Louisa, and Tuscany assumed again the position of an independent kingdom. The State was too small to be a gainer by taking any decided part in European contests, and Leopold's first aim was to establish *its strict neutrality;* and this point being so far secured by his relations with Spain and Austria, his efforts were directed, during the twenty-five years of his reign, to the internal improvement of his dominions, so as to make of Tuscany *a model kingdom.* His first great measure indicated the whole course of his future legislation: a year after his accession the harvest having failed, and a famine threatening the land, Leopold at once freed grain, native and foreign, from all commercial restrictions, and inaugurated that principle of Free Trade which he afterwards made the law of the State. Gian Gastone was still wearing out his days in Florence when Salluct Anthony Bandini, a priest of Siena, presented to the ministers of the Grand-Duke his project of Free Trade in Corn as the great remedy for the miserable condition of the Sanese Maremme. The Cobden of those days was considered as either knave or fool—the ministers did not know exactly which—but at all events they could see no earthly connexion between commercial freedom and the draining of the Tuscan marshes. But the Sanese archdeacon was persevering as an Anti-Corn-Law-Leaguer, and not only wrote his "Economical Discourse," but supported by Pompeo Neri, the ablest Tuscan jurist of his day, he obtained a trial of his principles from Francis II.; and when the first expositor of those days was no longer living to plead them with his "unadorned eloquence," they were established as a fundamental law of Tuscany, and with such results as to silence all unprejudiced opponents. It was the industry of a free people that tamed the Alps of Switzerland, and reclaimed from the ocean the lands of Holland: the Huguenots of France would have settled in the Maremme after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, had not the weak and illiberal Cosmo III. prevented them, and driven

* Francis III., Duke of Lorraine, is known as Francis II. of Tuscany, and Francis I. of Austria.

them elsewhere with their arts and their industry; and Bandini rightly judged, though he dared not speak it plainly to a Medici, that it was not simply from natural causes, but from the effects of long misgovernment, that those wide tracts of country that had contained a large part of the population of old Etruria were now reduced to pestilential marshes. The colonists of Lorraine died in those fatal swamps; of the thousand who had been introduced in the time of the Regency, only thirty-five remained when Leopold began his work of amelioration, and the depopulated region had become still more dreary by being made a place of exile for political offenders. Between death and the Maremme there was but little to choose, and it required all the German perseverance of Leopold to carry on the work of reclaiming; but his new system of leasing the waste lands, and his liberal expenditure of means, produced a marvellous change, though his task was left unfinished; and it was reserved for the second Leopold to acquire still greater glory, according to Giusti's Satire, by draining "the pockets and the marshes" of Tuscany.

To note all the Leopoldine reforms would be to write the history of five and twenty years, during which one measure followed another with a rapidity almost unparalleled in the history of modern legislation. The commerce of Tuscany revived; Leghorn especially made marvellous progress; and if the new policy was injurious to the craft of a few grasping monopolists, it tended to promote "the greatest good of the greatest number." The pernicious system of farming the revenues was abolished; ecclesiastical property (and even the Grand-Ducal patrimony) was subjected to taxation, and the revenue increased; the whole system of finance was revised; the national debt was in great part paid off; a municipal system was established; the old Medicean Consulta abolished; leases, entails, intramural interments were disposed of in succession; and, in fine, in November 1786 was published that Criminal Code which has obtained an European celebrity. The old instruments of torture, the memorials of a bygone legislation, were burned in front of the Bargello. We have neither time nor taste for examining the merits or defects of the Leopoldine Code, as it has been since both tampered with and perverted. It had nothing corresponding to our English Habeas Corpus or Trial by Jury—its moral estimate of crime was in many points defective, and mild to a fault—the entire abolition of capital punishment was a measure more than questionable; and Leopold himself, and afterwards his son, re-established the penalty of death, though not with any very just appreciation of the great law which should guide the legislator in a subject so momentous; but we are ready fully to accord with Forti and Galleatti, that it is "the most generous code that ever issued from the Cabinet of an absolute prince."

But it is more to our purpose to glance at those ecclesiastical reforms which Leopold, directed chiefly by the Senator Rucellai and the Bishop of Pistoia, carried out so boldly in opposition to the Papal Court. Mr. Whiteside has suggested the propriety of republishing the life of Scipio de Ricci for the benefit of Italy—a measure the expediency of which may be fairly questioned. The value of that remarkable book—remarkable when it was first published—lies very much in the documents which are appended, and the revelations they make of all that was polluting in the conventual life of Pistoia and Prato. It would be like opening to the public the closed chambers of the Museo Borbonico, for the sake of a lecture on moral depravity. And that life itself is one of the clearest proofs that an attempt at reforming Roman Catholicism has but slender chance of success, and that another standard must be lifted up in Italy than the yellow flag of the keys and mitre. The Pope who condemned the Synod of Pistoia was Pius VI.—"that honest Braschi who drained the pontine marshes"—and to come to later times, the few years of the Pontificate of Pius IX. might dissipate for ever the idea that Romish infallibility can deny itself and change; so that even Gioberti himself has entirely given up, in his "rinnovamento civilé," his first and favourite theory of Italian regeneration by means of a reforming Papacy. There is one stanza in the "Cassa Guidi Windows," (the twenty-sixth,) which contains more good sense, besides good poetry *gratis*, on the subject of reforming Pontiffs, than some volumes written of late, *ex professo*, on that debated question; and as long as a Pope "must hold by Popes," and "by Councils from Nicea up," or rather down, "to Trent"—as long as he must "resent each man's particular conscience," and sit "attesting with his pastoral ring and staff,"

> "To such a picture of our Lady, hit
> Off well by artist angels, though not half
> As fair as Giotti would have painted it,"

and as long as he must do a thousand things besides, according to the Canons, we do

not expect that either Pius IX. or any future Pius, Gregory or Benedict, will ever sit in the chair of Hildebrand, "with Andrea Doria's forehead." But this by the way. The life of Scipio de Ricci, very creditably expurgated, is now before the English public, and had the editor condensed it into a single volume, the book would have lost nothing of its value. Besides, in these days of Athenian thirst for novelty, Mr. Roscoe ought to have avoided the appearance of foisting his two octavos on the public as the translation of something new, in fact, "of one of the most popular works of the day." *Davvero!* We were impressed with the conviction that De Rotter's "Vie de Scipion de Ricci" had been published in Brussels in 1825, and we remember glancing over the misty volumes with that title, which bore all the appearance of having been thumbed for a quarter of a century. That old book of De Rotter is on the whole a dull and tedious narrative, and all that it contains of value to a modern reader has long since been better told elsewhere. Especially Zobi's chapters on ecclesiastical matters are worth half a dozen volumes like De Rotter's.

Yet Scipio de Ricci merited a biography of some kind. He was a Jansenist, devout and pure in morals as Arnauld or Pascal, though far beneath the intellectual measure of the great Portroyalists; to him more than to any other, Leopold was indebted for those ecclesiastical principles which he wrought into the laws of Tuscany. We enter on this subject more at length, because Leopold II. is now undoing the work of his wiser ancestor, and because Piedmont is fighting the same battle at the present day that was fought in Tuscany in the eighteenth century.

At the period when the Medicean dynasty became extinct, (A.D. 1737,) Tuscany with a population of 890,608, had no less than 27,108 ecclesiastics, (*Zobi*, vol. i. p. 323,) and fully one-third of the whole country was the property of the Church. The land was of course a little monkish Paradise, just like Palermo, as Lord Shrewsbury pictured it forth the other day to the Milesian imagination of Father Fogarty. Popish ideas, however, differ on these points, and it was discovered that the monastic interpretation of certain commandments of the Decalogue was—to say the least—peculiar. Rome threw the shield of her protection over "the holy order of St Dominick," and the offending names of Prato and Pistoia, whose almost inconceivable immorality had been brought to light by Ricci; but notwithstanding the intrigues of the Holy See, the obnoxious convents were suppressed, and stringent laws were enacted, regulating the mode of admission in future into the monastic orders, and determining the age at which the habit or the veil could be assumed, with other regulations as to dowry, tending to dry up the resources of the recluses. The Mortmain laws of 1751, which the senator Rucellai had introduced during the regency as the first check to an increase of priestly wealth and power, were still further extended in 1769, and in twelve years the number of the friars was reduced to nearly 2000, and the convents had sunk from 321 to 213. Besides, the regular clergy, with all the conventual establishments, were subjected directly to the authority of the bishops—a measure violently resisted by Rome, for the friars are the great Papal militia for the upholding of the Papal rule throughout Catholic Christendom. The bishops again were chosen by the Government, and the Pope was limited to the simple ceremony of confirming the appointment. It was a thoroughly Erastian proceeding of course, but Rome is a great political organization rather than a Church, and claims the right of interfering, by virtue of its spiritual supremacy, in the civil administration of kingdoms professedly independent. When the Roman Catholic clergy made a violent outcry against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill introduced by Lord John Russell, they were perfectly well aware that in *every one* of the Catholic kingdoms they had been subjected to laws far more stringent than that mild protest against Papal aggression.

The Papal tribunals claimed the right of publishing bulls, acts, indulgences, and the prohibitory index, without the authority of the Government; and, above all, the bull "In Cœna Domini," with all the "improvements" of Ghislieri, was duly read on Holy Thursday, putting forth the supreme authority of the Pope, by right divine, over the princes and subjects of every Catholic State. These claims were met by the royal right of the Exequatur, which prohibited all such publication without the authority of the civil power. It is marvellous with what unity of purpose the Romish Church has continued for centuries to sustain the power she has usurped, and to contend inch by inch for every vestige of her dominion. The Mortmain laws had been established elsewhere, by the Dukes of Savoy—by the Princes of Este in Modena and Ferrara—by the Republic of Genoa—and, above all, by Venice. Siena, the great Ghibelline city of the Middle Ages, had wisely restricted the acquisition of property by ec-

clesiastics; but Florence, with her Guelphic sympathies, had allowed the religious orders to encroach till they held "in dead hands" one-third of her possessions. But the Exequatur was embodied even in the Florentine statute of 1415, which contained provisions equivalent to the "Provisors" and "Præmunire" of our English statute-book: and in the time of Cosmo I., when the decrees of the Council of Trent were published in Tuscany, they were first authorized by the Grand Duke, and confirmed by the authority of the Florentine Senate.—(*Zobi*, vol. ii. p. 84.)

The readers of St. Priest may remember his singularly graphic description of the visit of the two sons of Maria Theresa—Joseph II. of Austria and Leopold of Tuscany—to the city of the Church, on the death of the old Rezzonico.—(*Fall of the Jesuits*, chap. iii.) There can be little doubt of their influence on the conclave that elected Ganganelli; and, at all events, when the brief was issued that suppressed the Jesuits, (July 21st 1773,) it immediately received the Royal Exequatur in Austria and Tuscany. The Company of Jesus had been introduced into the latter State by Laynez, at the invitation of Eleanor of Toledo, wife of Cosmo I., and had succeeded in establishing their colleges in all the great towns of the Duchy. Lorenzo de Ricci, the general of the Order at the time of the suppression, was himself a Florentine, and a near relative of the reforming Bishop of Pistoia, to whom he bequeathed his silver crucifix: but the rooting out of the formidable society was a part of the plans of Leopold; their colleges were closed and their property confiscated; their "House of Exercises," in the old fortress of San Miniato, was dismantled, and their few books added to the rich collection of the Magliabecchian Library, and after 220 years they were finally driven out of Tuscany. *The brief of Ganganelli is still the law of the State.* The Jesuits as an order have never been able to obtain admission since, though but lately it was attempted to introduce the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the precursors and outriders (we beg pardon of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart for such a phrase) of the Company of Loyola; and till the laws of Peter Leopold are abolished, they can never legally re-establish themselves in the land where they had signalized both their science and their devotion by the imprisonment of Galileo. The Jesuits at first resisted the Grand-Ducal order, and then had recourse to "pious fraud" in seeking to keep up their society under its new symbol of the Sacred Heart, but at last they were obliged to yield, by either secularizing themselves or going into exile. A few clung to the old walls of their dismantled "Houses," while others acted with the spirit of real patriots, and

"Left their country *for their country's good.*"

This measure was followed by the abolition of the right of sanctuary. Leopold had concluded a Concordat with Pius VI. in 1775, but finding that Rome could turn the most seemingly liberal agreement to her own advantage, he resolved in future "to have nothing to do with Concordats," but to act on his own authority. The sanctuaries were cleared accordingly of the robbers and assassins who had sought the protection of the Church to avoid the penalty of their crimes. The Foro Ecclesiastico, and other privileged courts, were still in existence, but in 1778 the tribunal of the Nunciature was abolished, and then the tribunal of the Holy Office (in 1782.) Even Republican Florence, though adhering to the great Guelphic party, had resisted the interference of the Popes with her internal administration, and it was only in 1560 that for the first time a Papal Nuncio held court within her walls. But the Inquisition—and it is well to recall it in these days of re-action—had a prescriptive right of more than 500 years; for, more than five centuries ago, there were adherents of "the pure gospel" in the fair city. The Paulicians or Paterini had a numerous party, but Dominick of Guzman had just headed an exterminating crusade against the Albigenses on the plains of Languedoc, and the dog with the blazing torch—the chosen and appropriate emblem of St. Dominick—ere long lighted his fires in Italy. Fra Pietro of Verona, better known in the annals of his order as Pietro Martire, roused the Florentines against the unoffending Paulicians, and the result was not so much a civil war as a massacre. In the Via Guicciardini, opposite the Church of Laura Felicita, on the spot where one of these extraordinary battles was fought against the Paterini, stands a column surmounted by the statue of the terrible Dominican. The knife in his hand marks him out at once as "St. Peter Martyr," though few perhaps of our English tourists, and fewer still of the occupants of the "Via Guicciardini," have ever inquired why that statue was erected to the Grand Inquisitor. A few glaring cases of persecution gave Leopold the fitting opportunity of closing the ecclesiastical prisons and burning publicly the instruments of torture. There are, unfortunately, too many ways of making up for the loss of that Spanish enginery, but except in Rome, doomed to all that is exceptionable, the Inquisition *in the old form* exists nowhere in

Italy. The abolition of the Foro Ecclesiastico, and the subjection of the clergy to the civil law in common with other members of the State, and a few other measures of lesser importance, completed the defence which Leopold was so long constructing against Papal encroachment. The Siccardi laws in Piedmont, and the clerical censures on Santa Rosa, may give some idea of the value which Rome attaches to the Foro Ecclesiastico.

The internal reforms of the Church which Ricci carried out in his own diocese, and which Leopold resolved to introduce generally, were of too short duration to produce any very marked effect on the clergy or the people. Holding the opinions of the Jansenists, or at least the four points of the Gallican Church, Ricci denied of course the Papal infallibility, and maintained the right of bishops to hold synods in their own dioceses. He styled himself, in his pastoral letter convoking the famous synod of Pistoia (1786,) "bishop by the grace of God," omitting the usual *addendum* "and of the Holy See:" he treated the Limbo of infants as "a Pelagian fable," and Indulgences as a superstition: he advocated the use of only one altar in the church, the celebration of mass in the vulgar tongue, and the unveiling of images that were superstitiously venerated. These reforms, and the rigid discipline exercised on the friars, whose conduct was far from being edifying, excited the whole country against the "heretic" bishop. The synod of Pistoia was eminently successful, but the council of Florence, convoked the year following, came to quite an opposite conclusion on the "fifty-seven points," which Leopold, with the minuteness of a Sacristan, had submitted for discussion. A riot was excited in Prato, in Ricci's own diocese, against the innovations, the ostensible object of the uproar being to protect the altar of the cintola, or girdle of the Virgin Mary. The "riot of the Madonnas" was only part of a great scheme, and the unfortunate bishop was obliged to seek refuge elsewhere. For a time he was protected by the Grand Duke, but when Leopold assumed the purple of the Cæsars, on the death of the Emperor Joseph in 1790, the reaction could no longer be controlled. The demolished altars were rebuilt, the images veiled again, the companies re-established, the synod of Pistoia was condemned by the Pope, the bishop weakly recanted, though, like Galileo, he did not change his mind, and after years of persecution, and even imprisonment, "the Reformer of Catholicism in Tuscany" died broken-hearted at his villa of Rignana.

The work of Peter Leopold thus remained unfinished, "like the Florence churches," and hence the partial success of his system. It is true the times were unpropitious, and the people opposed to the "berlicche berlocche" of their philosophic ruler. His own agents at times, and we might say very generally, favoured in secret the public disaffection. The only sincere reformer in the council of Regency, appointed on his removal to Vienna, was the senator Francesco Gianni, who in a few months was obliged to seek refuge, like Ricci, from the popular violence. Pompeo Neri, the jurist Rucellai, the auditor and authority on all ecclesiastical questions, and Angelo Tavanti, his oracle on finance, had all died before Leopold's removal. The Jesuit Summating, Leopold's confessor—for with strange inconsistency he chose a confessor from the society he had suppressed—was a principal agent in the reaction, especially in all matters connected with the Church. But besides, the whole system of Leopoldine reform, admirable as it was, and far in advance of anything that modern Italy had yet obtained, had been forced despotically on an unprepared and reluctant people; and when the directing hand had ceased to guide it, it stopped at once. The people had not risen to the mark of the legislator, and the laws had descended from the elevation of a philosophic despotism, instead of springing spontaneously from the advancing civilisation of a nation. Leopold had given no constitution, and had not always filled up the void made by his abolition of the laws of his Medicean predecessors. It is true he had a constitution *in petto*—a kind of Scotch Presbyterian regime for the government of the States by municipal councils, provincial councils, and a general assembly meeting annually, with the Grand-Duke for moderator. But that constitution "imagined by Peter Leopold" was never granted, and even Gianni's memoir, which has preserved the outline, was not published till long after the death of the prince. This singular memoir, written in 1805, remained as a dreary remembrance of an opportunity that had been allowed to pass, and as a protest against a return to the old Sanfedism.

The first years of Ferdinand III. were unpropitious. France was beginning to heave to the earthquake; and Italian princes felt the ground beneath them trembling. For fifteen years Ferdinand was an exile, and Florence had her courts of Bourbons and of French. Old Forsyth remarked in his day that the French occupation was the great epoch from which everything was reckoned—"avanti i Francesi"—"nei tempi dei Francesi"—"dopo i Francesi." The

French have certainly the merit of inaugurating a new era in Italy. The new impulse given to education and science, the great public works undertaken, the French system of taxation, the Code Napoleon, the suppression of convents, and the new regulation of the Church, were far in advance of the old miserable compound of priestcraft and despotism that constituted Italian government. Fossombroni presented to Napoleon a memoir in behalf of Tuscany, such as no other estate of the Peninsula could have presented, but for a time all Italy was constrained to succumb to "les ideés Napoléoniennes." The French rule has left one or two traces on the Tuscan statute-book; but in the Restoration of 1805, though there were imperialists and liberals, the Leopoldine party prevailed, and Ferdinand III. preserved, though not in its integrity, the system of his father; and again when Leopold II., "now happily reigning," as the Court Almanac says, succeeded in 1824, he began his reign with an eulogy of his "immortal grandfather." And, first of all, the praise of preserving the traditional policy of the house of Lorraine, in the Grand-Ducal States, is due to the great Tuscan statesman of the day—*that* Fossombroni whose monument, a masterpiece of Bartolini, stands in Santa Croce among the tombs of the great Florentines; but a new liberalism was springing up in the universities, and among the more enlightened classes of the community, which required something more than a system stereotyped for nearly half a century; and among the higher ranks of the citizens there were men who advocated *progress*, that the government might keep pace with the growing civilisation of the country.

It would be unfair to measure the aristocratic liberals of Tuscany, such as the Marquis Gino Capponi, or Cosimo Ridolfi, with our English Whigs, or with the conservative Statesmen of a country that has had its parliament for centuries. Florence, first of all, and afterwards Tuscany, had been jealous of their national independence; but the citizens had scarcely ever enjoyed a fair measure of civil liberty, and even Fossombroni who defended the first so manfully, but very imperfectly comprehended the second. The whole habits of a people cannot be new-modelled in a day, and we do the constitutional party in Italy injustice when we test their measures by the perfection of that slow growth of centuries which is the glory of our British civilisation. And then we must take into account the element of the Papacy from which the Reformation happily delivered us. We were ready enough to sing "Io Pean," when Mazzini gave law from the Capitol, instead of the Pope from the Vatican, and certainly so far the change was for the better; but the slow work of rooting out the deeply seated superstition of a Romanized population had still to begin. It was no great change on the mere materialism of worship when the Bambino of the Ara Coeli, the little miraculous wooden doctor of the Franciscans of the Capitol, made his rounds in the triumphal chariot of Leo. XII., and the devout Romans of the republic of 1849, shouted, "Viva il Bambino democratico!" or when Guerrazzi taught his applauding Livornesi that Christ was the highest model of a democrat. Standing between despotism on the one hand, and popular superstition or wild extravagance on the other, the Italian Liberals of the moderate party, like Count Balbo and Massimo d'Azeglio in Piedmont, or Gino Capponi in Tuscany, had no easy position to maintain against the two extremes; and though we believe that *their* system will never accomplish the moral regeneration of Italy, till it has reached a higher point than their party has yet aimed at, we would not on that account let loose the tide of French democracy, or inundate the Peninsula with the gospel of Lamennais.

But side by side with the moderate reformers rose the young Liberals of the universities, Guerrazzi, Salvagnoli, and Forti of Pescia, impatient of the slow and timid movements of the elders of their party. With these were associated the like-minded of the other states, such as Tommaseo, Leopardi, and Pietro Giordani, who had sought the freer atmosphere of Tuscany, or had been driven to seek it by the iron rule that prevailed elsewhere. The "Autologia"* of Florence was their "Edinburgh Review," giving utterance as boldly as it dared to the new ideas, till the government most imprudently silenced the ablest scientific and literary journal of Italy. Besides these, Tuscany had its poetic Liberalism, the great dramas of Niccolini, and the exquisite satires of Giusti. But the man who was destined to occupy the most prominent position was F. D. Guerrazzi, whose trial for high treason is now attracting so large a share of public attention in the Peninsula. The history of that Leghorn lawyer has been written in part at least by himself, and that little volume of "Memorie" addressed to Mazzini in 1849, notwithstanding its ridiculous pomposity, we think most valuable for its picture of the Italian democrat; we should

* This monthly review appeared first in 1821, and ceased in 1832. Among the contributors, besides those named above, were Ridolfi, Capponi, Inghirami, and Romagnosi.

like to dwell on that curious autobiography, tracing the gradual development of the "greater part of the family of mortal sins" in the character of the hopeful youth, till he became a student of Pisa, and saw Lord Byron, and read his poetry, for this makes onn great epoch in the history. The wandering "Childe Harold" was then in Pisa—in popular estimation a spirit of evil in human form on some dark and mysterious errand to the children of men—but in the eyes of the wondering student, the very Apollo of the Vatican. Byron henceforth became "his master and his model." Banished for a time from the university for too keen an appetite for politics, and in after life closely watched by the police as a restless conspirator brooding dark schemes and plotting nobody knew what—dodged by the *gens d'armes*, for the paternal government *temporibus illis* kept a keen look out upon its subjects, and most kindly wished "every man quiet and peaceful with a wife and at least four children"—imprisoned once or twice on mere suspicion, and liberated again without knowing why or wherefore—and then banished again to Portoferraio, where he planned his romance on the Siege of Florence. Guerrazzi, in short, had laid up "capital" to be turned to account when opportunity should offer. His romance especially was a fierce defiance of the powers that were in those days; he "wrote a book because he could not fight a battle," and here is his picture of his own romance,—

"I thought it charity to ply all the torments used by the ancient tyrants and by the holy office, and to invent others still more atrocious to excite the sensibility of this land fallen into miserable lethargy; I wounded it, and poured into the wounds brimstone and burning pitch; I galvanized it, and God only knows the trembling anxiety with which I saw it open its closed eyes and move its livid lips. . . . I chose the part of Prometheus and wished to animate the statue, even though the vulture shall prey upon my vitals for ever."—(*Memorie*, pp. 94, 95.)

A taste for the tremendous—*le gout des émotions*—was sure to be gratified by that patriotic romance, and even the Queen Mab could hardly match the wild profanity of those which preceded or followed. A whirlwind to move the waters of the Lake Asphaltites—a blessing or a curse from heaven, it mattered little which, if Italy should live—and if not,—

"Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor!"

Such were the grand ideas of that school of Romanticism by which a new era was to be brought in. And are these the men who are to dry the tears of the Niobe of nations? Are these the prophets of the future? To the credit of Mazzini we do not hold *him* accountable for the wild excesses of his party: there is a sublimity in his faith in the destinies of Italy that raises him above the mere reverses or successes of the moment—a poetry, a sentimentalism that refine and elevate the prophet of the "Republic one and indivisible"—an earnestness and devotion in his Pantheistic creed that set him far apart from the grosser materialists. But let the truth be freely told of all, and certainly the extremes in the Italian struggle were Despotism and Priestcraft on the one hand, with Democracy and Pantheism on the other.

We do not set forth Guerrazzi as a type of the Tuscan Liberal, though his book procured him such incredible popularity, that Gualterio speaks of it as marking an epoch in the history of the revolutionary movement. (*Rivolgimenti*, vol. ii. p. 52.) In fact Guerrazzi partakes more of the nature of the Sicilian or the Corsican* than of the refined and gentle Tuscan. The national character in the land of painting and of song has been softened down almost to effeminacy, and is sadly wanting in vigour and independence. In the Florentine, acute, polished, and graceful—true son of "la gentile Firenze"—the heroism of the old Republican has died away. He can raise a cenotaph to Dante, but "Dante sleeps afar" beside the pine trees of Ravenna, and his native city wants even the ashes of the stern old Ghibelline. That single city—the judgment is Mariotti's—has given birth to more great men than all the rest of the peninsula, but the tombs of Santa Croce are a poor defence against the brute force of the Austrian.

The "paternal Government" of Leopold II., guided by Fossombroni, and afterwards by Don Neri Corsini, was occupied at first with the material improvement of the State. Infant schools, normal schools, the education of the deaf and dumb, savings banks, and the draining of the Maremme, were quite enough for a ministerial programme. Education was the mania, and it is but fair to mention Raphael Lambruschini, nephew of

*We give as an illustration the epitaph to his father's memory which Guerrazzi inscribed on the tablet under the portico of the church at Montenero:—

Hic intus
Francisci Guerratii
insontes cineres
Expectant postremum Dei judicium
Sine pavore.

His father he describes as a man of no religious profession.

the old illiberal Cardinal, as foremost in the work. Reforms of law and railways came later, but for a time Tuscany was turned into a kind of large academy. A grand *festa*, the meeting of the scientific congress at Pisa, the inauguration of a statue to Galileo, a magnificent discourse from Rosini, and a thousand other things, and Tuscany was quiet under her mild absolutism. The affairs of Rimini disturbed the frontiers a little in 1845, but "the manifesto of Rimini" was corrected and modified at Pisi, in the rooms of Montanelli, a professor of the university, and Renzi was allowed to pass through Tuscany when flying from the *sbirri* of old Pope Gregory. It is true when the Grand-Duke visited Rome in 1841, Gregory XVI. extorted some kind of promise that he would repeal at least some of the Leopoldine laws; but the minister, Don Neri Corsini, refused to sign any act that would mar the work of Peter Leopold, or change the traditional policy of the Palazzo Vecchio; and the Pope, in his allocution read in the next consistory of Cardinals, made bitter reference to the disappointment of his hopes, and to the slippery Grand-Ducal faith:—"*Sed celsissimus ille Dux quae nobis promisit non tenuit!*" (*Gualterio*, ii. 71.) Such promises were considered "more honoured in the breach than the observance;" and in those days Massimo d'Azeglio printed in Florence his fearful exposure of the Papal Government. But on the death of Don Neri Corsini, in 1845, when the Paver and Baldasseroni ministry came into power, a policy of approximation to Rome and Austria began. Even in 1846, when Rome suddenly became liberal, Tuscany was retrograding, and the Government seemed to have passed into the hands of the police at the Palazzo Non-Finito. The elements of a revolution were gathering on every side, but Leopold II. was blissfully unconscious: "il n'avait rien su, rien vu, rien prévu." It was not, however, the time precisely for concentrating all power in the person of the Grand-Duke. The enlightened Liberals of Florence—the Baron Ricasoli, the Marquis Gino Capponi, Cosimo Ridolfi, the advocate Salvagnoli, and others, had the courage to warn the Government of the impossibility of turning back the spirit of an enlightened age to the theories of the later Medici. In Pisa, Montanelli, mild, dreamy, and fantastic, now Mazzinian and democratic, and again Giobertian and theocratic, changing with every new idea that roused his fancy, was exercising a paramount influence on the youth of the University, and Guerrazzi was supreme in Leghorn. There was no liberty of association, of speech, of the press, and it was only by papers clandestinely printed that the wants and demands of the people were made known. And these demands of the Tuscan Liberals were eminently moderate; the leaders of the movement in Florence were men of the highest education and character; the Pisan professor was of too pliant material to be much dreaded—wood perhaps for the manufacture of Mercury, but certainly not the block out of which to carve a Brutus. The Government at last gave way,* and granted Liberty of the Press, (May 1847.)

We have no intention of telling over again the old story of the Revolution. It was the same thing everywhere—the press, the civic guard, a constitution, Custoza, Novara, and the reaction. But two matters are important at present—the political career of that remarkable man whose trial in the Florence courts is now exciting an almost exclusive attention in Italy, and the claims of Tuscany generally on the gratitude and good faith of the Grand-Duke. After one or two liberal measures in 1847, the Marquis Cosimo Ridolfi became minister, and Tuscany kept pace in reform with the best of Italy. A constitution was solemnly granted in Feb. 15, 1848; then came the war and the cabinet of Gino Capponi. The Pisan students, with Montanelli at their head, had fought valiantly at Curtatone, where Montanelli had been wounded, and borne as a prisoner to the citadel of Mantua. The news of his death had been spread at home, and funeral honours decreed him, but having returned afterwards by an exchange of prisoners, his popularity was unbounded. But the Mazzinian agitation had begun, "the war of kings had ended," and Italy must henceforth trust to "the war of the people." A certain democratic orator, wonderfully gifted in his way—Padre Gavazzi may perhaps remember the name—reached Leghorn, declaimed, and was arrested; an uproar followed, and, finally, in September, the insurrection at Leghorn. To quiet the insurgent city Montanelli was appointed governor, and managed his affairs so well that in a month he had ousted the ministry, and, in company with

* Gualterio has devoted a whole chapter to Mr. Cobden's visit to Italy at this time. In Tuscany, the native ground of the Free Trade principles, the Academy of the Georgofili inscribed his name on their Album, where the name of Sir Robert Peel had been inscribed before. The ministers Paver and Baldasseroni took part in the public homage to the Free Trade agitator. When Cobden rose to give thanks for this honour, he certainly touched a point peculiarly suitable to the time:—"We succeeded," he said, "because a great minister had comprehended the duty of changing his opinion, and what is more honourable for him, had the courage to confess it." The eyes of the academicians were turned to Paver and Baldasseroni. (*Gualterio*, vol. v. p. 446.)

Guerrazzi, was in the cabinet at Florence, with war and the constituent for his programme. The "Apostolic Pilgrim" of Gaeta, however, anathematized the constituent, and the poor Grand-Duke, filled with spiritual terrors, consulted the Pope on his new position. The answer may be easily imagined, and the Grand-Duke himself, attached to the old paternal absolutism, had never liked the new ideas, and, following the pontifical example, fled to Gaeta.

The ministry resigned, and the scene that followed was a stirring one. In the Piazza of the old Florentine Signory—the scene of so many a drama, under the Loggia of Orgagna, where the priors of the Republic had given way to the hired guards of the Medici, and where the Perseus of Cellini still stands sword in hand, holding up the head of the Medusa—the Circoli held their noisy meeting to decide on the affairs of State. They elected a Provisional Government, and appointed Guerrazzi, Montanelli and Mazzini ministers. We dare say the scene was quite as fine as any old Guelphic or Ghibelline triumph in the annals of Florence, but it lacks the halo of antiquity to make it imposing. Caesar Augustus, in a fashionable Parisian costume, or Dante dressed *à la mode*, would be sadly reduced in our imagination. We suppose, judged by the standard of our modern civilisation, even the godlike kings who fought at Troy would be about on a par with as many chiefs of American Indians fighting for a handsome squaw. Had the thing happened in our days, it would have been settled diplomatically by a *chargé d'affaires;* even Lord Palmerston would not have thought it necessary to send round the Channel fleet to the mouth of the Scamander, to put an end to a quarrel so disreputable, and the whole *matériel* of Homer's deathless Epic would have been condensed into a column of the *Times*. It is a comfort to think that these modern scenes will become grander as they get older.

The triumvirate—the Republic proclaimed at Leghorn—the decisive defeat at Novara—Guerrazzi dictator, and Montanelli sent to Paris—a dispute with Mazzini on the *unification* or fusion of Tuscany with Rome—a counter revolution in favour of the Grand-Duke—Guerrazzi in opposition, and at last sulkily giving in—the Grand-Duke recalled, and Guerrazzi imprisoned—Leghorn bombarded by the Austrians—the Grand-Duke's return in the uniform of an Austrian general—the reaction, imprisonments, and a trial *three years after*—such is the modern history of Tuscany.

But there are matters of more importance connected with this reaction than the trial of Guerrazzi and his associates, and which demand the attention of the European governments.

And *first* of these is the threatened absorption of Tuscany into the Austrian empire. It would be tedious to follow the persevering attempts of Austria to make Tuscany a mere fief of the empire, or to appeal to the long list of treaties that establish its independence, from the Quadruple Alliance of 1718 down to the Treaty of Vienna in 1815, for the diplomacy of the Tuscan succession would fill a volume. But especially since the rival claims of Austria and Spain were adjusted by the treaties of 1765, (for we do not speak of the cession of Lorraine to France,) the preserving of the distinct independence of Tuscany, and its separation from Austria, has been the unvarying policy of the younger or Italian branch of the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine. Leopold I. maintained it firmly against the emperor Joseph, and when he himself was Kaiser, he adhered most scrupulously to his former policy. After the general overturn of the continental governments, and in the re-organization of 1815, Tuscany was fortunate in having such men as Fossombroni and Don Neri Corsini to defend its ancient rights "against all deadly;" and if treaties are of any value, the 100th article of the Treaty of Vienna put the independence of Tuscany under the safeguard of the great powers of Europe. Yet even this did not prevent new attempts of the Imperial Cabinet on the autonomy of the weaker State, and especially in 1824, on the death of Ferdinand III., the Austrian minister at Florence was directed to concert with the heir of the Crown the terms of the proclamation announcing his accession, and thus, to maintain the appearance of feudal rights in the Grand-Duchy, Count Bombelles went accordingly to the Arch-Duke Leopold, but was received instead by Fossombroni, *as minister of the new sovereign*. The ambassador, disconcerted by this reception, announced that he was sent to *the Arch-Duke Leopold*, but Fossombroni replied that he was authorized by *His Imperial and Royal Highness the Grand-Duke Leopold* II., to receive any communication made to him as Secretary of State. The Austrian diplomatist was *not* in fact received by the heir of the Crown, and the next morning, the same proclamation that announced the death of Ferdinand, announced also the accession of Leopold II.

Since the restoration of 1849, in direct opposition to the policy of a century, and to the spirit, at least, of the general law of Europe, as established by the Treaty of Vienna, Tuscany has been a garrison of

Austrian troops. Let it be remembered that the forcing of the *constituent* on a Constitutional Sovereign was the work of a noisy minority—that the democratic ministry and the dictatorship fell in less than six months after their formation, and that the Grand-Duke was recalled by the acclamation of the people: and on what plea was that convention between the cabinets of Florence and Vienna for the occupation of Tuscany by Austrian troops signed in the April of 1850? The Tuscan Court would perhaps have preferred a restoration by force to the spontaneous movement of the people: certainly Rome and Naples would have considered it more *à la mode:* but when Leghorn had yielded to the troops of Baron d'Aspre, and the overwhelming majority of the Tuscans desired to settle down under the constitutional regime, on what plea is a land professedly independent still trodden down by the feet of the Austrian soldiery? Is the spirit of the treaties of 1815 to be violated, that Austria may sit like an incubus on the Italian peninsula, and that the heir of the "Holy Roman Empire" may not only abolish the wise and tolerant laws of the Emperor Joseph in the Empire itself, but also enable the scarlet despotism of the seven hills to remove the ancient landmarks which the legislature had set up in Italy itself against its exorbitant pretensions. Austria is thus consolidating her power in unfortunate Italy, and everywhere in favour of despotism and priestcraft: and the only plea that can be urged is this, that the restored governments of 1849 have become *so intolerable* that they cannot exist without the protection of the Austrian bayonets. England cannot look on carelessly, and that commercial treaty which the Cabinet of Vienna (if the rumor be true) is attempting to force on prostrate Tuscany, may yet teach her that her own interests are concerned in demanding that the Austrian troops should be withdrawn from a kingdom which the general law of Europe has recognised as independent. Something has been already done in this way when the able diplomatist now at Florence retrieved the singularly mismanaged Mather business, but *that* was a slight matter to the English interests that will be involved, if Tuscany be virtually absorbed by Austria.

Again, the whole Leopoldine legislation is in danger of being overthrown, and civilized Tuscany reduced to the model of Naples and the Pontifical States. We shall not waste time in noticing the miserable intrigues of the agents of the Papal Camerilla to induce the weak and superstitious Leopold II. to undo the whole work of the former princes of his house. We have sketched as fully as our space would permit the Leopoldine system under which Tuscany had prospered for a century: but we may allude again to its three great principles according to the definition of the Tuscan jurists. 1st, Laicity of the State, *i.e.*, its independence of Papal control. 2d, Equality of all in face of the law; and, 3d, Economic liberty. Or let us state these principles more fully, so as to convey an adequate idea of a system that is connected with the whole civil life of the people, that comes home to their bosoms and business, and touches their interests every hour. The neutrality and distinct political independence of the State: liberty of conscience: civil emancipation of the Jews, and subjects not Catholic: a mild criminal code with public trial of the accused: equality of taxation, and the abolition of municipal immunities: the nomination of bishops by the State, and the Exequatur as a defence against Romish aggression: the suppression of the Foro Ecclesiastico, of the Inquisition, and of the Jesuits: the mortmain laws and abolition of entails: the regulation of conventual discipline: municipal liberties, and a constitution "looming in the future." Such is the system that in the middle of the nineteenth century, and in a kingdom civilized beyond any in Italy, is in danger of being abolished that Tuscany may swarm with monks and friars as in the palmy days of Cosmo de Medici.

It is right to state that the agents in these intrigues are Lucchese. That little Duchy of Lucca, incorporated with Tuscany in 1847 on the death of Maria Louisa of Parma, had not partaken of the Leopoldine reforms; and has now furnished agents, of whose character the less we say the better, to do the work of the not very scrupulous Court of Rome. The abolition of the laws emancipating the Jews, entire priestly control in the matter of education, and the free action of the Church according to the old regime, were the first matters proposed: and even at present the Jewish liberties *have* been curtailed by the abolition of the constitution; schools and teachers *have* been entirely subjected to the control of the clergy by the late law on education, and by the concordat of April 1851, the Church has made the first grand step towards resuming all its former privileges. The Concordat was professedly a mere instalment, and yet it establishes the complete freedom of the clergy in their ministry, and the publications relating thereto, and in their communications with the Holy See. Bishops were left at full liberty henceforth to commit

the Lent preachings and missions generally to whomsoever they pleased; and, besides, the censorship of books treating *ex professo* of religious matters, and the authority of prohibiting to the faithful the reading of any book whatsoever, were committed to the four Archbishops of Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Siena, the sixteen bishops, and their enlightened, liberal, and tolerant clergy. The subject of marriage belonged of course to the canon law. And the fifteen articles of this Concordat of the 25th of April were agreed on and signed by Cardinal Antonelli, and the minister Baldasseroni, at the very time when Piedmont, having passed the Siccardi Laws, was preparing to erect the very bulwarks that Tuscany had thrown down. The first great step then has already been made towards the abolition of the whole system of Peter Leopold: the ultimate aim, from which the Papal Court has never for one moment deviated since the days of Pius VI., being to re-establish the old mortmains, the ecclesiastical immunities, the Inquisition, and the Jesuits! A comprehensive programme this for 1852! To the honour even of the Baldasseroni and Laudicci ministry, be it said, that they have hitherto resisted these last proposals, and the Lucchese agent of the Papacy has been dismissed for the time from the Cabinet; but unless the representatives of such great powers as are still free interfere to protect the sacred rights of a whole people, or another revolution shake the central seat of continental despotism, Tuscany is now too feeble to defend the laws to which her sovereign was sworn.

The *third* point which we notice is the entire abolition of the constitution of February 15th, 1848. It is needless now to appeal to the oath of the Prince, or to the solemn promise given verbally by Leopold II. to the Tuscan deputies at Gaeta, and afterwards repeated in the proclamation of the 1st of May 1849, to preserve and to develop the constitutional regime he had instituted. The great example of political immorality had been already given by Pius IX. Austria, too, has set aside without compunction the constitution of the 4th of March, and, unfortunately, examples are but too abundant; and yet we are justified in citing the case of Tuscany as the most glaring. We exclude France, of course, which as becomes an original, independent, and free-thinking nation, never condescends to follow any stereotyped course or ecclesiastical canon for making oaths and breaking them. In Italy, however, there is a plain, ordinary, Macadamized road, by which reactionary princes invariably travel. But let it be remembered that what Tuscany sought was not Democracy, (we except the few now under process, and their adherents,) but constitutional government. The Medici themselves had not abolished the old "Council of Two Hundred," and "Senate of Forty," which represented the popular element; and the first Leopold, had the times been propitious, would have extended that representation to the whole State. Before the reforms of 1848, during a hundred and ten years, the Austrian Grand-Dukes and the French had introduced and promoted a new civilization, and it cannot be said of the Tuscan people that they are now unfit for constitutional government. They are educated and intelligent, temperate and moderate: they have been accustomed to municipal forms, and they have a history and traditions of greatness, and a name imperishable in the annals of Italy; and with all these claims, their cities must be guarded by foreign soldiers who cannot speak their language, and their every movement watched by spies and the police. That system of spies and informers, above all, tends to corrupt and demoralize, and by none of the Italian dynasties has it been plied more perseveringly than by the princes of Lorraine. Even Leopold I. spent enormous sums on spies; it was a taste of his family, and his Austrian mother kept spies *on him;* and it is notorious that Leopold II., who keeps his subjects under such infamous *surveillance*, is himself watched on behalf of Austria. There is no free press—no liberty of speech—suspicion and distrust prevail; and cases are but too well known in which the priest has divulged the secret of the confessional, the wife "informed" upon her husband, and the father on his child. And through the ever-watchful police, imprisonments take place, and cases are gravely tried on the most ridiculous pretences. We shall merely cite one such case. A confectioner of Siena had prepared in the materials of his "calling" a figure of Italy, and adorned it with the three national colours—a fine thing for children to look at in the cook-shop window! The confectioner was cited before the tribunals, and "the great gingerbread case" became famous among the lawyers of Siena. There was no law, however, on the statute-book that made a parti-coloured cake offensive to the Grand-Duke, his "crown and dignity;" and the confectioner, triumphantly acquitted, was allowed henceforth to work out his politics in pastry.

We know not in what terms to describe the infatuation with which Leopold II. seems

to be hastening on in the destruction of all that was noble in his dominions. The trade of Leghorn has been sacrificed to a league with Rome, and when commerce has diminished the Government begins to enlarge the port. The Universities of Pisa and Siena have been sacrificed also—their chairs suppressed, that money may be saved to pay the Austrians. One journal still free protested indignantly against each vandalism, and was suspended, and finally suppressed. But unhappily this is not the worst. It is not our purpose here to speak of those religious persecutions for which in these late days Tuscany has been distinguished: yet let us state the great leading facts in reference to the origin at least of such persecutions. The reforms of Leopold I. and of Scipio de Ricci were in advance of their age, and yet they were by no means unproductive. The Church of Rome was kept in check, and education of a more large and liberal kind, as it supplanted the miserable priestly tutorship, not only destroyed in the minds of the people the absurd superstitions against which Ricci strove in vain, but also led them on in the search for truth. And that educational movement of which Raphael Lambruschini was the head, could not fail to prepare the way for something more than its promoters had dreamed of at the first. The Bible, the great enlightener, made its way into Tuscany; and many years ago, a few Florentines, and among them Count Piero Guicciardini, forsook the Papal system for simple belief in the Word of God. It was no question of churches or church government with these few earnest men; it was not even a question of Protestantism or Popery, but simply of Bible teaching—"What saith the Lord?" And hence their unwillingness to give any merely negative character to their creed, and their prejudice, very natural in Italy, though somewhat unreasonable, against the name of "Protestant." The first year of revolution was a time of feverish political excitement, when the masses were too much occupied with the stirring events of the day to have much time left for calm and sober and earnest study of religious truth. But at that brief season of unbounded liberty, or of anarchy, the Bible spread over all Italy; it was printed in Florence, and in Rome itself. But after Novara the reaction came with its atrocities, and the voice of the "Holy Father" who had blessed the banners of the Italian armies, was lifted up in anathema against that very movement to which he himself had given the first impulse. Pius IX. regained his throne, but lost all moral power in Italy. A system of which he was the head and chief could scarcely be infallible. The Bible was opened and studied earnestly; and the result, especially in Florence, has been the entire abandonment of Roman Catholicism by hundreds of the population. The law documents before us, to go no further, attest it as a notorious fact that the principles of Protestantism, or of the Bible, have spread almost in every town of Tuscany. An attempt was made to crush this rising spirit of inquiry, but the very effort to prevent inquiry had, as usual, the effect of adding all the *zest* of prohibition to a subject that had already excited so strong an interest on its own account. The circulation of the Bible was declared illegal, but it spread more widely than before. A few Bible readers were imprisoned, and a few others banished, and the interest increased; and now there can scarcely be less than two thousand people in Florence, who adhere to the word of God alone as their rule of faith. No charge has been brought against them of political partisanship, or of disloyalty to the sovereign; and if one thing is better established than another in connexion with this Tuscan movement in favour of the pure gospel, it is this, that it has nothing to do with politics. The calm, mild, and dignified Guicciardini was no agitator, as all Florence knows, yet he is an exile for conscience' sake. In Malta, in Piedmont, in the Swiss valleys, there are banished men of Tuscany, who have been driven there for the sake of God's own word, "to taste the savour of other people's bread." In the prisons of Lucca and Volterra—we have the law documents before us—there are cells of the "condemned," and sufferers against whom no other charge has been brought than this, that they read and believed, or taught the Bible. And much more that these documents have not brought to light we might disclose of the measures that have been taken to gratify the resentment of a priestly party, who feel that their power is departing from them.

But to one fact we would call special attention; in these laws and measures affecting the Church, Tuscany is but going hand in hand with Austria. In the empire, the Josephine laws since 1781, like the Leopoldine laws in the weaker state, were unfavourable to Romish pretensions: the two sons of Maria Theresa pursued the same system; but the new laws from Vienna on the 18th and 23d of April 1850, abolishing the Placet, or, in other words, annulling the *Exequatur*, and those other measures which have followed in quick succession for the last two years, are undermining the whole legis-

lation of Joseph II. It is a singular fact that Austria, the most unbending and uncompromising supporter of the old *status quo*, that knows no progress and admits no change, should yet in the Imperial Cabinet effect a revolution of her own in favor of the Papacy. The heir of the Holy Roman Empire, and the occupant of the chair of Hildebrand, have leagued themselves together for a common struggle. Their interests are now one, and they must stand or fall together; and their joint aim is to enslave the bodies if they cannot enslave the souls of men. Austria invokes the spiritual terrors which in other days Rome could use so well, and Rome entrusts the defence of her tottering throne to the strong arm of the Croat and the Slaav. France may be the eldest daughter, and may get a kind of hesitating compliment at times, for in truth she has been a wayward child, but Austria is "the sword of the Church." At the head of the new crusade against the minds and consciences of men are the Princes of Hapsburg and Lorraine. But let not the continental rulers think that they can continue a system of government in opposition to the intelligence of a people, or corrupt with impunity the conscience of their subjects. Those old idols of the Papacy that bigotry or priestcraft is dressing up again—those painted Madonnas that are winking at Rimini most knowingly, or working miracles at Florence, are sadly out of date. The monks and friars and meritorious mendicants, redolent of every odour but that of sanctity, have become almost an anachronism even in the south, and they might be left to die out peaceably. We are not iconoclasts in the grosser sense. We would deprecate as loudly as any the turning of Vallombrosa into a cotton factory; and as for those fat old fathers of Camaldoli, so hospitable and so fond of snuff, we would not "pull down their nests" about their ears, especially as the disciples of St. Romuald are robed in white, and even our northern metaphysics could scarcely make them out to be "the crows" of a monkish rookery. But we think, in Tuscany, the time has gone by for such things, unless the present efforts of the Papacy succeed in bringing back that "gross darkness" which is their proper element. The fanaticism of the Flagellanti has not been revived—the Knights of Malta exist as yet but in name and tradition; and the Jesuits, like witches by a "running stream," are standing on the bank, but have not crossed the Arno. To force the institutions of the worst times of the Papacy on a comparatively civilized people, against their mind and conscience, is but an idle effort at the best; and to darken and deprave a nation with the idea of making them more peaceful and submissive to both Church and State, is of all expedients the most mistaken. A people without the fear of God will not continue long to honour the king; and if we mistake not the signs of the times, there is a terrible retribution coming to those Continental rulers who have used their power in crushing the conscience of their subjects. An infidel spirit is spreading fast and far among those who cannot as rational men believe the lying legends of the Church of Rome, and who do not seek guidance in the Word of inspiration—a daring and God-defying spirit that makes small account of law either human or divine; and if we mistake not, with this rising infidelity, both despotism and Popery must soon strive hand to hand. *Dies irae dies illa?*

Yet it is perhaps better that the constitution of February has been finally and fully abolished, than that it should exist only in name. It has brought out more distinctly the true state of things, both as to the measures and the men. The once popular Leopold II., and his patriot oath, have become a byeword among his people, and we cannot refrain from quoting one stanza of the "Casa Guidi Windows," which perhaps, on the whole, the Grand Duke might consider as slightly personal.

"Why swear at all, thou false Duke Leopold?
What need to swear? What need to boast thy blood
Taintless of Austria, and thy heart unsold
Away from Florence? It was understood
God made thee not too vigorous or too bold,
And men had patience with thy quiet mood,
And women pity, as they saw thee pace
Their festive streets with premature grey hairs:
We turned the mild dejection of thy face
To princely meanings, took thy wrinkling cares
For ruffling hopes, and called thee weak, not base.
Better to light the torches for more prayers,
And smoke the pale Madonnas at the shrine,
Being still 'Our poor Grand Duke,' 'Our good Grand Duke,'
'Who cannot help the Austrian in his line,'
Than write an oath upon a nation's book
For men to spit at with scorn's blurring brine!
Who dares forgive what none can overlook?"

The decree that abolished the *Statuto* dissolved of course that party who had clung to the faded rag of a constitution as the banner under which they were to fight. The two parties are now Absolutism and Democracy;—the princes themselves have destroyed, or are fast destroying, that great party who sought to harmonize the rights of the crown with the interests of the people. Should another revolution come,—and who can tell what a day may bring forth!—there can scarcely be a *constitutional* party, for, with the exception of Sardinia, there are no

constitutions. The intelligent, enlightened, and liberal advocates of progress are thus made over to Mazzini, and the Italian rulers are doing more to increase his partisans than all the agents of his Central Committee. These reactionary sovereigns must reap the fruit of their own misdoings. If Leopold II., like Charles-Albert or Victor-Emmanuel, had maintained the free institutions he had founded, then, in the event of another attempt to overturn his throne, we believe all Tuscany—(with the single exception of Leghorn, for which we would not like to answer in any such contingency)—would have rallied round the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine: but now when the oath "written on a nation's book" has been shamelessly broken—the pact between prince and people destroyed—the liberty of conscience outraged—the civilisation of a century threatened—however we deplore the struggle that is inevitable, we have but small respect for a nation of crouching slaves, and honour the men of stout heart and strong arm who stand up for their homes and their household gods. And such men there are even in Italy. From Leopold II. little can be expected; for, even excluding his whole Florentine *entourage*, his Austrian relations on the one hand, and his Neapolitan on the other, and above all the influence of Rome acting on his feeble character, have placed him almost beyond the possibility of recovering the position he has lost. But there is much to give hope in the growing intelligence of Tuscany. We do not speak at all of the unfortunate prisoners of the Revolution of 1848–49, who are now under trial in the courts. We cannot sympathize with the attempt then made to overthrow the constitution in favour of a mere fraction of the people. But let them be fairly tried, not by new laws nor by old, but by the laws which existed at the time, in short, by the Constitution with the fulness of its liberties. We do not think the volumes that have been written in their defence have made out a good case in their behalf; and it is humiliating to find such a man as Guerrazzi urging the plea, that while acting ostensibly as Dictator in a democracy he was privately intriguing to bring back the Sovereign! It would have been far nobler to have adhered firmly and manfully to the principle of a republic "one and indivisible," than to have elaborated such a portrait of himself as a mere shuffling intriguer. While we pity the fallen, we cannot sanction the mischievous division they created when Tuscany was advancing towards full constitutional liberty; or the occasion they furnished, and the plea they gave, to a reactionary party to annul those liberties which had been granted and abused.

We know not *how far* the influence of England might yet make itself felt in the affairs of Italy, but the firm remonstrances of a great power, and some appearance of determination to uphold those treaties with which British interests are connected, might prevent more evils than we yet dream of. We have an accomplished and liberal diplomatist at Florence, but he must abide by the instructions of his Government, and Lord Malmesbury, at least, needs the spur of public opinion. The atrocities of Messina were checked by our ships of war in the Mediterranean, no doubt much to the annoyance of certain "allied and friendly" powers;—but as long as Italy remains in its present condition, we are untrue to our own interest and our own character, if we are not in opposition to all retrograde measures. Our ships of war hovering about the coast of Italy are "a terror to evil doers" in the lower part of the Peninsula, and especially to the Court of Rome, that would urge on the *subject* States to any measure of reaction in favour of the Papacy—

"Gens inimica mihi Tyrrhenum navigat æquor."

Art. IV.—1. *Corneille et son Temps; Etude Littéraire.* Par M. Guizot. Paris: Didier. 1852.

(*Corneille and His Times.* By M. Guizot. London: Bentley. 1852.

2. *Shakspeare et son Temps; Etude Littéraire.* Par M. Guizot. Paris: Didier. 1852.

(*Shakspeare and His Times.* By M. Guizot. London: Bentley. 1852.)

One looks at these volumes with mingled feelings of pleasure and pity. As the elegant productions of an able and scholarly mind they could not but be welcome at any time; yet in the fact of their appearance at present there is enough to awaken sad thoughts. A few years ago the author had no leisure for such things: the cares of a nation were upon him, and his hands were deep in civil intrigues and distractions. A blast of French impatience, or, as some believe, of something stronger and better, blew the system with which he was associated to pieces; and for a while he had his place among our noted exiles. Farther

changes have permitted him to return to France; but these changes have carried France still farther from the situation to which his policy belongs, and it is difficult to foresee that any turn of affairs will bring the country again into a state in which he shall be as prominent in the national politics as he was. In these circumstances, M. Guizot, with a resigned spirit of industry which does him honour, has betaken himself once more to the literary pursuits of his youth. All the world must be glad of it. There are differences of opinion as to the political merits of M. Guizot; there is no difference of opinion as to his literary talent. He ought to be a favourite author everywhere, and particularly with Englishmen. More solid, accurate, and austere than most of his countrymen, yet highly gifted with that spirit of scientific generality, that tendency to express truths in comprehensive forms, for which the French are remarkable, and of which the English, as some think, have too little, he is precisely the man to exercise a beneficial influence over English readers at the same time that he pleases them. Of all his works known to us, his *History of Civilization in France* deserves the highest praise in this respect. It is a book to be read and read again, not only as a compendium of rich matter relative to the progress of Europe in general, and of France in particular, during the middle ages, but also as an admirable specimen of the scientific mode of treating history. If M. Guizot gives us more such books now, we shall not regret that he has ceased to be an active politician.

The works before us are republications, with a few changes and additions, of essays published long ago. The pieces which form the volume on Corneille were published as early as 1813, when the author was only twenty-six years of age. They consist of an essay on the state of poetry in France before Corneille; an essay on the life and works of Corneille; and sketches, prepared by the late Madame Guizot, but revised by her husband, of three of Corneille's contemporaries, Chapelain, Rotrou, and Scarron. The volume on Shakspeare consists of an essay on the life and works of Shakspeare, published in 1821, and historical and critical notices of sixteen of Shakspeare's plays; with which is incorporated a review of the state of the dramatic art in France in 1830, written by M. le duc de Broglie on the occasion of the representation on the French stage of Alfred de Vigny's translation of Othello. The two volumes together may be considered as furnishing M. Guizot's confession of faith in poetical matters, particularly as regards the drama.

We must confess that we have found both the volumes less interesting than we expected. We use the word "interest" advisedly. A plea in behalf of "the interesting" in literature seems to us to be much needed at the present time. We would lay it down as a canon that no book can be good that is not (in its kind, and in relation to those who are intellectually competent to its matter) *interesting*. This might seem a truism, were it not practically denied every day by the timidity of our critical judgments. There are many books which pass as good ones, and are praised, as deep, solid, and what not, notwithstanding that they are, nay, in some cases, possibly just because they are, transcendently uninteresting. If the style is dull; if there are no gleams of light, no sallets, no brisk allusions; if the matter does not stand out above the surface in clear shape and relief, but only peeps forth here and there, suggesting something amorphous underneath—then, forsooth, the book is a deep one, and the author is a man of heavy metal! People ought to have courage to resist this fashion, and never praise a book that does not interest them. No one is *entitled* to praise a book that does not interest him. True, on the other hand, one is not entitled to *dis*praise a book simply because it does not interest *him*. But to the right kind of reader no good book is dull; and, the right kind of reader being supposed,—that is, a reader intellectually competent to the intrinsic matter of the book, whatever it is,—then, if a book is dull, it is not a good one. We maintain that this canon will sweep the whole range of interesting books from Kant to Pickwick, and fail in no one case. Let it then be made absolute. Let it be insisted on that every book shall be interesting, shall have as much of the merit of literary fascination as the conditions of its subject will permit. For, after all, it will be found that this very quality of interest, so far from being attainable only at the expense of what is intrinsic, actually increases in proportion as the claims of the intrinsic are attended to; and that, of any two books on a given subject, the one which satisfies most strictly the deepest conditions of the subject, will also touch most keenly the nerves and the humanities. Even in the "thrilling" interest of novelists such as Eugene Sue, depending as that does in part on the reckless audacity with which, in their coarse fashion, they tear in among the topics of greatest social import and the most agitating to the people, there is, we

believe, a lesson for higher literature, could it only be expounded and seen into. On the other hand, such a work as that containing Niebuhr's investigations into early Roman history, of extraordinary merit as these are, would, we believe, have been all the better, even in its own order, if it had been more readable.

In hardly any class of books are there such easy elements of interest for cultivated readers as in the delightful and increasing class to which the works under notice belong. It would be difficult for stupidity itself to make a literary biography totally uninteresting. There are always, in such a case, anecdotes, extracts, and scraps of miscellaneous information, which it costs little trouble to put together, and which serve to amuse. Interest of this kind, therefore, one might have expected from any writer, and especially from any French writer, that should have undertaken to prepare a work, either on Corneille and his times, or on Shakspeare and his times. It would have been difficult for any writer, in such a case, not to have resuscitated some of the humours of the courts of Richelieu and King James. But, when a writer of M. Guizot's powers undertook to furnish the world with two such literary monographs, it was natural to expect a still higher order of interest. In addition to anecdote, extract, antique reminiscence, and sketches of the society of Paris and London in the seventeenth century, one might have looked for profound criticism, accurate portraiture of individuals, original combinations and interpretations of facts, and fine displays of historic insight. After such a writer had "done" Corneille and his times in a volume for the market, one might have expected that that portion of the literary history of France would thenceforth be seen as a defined circle of clear light in the distance of the French past, with all the chief figures of the time distinctly moving in it, and Corneille most distinct in the midst. And though as much could hardly have been demanded from his treatment of the English subject, Shakspeare being a phenomenon which it does not seem to be given to Frenchmen to understand, yet, that his picture would have conveyed to his countrymen some vivid idea of the traits of the "great Williams," as Dumas calls our Swan, and some deep appreciation of English poetry in general, is what might have fairly been anticipated.

These expectations, as we have said, are not fully answered. The books are, indeed, decidedly superior, as books go; and, if we remember the time at which they were written, our estimate of them must be farther enhanced. But, tried by the standard of M. Guizot's reputation, and the capabilities of the subjects, they are somewhat below the mark. Our complaint against them is, that they are not so interesting as they might have been; by which, according to our definition of the word interesting, we mean that they are not the best specimens of M. Guizot's great and peculiar powers.

The volumes certainly contain a great deal of information, pleasant in itself, and collected with considerable pains from authentic sources. That on Corneille, in particular, will, in this respect, be interesting to English readers, whose knowledge of the life and writings of the French tragic poet is necessarily more limited than that of his admiring countrymen. The *mélange* of facts, anecdotes, quotations, and sketches of old Parisian celebrities of the days of Richelieu, given in this volume, will accordingly be very agreeable to such readers among us as are fond of literary history and literary gossip. Even here, however, owing perhaps to M. Guizot's comparative deficiency in that light *esprit* for which Frenchmen of much less ability are remarkable, and which enables them to catch up the humours of a period, and tell them with ease and point, there is more dulness than might have been expected. Much of the information is presented rather in the form to which we used to be accustomed in such dry books as Wharton's History of Poetry, than in the form which the better art of Macaulay, Scott, and other historians of antique literature has now made common. The essay on Poetry in France before Corneille, is indeed full of a kind of interest which Wharton never reaches; but this arises from the critical skill with which the development of the poetic style in France is traced through its successive representatives, De Lorris, De Meun, Marot, Ronsard, and Malherbe, to its maturity in Corneille, rather than from any special liveliness in matter and anecdote. Madame Guizot's portion of the volume is, in this respect, better than her husband's; her sketch of the poor cripple Scarron and his household is, in particular, very touching and graceful. So also, curiously enough, the most lively part of the volume on Shakspeare is the review of the French stage, and of the performance of Othello before a French audience, contributed by M. de Broglie. The remainder of the volume will, indeed, have the same fortunate advantage, as regards French readers, that the volume on Corneille has, as regards English readers —its information will be for the most part new. In the essay on the life and writings

of Shakspeare, for example, the French reader will find accumulated for him all the common stories of the poet's deer-stealing, horse-holding, &c., of which we in this country have got tired, together with many facts relating to the English Theatre of the days of Elizabeth; while, in the appended criticisms on Shakspeare's plays, there are admirable summaries of the original tales from which the poet borrowed his plots, with references to the probable books from which he took them. All this must be interesting to Frenchmen, who are not so Shakspeare-mad as we, and whom more meagre materials than any writer now dare bring to *us* about our idol will satify. What kind of facts M. Guizot relates to his countrymen about the bard of Avon may be judged from the following specimens:—

"In 1586 he (Shakspeare's father) was superseded in his functions as alderman, which he had already for a long time ceased to discharge. Other causes besides poverty may have contributed to his removal. It has been said that Shakspeare was a Catholic: it appears at least certain that such was the creed of his father; for, in 1770, a slater, in repairing the roof of the house in which Shakspeare was born, found, between the timber work and the tiles, a manuscript, placed there doubtless at a time of persecution, and containing a profession of the catholic faith, in fourteen articles, all commencing with these words, 'I, John Shakspeare.'"—*Shakspeare et son Temps*, p. 21.

"Shakspeare was not fifteen years old when he was taken away from school to aid his impoverished father in his business. It must have been then that, according to the tradition of Aubrey, William exercised the bloody functions connected with the trade of a butcher. This supposition is now revolting to the commentators of the poet; but a circumstance related by Aubrey hardly permits of doubt on the point, and reveals, at the same time, this young imagination even then incapable of submitting to vile employments without attaching to them some idea, some sentiment, ennobling them. 'When he killed a calf,' Aubrey was told by the country people of the neighbourhood, 'he would do it in a high style, and make a speech,' ('Il le faisait avec pompe et prononcait un discours.') Who does not see the tragic poet inspired by the spectacle of death, were it but that of an animal, and seeking to render it imposing or pathetic? Who does not figure to himself the scholar of thirteen or fourteen years, his head full of his first literary acquirements, his mind struck, perhaps, by some theatrical representation, elevating, in a poetic transport, the animal he was about to strike, to the dignity of a victim, or, perhaps, even of a tyrant."—*Ibid.* pp. 22, 23.

What our Colliers and our Halliwells will say to the first of these stories (Guizot in this volume gives no references to authorities) we do not know. The controversy as to the religion of Shakspeare's father is familiar to every one; but the episode of the slater is new to us. We wonder if the manuscript was in old Mr. Shakspeare's own handwriting, as that would be of some importance in connexion with another controversy, the existence of which M. Guizot does not seem to be aware of. Altogether the story is worth its weight in gold, and biographers are fools not to have made more use of it. Fancy the glimpse it gives into the household of the old alderman of Stratford, the father of "nine, ten, or perhaps even eleven children," as M. Guizot has somehow ascertained, William being "the third or fourth," and the first boy! There must have been stuff in an old fellow, (more wit than courage though,) who, when a storm of persecution was blowing, fell upon the notable device of writing out his profession of faith, or getting it written out for him, and then poking it into a hole in the roof of the house for posterity to find—thus at once protecting his skin, saving his conscience, and enjoying a joke. The story, you see, is the most likely in the world. And then so like his son, too! Did not Shakspeare the younger do exactly the same thing? Did he not also take the precaution of depositing his real profession of faith in the roof of a house, so that posterity might discover it in due time; and has not a slater been and gone the other day to the hiding-hole, and found out that Shakspeare was an Atheist?

The story of the calf, too, what a new turn M. Guizot has given to it! The story in Aubrey is, that he, gleaning information from among the country people about Stratford, some thirty or forty years after Shakspeare's death, heard that, when the poet was a boy (*i.e.*, some eighty years before) he used to assist his father in his trade as a butcher, and that when he killed a calf he did not do it like anybody else, but with a flourish and an oration. To a dull English imagination, this story, taking it for true, is rather humorous than otherwise. One sees the young poet, with his knife in his right hand, and his left on the neck of a calf, not proceeding in a stolid butcherly way to kill the animal without sharing the pleasure with any one else, but turning first to the boys and girls gathered round him in the backyard, and, with that gift of fluency which he always possessed, improving the occasion with a speech. The speech, we fancy, might pretty frequently run thus: "Here is a calf; cutlets are necessary; I'll kill the calf—I'll kill him." This would be when he felt the full flurry of the moment; but sometimes he might be more staid and theatrical—"Ye boys of Stratford, lo! I kill a calf;" and sometimes

pathos might predominate, and there would be an allusion to the feelings of the calf's mother. So we fancy the incident, always supposing that it ever happened. But the imagination of M. Guizot is more reverent. In his picture of the incident one sees no such vulgar boy as Stratford, but a white-robed young flamen with upturned eyes, performing solemnly an act of sacrifice, or a juvenile Brutus enacting in thought the part of a stern tyrannicide. This, we take it, is French imagination, imagination *à la mode Francaise.*

Our readers will pardon us for taking note, rather too distinctly as it may seem, of these trifles. We do not think them trifles. There is too strong a tendency among our biographers to catch up any stories, probable or not, that may come in their way as they seek for matter for their volumes; and though we have learnt, we trust, to keep this habit in check, and to treat tradition more rigorously in our biographies of Shakspeare, there is no safeguard, unless it be in ridicule from this side of the water, against the currency for a long time to come of such loose *Shakspeariana* in France. If Guizot offends in this respect, what are we to expect from other Frenchmen who may write about the "great Williams?" Besides, in the second of the two cases mentioned, there is a deeper reason for special notice. In the curious sentimental transmutation to which Aubrey's story—a story with which we have no other quarrel than that it wants authentication—is treated when it passes into Guizot's mind, we see traces of a radical defect of view which appears and reappears throughout the whole volume. The same difference that there is between the English and the French picture of Aubrey's legendary incident, the same difference is there between the English and the French appreciation of the poetry of Shakspeare. This will become evident as we proceed.

Passing, however, from the minutiæ to the more general impressions of the works before us, we have to remark as an additional reason for a want of interest in them proportionate to the claims of their splendid subjects, the absence of any sufficiently vigorous and sustained attempt to portray the characters of the men described. Whatever else the first volume had aimed at, it should surely have aimed at depositing in the mind of the reader a distinct and finished portrait of the man Corneille. We do not speak here of that precise and elaborate account of the peculiarities of his genius which was to be derived from a critical investigation into his writings, but of that more popular delineation of his physiognomy, habits, and circumstances as a man and a Parisian of the seventeenth century, which, though it could not have been prepared without the aid of his writings, might have been derived in the main from external records. We do not assert, either, that no description is given of Corneille under this aspect, or that the volume fails in conveying what may pass for a real likeness of its principal subject; we only say that M. Guizot has not *sufficiently* made this a point to be accomplished, and that he has not succeeded in painting Corneille in this volume with the same distinctness, for example, with which, in his *Civilization in France*, he has painted the portrait of Charlemagne. Materials, we should suppose, were not more defective in the one case than in the other; it even seems that it would be far easier to add a distinct and authentic likeness of Corneille to the portrait gallery of eminent Frenchmen, than a similar portrait of Charlemagne. What was wanting was only the conviction that it ought to be done, and resolution and patient art to do it. In the case of Shakspeare the omission, while it is more obvious, is also more excusable. If his own countrymen cannot agree upon the portrait of the poet, if there are as many ways of describing him even in English as there are English biographers of him, it was not to be expected that a foreign biographer would venture on any very specific delineation. Better, perhaps, that he should leave the face and figure of the great unknown as hypothetical as he found them. And yet we think, with all allowance, that M. Guizot might have done a little more in this respect than he has attempted. Who has ever looked at a cast or an engraving of the Stratford bust, with its full and mobile, yet small-featured face, so thoroughly the face of a literary man rather than a man of action; who has ever read Ben Jonson's gossip about Shakspeare and his contemporaries with Drummond of Hawthornden; nay, who has ever critically read Shakspeare's own poems, and especially his minor poems, without forming an image of the poet and his ways which he knows *must* be so far authentic? Besides, it is impossible to write about any man without having *some* image of him and his circumstances, true or false, before the mind's eye; and, true or false, this image will appear in the mere tenor of the narrative, whether it is expressly set forth or not. It is not, therefore, that there is no indication in the present volume of the impression entertained by M. Guizot respecting the character and personal environment of Shakspeare; it is that M. Guizot has taken no pains to make this impression distinct and vivid to himself or his readers,

and that the impression, so far as it is possible to gather it, is poor and unreal.

That our readers may judge for themselves of the truth of these remarks, we shall quote the passages in which the nearest approach is made to a specific delineation of the two men.

Corneille in his relations with Riche'ieu, the courtiers, and the critics of his time.—"At this juncture in his history, when Corneille is about to enter personally into the lists in opposition to such powerful enemies, it is necessary that we should obtain a complete idea of his character and position, in order to be able rightly to judge both of the necessity for making concessions, and of the courage requisite for resistance. Corneille was immediately dependent upon the Cardinal, whom, in a letter to Scudery, he calls 'your master and mine.' This expression shocked Voltaire; but it was not at all at variance with the customs of Corneille's time. At a period when gentlemen of the highest birth entered the service of others more rich than themselves; when money was the natural price paid for all services, and wealth a sort of suzerainty which collected around itself vassals ready to pay it a kind of homage that was considered perfectly legitimate, we need not be surprised that a burgess of Rouen felt no shame in considering himself a domestic, or, if you prefer it, a subject of an all-powerful minister, whose liberality was his mainstay, and in whose favour his hopes were centred. . . . We shall meet with many actions and words, in the life of Corneille, utterly at variance with our ideas and habits. We shall pass with surprise from his tragedies to his dedicatory epistles; and we shall blush to see the same hand—

La main qui crayonna
L'âme du grand Pompée et l'esprit de Cinna,—

stretched forth, if we may be allowed the expression, to solicit liberalities which it did not always obtain. . . . Let us first look at Corneille in his social relations. Destitute of all that distinguishes a man from his equals, he seems to be irrevocably doomed to pass unnoticed in the crowd. His appearance is common, his conversation dull, his language incorrect, his timidity awkward, his judgment uncertain, and his experience perfectly childish. If he finds himself brought into contact, either by necessity or chance, with persons whom birth or fortune has placed above him, he does not rightly appreciate the position which he occupies in respect to them, but thinks only of the one connexion—of protector and protected—which subsists between him and them. Of all their different titles to consideration he regards only the claims which they may possibly have to his gratitude, and thus he will place a Montauron on a level with, if not above, Richelieu and Mazarin. It is always possible to determine by the nature of the homage which Corneille pays, the amount of the reward he received for it. . , . But [M. Guizot here quotes La Bruyère] 'let him elevate himself by composition, and he is not inferior to Augustus, Pompey, Nicomedes, or Heraclius. He is then a king, and a great king; he is a politician—nay more, he is a philosopher.' He has passed into a new sphere; a new horizon has opened before him; he has escaped from the trammels of a position which bound down his imagination to the interests of a fortune far inferior to his faculties; he can now appreciate all the duties necessarily imposed upon generous souls, by an important existence, a lofty destiny, and the possibility and expectation of glory; and with all the force of deep inward conviction, he has laid upon his heroes obligations which he had not been accustomed to attach to the humble social existence of Pierre Corneille. . . . There is, however, one point on which he is raised by this existence above the vulgar herd—his works issued from the obscurity in which his life was spent. By his literary renown he acquired public importance, and thenceforward he regarded his renown as an object of duty. In his works he pays proper respect to himself; with them was connected not only the honour of his glory, but also the dignity of his character; he would deem himself degraded if he did not acknowledge their merit with all the frankness and boldness of a champion entrusted with their defence, or if he consented to abdicate the rank in which they had placed him. 'It is not your fault,' he says to Scudery, 'that, from that *first rank* in which I am placed by many competent persons, I have not descended lower even than Claveret.' . . . Nevertheless, even while defending himself so proudly, Corneille did not depart from the ordinary ideas and habits of his conduct, or those which concerned him as a man and not as a poet. He evidently believed in two very distinct kinds of honour, which it appeared to him all the more ridiculous to confound together, as he made no use at all of one of them. The same man who, in the *Cid*, had dilated so loftily upon the duties imposed by honour upon brave men, did not think it necessary to fulfil those duties himself; and, looking at his physical courage as entirely unconcerned in the question, he thus replied to Scudery's rhodomontades: 'There is no necessity for knowing how much nobler or more valiant you may be than myself, in order to judge how far superior the *Cid* is to the *Amant L'béral*. I am not a fighting man; so, in that respect, you have nothing to fear.' So strong was his conviction that the honour of Corneille did not depend upon physical courage."—*Corneille and his Times*, pp. 173–181.

Shakspeare in London, and at Stratford.—"Externally, however, his existence seems to have pursued a tranquil course. His name is not mixed up with any literary quarrel; and, but for the malicious allusions of the envious Ben Jonson, hardly a criticism would associate itself with the eulogiums which mark its superiority. All the records of the time exhibit to us Shakspeare placed at last as he had the right to pretend to, sought after for the charm of his character, as much as for the pleasure of his wit, and the admiration due to his genius. A glance cast into the affairs of the poet proves also that he began to carry into the details of his life, that regularity and order which are ne-

cessary for respectability. He is seen purchasing in succession in his native district a house and different pieces of land, of which he formed at last a property sufficient to ensure an easy life. The profits which he derived from the theatre in his capacity as author and actor, have been valued at two hundred pounds sterling a year, a considerable sum for that time; and if the favours of Lord Southampton were added to the economy of the poet, we may infer at least that he did not employ them ill. . . . Like Molière, Shakspeare, if we except his intimacy with Lord Southampton, sought above all his habitual relations among the men of letters, whose social condition he had probably contributed to raise. The *Mermaid* Club, founded by Sir Walter Raleigh, and where Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, &c., used to meet, was long celebrated for the wit-combats between Ben Jonson and Shakspeare, a frivolous amusement, in which the vivacity of the latter gave him an immense advantage over the laborious slowness of his rival. The examples that are quoted are hardly worth the trouble of collecting. Few *bons mots* can have a career of two centuries. . . . Who would not think that a life thus become honourable and pleasant would long keep Shakspeare in the midst of social circles suitable to the requirements of his wit, and in the theatre of his glory? Yet, in 1613 or 1614 at the latest, three or four years after having obtained from James I. the direction of the Blackfriars Theatre, and though one cannot discern that there was any displeasure towards him either on the part of the king to whom he owed this new favour, or on the part of the public whom he had just presented with *Othello* and the *Tempest*, Shakspeare quitted London and the theatre to go to live at Stratford, in his house of *New Place*, and in the middle of his fields. Did he begin to feel the want of family life? If so, he might have brought his wife and children to London. Nothing indicates that he had been much put about by this separation. During his stay in London he made, it is said, frequent journeys to Stratford; but he is accused of finding even on the road distractions of the same kind as had consoled him at least for the absence of his wife. . . . If the Sonnets of Shakspeare were to be regarded as an expression of his most habitual and cherished feelings, one would be astonished at never finding there a single word relative to his home or his children, even the son he had lost at the age of twelve. Yet Shakspeare cannot have been ignorant of paternal affection; he who in *Macbeth* has painted, &c., could not have looked at his own children without feeling the tenderness of a father's heart. But Shakspeare, as his character presents itself to us, was a man to find, for a long period, in the distractions of society that which could hold, in his thoughts and life, the place he was capable of giving to the affections. However this may be, it is more difficult to fix on the causes which determined his departure from London than to perceive those which may have prolonged his stay there. Perhaps some infirmities had come to warn him of the necessity of repose; perhaps also the very natural desire to show in his native place a style of life so different from that which he had brought from it, induced him to hasten the moment of renouncing labours which had no longer for their recompense the pleasures of youth. . . . New pleasures could not be wanting to Shakspeare in his retreat. A natural tendency to enjoy all things rendered equally fit for the happiness of a quiet life him whom it had drawn from the vicissitudes of a life of agitation. The first mulberry tree introduced into the neighbourhood of Stratford, and planted by the hands of Shakspeare in a corner of his garden at New Place, attested for more than a century the gentle simplicity of the occupations that filled up his days. An easy competence, the esteem and friendship of his neighbours, all seemed to promise that which crowns so well a brilliant life—a tranquil and honoured old age—when, on the 23d of April 1616, the very day on which he attained his fifty-second year, death removed him from this condition of calm and comfort, whose happy leisure he would perhaps have not always given up to repose alone."—*Shakspeare et son Temps*, pp. 123–127.

From writers of less ability than M. Guizot this might be accepted as very good character-drawing. What is actually said both of Corneille and of Shakspeare, is probably in the right direction; and, with the exception of a certain tinge of the false in the estimate of Shakspeare, arising from one or two minute inaccuracies as to facts and dates which we could point out in the paragraphs quoted, there is perhaps nothing that would require to be positively altered or struck out. But the delineation in both instances is too light, conventional, and irresolute. Both Corneille and Shakspeare, we venture to say, had good decided faces of their own, not in the least like each other, and which, when once seen, impressed themselves so that there could be no difficulty in remembering or recognising them afterwards. Now, though we will not say that, if we had met Corneille coming out of Richelieu's door in Paris, or seen Shakspeare standing by the mulberry tree in the garden at New Place, we should not have had a suspicion, from M. Guizot's descriptions, that the ungainly shopkeeper-looking man with the manuscript in his hand, was Corneille, and the mild elderly gentleman, Shakspeare; we are not sure how much in this case would have depended on our prior knowledge that the door was Richelieu's, and the garden, the garden of New Place, Stratford. Had we met the mild gentleman at Richelieu's door, we might have supposed him to be Corneille; and had we seen the ungainly shopkeeper-looking man going up the gravel-walk at New Place, reading a manuscript, we might have supposed him to be Shakspeare reading one of his plays. And the reason is, that while M. Guizot suggests the ungainli-

ness in the one case, and the mildness in the other, (supposing that these *are* the real characteristics,) he does not do so firmly and impressively, like a painter sure that he is painting from the life. How much more graphic respecting Corneille are the contemporary allusions which M. Guizot's want of art has obliged him to add in foot-notes, instead of involving them in the text—as, for example, the saying of Fontenelle, "M. Corneille was rather large and full of body, and very simple and common in appearance;" or the declarations of Vigneul Marville, "the first time I saw him I took him for a shopkeeper," and "his conversation was so dull that it became burdensome, even if it lasted only a short time;" which last is good-humouredly confirmed by Corneille himself, when he says that "people could rarely hear him without getting tired, unless when he spoke through the mouths of others!" There is the germ, indeed, of a very fine appreciation in the view which M. Guizot gives of Corneille as at one moment the poet nerved even morally up to the pitch of his own glowing intellectual conceptions, making kings and heroes stalk across the stage, and filling their hearts with all kingly resolves and their mouths with all kingly speeches, and then the next moment dropping plump down, amid the circumstances and needs of his own individual life, into an awkward timid creature, respecting every body, and saying what any body that had money wanted him to say, so long, always, as they did not again rouse the lion in him by attacks on his literary reputation. But even this is only suggested, and the reader has to work out the view for himself. As regards Shakspeare, there is even a greater want of decidedness in seizing the indisputable characteristics. If that general mildness and tolerance of spirit is suggested, which all the biographers seem to be agreed upon, there is no qualification of this by the addition of those traits which are infallibly indicated by contemporary allusions which M. Guizot himself must have met with in his researches, as, for example, the trait of excessive fluency in speech, certified by Ben Jonson, or by the incorporation of those deeper hints of intense spiritual significance which are to be derived as authentically from the poet's own writings. M. Guizot makes reference to the Sonnets, but he shews no adequate sense of their biographic value.

A comparison of these "studies" of M. Guizot with the similar writings of Macaulay, or any other of our most celebrated biographic essayists, will illustrate what we have been saying, and will make it manifest that M. Guizot's highest talent does not lie in character-painting. He excels ordinary writers here as in other things; but this is not his most notable point of superiority. Naturally more at home in the region either of research or of abstract thought, he has not that instinctive facility in dealing with the concrete, that artist's power of divining the characteristic attitudes of the men he describes, and representing them against backgrounds of cunningly-imagined circumstance, which other writers of our day possess; nor has he attempted in the present instances to repair this defect in the only way in which it can be repaired, namely, by laborious investigation, the systematic accumulation of particulars so as to evolve a general idea. This last, to judge from his historical works, few men could have done better.

It may be said, however, that this is too severe a test to apply to publications put forth as mere "literary studies" by a man who has done so much work besides, and one of them, too, put forth at so early a period of his literary life. Setting aside, however, the fact that the earlier of these studies is the better and more finished of the two, we cannot admit that the test in question *is* too severe to be applied to literary studies, of which such a man as M. Guizot is the author, and such men as Corneille and Shakspeare the subjects. We would apply the same test, if necessary, to any of Macaulay's essays, which are still less pretending in form. But, leaving this matter to be decided according to taste, we shall insist no more upon the merits or demerits of the books, considered with reference to their success as biographies, but shall turn to the examination of them, in what may after all be their more intentional character, as treatises of literary criticism. Here, at all events, it will be admitted, they are to be tried by the highest standard; for in whatever shape a critic puts forth his opinions, whether in a folio or in a pamphlet, the opinions themselves are as long and broad as the chances of their application, and it is with the opinions that we have do to.

There are two styles or methods of literary criticism at present in practice. There is, first, that style or method of criticism which views literary works not so much in themselves as in relation to humanity either in the individual or in the epoch. According to this view of criticism, the business of a critic is to regard a poem or other work of literary art as an illustration, expression, or, if we may so speak, secretion of the whole mental state of the contemporary period. What he has to do, therefore, is to establish generally and make clear in particular cases

this reciprocal relation; to show of any given book, on the one hand, how it is a development of the foreknown genius of the man, or, on the other hand, reversing the process, how the man may be inferred and construed out of it. Literary criticism, so understood, allies itself, it will at once be seen, with biography and history. Books are stript of that *prestige* which would exempt them from the common lot and the common measure of human things, and authorship is brought down into co-equality and competition with all the thousand other modes of human activity. As battles are the warrior's tribute to civilisation, and signs of the social tendencies at work in the time, so books are the good or bad deeds of the author towards the race, and the symptoms of the social condition out of which they spring. One might fairly ask in this view, though without much hope of an answer, which is deeper in point of significance, or higher in point of merit—a sonnet or a skirmish, a treatise or a victory, a Waterloo or an *In Memoriam?* Now we are great admirers of this theory and this art of literary criticism. We think that it proceeds at once on a nobler view of literature and a more profound philosophy of human nature; and we believe that the finest feats of modern criticism are to be traced to its growing prevalence. True, it brings us into contact with great difficulties. In the case of a Dante, a Byron, a Burns, or any others of the so-called "subjective" poets, who write out almost professedly their own feelings and experience, the method spontaneously forces itself into view; and hence in these cases criticism *has* always gone hand in hand with Biography and History. But how apply the method to the so-called "objective" class of writers, whose productions are, to all appearance, not revelations of self, but merely shapes and phantasies in ideal matter? How, for example, deduce a *Cid* or a *Cinna* from the personal existence of a Corneille; or how refer the noble sentiments of those heroes who dared all for honour, to their spring in the soul of a man who would have made any apology in the world for any act of his life rather than face a pistol? Or, to take a still more curious example, which would fall strictly under the same head, how identify the grandeur of the *Novum Organum* with the life of Lord Chancellor Bacon? *Was* he, as the poet says, the meanest of mankind, and, if so, *could* he be the wisest, and *can* his Organum be a great book? These are problems which we have as yet no calculus to solve, and yet which necessarily arise out of that view of criticism which we have been describing. Meanwhile, therefore, we must still fall back, in a great measure, upon that other kind of criticism which is consecrated by the practice of all ages, and which consists in viewing the productions of literature, not in their relation either to the personal history of their authors, or to the peculiarities of the social progress at the time when they were written, but simply as exercises in a special art, which has or may have its own principles and rules. It was Wordsworth, we think, who maintained that this should be the only kind of criticism, and that it was not proper, in investigating the works of a poet, to make any reference to the man. Except as a precaution against the mere impertinence of contemporary gossip, or against shallow judgments respecting the lives of literary men of previous times, we have no respect for this maxim, and even think it likely to do harm. Still, precisely as there may be a criticism of battles, apart altogether from considerations of their social meaning, as mere exercises in an art whose principles are fixed or may be fixed, so there may be a criticism of books apart from all consideration of their biographical or historical significance. A tragedy may be viewed *as* a tragedy; it may be gone over in detail, and its beauties or its blemishes detected and explained; the plot, characters, language, division into scenes, &c., may be all tried according to certain principles which regulate, or are supposed to regulate, this species of composition; if there are deviations from these principles and still the effect is fine, the reasons for this may be assigned, and the assumed principles shewn accordingly to be so far modifiable; the tragedy may be compared with previous works of the same kind, and its special merits or defects, as a whole, may be thus more clearly brought out—and all this may be done without any retrospective allusion to the character and circumstances of the author, notwithstanding that it is well understood all the while that the tragedy could not have been what it is, had not the author been precisely such and such a man, situated precisely in such and such circumstances. Only Shakspeare could have written *King Lear;* and yet, once written and published, *King Lear* is an existence by itself which may walk loose about the world, and be studied by men as one of many similar things belonging to a common denomination, without ever referring to its parentage. The best collection of principles in this kind of criticism, particularly as regards the Drama, is perhaps that contained in the *Poetics* of Aristotle. A masterly analysis of the laws of dramatic effect, so far as these accorded with the Greek mind, or had been exhibited

in Greek examples, this treatise has come down to us with all the weight that antique authority can give it as a permanent rule in literature.

In the works before us we have a mixture of both kinds of criticism. The writings of the great French and those of the great English dramatist are studied in connexion with their lives and with the social peculiarities and tendencies of their times; and yet there are independent criticisms of these writings as separate and individual exercises in the dramatic art. As might have been expected from a writer so full of the historic spirit as M. Guizot, the volume abounds, in particular, in lucid and ingenious remarks on the intimate affinities between history and literature. Perhaps the finest specimen of the author's powers in this respect is that furnished by the newly written preface to the "Corneille," which consists of a critical appreciation of the influence exercised over the spirit of recent French literature by the three great literary powers that represented the French intellect during the Empire of Napoleon—the *Journal des Débats*, Chateaubriand, and Madame de Stael. We must content ourselves, however, with quoting from the body of the volume one remark on a more general topic. It is evidently a remark to which M. Guizot attaches great value, for he has repeated it in the "Shakspeare." It comes very suitably after what we have been saying:—

Complexity of the Causes which determine the Character of Modern Literature.—"Conjectures founded upon the natural progress of the human mind fail when we have to account for the course pursued by the literature of modern times. Among a people whose character is formed in a simple manner, and whose civilisation is the result of the free and harmonious development of the human mind, the question of the origin of literature, although somewhat complicated in itself, is not very difficult of solution: the answer must be sought for and will be found in the spontaneous expansion of our nature. Poetry, the first outburst of a budding imagination in the midst of a world that is new to it, then finds in all surrounding objects themes for its songs, and derives from the simplest sights a host of sensations previously unknown. . . The Greeks took delight in song; and Homer sang,—he sang the victories of his fellow-countrymen, their quarrels and reconciliations, their games and festivals, their business and their pleasures. On the shield of Achilles are displayed flocks, harvests, and vintages; conjugal affection gives tenderness to the farewells of Andromache; Priam is a father weeping over the loss of his son; and Achilles utters the laments of friendship over the body of Patroclus. Thus the most natural feelings and the simplest interests were what inspired the muse of the prince of poets. . . If Homer had disappeared, and it were possible to invent him, it would be said: Such a man he must have been—an exemplification of that which could not fail to be produced by the development of the happiest faculties among a people at liberty to display them all, and among whom nothing had occurred to distort their character, to disturb their harmony, or to divert their course. . . Such could not be the case with regard to modern nations. When they established themselves on the ruins of a world that had already grown old, they were ignorant and incapable of comprehending those institutions from which their coarse manners were about to receive some forms equally rude and more incoherent. A divine religion, coming down into the midst of nations at once enlightened and corrupted by a long term of existence; a sublime morality, based on the precepts of the Gospel, too perfect for the manners of those who are about to receive it, and yet sufficiently positive to exact their obedience; towns and palaces, which had been conquered, and were inhabited by savages incompetent to appreciate the skill which had erected them; luxury for which they had acquired a taste, and to which they became habituated, before they had learned its use; enjoyments, distinctions, and titles which had been invented by the vanity of an effeminate world, and which were paraded by barbarian vanity rather in imitation than from necessity—all these facts could not fail to strike these new peoples as being one of those strange and confused spectacles at which ignorant spectators cannot even manifest sufficient astonishment, because they do not perceive its hidden springs and secret workings; all these causes necessarily led to that confusedness of ideas, to those fantastic and incomplete associations of thought, of which modern littérateurs, in their early essays, and even in their masterpieces, present traces which, though varying in distinctness, are everywhere visible. . . It is this complication of causes in the manners of the Middle Ages, this singular mixture of natural barbarism and acquired civilisation, of antiquated notions and modern ideas, which renders it very difficult to explain the course pursued by the various literatures that issued from these times."—*Corneille and his Times*, pp. 2–8.

This remark, the full force of which will at once reveal itself to the intelligent reader, forms a very fit introduction to volumes which have it for their purpose to appreciate the genius and influence of two men so pre-eminently instrumental in determining and stimulating, the one for France and the other for England, the vast literary movement of modern times, the offspring of that Germanic chaos. Corneille is the admitted father of French tragedy, and one of the earliest of the really classic authors in any department of French literature. His influence on the subsequent form and direction of that literature has been very great as to degree, and very marked as to kind. Had he not lived it is very probable that French literature would have now presented a somewhat different assemblage of characteristic

qualities. Corneille's is therefore a really national literary name, deservedly ranked by Frenchmen along with those of Rabelais, Molière, Racine, Lafontaine, Bossuet, Rousseau, and Voltaire, all of whom have impressed in succession the stamp of their own intellectual features on the mind of the French people. A similar place, as regards English literature, belongs to Shakspeare. True, in having produced a Chaucer, England has a right to go farther back than France can for the source and commencement of her strictly great literature. True, also, Shakspeare, by the vast dimension and the towering height of his genius, transcends the order of mere national poets. If he is to be defined as related by special affinities to any particular portion of the human race at all, he ought to be defined rather as the poet of the Teutonic nations as a whole, than as the poet exclusively of England. Even within England his position as a national poet differs wholly from that of Corneille in France. What Homer was to the Greeks, and what Dante is to the Italians—this, rather than what Corneille is to the French, is Shakspeare to Englishmen. He is *the* one of all, rather than one among many. Yet Shakspeare has his more special historical relations too; and, if in the order of power and duration of influence he stands apart, yet, in the order of successive action, he forms one of a list including such other names as Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Pope, Wordsworth, and Byron. If it fell to Corneille in France to do much towards converting the general literary movement of modern times, so far as it affected France, into that which we now recognise as the French form of literature, it fell to Shakspeare in a still higher degree to perform the same service for the mind of England. They were both, if not the founders of, at least great dynastic powers in, their respective literatures.

A word or two first on the genius of Corneille. M. Guizot has accomplished this part of his task in many respects beautifully. He first prepares the field for the advent of Corneille, by showing how the French taste in poetry, and the resources of French verse, as originally exhibited in the *Roman de Rose* and other obsolete productions of the chivalry period, had been modified and tested by a series of minor court-poets, the principal of whom were Marot, Ronsard, and Malherbe. He shows how the drama, popular in its origin in France, as in all other countries, had become, towards the close of the sixteenth century, the most hopeful and characteristic portion of an infant literature. He indicates how much had been done or was being done in this department, and more especially for French comedy, by such writers as Jodelle, Garnier, Mariet, Rotrou, and Hardy. Into this field he introduces Corneille. Born at Rouen in 1606, and brought up for the profession of the bar, the future tragic poet made his first dramatic essays in comedy. He had written various pieces of this kind, which were acted in Paris with more or less of success, and which struck the critics of the day by a certain strength of sense, and logical firmness of style, then unknown to the stage, when accident, and reflection on his own powers, turned his attention to tragedy. His first attempt in this style was the *Médée*, a kind of paraphrase from Seneca, in some portions of which, according to Voltaire, Corneille clearly flashed forth in all his superiority, and which at last drew from the contemporary English poet Waller this high compliment, that "though the others made plenty of verses, Corneille alone could think." But Corneille's first master-piece was the *Cid*, published in 1636. This piece established his reputation as the first poet of the day in France. There was, indeed, a storm of criticism in private circles: and Richelieu, who at that time was unfriendly to Corneille, did his best to have him crushed by the adverse opinion of the academy; but the popular voice was unanimous, and the poet's position remained unshaken. The *Cid* was rapidly followed up by other pieces, some of which were even superior, and almost all of which were triumphs,—*Les Horaces*, *Cinna*, *Polyeucte*, *Pompée*, *Le Menteur*, *Rodogune*, *Heraclius*, *Théodore*, *Andromède*, *Don Sanche d'Arragon*, *Nicomède*, and *Pertharite*. The last, indeed, was a failure, from which the poet did not recover himself in any of his subsequent attempts; and, before his death in 1684, he saw his fame eclipsed by the younger glories of Racine and Molière. Posterity, however, seeing the three poets at an equal distance, is able now to do justice in turn to the peculiar merits of each. Let us hear how M. Guizot characterizes the genius and "mission" of Corneille.

"If Corneille accomplished the revolution which regenerated our drama, or rather, if he exercised that creative action which liberated our drama from its primitive chaos, it was because he introduced into his writings *truth*, which was then banished from all poetical compositions. That energy, that imposing majesty, those sublime soarings of genius, all those qualities which gained Corneille the title of 'the great,' are personal merits which have immortalized the name of the poet, without preserving, after him, any dominant influence over dramatic art. Tragedy might be beautiful otherwise than as Corneille

conceived it, and Corneille has remained great without preventing other great men from taking a place beside him. But tragedy could gain life only by repairing to that fountain of truth which Corneille was the first to discover. Before his appearance, every day seemed to remove the public and the poets farther from it; and every day buried the treasures of the human heart more deeply beneath the fantastic inventions of false wit and a disordered imagination. Corneille was the first to reveal these treasures to dramatic art, and to teach it how to use them. On this ground he is rightfully regarded as the father, and the *Cid* as the origin, of French tragedy. . . . It is impossible to imagine what Corneille's genius would have become, and to define either the extraordinary beauties which it might have unfolded, or the flights of which it might have been guilty, if he had boldly abandoned himself to his own guidance. As regarded his own personal knowledge, Corneille was in almost the same position as Shakspeare and Calderon; but his age and country were more civilized than theirs, and criticism availed itself, for the instruction of the poet, of all the acquirements of his age and country. Corneille feared and braved criticism, and provoked it by his defiance; he would allow none of its censures, but he did all he could to avoid them. Taking warning by a first attack, he no longer ventured to hazard, for fear of Scudery, all that France would probably have applauded. Incapable of yielding to his adversaries, and angry at being obliged to combat them, he withdrew from the path on which he was likely to meet them; and though this perhaps involuntary prudence saved him from some dangerous quicksands, it undoubtedly deprived him of some precious discoveries. The success of the *Cid* did not efface, in his mind, the censure of the Academy. In that drama he had allowed himself to depict, with irresistible truth, the transports of passion; but when he found Chimène's love so severely condemned, Corneille, doubtless alarmed at what he might find in the weakness of the heart, looked in future only to its strength; he sought for the resisting element in man, and not for the yielding, and thus became acquainted with only the half of man. And as admiration is the feeling chiefly excited by heroic resistance, it was to *admiration* that the dramatic genius of Corneille principally addressed itself. . . . [Here follows a disquisition in which M. Guizot contends, against the opinion of Boileau and Voltaire, that admiration does hold a legitimate place among the tragic passions, and is as suitable for dramatic effect as pity, terror, and the like. He believes, however, that Corneille has overdone it, and is too monotonously sublime.] . . . More conflicts of passion, and a little more weakness, would have rendered Corneille's heroes more constantly true and dramatic; even their virtue, which may often be regarded as the principal personage of the piece, would have interested us more, if, though equally able to conquer, it had been attacked by more potent foes, and had visibly incurred greater dangers. All the vigour of his noble genius was requisite to discover a sufficient source of interest in those singular characters which he alone could create and sustain; he alone has succeeded in awakening our uncertainty and curiosity by their very inflexibility, which, as it is announced at the outset, does not permit them to yield to the slightest weakness, and multiplies successively around them embarrassments which ceaselessly necessitate greater and more extraordinary efforts. . . . In order to attain to this invincible power, which will make all around it bend to its influence, a man must absolutely have separated himself from all that otherwise enters into the composition of human nature; he must have completely ceased to think of all that, in real life, occurs to alter the forms of that ideal grandeur of which the imagination can conceive no possibility except when, isolating it, so to speak, from all other affections, it forgets that which renders its realization so difficult and so infrequent. The imagination ofCorneille had no difficulty in lending itself to this isolation; the loftiness of his inventions was sustained by his inexperience in the common affairs of life; as he introduced into his own ordinary actions none of those ideas which he employed in the creation of his heroes, so in the conception of his heroes he employed none of the ideas of which he made use in ordinary life. He did not place Corneille himself in their position: the observation of nature did not occupy his attention; a happy inspiration frequently led him to divine it; but his unassisted imagination, gathering together outlines of a far more simple character, composed for him a sort of abstract model of a single quality, a being without parts, if I may be allowed the expression, capable of being set in motion by a single impulse, and of proceeding in a single direction. . . . To the same cause also must be attributed the variableness of Corneille's maxims, though they are always expressed with the most absolute confidence: and in this way we must explain how it is that his morality is sometimes so severe and sometimes so lax—that he sometimes enunciates principles of the sternest republicanism, and sometimes of the most servile obedience. The fact is, that whether Corneille be contemplating the republican or the subject of a king—the hero or the politician—he abandons himself without reserve to the system, the position, or the character which he is describing, and carefully avoids all reference to general ideas that might come into conflict with the particular ideas which he is desirous of bringing upon the stage, and which vary according to the personages of the drama. This unreserved adoption of a special principle, changing with the circumstances of the piece, gained Corneille credit for great skill in representing the local colour and genius of different peoples and states; whilst this merit was denied to Racine, whose descriptions, being of a more general nature, seem too familiar to our eyes to belong, by any possibility, to other times than our own. Racine's heroes were recognised at once, and claimed as Frenchmen; but the singular physiognomy of Corneille's heroes enabled them to pass easily for Greeks or Romans. . . . The *style* of Corneille varied with the vicissitudes of his genius. Astonishment has been expressed at this; but there would have been more room for astonishment had it been otherwise, and had his style not remained faithful, both in good and evil fortune, to the character of his thoughts.

Writing was never anything to him but the expression of his ideas; and his contemporaries attest that carefulness of style was of no avail in effects which were entirely due to the grandeur of the subjects which he had to depict. 'Corneille,' says Segrais, 'was not conscious of the beauty of his versification, and while writing he paid attention not to harmony but only to feeling.' And Chapelain informs us, that 'Corneille, who has written such noble poetry, was unacquainted with the art of versification, and it was purely nature that acted in him.' An artistic style, which, at the time when Corneille appeared, constituted almost the whole merit of a fashionable poet, had very little indeed to do with the merit of a dramatic author. Corneille introduced style into the drama by introducing thoughts; he said simply what he meant, and he therefore spoke nobly, for what he had to say was high and noble. We must not, therefore, expect to find in Corneille that poetical expression which is intended to increase the impression produced by an object, by connecting with it accessory ideas which the object would not have suggested of itself. All necessary circumstances, and these alone, he brings before our eyes, because he has seen them; he could not fail to see them in the position in which he was placed, and into that position he transfers us. This is true poetry."—*Corneille and his Times*, pp. 203–259.

This is truly superior criticism. It shows what masterly things may be said by a man of real thought in connexion with the most hackneyed subject. If anything is still wanted to complete the delineation of Corneille up to that degree of distinctness and individuality which might be necessary for the sake of the English reader, who may not know the poet from his own writings, it is partly because this additional something must have seemed too familiar to a French critic to be worth expressing, and partly because it could only present itself with much force to one standing clear of the associations of French poetry altogether, and disposed, therefore, not only to take note of the peculiarities of Corneille among French poets, but also to involve in his criticisms the peculiarities of French poetry itself.

Were we to define in one word the genius of Corneille, in the aspect in which it is likely to impress an English critic, we should say that it is the genius of poetic *declamation*. We mean no disparagement by this epithet; we mean very high praise. Every man has his forte. Every man has some attitude, set, position, or prescribed aim and purpose of his faculties, in accordance with which they work best. The faculties may exist in all varieties of proportions, and may show themselves in all manner of independent ways; but the man deals his best stroke, and shoots his clearest lightnings, when the faculties assume the prescribed attitude, and are provided with the appropriate set of external circumstances. Samuel Johnson was best in conversation, with Burke and Reynolds listening, and Bozzy leaning behind his chair to receive the spare knocks; Joachim Murat was best at the head of a charge of horse, when the scabbards jingled as the men dashed on, and the sun gleamed on a sea of sabres. And so also with the poet; except that in his case life does not furnish the actual, but the mind itself provides an ideal, set of circumstances. The poet Moore, for example, did his best when he wrote for those situations of life in which a light gaiety or a sentimental melancholy is sought after as a social luxury; his songs were written to be sung in well-lighted modern rooms, as one of the artificial accompaniments of a festive occasion. Horace was most sagacious when he saw himself in the company of Mæcenas and a few other such cronies of the right Epicurean sort, strolling over the fallen leaves in the walks about a country villa, or reclining *al fresco* over filberts and Falernian. In the heart of Homer, we should suppose, the poetic glow was at its height, when he rehearsed in low and solitary recitative the strain he was to conduct as chief of the bards at some royal hall close to the murmurs of the Ægean. And so on with other poets, although it may not always be so easy to describe the characteristic group of ideal associations. Now Corneille, as it appears to us, wrote best when he fancied those situations the proper outcome of which was a measured flow of fine declamation. This, let it be observed, does not necessarily limit within any very narrow range the field of his poetic observation. Precisely as Moore, though his songs were to be sung in a London drawing-room, could bring their subjects from the East or from the wilds of Ireland; or as Horace, with all his *penchant* for the villa and the Falernian, could go out a good way and ascend to a good height for the topics he was to bring back for the edification of himself and his guests—so in Corneille, breadth and discursiveness of imagination might very well be consistent with his special excellence in the attitude of a declaimer. The only necessary limit was that what he did imagine should be imagined in that way in which a fine declamatory effect should easily arise. And certainly there are few instances in which a poet has, with so much of real poetic vigour and variety, produced such noble passages to be uttered by a stately actor before an audience. Corneille, awkward bourgeois as he was in private life, stalks the stage in his poetry, with the majesty of a Talma; there is kingly magnificence in his look and step, and every thought

and word is to correspond. His plays are full of noble speeches. As he fancied his hero or situation, he did this, as M. Guizot well says, with the most perfect distinctness of vision; the man and the juncture of circumstances stood before him insulated from all that was irrelevant or unnecessary; the feeling appropriate to the imagined moment rushed up in his soul, clear, single, and strong; and, when he gave vent to this feeling, it was in words so terse, so direct, and delivered with such weight, and even epigram, right on the intelligence, amid all their riot of passion, that Demosthenes himself could not have spoken better. M. Guizot well describes the peculiarity of Corneille's style as that of "energetic concision." We could quote example after example through many pages, but let a few suffice. What poet has furnished lines which a good actor could deliver with more electric effect, or of which an orator could more finely avail himself in his moments of highest inspiration, than such lines as these:—

"Un moment donne au sort des visages divers;
Et, dans ce grand bonheur, je crains un grand revers."

"A qui venge son père il n'est rien impossible
Ton bras est invaincu, mais non pas invincible."

"Les hommes valeureux le sont du premier coup."

"Vouz parlez en soldat; je dois agir en roi."

"Un grand destin commence, un grand destin s'achève."

"Non, je ne pleure point, Madame, mais je meurs."

"Un véritable amant ne connôit point d'amis."

"Qui n'appréhende rien présume trop de soi."

"Il est beau de mourir maître de l'univers;
Mais la plus belle mort souille notre mémoire,
Quand nous avons vu vivre et croître notre gloire."

Prusias. "Je veux mettre d'accord l'amour et la nature,
Etre père et mari dans cette conjuncture.
Nicomède. Seigneur, voulez-vous bien vous fier à moi,
Ne soyez l'un ni l'autre.
Prusias. Et que dois-je être?
Nicomède. Roi!
Reprenez hautement ce noble caractére;
Un véritable roi n'est ni mari ni père,
Il regarde son trône et rien de plus. Régnez!"

If the reader wants longer specimens, let him turn over the plays for himself, not forgetting to look again at such well-known passages as the famous imprecation of Camille on Rome in the *Horaces*, and the grand soliloquy of Augustus, when he discovers the conspiracy against him in *Cinna*. There are no passages of poetical declamation in any language superior to those; and they are but two out of hundreds.

Were we desirous to follow out this passing remark as to the special respect in which Corneille impresses an Englishman, into a farther appreciation involving the degree to which truth and greatness in poetry can be attained under such a condition of genius as that just indicated, and involving also the question of the inherent poetical capacities of a people which has furnished such a poet as its highest or nearly so, we should be able to do so best by going through all that Guizot says respecting Shakspeare, and then shewing that what he says respecting him is determined very much by those associations with the word *Poetry*, which naturally cling to a critic who is a countryman of Corneille. We have room, however, but for a very slight notice of Guizot's estimate of Shakspeare; and, therefore, any reflex bearing which our remarks on that estimate may have on French Poetry in general, or on Corneille in particular, must be left for inference.

On the whole, England has no reason to complain of the manner in which M. Guizot has spoken of her intellectual idol. He has praised Shakspeare to the skies. The intellect, the imagination, the fancy, the wit, the humour of the English poet are all lauded again and again, in language confessing its own weakness in regard to so superb an object for critical description. The epithets great, prodigious, immense, and the like, are heaped upon the dead, till, by their very plenty, they become rubbish. And if, doing all this in honour of the Teutonic poet, M. Guizot, as a Frenchman, should just stop short of the admission that he is to be regarded as the most magnificent thing, in the way of intellect, that the world has ever seen, can we wonder at it? Even if he believed it, it would be too much to expect that he should have deliberately expressed the belief; unless, indeed, he could have appended to the volume an historical dissertation to prove that the Shakspeares of Warwickshire came originally from the neighbourhood of Paris.

But, while thus vying with Englishmen in doing justice to the magnificence of dimension and the exquisite quality of Shakspeare's genius, M. Guizot does take leave to part with us at certain points in this race of laudation, and to administer, as correctives of our idolatrous worship, certain distinct and unhesitating criticisms on the contour of the idol, and on our taste in admiring him. In other words, M. Guizot points out certain serious faults in Shakspeare as an artist. The faults are various, and they are described many times; but they seem to be summed up pretty completely in the following passage:

Substance and Form.—"It is in the substance that Shakspeare excels, it is in the form that he fails. (*C'est par le fond que Shakspeare excelle, et par la forme qu'il pèche.*) He discerns and brings admirably into view the instincts, the passions, ideas—indeed all the inner life of man;

he is the most profound and dramatic of moralists; but he makes his personages speak a language which is often fastidious, strange, excessive, and destitute of moderation and naturalness—(*recherché, étrange, excessif, depourvu de mesure et de naturel.*) And the English language is singularly propitious to the defects, as well as to the beauties of Shakspeare. It is rich, energetic, passionate, abundant, striking; it readily admits the lofty flights and even the wild excesses of the poetic imagination; but it does not possess that elegant sobriety, that severe and delicate precision, that moderation in expression, and harmony in imagery, which constitute the peculiar merit of the French language; so that when Shakspeare passes from England into France, if he is translated with scrupulous fidelity, his defects become more apparent, and more offensive, beneath his new dress, than they were in his native form; and if, on the other hand, it is attempted to adapt his language, even in the slightest degree, to the genius of our tongue, he is inevitably robbed of a great part of his wealth, force, and originality."—*Shakspeare and his Times, Preface*, pp. iv. v.

Confusion of Tragedy and Comedy.—"The Greeks, whose mind and civilisation followed so regular a course in their development, did not combine the two kinds of composition, and the distinction which separates them in nature was maintained without effort in art. Tragedy and Comedy shared man and the world between them, each taking a different domain in the region of realities, and coming by turns to offer to the serious or mirthful consideration of a people who invariably insisted on simplicity and harmony, the poetic effects which their skill could derive from the materials placed in their hands. . . In our modern world all things have borne another character. Order, regularity, natural and easy development seem to have been banished from it. Immense interests, admirable ideas, sublime sentiments have been thrown, as it were, pell-mell with brutal passions, coarse necessities, and vulgar habits. The incoherent assemblage of all that human nature and destiny contain of that which is great and little, noble and trivial, serious and puerile, strong and wretched—this is what man and society have been in our Europe. In such a state of mind and things, how was it possible for a clear distinction and simple classification of styles and arts to be effected? How could Tragedy and Comedy have presented and formed themselves isolatedly in literature, when, in reality, they were incessantly in contact, entwined in the same facts, and intermingled in the same actions so thoroughly that it was sometimes difficult to discern the moment of passage from one to the other? Was it proposed to bring upon the stage the habitual occurrences of ordinary life? Taste was as easily satisfied as manners. Those religious performances which were the origin of the European theatre, had not escaped this admixture. The first Mysteries brought simultaneously upon the stage the emotions of religious terror and tenderness and the buffooneries of vulgar comicality: and thus in the very cradle of dramatic poetry, tragedy and comedy contracted that alliance which was inevitably forced upon them by the general condition of nations and minds. . . . In France, however, this alliance was speedily broken off. We may affirm that in France comedy, in an imperfect, but distinct form, was created before tragedy. At a later period, the rigorous separation of classes, the absence of popular institutions, the regular action of the supreme power, &c., disposed the popular mind to maintain that strict distinction between the two styles which was ordained by the classical authorities who held undisputed sway over our drama. . . . Nothing of this kind took place among the English. The asylum of German manners as well as of German liberties, England pursued without obstacle the irregular but natural course of the civilisation which such elements could not fail to engender. It retained their disorder as well as their energy; and until the middle of the seventeenth century, its literature, as well as its institutions, was the sincere expression of these qualities. When the English drama attempted to reproduce the poetic image of the world, tragedy and comedy were not separated. . . . It is utterly futile to attempt to base any classification of Shakspeare's works on the distinction between the comic and the tragic elements; they cannot possibly be divided into these two styles, but must be separated into the fantastic and the real, the romance and the world. The first class contains most of his comedies; the second comprehends all his tragedies—immense and living stages upon which all things are represented, as it were, in their solid form, and in the place which they occupied in a stormy and complicated state of civilisation. . . [M. Guizot then goes on to illustrate this theory of the dramatic art, and to plead for its toleration by the votaries of the stricter classic, on account of the splendid effects with which genius has consecrated it; he appears decidedly to think, however, that, in the blending of the tragic and the comic so broadly in the same play, Shakspeare has often committed offences against reason and taste under any theory, and hence he adopts as his own what follows, which is from the Essay attributed to the Duc de Broglie.] . . . The mixture of comedy and tragedy is not, or certainly ought not to be a purely arbitrary thing. Never should the contrast be allowed, unless under the condition, that the dominant impression, which is chiefly to be regarded, should be developed and not destroyed, should not be lost sight of, but rendered more lasting and profound. No one knew this better than Shakspeare, no one has illustrated it by more numerous and beautiful examples. But we confess we cannot find them in *Othello*. In this play the comic element is purely arbitrary; it is, in some sort appended to the tragic, while there is no intimate relation between the one and the other, no common aim, no alliance to be ratified by the deep experiences of the soul. Let Roderigo be eliminated from the piece—a genuine melodramatic simpleton, who only appears that he may serve as a butt to Iago, to be beduped and befooled by him: you can do

so; what Roderigo does might be done quite as well by any one else; no one, Iago excepted, would know or care for his absence. Let Brabantio, the firm and prudent senator, full of ability and self-possession, dignified and respected, be true to his proper character; let him not be transformed, during two whole scenes, merely to suit the whim of the author, into a Geronte or a Sganarelle. Let Cassio fall into disgrace with his general from some more worthy motive than that supplied by taking a glass of wine at an unseasonable time. Lastly, erase entirely the part of the clown, a part so false that the French imitator, though he has in general adhered most conscientiously to the original, did not think himself bound to preserve it."—*Shakspeare and his Times*, pp. 78–98; and pp. 316–318.

Shakspeare's chief fault.—"One misfortune happened to Shakspeare: though he was always lavish of his wealth, he was not always able to distribute it either opportunely or skilfully. This was frequently the misfortune of Corneille also. Ideas accumulated about Corneille, as about Shakspeare, confusedly and tumultuously, and neither of them had the courage to treat his own mind with prudent severity. They forgot the position of the character they were describing, in order to indulge in the thoughts which it awakened in the soul of the poet. In Shakspeare especially, this excessive indulgence in his own ideas and feelings sometimes arrests and interrupts the emotions awakened in the breast of the spectator, in a manner which is fatal to dramatic effect. It is not merely, as in Corneille, the ingenious loquacity of a rather talkative mind, but it is the restless and fantastic reverie (*l'inquiète et bizarre rêverie*) of a mind astonished at its own discoveries, not knowing how to reproduce the whole impression which it has received from them, and heaping ideas, images, and expressions, one upon another, in order to awaken in us feelings similar to those by which it is itself oppressed. . . . Hence arose the true and great fault of Shakspeare, the only one that originated in himself, and which is sometimes perceptible even in his finest conceptions; and that is, a deceptive appearance of laborious research, (*recherche pleine d'effort.*) which is occasioned, on the contrary, by the absence of labour. Accustomed, by the taste of his age, frequently to connect ideas and expressions by their most distant relations, he contracted the habit of that learned subtlety which perceives and assimilates everything, and leaves no point of resemblance unnoticed; and this fault has more than once marred the gaiety of his comedies, as well as destroyed the pathos of his tragedies. If meditation had taught Shakspeare to fall back upon himself, to contemplate his own strength, and to concentrate it by skilful management, he would soon have rejected the abuse which he has made of it, and would have speedily become conscious that neither his heroes nor his spectators could follow him in that prodigious movement of ideas, feelings, and intentions which, on every occasion and under the slightest pretext, arose and obtruded themselves upon his own thought."—*Shakspeare and his Times*, pp. 113–116.

Now, as Thomas Aquinas has ingeniously remarked, all men are fallible. Shakspeare, we dare say, had his faults like other men, and could have written sometimes better if he had tried harder, had a French education, studied Boileau, or been quite free from headache. We are not going to defend all his *torturato* passages, every witticism of his clowns, or his errors in geography and chronology. He may, as some of his advocates hold, have had deep meanings even in his errata, though we cannot make that the subject of affidavit. But "great barbarian," "Attila-Shakspeare,"—this notion of our bard, whether in the old and unmodified shape in which Voltaire disseminated it, or in the new and more elevated, and altogether more mild and reverential sense in which the foregoing passages suggest it, we will not for a moment endure. And, in fact, to confess the truth, we would rather not have Shakspeare spoken against at all. As the old parishioner of Ettrick said to the Unitarian lecturer, who, after attacking the theology of his former pastor, began to attack his character,—"Haud aff Tammas Boston, Sir; haud aff Tammas Boston."

After all, it is a question of races. This attempt to indicate the evidences of a supposed tinge of barbarism in the genius of Shakspeare; these assertions that the prodigious strength and abundance of mind shewn in his works, as regards substance, are accompanied by rudeness and defect as regards form; these objections to his mode of mingling the tragic and the comic, and proposals to improve his plays by omitting the Roderigos, making the Brabantios more stately, and sweeping out all the clowns; these complaints against him for an intellectual incontinence which is constantly giving people more than they want, and pouring out volumes of thought, analogy, and occult allusion, if but a pane of glass breaks; —all this, we say, is nothing more than the inevitable display of what a Frenchman, as such, feels, when he contemplates the highest example of Teutonic art. No man can jump off his own shadow; and M. Guizot, as a Frenchman, is not related so truly as we are to the Pan-Teutonic poet. Yes, that is the name for Shakspeare! Germans, Danes, and Swedes, as well as Englishmen, accept him precisely as he is, admitting only those defects, incapable of being classed, which attach to all human performances. It is the Frenchman alone, or the man of French training, that can receive from Shakspeare that impression of dissatisfaction or

offended taste which arises from the sight of deviations from a supposed principle. Let any one who desires to see this verified and illustrated compare Guizot's criticisms on Shakspeare with those of the German Ulrici. In Ulrici, besides general criticism of a different, and, we think, far deeper order, the reader will find exactly that kind of philosophical justification of Shakspeare's supposed faults, and especially of his confusion of the comic and the tragic, which, according to the view we now present, a German could best give. There he will find the eternal theory of Clowns, and the reason why there should be a clown present even when murder is in the wind, and a kingdom is about to crack; there he will find Roderigo's charter of existence fully made out, and a profound explanation given why, on *a priori* grounds, Cassio got drunk. Placing himself in each play at what he conceives to be the central point, the critic accepts all that issued from the poet's mind in its moment of creative energy, as belonging necessarily to that moment, and necessarily coherent throughout; and then makes it his business to do what the poet perhaps could not have done for himself, consciously dissect the separate parts, and shew their scientific relation to the whole. And thus everything in Shakspeare is reduced back to its source in the real feelings of a Teutonic mind in the act of contemplating nature.

We back the heavy Ulrici against the lighter and more lucid Guizot. We will indicate, in conclusion, our reason for doing so. It is a reason, we think, which will elevate the Teutonic adhesion to Shakspeare over the Gallic criticism of him, by shewing that, though the former as well as the latter may connect itself with prejudice of race, it can yet, if need be, exhibit a higher sanction in fact and science. If what we shall say should seem to revive the memory of the old and tiresome controversy between Classicism and Romanticism, we cannot help that.

Europe, then, seems to us to have had, in the widest sense, only two Literatures; which are, in fact, also, (if we omit one Eastern Literature of immense and peculiar significance,) the only great Literatures that have been in the world. These are—the Southern or Græco-Latin Literature, of which we here account the modern Italian, the French, and the Spanish as separate, though not wholly pure, continuations; and the Northern or Teutonic Literature, of which the English, the German, and the Scandinavian Literatures are branches. There is a difference of spirit between these two Literatures, and this difference of spirit is best seen by a comparison of the masterpieces of poetic creation that have illustrated each. First came the Greek, casting *his* poetic eye over the appearances of life and nature. In him the imagination, that faculty or that use of the faculties which in all languages is set apart as most properly the requisite of the poet, existed in the highest conceivable degree; but if we inquire more particularly as to the manner or style in which this imagination of the Greek worked, we shall find that it delighted above all in setting forth images of concrete things in clear shape and outline, with the least possible efflux, while doing so, of the matter secreted in the mind itself during the intellectual act. The grandest examples of this are the poems of Homer, Æschylus, and Sophocles; the comparative dissatisfaction of the critics with the third tragic poet, Euripides, arising in a great degree from the fact that he was not so purely a Greek in this respect. From the Greeks the literary sovereignty passed on to the Romans; who, with feebler powers of genuine imagination, produced, in Virgil and others, new masters in the same essential style. Even the revolution of the ancient world by the Christian theology, and the addition of a considerable leaven of the Teutonic element to the society of the southern and central nations of Europe, did not overcome the classic method of art where it had taken possession. In Dante, mediæval Italy produced a man greater in force of imagination than any ancient Roman, and whose imagination yet worked in the true southern manner, the clear and rigorous definition of the concrete. Spain, whose greatest man of letters was Cervantes, expended what was left of her, after the deduction of his genius, in dramas bearing marks of her Latin lineage. The French, whose claim to be a more imaginative people than the cold and mercantile English is founded on an incorrigible mistake as to what imagination is, have exhibited their deficiency in creative genius in the fact that, with so many intellectual magnates of the first rank in other departments, they have not produced one poet so great that the rest of the world will call him great. The man of greatest creative genius, in the true sense, that France has produced, is neither Corneille nor Racine, but that wild compound of filth and flashing insight—Rabelais. Now both in Cervantes and in Rabelais there is discernible a species of imagination not discernible in either the Spanish or the French dramatists—suggesting that there was a new spirit at work in modern European Literature. This spirit

is seen most purely, however, in its native and original home, the Literature of the Teutonic nations. Since the Greek, the Teuton was the first man who came upon the world so situated that he could take absolutely his own way in thinking of it. As unlike the Greek as the clear skies and vineyards of the warmer are unlike the seamists and forests of the colder latitudes, this Adam of the north gazed on life and nature, in the full faith of his rich and complex instincts, unawed by Homer, and untaught by Aristotle. Out of the activity of this new power applied to the same everlasting materials has sprung the Literature of the Teutonic nations, of which Shakspeare is the acknowledged prince. Slowly evolved by its own efforts, and even largely affected by the influence of the classic upon it during its evolution, this Literature has still maintained its indigenous character, and has exhibited that character most of all in its specimens of poetic art. And in what does this character consist? It consists in more of melancholy, more of humour, more of mysticism, more of reverent forthgoing upon the minutiæ and smaller pulsations as well as upon the massive objects and larger processes of nature and life; and above all, if indeed this does not include all, in more of the reflective, inquisitive, and discursive spirit at all times and occasions—more of the tendency to pour out, in the act of imagining a thing, all the purely intellectual *secretion* of the moment, so as, by this very suffusion of self upon the outward, to complicate the relation between nature and man. This is that very spirit of *recherche* to which Guizot objects in Shakspeare. Shakspeare could not reach forth his hand to touch a mental object before him but the whole intervening space of atmosphere fell down in flakes of thought. He reached the object, nevertheless; and the imaginative act was none the less real, none the less natural and artist-like, for the rich intellectual precipitation which accompanied it. It was no tinge of barbarism, therefore, in Shakspeare that led him to that confusion of the comic and tragic, and that excess and waste of intellectualism, for which he has been called in question. It was but his greatness as a practitioner in the Teutonic form of art—a form different from the older form, but as legitimate. Nay, and that this Teutonic form of art is now to be regarded as the superior, ought, we think, to be clear from the fact, that it is the later; from the fact, that it appreciates and recognises, and can even practise the other, while the other objects to and cannot practise *it;* from the fact, that it has already so far superseded the other by its greater accordance with the spirit and circumstances of modern humanity; and from the fact, that the race to whom it is native, being masters of the greatest portion of the Earth physically, would have the right of appointing, even if they could not supply, the Earth's intellectual king.

Art. V.—1. *A History of the Hebrew Monarchy.* By Francis W. Newman. London, Chapman, 1847.

2. *The Creed of Christendom: its Foundation and Superstructure.* By William Rathbone Greg. London, Chapman, 1851.

3. *A Lecture on the Historic Evidence of the Authorship and Transmission of the Books of the New Testament.* By S. P. Tregelles, LL.D. London, Bagster, 1852.

4. *The Restoration of Belief.* Parts I. and II. Cambridge, Macmillan, 1852.

5. *Der Christliche Glaube.* Von Dr. Friedrich Schleiermacher. 2 Bände. Berlin, 1822.

6. *Geschicte der Pflanzung und Leitung der Christlichen Kirche durch die Apostel.* Von Dr. August Neander. 2ter Band. Hamburg, Perthes, 1833.

7. *System der Christlichen Lehre.* Von Dr. Carl Immanuel Nitzsch. 5te Auflage. Bonn, 1844.

8. *Das Leben Jesu Christi.* Von Dr. August Neander. 4te Auflage. Hamburg, 1845.

9. *Deutsche Zeitschrift für Christliche Wissenchaft und Christliches Leben.* Nos. 16, 17, 18, 42, 43, 44,—1850. *Die Inspirations-Lehre.* Von Dr. A. Tholuck. No. 50,—1850. *Die Schule von Genf. Eine Berichtigung.* Von Prof. Dr. Merle D'Aubigne. No. 21,—1851. *Ueber Inspiration Eine Entgegnung.* Von. Dr. Rudolf Stier. Berlin, Wiegandt und Grieben.

10. *La Critique et La Foi.* Deux Lettres. Par Edmond Scherer. Paris, Ducloux, 1850.

11. *The Doctrine of Plenary Inspiration; and the Errors of M. Scherer of Geneva.* By Count Agenor de Gasparin. Translated by the Rev. J. Montgomery, A.M. Edinburgh, Johnstone and Hunter, 1852.

12. *Die Reden des Herrn Jesu.* Von Rudolf Stier. 1ter Band. 2te Auflage. Barmen, 1852. 2te–6te Band. 1844–48. 1te Auflage.

13. *Theologische Studien und Kritiken. Das Wesen des Christenthums und die Mystik.* Von Dr. Carl Ullmann. Hamburg, Perthes, 1852. 3ter Heft.
14. *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit.* By S. T. Coleridge. London, Pickering, 1849.
15. *The Philosophy of Religion.* By J. D. Morell, A.M. London, Longman, 1849.
16. *Inspiration in Conflict with Recent Forms of Philosophy and Scepticism.* A Lecture by John Eadie, D.D. 2d Edition. Edinburgh, Oliphant, 1849.
17. *The Authority and Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures.* A Lecture by the Rev. R. S. Candlish, D.D. London, Nisbet, 1851.
18. *A Lecture on the Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, delivered at the Opening of the New College, London.* By J. Harris, D.D. London, Jackson and Walford, 1851.
19. *The Elements of the Gospel Harmony.* By Brooke Foss Westcott, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge, Macmillan, 1851.
20. *Theopneustie: ou Inspiration Plenière des Saintes Ecritures.* Par L. Gaussen. 2me Edition. Paris, Delay, 1842.

The orthodoxy of our fathers, amid many minor diversities and modifications, held fast to *three* propositions on the subject of our Sacred Books: *First*, That they embody a Divine Revelation; *Secondly*, That they exhaust that Revelation; and, *Thirdly*, That they contain it in a form of absolute purity.

To these three propositions—as unimpaired by all recent attacks, and as alike superior to the menace of foes and the indecisive apologies of friends—we give in our cordial adhesion, and count it no shame, but a signal felicity and honour, with the evidence which lies before us, to hold up our every-day Bible, beginning with Genesis and ending with Revelation, as the genuine and infallible Word of God. It is a cheap and easy thing to defend this belief, on the ground of mere tradition, and to repel every sceptical questioning of revelation, every insinuation against the integrity of the canon of Scripture, every suspicion of the infallible accuracy of our Biblical records, as in itself profane and blasphemous. Such a homage to the infallibility of the Bible would itself require a personal inspiration to redeem it from presumption and wilful blindness. An admissible protest in behalf of the Bible implies something like extensive and close inquiry; and while no one can pretend to have exhausted every argument, tested every fact, and weighed every difficulty in connexion with a body of documents so voluminous and so enveloped in the dust of controversy, nothing less goes to such a confession of faith than the honest conviction, gathered from the study of all sides of the question, that the long venerated doctrine of the infallibility of the Bible has not been appreciably weakened at any point by all the freedom of recent speculation, or the results of modern historical and critical investigation. It is our present purpose, without entering into an abstract and independent discussion of the subject of Inspiration, to examine the claims and pretensions of some leading theories, both British and Continental; and to indicate, not in the way of chronological development, but of moral grouping, the different bearings of the principal views that have lately occupied and disturbed not only our own country, but likewise Germany, Switzerland, and France. Such a bird's-eye view, however hastily executed, may perhaps throw some light on the position and prospects of Christianity at the present day, and shew, on the one hand, how certain the infallibility of the Bible is, as a matter of historical evidence, and more especially how, on the other hand, recent departures from it end in inconsistencies with themselves, and with those admitted principles of judgment that must determine all questions of fact, whether of a natural or supernatural character.

One of the new phases of the controversy respecting Inspiration is, that it has ceased to be a controversy among the orthodox. Till our own days those opposed to Christianity as a supernatural revelation disclaimed the use of such words as Inspiration in their nomenclature, and denounced the whole idea which they embody, as mystical and superstitious. Latterly, however, it has become quite the fashion, as all the world knows, for the successors of the sceptical writers of last century to deal largely in confessions of faith respecting the Bible, which include the doctrine of its inspiration, and almost to outbid the orthodox in their eulogies upon the divine afflatus by which it was produced. The school of Parker, Newman, and Greg, afford the most singular examples of this innovation.* Mr. Greg, whose critical accuracy on such a question is, we must say, not of the highest, as is indicated by his confounding in the first

* We introduce the works of Mr. Newman and Mr. Greg in this article, though these were formerly considered in this Journal in connexion with a different question. (See *North British Review*, No. XXXI.)

page of his "Creed of Christendom," the *plenary* with its ancient opposite the *verbal* inspiration of the Scriptures, stoutly contends that the un orthodox use of inspiration is as correct as the other, and that the theologians have perverted the word from its original application in order to baptize their own dogma; nay more, that having had the inspiration of the Bible conceded in the one sense, they have, too often dishonestly, taken advantage of the ambiguity of language to give it currency in its rigid dogmatic form. What, then, is the true inspiration of the Bible which these writers have rescued out of the hands of Jewish Rabbis and Christian Schoolmen, and restored to its ancient simplicity? According to Mr. Greg, "it is that elevation of all the spiritual faculties by the action of God upon the heart, which is shared by all devout minds, though in different degrees, and which is consistent with infinite error." (P. 22.) Or, as he elsewhere expresses it, "Every great and good man possesses some portion of God's truth to proclaim to the world and to fructify in his own bosom. In a true and simple, but not the orthodox sense, we believe all the pure, wise, and mighty in soul, to be inspired, and to be inspired for the instruction, advancement, and elevation of mankind." (P. 235.) He also quotes Mr. Parker with approbation, who in his usual rhetorical style thus writes, "Inspiration is the consequence of a faithful use of our faculties. Each man is its subject; God its source; truth its only test. Men may call it miraculous, but nothing is more natural. It is co-extensive with the faithful use of man's natural powers. Now, this inspiration is limited to no sect, age, or nation. It is wide as the world, and common as God. It is not given to a few men in the infancy of the world to monopolize inspiration, and bar God out of the soul." (P. 236.)

This liberal theory, it is apparent, identifies inspiration with elevated genius, and regards the Bible as nothing more than the fruit of the religious organization of its writers. The connexion of God with such inspiration of the Bible is moreover the same with his originating influence in all products of mental greatness. "When it is his will," Mr. Greg seems to say, "that mankind should make some great step forward, should achieve some pregnant discovery, he calls into being some cerebral organization of more than ordinary magnitude and power, as that of David, Isaiah, Plato, Shakspeare, Bacon, Newton, Luther, Pascal, which gives birth to new ideas and grander conceptions of the truths vital to humanity." (P. 226.) According to this view, the Bible is the highest product of man's natural religious faculties operating with peculiar advantage in the most favourable periods of Old Testament history, and more especially in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, who, partly by native endowment, and partly by happy selection from pre-existing materials, over-topped all religionists before and since, and even became, as Mr. Parker has expressed it, "the possibility of the race made real."

We will not be uncandid enough to charge the adherents of this, which may be called the theory of Natural Inspiration, with intentional abuse of language, or with a too great readiness to blunt the edge of popular prejudice, by conceding to the Scriptures an inspiration in words which is denied in reality. Mr. Greg especially is absolved from any such charge, as, however inconsistent it may seem with the passage in his work already referred to, he applies the word inspiration to this natural power of genius somewhat reluctantly, and seems willing to leave both the name and thing in the ancient sense to less intrepid thinkers than himself. Only, as this theory has of late made considerable noise by its virtual coincidence with the speculations or ejaculations of Mr. Carlyle—as it nearly takes up the ground on which almost all German rationalists, from Paulus to Strauss, are at one—and as it seems to have absorbed the theology of the Unitarian community in this country, if not in America, to the denial of anything special and positive in the mission of Jesus, according to the antiquated views of Priestley and Channing, we may be excused for making some passing observations upon it, though, strictly speaking, it is not so much a theory of inspiration as a negation of the fact. We shall confine ourselves to an expression of complaint as to the style in which the arguments of the orthodox* in favour of positive revelation are got rid of, and of wonder at the results which are brought out by the new system.

It may be made a preliminary matter of complaint that these writers profess to weigh and canvass at all the alleged evidence of revelation, *as a supernatural system embodied in writings*, as if the evidence offered were admissible, while at the same time they have made up their minds that *no* argument can establish *any* miracle or supernatural communication. These advocates of an inspiration which Hobbes and Bolingbroke would have scouted as visionary, have adopt-

* We use the term "orthodox" purely for the sake of distinction; and can intend no arrogance by adopting a designation which has been of late so lightly spoken of.

ed apparently a doctrine of the abstract impossibility of a miraculous revelation from which the writers we have named would have shrunk as rash and unphilosophical. Wherever Mr. Newman alights on a miracle, it is forthwith, as *in itself* incredible, resolved into a myth, and Mr. Greg has expended pages of logic to prove, what certainly is not self-evident, that the faculty to *comprehend* a revelation implies the faculty, sooner or later, to *make* it; and hence, that a discovery truly supernatural is absolutely impossible. (Pp. 230–233.) To us, it seems hardly necessary to illustrate the fallacy, not to say absurdity of this doctrine. Were a person to predict the return of Sir John Franklin's ships upon a certain day of next year, and to follow up the prediction by an account of the form of government in France and the name of the chief governor in 1872, would Mr. Greg maintain that the power to comprehend the latter prediction implied the power to make it, and that the power to believe it, after the first was verified, brought it within the range of discoverable truths. Be the evidence of supernatural revelation in the Bible sufficient or insufficient, it is surely not fair to make a profession of candour in weighing it, and to lament the hard necessity of rejecting it on account of its imperfections, when the very gate of evidence is barred by such preconceptions. Instead of leading us through a long blind alley of *critical* objections to the divinity of the Pentateuch and the Gospels, it would be better to write up at once —"No thoroughfare." Whole treatises, like De Wette's Introduction and Strauss' Leben Jesu would then be superseded by a few strokes of natural metaphysics; or, if criticism were at all superadded, the grave deduction which must be made in all moral questions from the arguments of the reasoner, who is thus bound to find for only one side, would be at once apparent and easy.

Another ground of complaint is, that the internal evidence of the Bible for its own inspiration in the orthodox sense, is not only suppressed, but turned the other way, by an obstinate misreading of its contents. Denying, setting aside, and even sneering at everything preternatural in the Old Testament, Mr. Newman, in his "History of the Hebrew Monarchy," still attempts to construct the facts, after all their high and glorious motives have been withdrawn. Nothing is left for him, rejecting the entire Mosaic groundwork of the Jewish system, but to write down the succeeding history as a succession of feuds, massacres, and impostures, with only occasional gleams of natural piety and elevated fanaticism to gild the darkness. Having disenchanted the Old Testament of its theocracy, it is easy to expose its narratives to the critical scalping-knife. *The living voice of God was the grand justification of the entire system.* It is the same with the history of Christians still. It is either sublime or it is ridiculous. And an exact parallel to Mr. Newman's "history" of the Old Testament kings and prophets would be found in a biography of a great spirit, such as Luther or Whitefield, in which every superhuman influence was denied, and the remaining phenomena set down to the account of vanity, obstinacy, and self-will, with a sufficient admixture of eccentric benevolence and enthusiasm to give the portrait some faint resemblance. Mr. Greg, too, removing the miraculous foundation of the New Testament system, necessarily stumbles at a thousand points in the life of our Saviour and his disciples, abolishes altogether the grand coherent features in the image of "God manifest in the flesh," stigmatizes as bigotry and arrogance the decisive and imperial style which must belong to a divine communication, explains the gift of tongues as madness, and the self-sacrificing and world-renouncing spirit of the primitive Church as due only to a frenzied expectation of the end of all things; and in short, having reduced the doctrine of Jesus to the elements of natural religion, and himself to the most gifted of mere human teachers, is compelled to search among the baser tendencies of human nature to account for that appearance of inflation, pomposity, and convulsive excitement, amid which Christianity was ushered into the world.

But the most serious ground of complaint of all is to be found in the unauthorized and arbitrary manner in which these advocates of natural inspiration set aside the positive external evidence of the Bible, that they may at once bring it down to their own standard. The very strength of the orthodox doctrine lies in the proof that the Old Testament, and later records, were contemporaneous or immediately subsequent to the events which they chronicle. The reception of the books is thus a guarantee for the facts, miraculous as they are, and these miraculous facts in turn accredit the professed inspiration of the writers. This, so far from being a circle, as has been sometimes inconsiderately represented, is a strong chain of linked demonstration, which no efforts of Naturalism can ever break asunder. Hence, with instinctive recoil from the neighbourhood of the supernatural, the whole company of rationalist critics, among whom are first those of Germany, arbitrarily wrest and

torture every sacred writing out of its place, and separate it by an interval from its subject, so adjusting it anew, that the supernatural inference shall be impossible; by a curious law not sufficiently adverted to, making the event repel the history, and attract the prophecy of itself. The result is those singular dislocations, transpositions, and shiftings of the sacred books from their ancient moorings by whole centuries, in regard to which no German critic is at one with his brother, but all agree that no book must be landed beneath the shadow of a miracle, or at a distance from the fulfilment of any prophecy. This play of German intellect with the Pentateuch, the Isaian prophecies, and the gospels, utterly discordant in everything but the *πρωτον ψευδος* of the system, forms a melancholy chapter in the aberrations of human learning, and on a question of purely literary criticism, would not have been tolerated. As it is, in a country where every scholar is tempted to fight his way by paradoxes, where extravagant scepticism alternates with blind credulity as almost a part of the national character, where the sense of the supernatural has (or rather *had*) to a mournful extent died out, and the public mind is untrained by any rigid institutional discipline in the examination of evidence, such tendencies have become epidemic to deny every scriptural book to its reputed author, and to push every document from its traditional seat. A few supposed traces of a later style—a handful of anachronisms easily explicable on the supposition of a revisal—the very prophecies themselves which it contains, have been eagerly laid hold of to thrust down the Pentateuch to the last ages of the Jewish monarchy. The consenting tradition of the Jews, enhanced by their scrupulous care of their sacred books, and their critical skill, too, as shewn in the rejection of the Old Testament Apocrypha—the accordant testimony of the most ancient memorials, such as the passover—the stones of Gilgal—the brazen serpent—and many others, which no rationalism ventures to assign to so late an origin as the supposititious date in question—the independent existence of the Samaritan Pentateuch—the corroborations of profane history, and the voice of the monuments of Egypt, to say nothing of the beautiful continuity of the grave and majestic narrative itself, all go for nothing with critics like De Wette, who can cut up the history of the deluge into separate and ill-adjusted strata, and coolly dissect the story of Joseph and his brethren into incongruous portions, clumsily pieced together by a recent artist. In this school of historical criticism, both Mr. Newman and Mr. Greg are catechumens, looking up with profound reverence to the "science" of its masters, and adopting their negative conclusions and paradoxes, as if they never had been contradicted or refuted.*

Mr. Newman, for example, regards it as demonstrated that the Pentateuch first received a collective existence in the reign of Josiah, and that the book of Deuteronomy having been then forged by Hilkiah the priest, to uphold Levitical influence, and as a *coup d'état* against the "high places" and their adherents, was palmed on the young king as the autograph of Moses discovered in

* To one at all read in German criticism, its best contradiction is furnished by itself. As an example of that "concordia discors" which annuls itself, we may quote the terms in which Ewald, the "magnus Apollo" of Mr. Newman, speaks of De Wette, the admired of Mr. Theodore Parker and Mr. Greg. In his epilogue to his work on the Poetical Books of the Old Testament, Ewald, after a high eulogium on his own Commentary on the Psalms, thus delivers himself in reply to some hostile criticism of his rival. "How has De Wette received this work which first appeared in 1835? The pen is ready to drop from my hands, when I call up the full image of the miserable half-and-half style of criticism, so replete with crudity and vanity, and the views at once stale, confused, and groundless, which he there propounds. As he does not understand that most important psalm, the 51st, he does not scruple to call the right interpretation an immoral one, thus degrading the sacred writer himself. Was he restrained by no scruple, no doubt, no blush of shame? Did it not occur to such a universal doubter to doubt whether he was just in his strictures on others? And if his critical procedure, which is a mere compound of superficial scepticism and pretended accuracy, was perhaps explicable if not excusable in 1806, (for to real worth and fruitfulness it has never had any great claim,) how does he not perceive that its day is gone by, and that Old Testament science has long left it in the rear?" Amidst a good deal more to the same purpose, it is charged on De Wette that his method is the true cause of the decline and fall of "science" in interpretation; that he "stands stock-still in the midst of that confusion and scepticism of his which separate him from truth, and cannot penetrate or even approach the sanctuary, and loses his temper when others refuse to stay with him in darkness." "His earlier writings," it is stated, "are not without some good views, though often very confused, and even his Introduction to the Old Testament is a completely unsatisfactory book." This is wound up by the declaration of Ewald, that though he had been prevailed on to look for an hour or two into the last edition of De Wette's Commentary on the Psalms only by the solicitation of a friend, he could prove every charge by a superfluity of evidence. Squabbles like these, making every abatement for temper, are worthy of consideration in some quarters. The list of fundamental diversities among the masters of "critical science," might be indefinitely enlarged. It seems that the *odium theologicum* is not limited by the circle of orthodoxy; and that the magnates of Germany are by their own shewing not incapable of what Mr. Greg calls "clerical reasoning." It is creditable, however, to De Wette, as we learn from Lucke's "Reminiscences," that he repaid these taunts with kindness.

the temple. The intrinsic credibility of this origin, any competent judge of the melting pathos and sublime moral tone of Deuteronomy (for which, however, Mr. Newman has a singular contempt) may pronounce upon. Mr. Newman reasons that if Deuteronomy had existed the people could not so grievously have disobeyed its precepts, an argument of the same kind as that which would prove the non-existence of our British Statutes from the mass of national crime, or make out that our Protestant Bible was forged at the time of the Reformation, because so much existed till then in the teeth of its prohibitions. It is also contended that the young king's ignorance of the book proved its non-existence; but it is not stated in the record that he was absolutely ignorant of it, and his profound emotion on the discovery may be reasonably explained by the presence of a document so venerable and awful. We cannot enter, however, into details of this kind. Enough may be found in the works of Hengstenberg and Havernick, not to mention others, to dissipate this and kindred theories. Of these works, however, and similar fair and learned replies to German and British assaults on the Pentateuch, we should infer Mr. Newman to be ignorant, were we willing to reason on his own principles—that whatever is not mentioned where it might be expected, is not known to have any existence.

Mr. Greg fully coincides with the masterly arguments of his precursor in regard to the Old Testament, and while lamenting that so great and distressing a work should have been laid upon him, he is yet prepared, relying on the impregnable science of De Wette and Strauss, to unsettle the "creed of christendom," respecting the authenticity and inspiration of the gospels. We are compelled loudly to protest against every step of his argumentation, and, looking to the tokens of haste and deficient consideration too frequently visible in a work of so grave a nature, sincerely hope that such a style of criticism may long remain an exotic on English soil. The Gospel of Matthew, though supported by unbroken tradition from the end of the first century, and read, according to undeniable evidence, from the beginning, as one of four gospels, in all Christian assemblies, is denied to be his, chiefly on the ground (internal evidence apart) of the subordinate difference as to whether it was written in Greek or Hebrew; as if the consent of the Church to receive a gospel as his, and to read it under that character, did not make it perfectly indifferent in respect of its testimony in what language it was written, or whether we have the original or a translation. The same singular paralogism appears in discrediting the two other synoptical gospels, because we cannot trace them to their sources, or explain their relation to each other; as if a compiler collecting many accounts of eye-witnesses were necessarily less accurate than these eye-witnesses, and that even though his narratives in turn were vouched for and pushed into currency by their exertions, as was certainly the case with the Gospels of Mark and Luke. Doubt is cast on the testimony of Papias to the Gospel of Mark, as the work of the companion of Peter, (p. 84,) because, as is the wonted cry, Papias was a man of weak mind, and because, as Dr. Middleton tells us, Irenaeus makes Papias a disciple of John the Apostle, whereas Eusebius styles him a disciple of John the Presbyter; as if it required strong mind to vouch for a literary work, as Mr. Greg, for example, does for that of Middleton, or as if Mr. Greg's certificate to Dr. Middleton might be disputed, because two other people happened, in writing about himself, to disagree as to the place of the publication of his book, whether it was London or Manchester. The most inexcusable, however, of Mr. Greg's criticisms on the genuineness of the gospels, is on that of John. There is not a single external argument to invalidate this time-hallowed authorship. The observation of Olshausen is strictly true, that the Gospel of John is the best attested book in the whole world. Manuscripts, ancient versions, fathers, heretics like Valentinus, unbelievers like Celsus, *pleno ore* attest it. Bretschneider was about the first, thirty years ago, to assail its genuineness on internal grounds in his "*Probabilia de evangelii et epistolarum Joannis apostoli indole et origine.*" The weight of counter evidence compelled him, much to his honour, speedily to retract his position; and it were to have been wished that Strauss who took up the forlorn hope thus deserted, but who was obliged too to abandon it, though to the manifest destruction of his favorite mythical theory, had remained stedfast in his conversion for once, if not to reason, at least to forbearance. Even De Wette, strongly tempted as he was by constitutional temperament to yield to the arguments of Strauss, a temperament which led him to sacrifice everything which had once been bitten by any rabid tooth of scepticism, was constrained to stand on the defensive, and to affirm "that the recognition of the Johannine origin of this gospel, even after the most violent attacks of recent times, will ever remain the current belief of the Church."* In these circumstances,

* *Kurze Erklärung des Evangeliums Johannis*, p. 8.

the procedure of Mr. Greg is instructive. He sets down the arguments of Bretschneider as almost decisive, being probably ignorant of his retractation, and then balancing against each other the sole authorities of De Wette and Strauss, (of whom, in regard to this gospel, he freely speaks as the "best critics," "the most eminent critics," to the exclusion of all others,) he coolly adds, "where such men doubt, assuredly it is not for us to dogmatize." Then finding the Gospel of John different from what he imagined it should have been, or ought to have been, and indulging in various other censures of the writer, he comes to the conclusion, that "if it was the work of an apostle at all, it was of an apostle who had only caught a small fragment of his Master's mantle," (p. 145,) "if it were the production of the Apostle John, it was written at a time when either from defect of memory, redundancy of imagination, or laxity in his notions of an historian's duty, he allowed himself to take strange liberties with fact," (p. 210.) Thus Mr. Greg has two strings to his bow. Either way the gospel must be discredited. If its genuineness cannot be overthrown, its authority must be written down, because it does not suit his own ideas of apostolic wisdom. But it is not our question at present, how the gospels, and this among them, may be vindicated in respect to their contents. Neither is it needful to ask why Mr. Greg should on this subject, as in several other places, openly contradict himself, by assigning the first epistle to John, and asserting it as highly probable that the gospel and epistle had the same origin. If the genuineness of the gospels remains untouched, no license of censure, founded on their contents, can ever prevail against them. The only reasonable inference, in such circumstances, must be that men are against the gospels, because the gospels are against their favourite opinions. We shall therefore pass over the muster roll of discrepancies, incoherences, blunders, fictions, and even forgeries, (Mr. Greg absolves the synoptists from "want of honesty" only "in the great majority of instances," (p. 137,) and speaks of the fourth gospel as "throughout an unscrupulous and most inexact paraphrase of Christ's teaching,"—(p. 157,) with which the evangelists are alleged to have dishonoured themselves and disgraced their Master. Nor shall we be tempted to discuss Mr. Greg's singular comments upon the evangelic narratives of the resurrection. He appears to believe no more than that a young man appeared in white, who pointed out to the women the Saviour's empty tomb. This he believes, because the Gospel of Mark, which ought to end (though no critical Greek Testament makes it end) with the 8th verse of the 16th chapter, has asserted no more, and the narratives disagree on all other points. The excited imaginations of the Apostles, ready to receive anything so joyful, (though Mr. Greg elsewhere contends that the Saviour had not given them the least hint he should rise again,) "mistook some passing individual for their crucified Lord, and from such an origin multiplied rumours of his reappearance rose and spread," (p. 217.) Mr. Greg does not definitively adopt this opinion; but he regards it with no disfavour, and it seems to be the best that he can propose. This shows at least that the orthodox have not the monopoly of faith; and that those who regard this view with favour have little reason to apologize for the disciples, as "not men of critical, inquiring, or doubting minds," (p. 218.) We thought that there had been a Thomas among them, and that they were all slow to believe. We thought that there had been a whole legion of unbelievers in Jerusalem where the resurrection was immediately preached, and preached so as to imply a charge of murder, ready to put the figment down by unmasking the young man in white, or exposing the Saviour's dead body. We thought that, upon the testimony of Paul, which Mr. Greg himself cannot reject, there were 500 persons, many of them still living, who saw the Saviour at one time. All this goes for nothing, unless some original document, containing the written testimony, it is now said of two, now of four, and now of at least six witnesses, is handed down from age to age, attesting a personal vision; though it might, one would think, appear, that the testimony of John in the 20th chapter of his gospel, which includes other ten, and the manifold other testimonies, are virtually not less present to us than if we heard them with our own ears. And thus with the most relentless rigour in testing history and the most charitable laxity in constructing hypotheses, the resurrection of Jesus, the watchword of sternly sincere and intensely practical men, the fact which, proclaimed in broad-day light with trumpet clearness and vindicated against all comers at the expense of the dearest life's-blood, overturned two mighty religions and revolutionized the world, vanishes away into a white mist, an apparition of the dawn which must now sink back into darkness.

Having thus freely expressed our dissatisfaction with the grounds on which this "critical" school dismisses and casts aside the old supernaturalist views of inspiration, we may be pardoned some expression of

astonishment at the style in which they develop their own. The highest utterances of God in man—such products of genius as mark the culminating point of the religious instincts and faculties of our race—might expect to be treated with something of the kneeling veneration with which the worshippers of Homer, Plato, Raphael, and Handel approach their masterpieces. It is with a grievous surprise that we encounter in this class of writings an unaccountable want of respect towards these highest products of "the religious consciousness," and even a frequent sarcastic stroke, as if their authors could not forget the old grudge they had borne against them when they did battle on the orthodox side. They seem to have known the Bible so much as a foe in its supernatural form, that when it is converted to Naturalism they can hardly treat it as a friend. Mr. Newman's book is a grand corrective of Old Testament prejudices, bigotries, and religious illusions—such an account of Jewish men and things, as a Carthaginian might have written of the Roman heroes of the second Punic war. It is a reopening of the issue between David and the heathen chiefs, the kings of Judah and the kings of Israel, Hezekiah and Sennacherib, with the fixed result of reversing every verdict of the Jewish books, and bringing off the culprits not guilty.* It is a general jail-delivery of Old Testament criminals—such as Jeroboam, Ahab, Ahaz; and even Jezebel, Athaliah, and Manasseh come in for redeeming words and charitable sympathies. Such a seeking out of the neglected and remembering of the forgotten, such a circumnavigation of philanthropy has not been known for many a day. The exaltation of the one side is naturally followed by the depression of the other. The prophets are the troublers of Israel, the authors by their stupidity, if not their villany, of every great crime and massacre, and of the rupture of the kingdoms. The true, or reputedly true, are much on a level with the false, for some, like Elisha, are movers of rebellion, and others, like Jeremiah, "play into the hands of the public enemy," (p. 352,) while all alike, if not charlatans, are enthusiasts, consecrating their own fancies by a "thus saith the Lord;" and as for the priests and Levites, like every other clerical body, their aim is power and pelf, to attain which they do not scruple to hood-wink tender-hearted kings by inventing oracles and forging books in the name of Moses. Every eulogy has some reservation; every compliment some sting in its tail. Of David we are told, that all the "brilliancy alike of his chivalry and of his piety is sullied, and cold minds suspect his religious raptures of hypocrisy," (p. 112.) The prophets, from Joel to Isaiah, are only lauded at the expense of their successors. Isaiah's usual strain is "grandiloquent," and of his confessedly splendid prophecy against Sennacherib, it is condescendingly remarked, that "we *still* read it with interest and admiration," (pp. 278, 300.) Still, "his natural note" was "harsh," and up to his "swan-song" the oracle respecting Egypt, "when his bosom expanded to embrace Gentile enemies," he had "the contracted heart of a mere Jew," (p. 308.) And this is the nation—these its noblest spirits—these the masterpieces of its literature, towards which Mr. Newman, resuming the attitude of worship in the peroration of his book, tells us that "Judea was the well-spring of religious wisdom to a world besotted by frivolous or impure fancies"—that as "to the Greeks it was given to develop beauty and science—to the Romans jurisprudence and municipal rule, so to the Jews it was given to develop the holiness of God, and his sympathy towards his chosen servants," and that while the prophets "groaned over the monstrous fictions which imposed on the nations under the name of religion, they announced that out of Zion should go forth the law and the word of Jehovah," (p. 370.) Whence then Mr. Newman's systematic and even ludicrous depreciation in detail of this Jewish inspiration? Judea was the well-spring of religious wisdom: yet Jewish judgments of almost everything need to be reversed. They developed the holiness of God and his sympathy with his chosen servants: but this holiness they dishonoured by odious immoralities, and their idea that they were God's chosen servants was mere bigotry and delusion. The prophets groaned over the fictions which imposed on the nations; yet from Samuel downward, who pretended a divine commission for the anointing of Saul, which in his heart he disliked, they too often lied and forged oracles to impose upon their own. Does Mr. Newman not see the intellectual obliquity of this procedure? Does he not see that while dilating on and exaggerating discrepancies in the books of Kings and Chronicles, his own book is a stupendous contradiction? The ribaldry of Paine itself is a relief, logically speaking, compared with this combination of kissing and smiting under the fifth rib. Nor will the English mind endure to have the record of mingled delusion and knavery, wrong-

* The same must be said of the Hebrew estimate of Samuel *versus* Saul, which Mr. Newman would reverse if the facts bearing against Samuel were not arbitrarily set aside.

headedness and cruelty, which Mr. Newman's reading of Jewish history exhibits, decorated with the frontispiece of a temple, and the blazonry of inspiration.

Similar criticisms are made by Mr. Greg upon the persons and books of the New Testament, wherein, conjointly or severally, some kind of inspiration is notwithstanding allowed by him to reside. The style in which the evangelists are handled we have already remarked. The apostles fare no better. They had "angry contentions" among themselves, (p. 164.) They were the dupes of the prevailing delusion that the Holy Spirit was at work in the gift of tongues, and on this ground, enlarged the strictly Jewish limits within which their master had confined them "in a singular and inconclusive manner," (p. 178.) Peter had no better foundation than a dream, which was the result of hunger, for giving to Christianity a cosmopolitan character, (p. 169.) Paul taught "confused and contradictory notions on the subject of marriage;" and "there is much in the tone of his doctrinal writings which we believe and feel to be at variance, or at least little in harmony with the views and spirit of Jesus," (pp. 183, 190.) John, in his first epistle, "abounds in denunciations, all too redolent of the temper of the apostle who wished to call down fire from heaven on an unbelieving village," (p. 154.) James alone, whose epistle (marvellous to relate) Mr. Greg willingly receives as genuine, "is one who had drank in the spirit and appreciated the lessons of the meek, practical, and spiritual Jesus," (p. 185.) But why speak of these and similar criticisms on the disciples, when the critic permits himself to adopt the style he applies to the Master? There is much veneration, indeed, professed, and we do not dispute that it is honestly felt. Such an error in logic we will readily tolerate as leaves in any man a reverence for Jesus out of which something higher and better may yet grow. But, in a matter of logical criticism, we must deal with Mr. Greg's statements as we find them, and look to their inevitable tendencies. At one time no words are too strong for his admiration of the greatness and wisdom of Jesus, and he sets down to the misrepresentations of the evangelists all those doctrines ascribed to him, which form the "peculiar, startling, perplexing, revolting, and contradictory doctrines of modern orthodoxy,—doctrines which unsophisticated men feel to be horrible and monstrous," (p. 152): such as the necessity of faith to salvation, the sinfulness of unbelief, the Deity of Jesus, and the Atonement. These are too obviously unsound to have formed a part of his teaching. And yet, though "the wisest, purest, noblest being that ever clothed thought in the poor language of humanity," (p. 228,) his doctrines were not "so new, so profound, so perfect, so distinctive," as not to be essentially contained in the Old Testament. He "appears to have held erroneous views respecting demoniacal possession, the interpretation of Scripture, his own Messiahship,* his second coming, and the approaching end of the world," (p. 230.) "He neither directed nor contemplated the spread of his gospel beyond the pale of the Jewish nation," (p. 168.) Even his moral system, though "unimprovable and unsurpassable," and "fitted to make earth a paradise," (p. 244,) has some such "radical defect, or incompleteness, or inapplicability in our day and country, that any one who *strictly* regulates his conduct by its teaching (putting aside the mere letter) is immediately led into acts which the world unanimously regards as indicative of an unsound or unbalanced mind," (p. 246.) And then, on some essential points, Christianity, even as Christ left it, is unquestionably a stumbling-block to the wise and reflective of all ages. Thus the doctrine that prayer is answered, as Christ taught it, is "obviously irreconcilable with all that reason and revelation teach us of the divine nature," (p. 248.) The Christian idea of forgiveness which Christ shared, "is unmeaning or blasphemous as applied to Jehovah," (p. 264,) because the forgiveness of sins in any other sense than the abandonment of them is impossible; and to crown all, so far as the evidence goes, "the views of Christ respecting the future world were less in advance of those current in his age and country than his views upon any other topic," and "perhaps even fall short of those attained by some pious Pagans of an earlier date," (p. 280.) Strange blunders and shortcomings these for "the most exalted religious genius whom God ever sent upon the earth—in himself an embodied revelation" (!) (p. 233.) Was it worth while to sift the gospels clear of all "Orthodoxy" and "Calvinism" by so laborious a process, to leave so much chaff still among the wheat? The doctrines of the

* The Messiahship of Jesus Mr. Greg does not seem to know what to make of. At one time Jesus is spoken of as believing himself sent to fulfil the functions of the expected Messiah, (p. 118.) At another time the Messiah expected by the Jews is said to have been "of a character so different and a career so opposite to those of the meek, lowly, long-suffering Jesus, that the passages describing the one never could have been applied to the other without a perversion of ingenuity, and a disloyal treatment of their obvious signification," (p. 62.)

New Testament are destroyed by its own moral teaching like a temple burnt down by a coal from its own altar, and then the hapless coal itself is blown out. A Caesarean operation, fatal to the parent life, is performed on the gospels, to extract from them the genuine Christianity, and then the miserable infant perishes by the hard nursing to which it is subjected!

Upon the whole, this singular tone of apparent reverence and ultimate depreciation with which Mr. Newman and Mr. Greg alike treat the greatest names in Judaism and Christianity, is to us a matter of unfailing wonder; and the singularity and self contradiction might even be regarded as giving a mythical character to their entire productions. We have met, however, with one fact which, so far as it goes, deserves to be mentioned, as proving such phenomena not altogether unknown to history. Mr. Walpole, in his Travels among the Anasyrii in Mount Lebanon, informs us of a man who came suddenly upon a company of that strange people in the midst of the rites of their mysterious worship. They had dressed up a wooden figure into an image of Providence, and this they were assiduously engaged in flogging. The parallel is complete, shewing what deviations from nature may arise without absolute miracle. Here too is the wooden image baptized with the name of a divinity, and the prevailing rite of worship is flagellation.

This theory of inspiration then may be left to fall by its own weight; and we have little doubt that soon the field will be swept clear of its ruins, and the ancient land-mark re-erected between those who regard the Bible as the mere product of imposture and fanaticism, on the one hand, and those who regard it as containing a supernatural revelation from God, on the other. Such an issue is likely to be hastened by some of the works at the head of this Article. The historical argument for the books of the New Testament is very clearly and effectively put by Dr. Tregelles, who re-exhibits the materials of honest old Lardner and of Paley, with the freshness and authority proper to one whose life has been devoted, and not in vain, to the prosecution of original researches, with the view to a critical edition of the New Testament. This tract and the more elaborate treatise of Davidson lately noticed in this Journal, amply show how irrefragable, as mere historic documents, tried by all the ordinary tests of genuineness and authenticity, the sacred books are, and will establish as a necessary corollary their supernatural character, in the case it is to be hoped of all who are not prepared to believe in any monstrosity short of the miracle of a revelation, or to disallow the heavenly oracle because it does come from heaven, and is higher than our ways and thoughts.

Here, too, rank the ingenious, learned, and eminently candid Tracts, entitled the "*Restoration of Belief.*" The First Part of this series is a masterly re-exhibition of the argument from the success of Christianity in its struggle with Paganism, taking the reader back into the bosom of the martyr-Church, laying open the spring of its calm, grave, and indomitable earnestness in witnessing to the gospel facts, and the Person of Christ as the centre of them, and urging the question whether a crisis in the world's advancement, which not only carried through these truths in mortal battle, but gave to all professing faith, and even to disbelief, a moral grandeur unknown before, and thus cast on honest infidelity a ray of heavenly light such as had never before fallen upon it, had its source in "a congeries of exaggerations, and in a mindless conspiracy, hatched by chance, nursed by imposture, and winged by fanaticism," (p. 110.) The Second Tract, with the same calm, invincible logic, pursues the argument through the apostolical Epistles, making good such a *cohesion* between the natural and supernatural element in them that, on the denial of the latter, the apostolic character becomes "a jumble of inconsistencies, to which no semblance of moral or of immoral unity can be given," (p. 219.)

We pass over then to the ranks of the Supernaturalists, by whom alone, in propriety of speech, theories of "inspiration" can be entertained, and shall endeavour to signalize some of the more noted and influential theorists of recent times. We need not take the trouble of collecting their testimonies to what they hold in common—that Christianity is a supernatural revelation—that that revelation is contained in the Bible, and that there rests upon the Bible in consequence an authority *sui generis*, and such as belongs to no other book in the world. But it immediately strikes us, that through this large, and we trust, (notwithstanding all outcries to the contrary,) increasing class, there runs one great line of division which parts them off into adherents of the Bible in a more lax or in a more strict sense. The most superficial glance discovers two theories more or less opposed to one another—in much it may be in appearance, but in not a little also in reality—forming what may be called the theory of *partial* and the theory of *plenary* inspiration. Under these two rubrics, accordingly, we shall bring the remainder of our critical review.

The two most influential reasoners on the side of partial inspiration which this century has produced are Schleiermacher and Coleridge. The one has acted upon German theology, the other on British and American; and a curious parallel might be drawn between them in respect of more questions than this of inspiration. Our limits require us, however, to restrict ourselves to this one point; and we prefer to begin with Schleiermacher, both as the earlier, and as having carried out his views to more bold and therefore more easily apprehensible results.

Though Schleiermacher was not fond of the name of supernaturalist, and sought by sundry devices of a dialectical kind to break the shock which the admission of a miraculous interference gave to his philosophy, nothing is more clear than that all the good which he effected in Germany was by the restoration of Christianity to its supernaturalist elevation, and by insisting that it is a manifestation of divine truth and grace, infinitely raised above all reasoning, morality, and other pre-existing resources of the world. He did not look, however, on this divine quality as originally communicated in the Bible, but in the Person of Christ, which was to him the grand centre of devout regard, and focus of influence on the spiritual destinies of men. Christ was the word of God, the living word, imparting, so to speak, a magnetic property to those who came in contact with him, more especially his apostles, thus revolutionizing the world by their living example, and not merely by certain articles of faith transmitted to them in a dogmatic shape, and then engrossed in a written document, to be held out to the intellectual reception of mankind. With him Christ is first, the Church second, the Bible last. The Bible is the product of faith, pre-supposes faith to its comprehension, and is in no other sense the work of the Holy Spirit than all succeeding Christian literature, save and except that its separate parts were written by those who, standing nearest the divine Saviour, drank most into his Spirit, and reflected the universal Christian sentiment in relation to Jesus in its highest purity. This normal value of the Bible is not affected by differences of opinion respecting the canon, or the origin of the sacred books themselves. There is enough of unity and certainty in the main to make the rejection of certain writings (Schleiermacher not only himself rejected some of the so-called Deutero-canonical books, but the First Epistle of Timothy) a matter of little moment to Christian faith. There is a sufficient reflection of the divine presence of Christ in the books themselves to satisfy all the necessities of the Christian consciousness, though some of the gospels may have been compiled from fragments, amid the ordinary liabilities of history to error, and though the epistles were sent forth with no more distinctive aid and guard against defect than lay in the apostolic training and experience of their authors. Hence not only in the critical settlement of the canon and text of Scripture, but also in its interpretation, a large place is to be assigned to Christian consciousness, as the living continuous principle from which the Bible originally proceeded; and in the settlement of the true and divine by this organ, that writing has most authority which bears most directly on Christ and his work, so that the contents of the New Testament have a graduated scale of importance, and the Old Testament has no normal dignity whatever.*

Serviceable as these views were when first propounded, and great as was the stride which they evinced beyond the Kantian estimate of the Bible as a mere legendary vehicle of morality, it will be seen at once, that they allow to the Scriptures a partial and scanty measure of inspiration. We have here the source of a very current formula in Germany, that "God's word is *in* the Bible; but that *the Bible* is not God's word." Schleiermacher to some extent veiled the imperfections of his own scheme, partly by the admirable eloquence and fervour with which he descanted on what was true in it, *e. g.*, that Christ is the fountain-head of a glorious change in the spiritual life of mankind, and that personal communion with him is necessary to exalt the word above a dead letter; and partly by an ingenious accommodation of his style to Church-formulas of greater rigour and fulness. Yet his theory will not stand the test of anything like that keen examination with which he loved to abate what he regarded as the exaggerations of orthodoxy.

We think it may be admitted that the presumption is against a theory which receives revelation but denies inspiration and infallibility. We are far, however, from wishing to rest much (in point of argument we desire to rest nothing) as has sometimes been done, on mere *a priori* likelihoods and anticipations in regard to so mysterious and sublime a work of God as the giving of a revelation to mankind. Could it be *proved* that revelation extended no farther than Schleiermacher has contended, we for our parts would be thankful for so much; and

* *Glaubenslehre*, vol. ii. pp. 477-509. (1st edition.)

though with a Bible in our hands, much of which was uncertainly divine, and not a little of which was unquestionably uncanonical, we should still have struggled on our way beneath the broken rays that came from the eternal word, hoping at last to reach the goal of so trying a pilgrimage, and to find the explanation of error and defect in the Bible, as we found the explanation of the like staggering phenomena in God's world and in God's Church. Still, a reasonable man will hardly deny that with the idea of a supernatural revelation we more naturally connect that of *a permanent document, which fully partakes of the qualities of that revelation, and secures it for all ages;* and as there is a clear and indisputable miracle at any rate, it seems, so far as can be judged, more suitable and worthy of God to make that miracle complete, and to deposit its results not in a written production, which errs so greatly both by excess and defect, but in a Bible as immaculate as its great subject. Schleiermacher boldly confronts the difficulty of believing in an immaculate Christ. Is it not like an inconsequence to cast away the fruits of this infallibility or let them fall to the ground?

A still greater difficulty is the total inefficiency of the principle according to which we are to separate, in the actual Bible, the valid and ultimate word of God from its admitted imperfections. "Christian consciousness," we are told, is to distinguish, even in the writings of admittedly apostolic men, between what is divine and what bears the mark of human infirmity. And this consciousness is to recognise as sacred whatever treats directly of the person and work of Christ, and to allow a gradually increasing admixture of error in all that lies beyond. We say nothing of the soundness of this rule. What we insist on is *its total inutility.* It is utterly impossible to separate the person of Christ from the whole New Testament theory of creation and providence. Do passages which speak of his preexistent state and universal natural rule claim our faith or not? Are the discoveries respecting the future life sufficiently connected with his person and work to be absolutely reliable? Where is the boundary between the little and the great in the biographies of the evangelists? Are we with Schleiermacher to regard the alleged doctrine of Jesus respecting demoniacs, as one of the narrator's mistakes, touching, as it did, no vital point; or, rather with Neander, as a true report, since the subject was mixed up with the whole of Christ's work of deliverance from sin and evil? Such questions are endless. But we cannot help adverting to the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament, to which Schleiermacher leaves a kind of shadowy dignity amid the dethronement of all besides. As it is confessedly a matter of disputation with him what portions of the Old Testament are to be ranked in this class, we have here a continued problem whether or not *any* part of the Old Testament can be clearly made out to be the word of God at all; and the reverence which is felt for it on this theory, must to some extent resemble that of the Mussulman for the piece of waste paper, on which he refuses to tread lest it should contain a part of the Koran; or if this be thought extreme, the language must hold which was applied to the Samaritan idea of the Old Testament, "Ye worship ye know not what."

But by far the most formidable and indeed utterly insuperable objection to this theory of partial inspiration, is *its contrariety to the distinct, emphatic, and universal utterance of the Bible respecting itself.* This is, after all, the turning-point of the argument. Uncertain as this doctrine makes the boundary of canonical Scripture, and also how much of the canon is infallible, there is enough of unchallengeable Scripture (we here speak of it as a mere historical document) left over by this theory to overthrow itself from the foundations. The principle that authority in teaching belongs to the companions of Christ, as the result merely of his life-long action on their minds, is opposed by the whole history of the prejudices and errors of the apostles, down to the time of Christ's death. It is also incompatible with the history of Paul, whose authority Schleiermacher admits, but lamely enough attempts to harmonize with his view. If we do not tear the whole gospel record asunder, and do violence to the inductive principles by which all history should be studied, it was not the mere presence of Christ, but the operation of the Holy Ghost, that led the apostles into all truth; and though that truth was connected with Himself, much of it had not during his life-time dawned on their minds, for he had many things to say which they could not then bear, and which they were yet to teach the world. His own motto was—"I have given unto them the *words* which thou gavest me;" and though his glorious divine example had also its influence, this is not to be disjoined from that doctrine of which he spoke as coming from God, and that truth which was able to make free. It was not then merely as prolonging Christ's utterances that the apostles had authority. The spirit of Christ was in them a fountain of

independent inspiration; so that inspiration was not, as Schleiermacher contends, an incommunicable property of Jesus, but shared by the apostles. The apostolic claim put at the head of the epistles, is thus tantamount to the direct utterance of Christ, as it is indeed thus translated by Paul, (in a sense how different from the recognition of any co-ordinate vote of Christian consciousness!) "If any man among you think himself to be *spiritual*, let him acknowledge that the things which I write are the commandments of the Lord." If epistolary inspiration was thus guaranteed to such a degree, that even an angel from heaven preaching another gospel was declared accursed, not less surely was the infallibility of the apostles secured, as writers of the gospel-history, by the promise that all things should be brought to their remembrance which Christ had said, words which, on Schleiermacher's theory of a natural reminiscence of divine communications, have absolutely no meaning. Thus the whole basis of apostolic authority is shifted away from the point where Schleiermacher placed it, to another where it ranks with that of Christ himself, and where, dissociated from a divine nature, or even pre-eminent endowments, it is placed on the same footing of a heavenly mission on which Christ himself put it: "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so I have sent them into the world." This *co-ordination* extends by the testimony of Christ himself not only to the apostles, but goes back to Moses and the prophets. No limitation of authentic Scripture can get rid of Christ's appeal to the authority of Moses, as testifying of Him, or his frequent quotations from the Old Testament, as a divine book. The repeated recognition of Moses as a prophet pre-eminently like Christ, cannot be impugned; and Schleiermacher himself has acknowledged that Second Epistle to Timothy, and employed it to impeach the first, in which it is affirmed by Paul with reference to the Old Testament, that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God."* Many more express passages and general principles from the New Testament might be adduced to corroborate those already cited. But these are sufficient to prove (leaving for the present Schleiermacher's unsettlement of the canon to the historical evidence which re-establishes it) that inspiration was not so bound and restricted to the life of Christ as to exist elsewhere only in gleams and shadows, requiring "Christian consciousness" to detect it; but that by the showing of Christ himself, his own inspiration found its work in developing truths and doctrines which pre-existed by inspiration in the Old Testament, and was transmitted to the apostles with such clearness and authority as to leave Christian consciousness no other place but that of devout submission to whatever came from apostles in word or writing as revealed doctrine. The true place of Christian consciousness is thus, to take words for once out of the mouth of Strauss, expressed by the precept, "Taceat mulier in ecclesia;" and no claim can be set up for it, on the ground that as the Church preceded the Bible, it ought to have a voice in assenting to or rejecting it, for this is merely to say that the apostles preceded their writings, and their piety their inspiration—commonplaces which are rather an insecure foundation for a doctrine of universal inward light, to which the sources of Christian belief give no sanction.

The effect of Schleiermacher's views of inspiration is to this day abundantly apparent, not only in the less advanced school that have kept true to his traditions, and waged in his name violent opposition against the orthodox, but likewise in the more enlarged and independent thinkers, such as Nitzsch, Julius Müller, Twesten, and Tholuck, who with Neander at their head, and shortly before his death, united more openly than they had ever previously done under the banner of Schleiermacher's memory, virtually to resist the advances of that more strict supernaturalism which from various influences was gaining ground in Germany. These eminent men, indeed, have far exceeded Schleiermacher in their concessions to the older orthodoxy, and to a great extent have returned to those results in regard to the canon and the supreme authority of the apostolic Scripture which in the first revival of faith in Germany were regarded as extreme. With the exception, perhaps, of the Book of Revelation and the Second Epistle of Peter, they do not express much hesitation as to the right of any part of the New Testament to its place, and they yield to the Epistles all the reverence which is possible on the highest theory of inspiration. Almost no exception occurs to us as taken by them to any apostolic statement but that of the approaching end of the world, which they represent the apostles (we think on very unsatisfactory grounds) as unanimously leading their converts to expect. The masterly compend of apostolic doctrine given by Neander in the second volume of his "History of the Planting of the Church," is a great step beyond Schleiermacher; and no intelligent adherent of a

* The other interpretation of these words is considered afterwards.

more rigid theory of inspiration can quarrel with his exhibition of multiplicity in unity in the views of Paul, Peter, James and John, but will rather admire the profound Christian wisdom and truth with which points of apparent opposition are adjusted and harmonized. A similar change is very clearly reflected in Nitzsch's "System of Christian Doctrine." He admits that the absence of Christ was compensated by the presence of the Paraclete, and that revelation was thus transmitted in its original purity; that no one can receive the Word of God save through the apostolic writings; that appeal to any other authority, such as inward light, independently of these writings, is mere fanaticism; that the Church has not given the Scriptures any claim to authority, but receives all its own authority from them; and that the Church is based on the Scriptures—in other words, on the belief, that the same power of God to which we owe the revelation made in apostolic preaching, has been exerted to give us in the Scripture a unique, distinct, and perfect conveyance of that revelation. Nay, Dr. Nitzsch goes so far as to maintain, that the Church, even in Christ's own day, rested on *written* revelation, seeing that both He and his apostles appealed to the Old Testament; and that thus, to use his own words, there never was "an absolute interregnum of oral teaching."* It is obvious how widely these representations tend to depart from the ground of Schleiermacher, and to approach to the theology of the Reformation; yet in the same treatise there is a tendency both to elevate Christ's inspiration above that of the apostles, and by consequence to depress the latter nearer to the level of the ordinary working of the Spirit in the Church, which clearly betrays the influence of the school; just as if, in order to exalt the Saviour, it were necessary to make Him an *absolute starting-point in the history of true religion*, and in comparison of his direct utterances to depreciate all his indirect revelations both before and after his Incarnation.

The views of inspiration which lie at the basis of Neander's "Life of Jesus Christ" endure less satisfactorily a logical examination than those of almost any other work of this great and influential theological party. There is much both of depth and beauty in his construction of the evangelical history as a whole; and it did not need his acuteness and learning to expose at a thousand points the utter preposterousness of the mythical theory. Yet the result of his treatise is in many respects unsatisfactory as a full reflection of biblical data, and even as an application of his own principles in his earlier work. He contemplates the gospels throughout as purely historical composition, partaking of no other inspiration than that radiated from their subject. He acknowledges in them no inconsiderable number of positive errors—for example, that Matthew puts a false sense upon the "sign of Jonas," and that John erroneously applied the words "destroy this temple," to the Saviour's resurrection. He concedes the point, that they have (especially John) sometimes put their own words into the mouth of Jesus, or (especially the synoptical evangelists) mixed up discourses altogether different, and out of their proper connexion. He extends their fallibility to arbitrary lengths—as, for example, that John might be mistaken in supposing that Judas was guilty of peculation; or Mark, in ascribing the death of the Baptist to the revenge of Herodias, and not as Josephus, to Herod's fear of insurrection. And he will allow nothing in their narrative for which he cannot find a guarantee in their natural capacities and opportunities of knowledge, maintaining that the disciples were too much agitated at the time of their Master's apprehension to give a perfectly accurate account of it, and that we have no evidence that the veil of the temple was rent at the crucifixion, unless it may be that some converted priests afterwards furnished the information. These and similar statements appear to us serious blemishes in an otherwise admirable performance, which must militate against its acceptance in this country as a final reply to the work of Strauss. It is indeed a far harder task to believe, with those who reject the supernatural character of Christianity, that the whole life of Jesus is a superstructure of fiction, raised upon the slenderest basis of commonplace reality, than with the German Church historian, that a divine life was left to be reflected in a series of stained and broken mirrors. Only as the one procedure must be protested against as gigantic error, the other may be dissented from as mutilated truth, and that all the more that it is not consistent with itself. What room is left, on this principle of historical fallibility, for the promised and admitted influence of the Holy Spirit? In Neander's pages the synoptical evangelists are throughout represented as following a system of one-sided, partial, and defective compilation—as unlike as possible to the style of men from whom the early Church, to say nothing of inspired critics still in the midst of it, expected, according to their

* These principles are, for brevity's sake, compendized from the fifth German edition, §§ 37–42.

Master's promise, and received their highest narratives of the highest of all transactions, which lay at the foundation of Christianity; and even John is thrown entirely upon the resources of his memory for his copious and often intricate reports of our Saviour's discourses, without having put to his credit a single help like that of Paul, "I have received of the Lord, that which also I delivered unto you." It must be set down as another and a great inconsequence, that Neander freely applies the harmonistic principle to the larger apparent discrepancies between the gospels, as, for example, respecting the seat of our Lord's ministry, and the scene of his appearances after the resurrection—the presence of parables in the other gospels, and their absence in John —our Lord's residence in Nazareth or Bethlehem—the resurrection of Lazarus, the agony in the garden, and many others, while the lesser discrepancies are abandoned as irreconcilable. The principle of repetition is admitted in the case of the Saviour's anointing, and even suggested in that of the entry into Jerusalem, while in the face of the most positive testimony it is denied in that of the miracle of the loaves. The principle of accommodation in our Saviour's allusions to Jewish opinions is discarded, and yet he is made to quote in the temple the 110th Psalm, as one in which David in spirit calls the Messiah Lord; though Neander thinks it probable that David did not write that psalm, and that the unknown writer of it, whatever the ultimate view of the Spirit, had no reference to the Messiah whatever. How much incoherences like these tend to impair the compact and logical form of the work in which they appear, is felt both in Germany and in this country; and if Neander complains, as he does in his preface, that his theology suffers from the principle, "*τὰ ἐν μεσῳ ἀμφοτέρωθεν κτεινέται*," it must, with all deference, be replied, that his own armoury supplies the javelins to both the opposite sides by which his *juste milieu* is attacked.

Without animadverting upon other works of adherents of this theory we shall confine ourselves to the last, and by much the most interesting of them all—one which may be regarded as a kind of confession of faith from this camp of partial inspiration. We refer to the essay of Dr. Tholuck in the "Deutsche Zeitschrift" for 1850. This publication was started in the beginning of 1850, a few months before Neander's death, and at his instance, in conjunction with Nitzsch and Müller, as a weekly organ of the theology and Church politics of the middle school, which needed some such counterpoise against the sturdy energy and growing influence of that formidable Berlin journal, "Hengstenberg's Kirchenzeitung." Though greatly crippled by the lamented death of its founder this organ has taken a high place, and has called forth many valuable essays; though it may be remarked that it has too much ballast and too little sail for the widest kind of popularity. In this periodical Dr. Tholuck was called upon almost immediately to discuss the doctrine of inspiration; and his four papers, from April to November 1850, are mentioned at the head of this article. The two first are historical, and are intended to prove that the doctrine of strict or plenary inspiration, has not been held by the majority of Christian writers and churches from the beginning, but one more free and lax, admitting not only a human element, but the presence of error to some, though not to a serious extent in the sacred books. In this historical inquiry it appears to us that Dr. Tholuck has been eminently unsuccessful. He sets up the most rigid theory of inspiration ever broached—that prevalent in the 17th century, according to which not only the writers were entirely passive (*calami spiritus,*) and the words dictated to them in one even stream, but likewise the Hebrew points and accents, and even the general punctuation, were declared to be immediately from God. He finds abundant evidence that *this* theory was neither held in the early Church, nor by the Reformers, nor sanctioned in any confession before the 17th century. But he totally fails in what ought to have been the great object of his review—to find, in any epoch of the Church, before the commencement of the rationalizing period that began with Grotius and Leclerc and continued throughout the 18th century, such plain admissions of error in the Bible as should serve for a breastwork to modern German evangelism. The utmost that Dr. Tholuck can make out like a precedent for this view, among the Fathers, is an acknowledgment of Origen, who is himself, however, admitted to have held the strictest theory of inspiration, that he could not on historical principles harmonize the gospel accounts of Christ's last paschal journey; and a statement of Chrysostom, who otherwise believed that all contradictions of the sacred writers were only apparent, that Paul in his speech before Agrippa was left to some extent to mingle the workings of his own mind with the supplies of grace—a statement perfectly consistent with the infallibility of Scripture. The only one of the schoolmen who roundly charges any of the sacred writers with error is Abelard, whose

authority, however, on a theological question, is of the lowest. The rash expressions of Luther must be admitted, balanced, however, by the strongest assertions elsewhere, that Scripture was immaculate. But the other Reformers, and especially Calvin, are quoted with injustice on the same side, for what they say amounts to this, (what every harmonist has repeated,) that there were chronological and other difficulties, which they could not perfectly remove. Calixtus, to whom Dr. Tholuck traces the origin of the laxer theory which at length prevailed in the Lutheran Church, in express terms admits the entire truth of the biblical records; as did Baxter, Doddridge, and other English divines, both of the Church and among Dissenters, whose names are singularly enough introduced with those of Socinus and the Arminians, as all conspiring to prove that the theory of infallibility has always been in the minority. Dr. Tholuck, then, who cannot be supposed to have brought forward the least effective witnesses, seems to us to have completely failed in establishing for his theory, anything at all approaching to an influential standing-ground in the general tradition of Christian doctrine.

Dr. Tholuck's other two papers are occupied more with the exegetical and dogmatical aspects of the question; and though they evince, perhaps, the nearest approach which is possible from this side to what we must still call the orthodox* theory, they are far enough from obviating the objections we have already advanced to the views of its earlier representatives. Dr. Tholuck undertakes in this part of his work to do three things—to test the strict inspiration theory by the structure of Scripture—to adduce biblical testimony for the laxer theory—and to turn aside the Scripture testimony unjustly alleged for the other view. This is certainly a fair and honest programme. We cannot pronounce that it has been carried into execution.

In considering the structure of Scripture, Dr. Tholuck acts hardly by his antagonists, among others Gaussen, whose theory we shall afterwards notice, in descanting on the peculiarities of style and the evidences of mental individuality in the sacred writers, for this has never been more eloquently illustrated than by Gaussen himself, and may be regarded as now universally admitted. It is more to the purpose, and this is the gist of the argument, when he asserts, that in the Old and New Testament there are "numerous proofs of inaccuracy in matters of fact;" and he charges the scrupulously orthodox with using such elaborate and forced devices to remove these, that at last Scripture in their hands has come to resemble a garment covered with innumerable pieces of patchwork, rather than a seamless coat. Dr. Tholuck knows well enough, and frankly confesses, that the opponents of Christianity have often spied a rent where there was none; but still thinks himself bound to concede that in not a few places the rent exists. We cannot within our limits follow him into detail: but having examined his proof-texts, and knowing something of what has been written regarding them, we take the liberty to adhere to our old opinion, that the same arguments by which Dr. Tholuck in his elaborate and valuable reply to Strauss, obviates his attack on the *larger* inconsistencies (so-called) of Scripture, avail also to the elimination of his own *minor* difficulties. Dr. Tholuck, beginning with misquotations of the Old Testament, according to the Septuagint version, thinks he has found three such in the Epistle to the Hebrews, where errors in the Septuagint are made the basis of reasoning.* We do not enter into the philological and other discussions connected with this question. In opposition even to the high authority of Dr. Tholuck, we regard all these citations as legitimate grounds of argument, the variations from the Hebrew being unessential to the proof, and agree with Calvin in his note on the last, though Dr. Tholuck inaccurately represents him as admitting a misapplication of this and the second of his examples:—"Neque enim in verbis recitandis adeo religiosi fuerunt, modo ne Scriptura in suum commodum falso abuterentur. Semper hoc spectandum est quorsum citent testimonia, nam in scopo ipso diligenter cavent ne Scripturam trahant in alienum sensum; sed tam in verbis, quam in aliis, quae presentis instituti non sunt, sibi liberius indulgent."

Such inaccuracies of discourse, next alleged by Dr. Tholuck, as the different versions of the sermon on the Mount, by Matthew and Luke, we set aside by adhering to the old explanation of a double discourse, though there seems no contradiction between different reports of the same speech, if neither reporter professes to give the whole, nor in its absolutely identical connexion. The same principle applies to different applications of the same proverb, as of the blind leading the blind, or of a tree being known by its fruits, for surely this is a proof of mental fertility worthy of admira-

* See a former note.

* The passages are chaps. ii. 6, 12, 13; x. 5; xii. 26.

tion: and it is rather curious by the way, that Strauss argues against *that* repetition as the mark of an empty head, a departure from which Dr. Tholuck thinks fatal to the accuracy of a discourse.

Inaccuracies of fact Dr. Tholuck admits to be much exaggerated, and on the supposition that the sacred writers did not adhere to the order of time, unjustly charged upon them. He appeals, however, to some undoubted lapses of memory, as where Abiathar is put for Abimelech, (Mark ii. 26,) Jeremiah for Zechariah, (Matt. xxiii. 9–10,) Barachias for Jehoiada, (Matt. xxiii. 35, and where Paul makes 23,000 fall (1 Cor. x. 8) instead of 24,400. We must confess that we see nothing more forced in the explanations of these difficulties by the harmonists, than in Dr. Tholuck's own essays of the like kind, *e.g.*, the taxing under Cyrenius, or the double calling of the Apostles. It was in the days of Abiathar that the incident in David's life happened. Jehoiada might be the grandfather of Zacharias and Barachias his father:* Jeremiah may have crept in by a corruption of the text, and Paul may have given the number that fell approximately, there being more than 23,000 and less than 24,000. We do not, however, by any means hold it to be necessary to justify an honest belief in the infallibility of the Bible, that every such example as Dr. Tholuck has adduced should be summarily and convincingly explained. We freely acknowledge the difficulties in some cases which, notwithstanding all efforts of this kind, still exist. In books so extensive, so ancient, so liable to error in transcription, especially in the case of resembling names and numbers, the marvel to us is not that so many real difficulties exist, but so few, and that so many reasonable suppositions can be made in almost every case to effect harmony—suppositions precisely of the same kind which advocates of partial inspiration employ against those who reject supernatural revelation altogether, and which critics devoid of all Christian prejudices, apply to the chronology of Herodotus and Berosus, or the narratives of Tacitus and Josephus. The infallibility of the Bible rests on its own inductive evidence, and this evidence is not abolished by such discrepancies, though the number already fairly eliminated by honest criticism is continually re-inforcing it, as is also the marvellous verification, by all antiquarian research and progress, of the minute accuracy of Scripture where it once was questioned. We must deny, therefore, the validity of Dr. Tholuck's procedure, when—after having gone a great length in removing discords—he at last stops and says, "here is unquestionable error." We should rather leave these outstanding difficulties as problems for criticism and motives to fresh investigation, not shutting our minds to honest scruples, nor forcing others to swallow our premature solutions, but neither also refusing the strong historical testimony of Scripture to its own infallibility, nor doing it the injustice of shrinking from carrying through that infallibility in detail.

In examining these allegations of Scripture respecting itself, Dr. Tholuck betrays ths weakest part of his own system. The *locus classicus*, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," &c., he translates, as might be expected, "every writing that is inspired is also profitable:" and affirms that it was the design of Paul to give to Timothy a criterion of true and false Scripture, viz., the power of the former to make the man of God perfect. We do not assent to Dr. Tholuck's translation on philological grounds; but much less on logical, for it is not unnatural to make Paul write to Timothy in an age when every body was agreed about the Old Testament canon, as Schleiermacher might have lectured to his class, when setting up the inward criterion; and does not the same result after all come out as on the other principle of translation, for the reference to "the Holy Scriptures" in the preceding verse proves that Paul in speaking of *any* Scripture as inspired spoke of *all*, and meant to ascribe to all the same salutary effects. Dr. Tholuck next runs *sicco pede* over the weighty statement, Rom. xv. 4, "Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope," on the ground that much of the Old Testament does not excite hope but terror; as if the Apostle meant to enumerate all the kinds of learning derivable from the Old Testament, or as if hope in God's faithfulness were not increased by examples of punishment as well as reward. We can least of all commend, however, his treatment of our Saviour's words, (John x. 35,) "The Scripture cannot be broken," which he does not hesitate to regard as accommodation to Jewish notions of the rigid accuracy of the Old Testament, even as the argument from the use of the word "gods" (Ps. lxxxii. 6) is nothing more than an *argumentum ad hominem*. We are sorry to see any part of the accommodation-theory, long dead and buried, even by "critical science," thus revisit the

* Even De Wette and Strauss are almost satisfied with some explanations of this difficult text.

glimpses of the moon; more sorry still that it should re-appear under the auspices of one who has done so much to give its *quietus* to the rationalism of Gabler and Paulus, of which that theory was a living member.

These passages are almost the only ones which Dr. Tholuck thinks it necessary to examine, as appearing to sanction the alleged claim by Scripture to its own infallibility. But these, strong as they are, represent in a very inadequate degree the whole strength of the case. Every assertion in the Old Testament or the New, in which occurs a "Thus saith the Lord," or an appeal to authority derived from Christ, not only guarantees itself, but affords a presumption that the writer in question was not allowed to mix his own errors with the truth of God. Every argumentative quotation by our Lord or his Apostles is a direct proof that the sacred writer quoted was regarded *by them* as on a level with themselves; and even the more ornamental quotations are made with tokens of respect, and in phrases of deference that amount to the same thing. The whole of our Saviour's ministry is a perpetual commentary on his own words, Ερευνᾶτε τὰς γραφὰς, and he even dies with them on his tongue. In the Epistles of Paul alone, upwards of 250 quotations, many of them argumentative and turning on the minute accuracy of the original, exist; and each of these speaks as plainly as it can for the uniform authority of the source whence it is taken. Evidence of this kind must be studied in detail; and any one who reads through the whole Bible, as we have lately done with the view of estimating the magnitude of its own claims, direct and indirect, for itself, may well be astonished at their number and variety, and must regard the specimens examined by Dr. Tholuck as only like the occasional highest peaks of a great mountain range, where everything asserts for itself an elevation above all ordinary levels. There is of course no later revelation to do honour to the New Testament as it does to the Old; but can any one believe that the Gospels, little as they claim in comparison for themselves, are not exalted by the very act of quotation that ratifies the histories of the kings of Israel, or that when Christ treated the Hagiographa as divine, he did not virtually promise an equal authority to the least obtrusive memorials of the new dispensation? Against this mass of historical evidence in the form of claims, direct and indirect, there is nothing to be set on the other side. The alleged disclaimers of Paul are two-edged weapons cutting the hands of those who lay hold of them. Dr. Tholuck, for what reason we cannot tell, has concluded his Essay without giving his promised account of these disclaimers of infallibility by Scripture; but what others have written is liker an attempt to put them in the Bible than to extract them from it.

In parting company with Dr. Tholuck's essay, we must be permitted to say, though in opposition to his authority, that the case is very different between an immaculate Bible, bearing the weather-stains of time in various "readings," and one veined here and there with *original* flaws and imperfections. Not to speak of the different inference back to the author of the work in the two cases, there is in the former a constant approach to the original by critical appliances; while in the latter the absolutely true is never any nearer: and still more, not only does proved error work a greater unsettlement in the credibility of the Scripture, since we have not one sacred writer to check another, for every hundred manuscripts and other sources that we have to act as checks on corruption in each other, but the inconsistency of such errors with such high claims is far more painfully felt in the inspired scribes of the Bible than in the ordinary transcribers of their writings, and tends to shake more or less their entire authority. Many good men we know, and Dr. Tholuck among the best, have held their faith in the Bible unaffected by these credited errors; but they must ever be like a sting in the hearts of the great body of Christians, and when carried down to the multitude a Bible thus divided against itself becomes *felo de se* and cannot stand.

The discussion of the question of inspiration by Dr. Tholuck, in the "Deutsche Zeitschrift," called forth two protests to which we shall draw attention as elucidating the struggles of Continental Theology around this fundamental article of faith. The first protest came from Dr. Stier, a writer of great and growing influence, whose work on the "Discourses of the Lord Jesus," the title of which is prefixed to this paper, is perhaps the most important of all the contributions that have been made within the last decennium to German exegesis, and exhibits more wholesome results of the Straussian controversy, as well as a better antidote for its wounds than any other. In other writings, extending over a considerable part of the New Testament, he has endeavoured to carry out inductively a much stricter theory of inspiration than the middle school, and his books on the Psalms and on "Isaiah not pseudo-Isaiah," maintain reverential views of the

Old Testament with a tenacity and vigour to which they are strangers. He everywhere lifts his voice against the current German practice of separating Bible interpretation from practical uses, and condemns in no measured terms the over-drawn style of courteous discussion on the common ground of science between those who hold the Bible to be the word of God and those who hold it to be a string of myths and traditions. He is a man of conspicuous individuality and power, more like Bengel in most things than any living German theologian, whom it would be well if he could imitate too in point of brevity. His great aim in his principal work is to vindicate the gospels by an inductive proof of their divine coherence, and to illustrate the mystic depth of our Lord's words, as well as their unity in the different evangelists, by a detailed review of them as the central and light-giving essence of his life on earth. We think that he has in most things exhibited the divine and self-evidencing meaning of the Saviour's teaching and relative history, and thus made good his own exalted views of inspiration more successfully than any German defender of the gospels who has yet appeared; while we by no means assent to all his conclusions, which suffer here and there from a disposition, not sufficiently restrained, to find connexions and deep senses where they probably do not exist. He does not contend for the absolute impeccability of the sacred writers in dates and names, but he draws the line of their infallibility a great deal closer than it has yet been done in Germany, and speaks with a strength and confidence of their absolute and entire inspiration, abating here and there the barest externalities, which is new in that country. "If the Son did not know," he says, "the day of his own second advent, need we wonder that the Spirit left his evangelists in ignorance of much respecting the dates of his earthly history. But no man will ever prove that they have committed one positive and essential error even to a day or an hour." The whole Scriptures, Old and New, he regards as in the same sense divine that the Son of God is, and uses that comparison of the written to the Incarnate Word, which cannot be employed on any theory of partial inspiration. In the labours of such a writer we heartily rejoice, and regard him, and a school which he will no doubt create, as likely to do for the New Testament the same service on the principle of strict inspiration that Hengstenberg and others have done for the Old.

His protest against Dr. Tholuck's essay is somewhat intemperate in spirit, which is to be regretted, and perhaps all the more that the latter had hit a weak place in Dr. Stier's theory—the incompatibility of his emphatic, vehement, and oft-repeated assertions of the authority of Scripture with any admission in it even of a minimum of error. We agree with the scope of his protest against the so called believing theology which Dr. Tholuck represents, as incapable of insisting with full earnestness on the surrender of human belief to the authority of God speaking in his word, but we also think he would improve his own logical position, and do no harm to his exegetical conscience, by casting away the last remnant of conformity to that middle system on whose waverings and fluctuations he has bestowed so much scornful eloquence.

The other protest which Dr. Tholuck's dissertation called forth was from Dr. Merle d'Aubigné of Geneva, who complained of an erroneous statement in it respecting the well-known breach caused by the retirement of M. Scherer from the Oratoire in that city in the end of 1849. This Dr. Tholuck had ascribed to a reaction against the extreme opinions of Dr. Gaussen, whereas Dr. Merle d'Aubigné in his reply, contained in the "Deutsche Zeitschrift" for December 1850, shews that Scherer had entered the Oratoire as a professor five years after the publication of Gaussen's work, and two years after the issue of a work of his own, in which sundry differences from Gaussen's opinions were openly expressed. Dr. Merle d'Aubigné and the Oratoire are entitled to the benefit of this explanation, as the misconception is still as current in this country as it was in Germany. In the same paper Dr. Merle d'Aubigné enters into a lengthened criticism of Scherer's views in order to vindicate the Geneva school in the matter of his dismission, (or rather resignation,) and to secure for them against their late colleague the sympathies of German theologians; which naturally tended rather to the other side. This leads us to take some notice of M. Scherer's sentiments, which in a review like this could hardly be omitted, considering the interest they have excited in many quarters, though that interest is now dying away. We agree in substance with Dr. Merle d'Aubigné's estimate; but we prefer judging M. Scherer from his own words. His most important publication are his two letters, (La Critique et la Foi,) the former addressed to the directorate of the Oratoire in giving in his demission, and containing his creed on the subject of partial inspiration, with the reasons for his change from orthodoxy—the latter addressed to a friend, and attempting

to shew that the Gospel of Christ survives intact though plenary inspiration be abandoned. We shall only touch lightly on this part of our subject, both because M. Scherer's opinions are already tolerably familiar to the British public, and because, in fact, they add almost nothing to those of Schleiermacher, but may be regarded as a translation of the latter into French rhetoric, unmodified by those corrections and abatements which Schleiermacher's own great disciples had applied to his system.

We wish to do all justice to a sincere though, as we believe, erring brother, who writes as one who knows and loves the Divine Author of the Bible, and who, so far as we can see, has acted with praiseworthy honesty and manliness in expressing his sentiments and abiding the consequences. It is the more painful to find in his publication grave mis-statements of obvious facts, fatal inconsistencies in his own creed, and opinions broached which strike at the foundation of all distinctive authority in Scripture whatever. Is it not a grave misstatement roundly to assert that no part of the New Testament claims inspiration—to confound things so diametrically opposite as submission to God speaking in his own Word, and speaking by a human representative who supersedes it—to lay on the shoulders of the unlettered Christian the whole burden of criticism ere he find his way to the Saviour, as if the orthodox theory did not proclaim to all the world the internal evidence of the Scriptures—and (though this is foreign to the main question) to charge the common theory of the atonement with making the Saviour "wrest pardon out of the hands of God?" (*Il ne l'arrache pas à Dieu comme le veut l'orthodoxe*, p. 39.) Then as for inconsistencies, can there be greater than to represent his own system as getting rid of history and criticism, when all the while he makes salvation still depend on the knowledge of the historical Christ, as he is revealed in the Scripture; or when he professes to believe in a Christ without the Bible, anon returns to the Bible as the only source of Christian experience, and again equalizes the inspiration of all Christians with that to which the Bible was due? May we not ask, if men are capable of judging of the alleged contradictions of the Sacred Writings who are thus blind to the real contradictions of their own? And notwithstanding these inconsistent admissions of the value and necessity of Scripture as the mirror of Christ's person and work, how destructive to its dignity such assertions as, that "every Christian ought to expect the same inspiration in kind as the apostles"—that "to cease to expect inspiration is the fall of the Church"—that "the word of Christ is not yet exhausted by the apostolic doctrine"—and that, "instead of sending our proselytes to the leaves of some mysterious oracle, we must direct them to the great prophets of all time, and to the living instruction of the Church, and to the Word of God personified in his servants."—(Pp. 16, 46, 22.) Such incoherences and extravagances as these justify us in regarding M. Scherer's system of inspiration as not so much a theory as a rhapsody. Christ is now all-in-all; then the Scripture which contains his image is all-in-all; and then the Holy Spirit in the Church is all-in-all without any attempt to harmonize jarring contrasts or settle conflicting pretensions. We therefore do not pursue this investigation farther; but may direct our readers, in addition to Dr. Merle d'Aubigné's strictures, to the acute and vigorous papers of the Count de Gasparin, translated by Mr. Montgomery, which contain some fuller accounts of Dr. Scherer's speculations as developed by himself in the "Revue de Strasbourg," and exhibit at great length, and in a kindly spirit, the tendencies of his ill-assorted creed to increasing laxity and dissolution. It may be mentioned, that while the views of M. Scherer were not such as to awaken sympathy in this country or in the breast of French Protestantism, they have generally been regarded, even in Germany, as going too far; and in Geneva itself, where the sentiments of Tholuck and other German divines on Inspiration are represented in the national Church, M. Cellerier, one of their most distinguished professors, has expressly condemned M. Scherer's movement as fraught with Radicalism, and as tending only to overturn and to destroy.

To gather up the very latest utterances of French and German Protestantism on the subject of inspiration, we must refer to another controversy in which Count de Gasparin has been engaged. His antagonist on the occasion was Dr. Ullmann of Heidelberg, the well-known and accomplished editor of that first of German religious magazines, "Studien und Kritiken." Dr. Ullmann published some years ago a little work entitled "The Essence of Christianity," which was translated in 1849 into French by M. Sardinoux of Montauban, and was subjected to a most severe ordeal of criticism; having been designed for a public more accustomed than the French to speculation, and less liable to be startled by philosophical formulas as a part of the garniture of Christian ideas. In particular, Count de

Gasparin made it the subject of a lengthened review, in the end of 1851, in the same Journal, (the "Archives du Christianisme,") in which he had replied to M. Scherer; but it would appear (for we have not seen his article) in some respects with less success. Dr. Ullmann has discussed his objections in the third Number of his journal for 1852, with great candour, and we think has in most cases satisfactorily disposed of them. Count de Gasparin had brought against German evangelism the charge of mysticism, and had given certain criteria of its presence in religious systems. Dr. Ullmann, whose studies have lain much among the mystical writers of the middle ages, has had no difficulty in proving these tests inapplicable, and has vindicated the right of true mysticism, in other words, of spiritual depth and discernment, to a place in all Christian piety and Christian theology. This does not particularly concern us, however, and is only mentioned to bring in the reference of the debate to inspiration. Count de Gasparin had charged German theology, as a mystical theology, with setting up an inward feeling, in place of an outward rule. To this Dr. Ullmann replies, (and it is so far satisfactory to have his testimony as to the question of right, whatever becomes of that of fact,) "True mysticism, as the defender of faith and love, against a religion of abstract notions and outward precepts, is far removed from any desire to tear itself away from *revelation* as the objective basis, and from *Scripture* as the certain rule of Christian life; and when such mysticism lifts up its voice in behalf of pious feeling, this is not with a view to drive the Scripture into the back-ground, and bring forward the other as a religious authority, but simply because the truth of Scripture can only become, by the medium of feeling, our living possession, and because what is read must be felt in order to bring forth fruit," (p. 566.) Than this nothing can be more just; but in replying a little farther on to Count de Gasparin's charge against him, in common with other German theologians, of denying the *exclusive* authority of Scripture as an outward rule, Dr. Ullmann is far less satisfactory, and in truth, betrays the confusion and incompleteness of thinking of which he had been accused. He admits that the Bible is an outward rule, the turning-point of Protestantism, but denies that it is exclusive. His reasoning is curious in favour of some inward supplement. Christ is the centre of the Scripture, and higher than the Scripture, therefore Christ as *exhibited* in the Scripture is the rule of our faith. Why should it not be said rather, "Christ *speaking* in the Scripture," according to the language of Peter, "Thou hast the *words* of eternal life?" But is not this *exhibition* of Christ an outward rule? "By no means," replies Dr. Ullmann, "the exhibition is made to faith, and faith is an inward principle," (p. 592.) "It is very true," we make answer, "but as faith is not creative, but receptive, you give up the question, else what do you make of your concession, that feeling cannot sunder itself from Scripture?" Dr. Ullmann descends to the strange evasion *that the gospel is not a law*, and that Christ has abolished the *legal* principle. What are we to conclude, then, respecting such phrases as "the *obedience* of faith," "the perfect *law* of liberty," or the solemn and terrible expressions of the Epistle to the Hebrews, as to the greater danger of those who rejected Christ speaking from Heaven, than of those who despised Moses' law? We do not yield to Dr. Ullmann in insisting on the necessity of inward illumination by God's grace as the condition of a right treatment of the outward rule, and on the impossibility of ever adapting our spiritual nature to it, save by the assimilation of faith. But this does not abolish the authority of Scripture, as a God-given law; the recognition of its authority is the first step to the attainment of the inward conformity which is aimed at; and onward to the end of the Christian life the perfection of faith is the perfection of submission. Here, alas, is the sore place in German theology, even the more advanced, and till God himself be pleased to heal it, both the smiting and the salving of human criticism must be in vain!

We have mentioned Coleridge as among the most influential of the advocates of a partial inspiration, and his sway over the minds of many has perhaps been as great as that of Schleiermacher. He has determined, however, no such advance towards good in his country's theology; and the effect of his errors (as we conceive them) on this subject, though far less errors than those of Schleiermacher, has been proportionately more injurious. We admire the genius of Coleridge, and love the man; but our assent to his philosophical and theological creed (within the common limits of Christian faith) is extremely qualified; and could we utter all our mind on these points, to admirers like Mr. Maurice and Archdeacon Hare, our observations might have too much of an iconoclastic character. We protest indeed against the literary outrage lately done to Coleridge by Mr. Carlyle, as only injurious to the hand that dealt the blow, and trust that our passing remarks shall breathe a just respect for one who

must ever hold a high place in British literature, and no mean place in Christian theology. We regret the error that struggled through life-long abortions to graft a higher style of Christian divinity on the intractable and mutually repellent philosophies of Kant and Schelling, and disfigured the simplicity of Bible truth with such disguises as *noumena* and *phenomena* and such cabalastic quincunxes as the "pentad of operative Christianity." In this Coleridge was unlike Schleiermacher. In too much else they coincide—the depreciation of external evidence—the exaltation of the Church as a judge of the word, in Schleiermacher more in the individual, in Coleridge more as hardened into the tradition of the mass—and to come to the point before us, in the refusal of assent to the unlimited infallibility of Scripture. Coleridge's sentiments and tendencies on this subject are found, as all the world knows, in his posthumous work, "Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit," in many respects a valuable book, as it certainly is a most poetical one, and one in which no intelligent advocate of plenary inspiration need refuse to admit, that there is much which may be studied with profit by all the adherents of that doctrine. The creed of this book is somewhat like the following. The divine influence to which we owe the Bible is of two kinds—(1.) *Inspired Revelation*, to which we owe the law and the prophets, "no jot or tittle of which can pass unfulfilled," and between which and all ordinary grace, "there is a positive difference of kind—a chasm, the pretended overleaping of which constitutes imposture or betrays insanity;" and (2.) *the highest degree of ordinary grace*, to which we owe the *Hagiographa*, different only in degree from the ordinary actuation of the Holy Spirit, (pp. 88, 89.) So much for the Old Testament.—How the New is to be parcelled out into these classes Coleridge has nowhere informed us. It is contended that the inspiring influence has not been such as to guard against errors in detail, which, however, are now reduced to the lowest minimum, "some half-score apparent discrepancies," "a petty breach or rat-hole in the wall of the Temple," (pp. 40, 42,) and again enlarged so as to make one liable to be silenced by the infidel "who throws in one's face the blessing of Deborah or the cursings of David, or the Grecisms and heavier difficulties in the biographical chapters of the Book of Daniel, or the hydrography and natural philosophy of the patriarchal ages," (p. 54.) Nevertheless, it is maintained that the essential and glorious truth of Scripture, as a whole, will force its own way, more especially if it be presented rather as the supply of the deepest wants of our souls, than as an authoritative literal message from God,—a remedy verified and authenticated by the Church, and thus insinuated by the voice of experience and love, rather than enjoined by external sanctions as absolutely infallible.

Such is the substance of Coleridge's own creed, as far as we can make it out, and it occurs to us to remark almost nothing in regard to it beyond what has been observed elsewhere, unless to complain of its silence regarding the New Testament, and to draw attention to the fact, that where errors in the Bible are once admitted the tendency is to widen the breach, as we see illustrated in Coleridge's own recital, and that too in a didactic treatise.

These oversights and slips may be due, however, to the vehemently polemical cast of Coleridge's style, which is here its characteristic feature. The book is rather an onset on the current dogmas of inspiration, than a calm and logical exposition of a new theory. It is certainly, in this respect, a sublime example of poetical passion and metaphorical objurgation, such as is perhaps unmatched in our literature. The hard charges brought against the dogmatists seem to resolve themselves into *three*. Of these we shall say a word in succession. *First*, There is the charge of *Bibliolatry*, in other words, of worshipping the letter of the Bible. This unfortunate term, coined in an evil hour, and since freely bandied about by scorners in whose eyes Coleridge himself would have been a Bibliolater, he only applies to the practice of overlooking all difference in the argumentative value of texts of Scripture, and running away with scraps and clauses of verses (merely because they are in the Bible) on which to build doctrines or establish moral conclusions; and he regards this as the inevitable tendency—the *reductio ad absurdum* of the scheme of plenary inspiration, because infallibility admits of no degrees. We condemn the practice in question as much as Coleridge or any other reprover can do; and on whomsoever the stroke alights let it fall. But the inference deduced to the disparagement of plenary inspiration is *invalid*. The mind of the Spirit is maintained by no orthodox theologian worth naming to be identical with all that is recorded in Scripture; and as great authorities among the orthodox have protested against the unduly literal or unduly figurative systems or accidents of interpretation as among laxer schools. The very book of Job, to which Coleridge appeals, is mentioned in many treatises on

plenary inspiration, as an example in much of its structure of the distinction between Scripture *as a record*, and Scripture *as an authority;* and indeed, the case is so plain, that we are almost ashamed to enlarge on it. His charge, except as against the weaker brethren of any Church, is the fruit of mere haste and forgetfulness. Why must the man who believes both letter and spirit to be from God, despise the spirit or neglect it? To use Coleridge's own figures, he has the kernel as well as the spiritualist, though the other may have the husk too, the sheaf as well as the straw-bands, and if he begin to worship the latter to the disparagement of the former, or to confound the one with the other, let him be duly reprehended, but let not the charge be flung at his head which strikes at the Bible itself as much as his abuse of it.

Again, there is the charge of *mechanism*, or denying all free spontaneous agency to the inspired writers. We believe that Coleridge is virtually the author of the much-repeated distinction between *mechanical* and *dynamical* inspiration, though these words are not used in his treatise. Many truly eloquent things are uttered by him against that construction of the Spirit's influence which suppresses all personality and conspiration of the inspired persons: and the passage respecting Deborah in particular, (pp. 31–36,) lauded by Tholuck, and admired by Stier, we freely subscribe to. Still we doubt, (nay, we are sure of the contrary,) if this fine writing be anything better than beating the air, in so far as the controversy between limited and plenary inspiration is concerned. It is not the *mode* of inspiration that is discussed: it is its *extent* and that alone. As to the mode of inspiration, there are difficulties which neither Coleridge nor any one else has solved or can solve. *To explain a miracle is a hopeless problem.* One may try his logic if he choose upon the conversion of water into wine. A dynamical theory would sound here as bald as a mechanical one. All colours are alike in the dark. And if the production of Scripture in the mass be a miracle, as Coleridge admits explicitly, at least in regard to the Law and the Prophets, and doubtless much besides, who shall pretend to track out its laws, or to make everything plain by a few such phrases as "personal individuality," "adaptation of native temperament," or "elevating of religious consciousness?" If Deborah was in her normal state she was not a prophetess, (at least *in actu;*) if she were out of it, who shall psychologically explore the difference? We do not deny the co-operation, or rather the sublime possession of the sacred writers (φερομένοι,) with the inspiring influence: and we believe also that that influence adapted itself to the laws of their mental working, as we see in some abnormal states of mind higher types of its natural thought and imagery. But who that looks at the prophets rapt into scenes utterly new, and left in darkness as to the meaning of their own visions, while still the individuality is as perfect as in the barest chronicle, can shut his eyes to the mysteries of the question, or think that by the jingle of *mechanical* and *dynamical* he has abolished something tamely literal on the one hand, and established something profoundly spiritual on the other? If this polemic against mechanism has any meaning as applied to the extent of inspiration, as distinct from the mode, it seems to amount to this, that the sacred writers were dynamically inspired that they might occasionally err, in other words, ceased to be inspired at all where the dynamic element came in, so that the dynamic element was not strength but weakness. There must be a fall it seems to demonstrate freedom: and the sacred writers must command our sympathies by shewing that they are our erring brethren. Pure gold is too hard and unmalleable: the coinage of heaven cannot be worked up without its dross and alloy.

Thirdly, There is the charge of *sceptical consequences.* Coleridge contends with great amplitude and vehemence that the doctrine resting on no foundation of rational evidence, but on a weak fear of consequences should any error be once admitted in God's word, and on a superstitious craving for an external infallibility that might rival the papal, in fact draws after it, by its exaggerations, the very consequences it was meant to preclude, and strengthens scepticism within and without; leaving the Church to be disturbed by every suspicion, and the Bible to be overthrown by every proof of its internal discord and inaccuracy. Now, in reply to these allegations we at once deny the frequent charge, that the sources of belief in plenary inspiration are such *a priori* anticipations or such straits of controversy as is gratuitously supposed. The historical certainty that much of the Old Testament, as Coleridge himself admits, was directly written as an oracular communication—the promise of our Lord to his disciples to bring all his words, and surely also their connecting facts, to their remembrance by a Spirit equal in infallibility to Himself—the imperial and authoritative strain of the three greatest of Epistles, not to speak of repeated claims to an inappellable supremacy as of men who had the mind of Christ—the deferential quo-

tation of the Old Testament, as a whole, by both Christ and his apostles—together with reasonings founded on the Hagiographa and obscurer parts of the Old Testament, in which they are expressly spoken of as the work of the Holy Ghost—to say nothing of all-inclusive declarations of its divinity as it then existed—these, with many minor arguments and irresistible inferences to the less strongly guaranteed parts of the New Testament canon, form *a basis of positive evidence* to which Coleridge has given no weight, and which none of his school who still develop this theoretical origin of the doctrine they oppose, have fairly looked in the face. Coleridge, indeed, only once glances at the tributes by our Saviour and Paul to the Old Testament, as affording a plea for full inspiration, but scornfully sets these aside as no more pertinent than a general eulogy on Shakspeare would be to settle the authenticity of Titus Andronicus or the poetical merits of Henry VI. But he all the while forgets that the tributes in question are *not general but special*, exactly as if the depreciated works of Shakspeare had been quoted under his name, and declared to be full of his spirit. We repel, then, as singularly unjust the assumption that the doctrine in question is the mere progeny of fear and weakness, and not of reverence for the recorded declaration of the highest authority that Christians own. But does it truly plunge us in those consequences it was hypothetically invented to obviate? To us no inference seems less fair and conclusive. Even M. Scherer grants that had we a mass of contradictions and errors in Scripture which we could not shut our eyes to, still *positive assertions of its infallibility by a competent authority* should produce an antinomy, and leave the mind *in equilibrio*. It is a reckless exaggeration to maintain, as is sometimes done, that a single proved error in the Bible should utterly nullify the whole body of historical evidence that proves the miracle of its inspiration. That evidence could stand a harder strain than has ever yet been laid upon it, leaving the believer in plenary inspiration in doubt and perplexity indeed, but not in despair. It is not denied that earnest and honest minds, who have held this doctrine, have had their times of mental agitation. The man who has had none, or who speaks disdainfully of his fellows who have passed through this struggle, has our wonder rather than our sympathy. But should a few apparent errors make a mountain of evidence tremble in the balance? Difficulties, except to sceptical minds, do not produce scepticism, but only lead to a more thorough weighing of evidence and exploration of light. And will any candid man say, that if the emergent, and as yet unsolved difficulties of Scripture, amount to no more than Coleridge's summation, "some half-score apparent discrepancies in the chronicles and memoirs of the Old and New Testament," they form a rational basis for scepticism, or warrant the renunciation of an otherwise proved doctrine? We have seen how slender an array the crucial instances of Dr. Tholuck exhibit, and no competent student of the Bible, not of a morbidly fault-finding temperament, can rate them very much higher. Without any unreasonable straining of faith, the necessary brevity of narration, the occupation of different points of view, the neglect of chronological details, and many other circumstances, may surely be supposed to have given a discordant aspect to some parts of Scripture from the beginning. Nor is it an evasion, but a perfectly honourable solution, to ascribe some considerable portion of the alleged phenomena to accidents of transcription. It should be borne in mind, too, how many once magnified difficulties (such as the post-Mosaic origin of alphabetic writing) have since vanished, and how other "breaches and ratholes" (we take words as they are given us) have been stopped up even to the satisfaction of those who apply most sternly the dark lantern of criticism to such apertures, and labour to enlarge them. The moral discords between the Old and New Testament spirit, to which Coleridge also alludes, do not seem more fairly to warrant the sceptical inference. The "cursings of David" are not more terrible than our Saviour's denunciation of the Pharisees; and one who does not find any difficulty in regarding the wrath of God revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness and ungodliness of men, as perfectly consistent with love, should not be greatly stumbled by that sublime impersonal hatred of evil and of evil men as evil, which breathes through the Psalms of David as the blast of heaven against the face of wickedness. We search in vain through the Old Testament for any approved severity which was not done in God's name; and if Coleridge believed Jael guilty of the odious perfidy he seems to impute to her, would not this be to make Deborah sing her own condemnation, and fall not only below the level of prophetic inspiration, but of vulgar humanity? We permit ourselves one remark more on this subject. If the spirit of the Old Testament was not purged by inspiring influence in its approved models and sanctioned monuments, why is the alleged defect limited to one field? Why is vindictive

wrath the only stumblingblock? Why have we no ode to chant the praises of domestic servitude, no hymn on the blessings of polygamy, no counter-epithalamium on the felicities of divorce? To us the marvellous freedom of the Old Testament from sanctioned moral discords with the New, is one of its most supernatural features, and reduces apparent exceptions to insignificance and shadow.

These are some of the guards by which a believer in this doctrine might honestly escape every sceptical pitfall. Nor is a single prudential rule which Coleridge has laid down for guidance in dealing with the honest sceptic inapplicable on the other side. The internal evidence of Christianity is here also —its glorious history—its incorporation with all truth and nobleness in the best periods of the world's leading nations. We can as fairly as he turn these objects first to the inquirer's eye, ere it meet the counterbalancing difficulties, though we care little for any arrangement that looks like concealment and reserve. These considerations for the sceptic all remain, nay, remain in far higher efficiency, for they crystallize around the Bible as their fixed centre. The echo in the Church leads back to the original voice. The brightness of the camp conducts in every line to the sacred Ark with its Volume over which the glory rests.

We shall not do Coleridge the injustice of confounding his mitigated expression of the defects of the Bible, with what has been heard from some members of his school. We shall not press him with the retort that applies with irresistible force to them. The separation of the truly divine from the human and imperfect element in the Bible has been represented as a most difficult and painful process—a process in which the learned chiefly can have a share—and one which affects and modifies many received conclusions respecting Bible authority. It would almost seem to be a principal part of the discipline of a Christian's life to construct out of the common text his critical edition; and this discipline is alleged to be as salutary in its own nature as secure in its results. Of this fraction (we hope it is nothing more) of the school of Coleridge, we will only say, that we neither envy them the blessedness of their trials, nor the safety of their attainments. The voyage to heaven is trying enough, with its shifting winds and treacherous tides, without adding (if clear evidence do not demand it) the presence of a leakage in the vessel, and the frequent sound of starting timbers. We deplore the struggles of an honest mind in this predicament—thoroughly honest and at the same time thoroughly intelligent. The abatements it must make from the natural meaning of the Bible in speaking of itself—the total uncertainty where to draw the line between the essential and unessential elements of the compound—the incapacity of appeal to an inward criterion without exalting it above the admitted revelation—the helplessness of the guidance of the Church, which on this supposition is but a multiple of the same incapacities; all would seem to make this position one of prolonged disquietude, which could only be escaped by final scepticism, or by returning to an infallible Bible, or by rushing into the arms of an infallible Church. In the presence of the sceptic, especially, such a defender of Christianity would be sore pressed by the cross examination, "If you give up the Bible as a *regula regulans*, how is it to be printed as a *regula regulata?* Who is to issue your expurgated edition, and on what principle? Where are you to put in the brackets, the italics, the obelisks, like buoys and beacons of an unsafe navigation? Your lighthouse of the world is itself in error, not only by an aberration of the light but by a nutation of the luminary. What Bureau of Longitudes shall supply the ephemerides (*Höhere Kritik, Wissenschaftliche Kritik, Endresultate der Exegese*) to help the poor mariner to his haven?"

On the manifestations of British opinion subsequent to Coleridge favourable to partial inspiration, our limits forbid us here to enter. Our estimate of the theory of Arnold, as it is incidentally developed in his Sermons, may be easily gathered both in its light and shade from our previous criticism. Of Mr. Morell's system we shall only remark, that it is but an expansion of that of Schleiermacher, with this leading difference, that Schleiermacher's "religious consciousness," a modification of "feeling," is supplanted, not always, or indeed generally, in a constant manner, by Cousin's "intuition," a power of "reason." On the psychology of this system, which seems to us to err still farther in making logic conversant with the fragments of intuitions to which it is utterly blind as wholes, we shall not now animadvert. We protest chiefly against the fundamental fault of his work on the "Philosophy of Religion," in its bearing on inspiration, that it throughout abolishes an objective source and rule of subjective piety. We insist as strongly as Mr. Morell on the need of a supplementary influence to make the outward standard spiritually available; nor shall we quarrel greatly with any psychology that agitates the question by what inward powers, or by what combination of them, this spiritual

comprehension is made. But to lower and thrust into the background the objective side as springing up only secondarily, and as being affected by the imperfections of the subjective in "verbiage, memory, mere judgment, and logic," is what we regret to see done by a writer of his talents and sincere aims; and if our preceding reasoning be of any value, the doctrine of biblical infallibility thereby sustains great injustice. We regret also the inevitable tendency to equalize the intuitional consciousness in the historical Church with that from which the Bible on this theory first sprung, so that in regard to its interpretation we hear from Mr. Morell such echoes of the results of M. Scherer as these, that "we should not be always looking to the vestments of worn-out ideas, instead of interpreting the living voice of God as it speaks to us in the phenomena of the present hour."—(P. 351.) If this course be once taken everything is downward. Religion becomes an affair of universal suffrage. Dogmatic is merged in Statistics. And the eternal Alp of an infallible Bible, the same in sunshine as in storm, melts away in the haze of a *fata morgana*, reflected from below, and varying with the changes of the atmosphere. Far be it from us to make light of the adaptations of the Bible to our deepest reason, or of the consent of the Church, like the voice of many waters, amid all minor and jarring noises, to its cardinal principles. But Mr. Morell's language tends farther than this by a great deal, and looks like an unhappy relapse to the criterion of rationalism under a Christian name.

"This light and darkness in one chaos joined,
Who shall divide? The god within the mind."

Closing here our review of theories of partial inspiration, we are happy to think that an examination equally extensive of the varieties of the theory of plenary inspiration, as it has recently been held and asserted, is by no means called for. Minor differences appear in such standard works of a comparatively bye-gone period as those of Dick and Henderson, and in such essays, representative of the views of large sections of British Christianity, as those of Dr. Eadie, Dr. Harris and Dr. Candlish. The spirit, however, is the same; and it is satisfactory to observe a growing purpose to treat as indifferent the psychological niceties of the question—such as modes and degrees of inspiration, and the inspiration of the words, which we may truly say is, in more senses than one, as distinguished from that of the thoughts and sentiments, a *verbal* controversy—and to rally around the one capital article of the INFALLIBILITY of the Bible.

With peculiar gratification, considering the quarter whence it comes, and the traces it bears of the school of Coleridge, do we welcome the truly learned, vigorous, and genial work of Mr. Westcott of Cambridge, on the "*Elements of the Gospel Harmony.*" Such a reaction in favour of a plenary inspiration, intelligent and thoughtful, firmly held yet charitably pleaded for, is to us one of the most satisfactory signs that could be given from any English school of theology. Mr. Westcott's book is thoroughly informed with all recent German literature, and contains independent views on the gospels, and researches into patristic opinion. It stands on much the same parallel as Dr. Stier's work already noticed, (admitting, however, no minimum even of proved inaccuracy in the evangelic records,) and, with many of the merits, it has perhaps some of the imperfections of its German analogue, such as occasional fancifulness, and straining after hidden senses and well-balanced *schemata*. We sincerely regret that our limits prevent us justifying these remarks by examples. We cannot omit to notice the elaborate catena of the views of the fathers on inspiration, given by Mr. Westcott, which may be read as a corrective to the summary of Dr. Tholuck, and also the evidence from the pseudo-Clementine remains that our Scripture canon did not spring up in mist and darkness, but under the eye of a negative school as wakeful and active as the Ebionites of the present day. The whole style of Mr. Westcott's work shows how possible it is to think profoundly and reasonably without undermining the foundations of faith, and to be a debtor to Germany without being a slave.

The eloquent work of M. Gaussen of the Oratoire is, however, the most elaborate contribution that has been made of recent years to the literature of the orthodox side at home or abroad. With much in it we heartily accord, and cannot too much admire the fervour, brilliancy, and indomitable vitality by which it is distinguished. No one has more powerfully illustrated the individuality of the sacred writers, or urged more successfully the arguments from the language of our Lord and his Apostles, or obviated more convincingly the objection from various readings, and from the apparent unimportance of Scripture details. We cannot admit, however, the force of the reasoning that would exalt all the writings of the old and New Testament to prophetic dignity. We cannot limit the inspiration of the Apostles to their writings, for the

mistakes in conduct usually quoted to prove this, were, as Tertullian remarks, "*conversationis vitia non predicationis.*" And still less can we sympathize with the rigid uniformity with which he carries out, in little harmony as it seems to us with his own views of individuality, the theory of an *ab initio* dictation in the case of every sacred writer without exception. We regret this narrowing of the standing-ground which the believers in an immaculate Bible might occupy against all disturbing theories, and greatly prefer, as an ampler programme of united action, the homely conversational criticism passed by an unnamed colleague of M. Gaussen, on this part of his work, as quoted by Dr. Merle d'Aubigné in the letter already noticed to the "Deutsche Zeitschrift." "The Holy Spirit has treated the sacred writers as a father his child when they are climbing a mountain together. There are steep places, where he gives him his hand, others more dangerous, where he takes him up in his arms; and sometimes there are places more level, where he lets him run alone. In every case he gives him the help which the circumstances require."

We must repeat, in closing this article, our profound conviction of the present value of the propositions we have sought to discuss and defend. Three powers are now in active contest for the mastery of the world—Romanism, Naturalism, and Evangelism; and it is our assured belief, that if Evangelism does not everywhere become and rejoice to be known as Biblicism—thus availing itself of a position which we believe reason can fully justify by evidence—it must suffer in the collision.

The headless arrows of an arbitrary and sentimental pietism will hardly avail against the formidable onset of the dogmatic infallibility of Romanism. There is an axe in the Roman fasces, and these pointless darts run no small risk of being added to the sheaf. Extremes will continue to meet as they have met already; and those who have refused to yield unconditionally to God will end by submitting to a *human* yoke. There is, indeed, a subtle affinity between one human arbitration and another; and he who has found a rule in himself above the Bible, has little to change in finding it (in *practice* if not in *theory*) in a sacred corporation. It is then a comparative accident whether the magnetic current shall prove of a negative or positive kind; and the only influence which can break the circuit is the introduction of a new element—a faith distinct from either self-reliance or blind creature-worship—in the absolute Word of God.

So is it too in the struggle of Evangelism with Naturalism. We invite all who are undecided to re-examine the evidence for the infallibility of the Bible, *as a matter of fact*, convinced that assurance here will bar, as it surely ought to do, those unwise concessions to the so-called spirit of the age, which are inconsistent with the idea of a fixed revelation. The mission of the Bible is to conquer the age and not to yield to it—to ally with itself indeed all truth and all progress, but to impress on all its own sublime identity. What can the Bible suffer, if its friends are only true to it? With what new weapons can it be attacked? With what green withes can it be bound? What has the enlightenment of the nineteenth century done to supersede it more than that of the fourth or the eighteenth? Every age has more than one Erostratus; but while they are quarrelling for pre-eminence, the temple stands, and their torches expire. Strauss abolishes Paulus: and Ewald declares that in Strauss there is absolutely nothing new. The giants, sprung from the dragon-teeth of scepticism, slay each other, while the Bible, like the immortal letters of Cadmus, (which are indeed its own,) passes on to mingle with the thought and speech of all lands and all centuries.

One might have hoped that by this time antagonism to such a book should have ended, a book that alights everywhere with healing in its wings, that has dissolved the worst fetters of humanity, marked the line for ages between liberty and despotism, as it seems almost about to do in our own between civilisation and reviving barbarism, and has so gathered up in itself all the rudiments of the future, and the seeds of advancement, that its eclipse would be the return of chaos, and its extinction the epitaph of history. The resistance of ages to this book, however, is, after all, its crowning legitimation. The Bible is too good for the race it has come to bless. It blesses them like an angel whose mission is peremptory, and it troubles too many waters in its work of healing to be left in peace. It is felt and feared by all the rulers of the darkness of this world. It is the visible battle-field of invisible forces, shewing in the radiant faces of the martyrs that have died for it, and the unearthly struggles of those who have hunted it from the earth, what mysterious interests are suspended on its safety or its destruction. No feeble suffrage can augment the claims of a book which has its witness below as signal as its witness above, which numbers, to say nothing of nobler trophies, its hundred millions of copies in circulation, and is going forth to the ends of the earth conquering

and to conquer. But to vindicate its majesty against all doubters as made in the image of God, with everything of humanity except its weakness, all its parts and lineaments shining with the lustre of the divince face, here more veiled, there more open, and an unction descending on it from the head to the skirts of the garments,—this is an office as grateful to Faith as it is welcome to Reason. It is an altar which sanctifies the meanest gift. And the worshipper may well be lost amid the myriads whose brightest hope, after walking by this oracle through life's darkness, is to reach that sanctuary of peace, where reverence for the Highest is wounded by no discord, and where those who have been the last to believe shall be the first to adore.

ART. VI.—1. *Travels through the Gold and Diamond District of Brazil.* By JOHN MAWE. London, 1812.

2. *Traité de Minéralogie.* Par M. l'Abbé HAUY. Tom. iv. pp. 419-440. Paris, 1822.

3. *A Treatise on Diamonds and Precious Stones, including their History, Natural and Commercial; to which is added the Methods of Cutting and Polishing.* By JOHN MAWE. Second Edition. London, 1823.

4. *Description of the Diamond Mine of Panna.* By FRANCIS HAMILTON, M.D., F.R.S., and F.A.S., Lond. and Edin. In *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, vol. i. p. 49. Edin. 1819.

5. *Notice respecting a Singular Structure in the Diamond.* By DAVID BREWSTER, LL.D., F.R.S., and Sec. R.S.E. In *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, vol. iii. p. 98. Edin. 1820.

6. *On the Diamond Mines of Southern India.* By H. M. VOYSEY, Esq. In *Asiatic Researches*, vol. xv. p. 120. 1826.

7. *Account of the Diamond Workings and Diamonds of Sumbulpore.* By PETER BRETON, Esq. In the *Transactions of the Medical and Physical Society of Calcutta*, 1826. Vol. ii. p. 261.

8. *Notice of the Diamond and Gold Mines of the Residency of the North-West Coast of Borneo*, in the *Singapore Chronicle*, October 11, 1827, and in *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, vol. ix. p. 123, 1828.

9. *Voyage dans le District des Diamans, et sur le littoral de Brésil.* Par M. AUGUSTE DE ST. HILAIRE. Paris, 1833.

10. *Observations relative to the Structure and Origin of the Diamond.* By SIR DAVID BREWSTER, LL.D., F.R.S., &c. In the *Transactions of the Geological Society*, Second Series, vol. iii. p. 455. London, 1835.

11. *A Treatise on Gems in reference to their Practical and Scientific Value; a Useful Guide for the Jeweller, Amateur Artist, Lapidary, Mineralogist, and Chemist; accompanied by a description of the Most Interesting American Gems and Ornamental and Architectural Materials.* By DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, Member of the New York Lyceum, &c. New York, 1838.

12. *A Memoir on the Diamond, including its Economical and Political History.* By JOHN MURRAY, F.S.A., F.L.S., F.G.S. Second Edition. London, 1839.

13. *Catalogue of the Collection of Pearls and Precious Stones formed by the late Philip Hope, Esq.* Systematically arranged and described. By B. HERTZ. Folio, 42 Plates. London, 1839. Printed for private circulation.

14. *On the Optical Properties of Muriate of Soda, Fluate of Lime, and the Diamond, as exhibited in their Action on Polarized Light.* By DAVID BREWSTER, LL.D., F.R.S., Lond. and Edin. In the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, vol. viii. p. 157. Edinburgh, 1816. Reprinted in the *Journal de Physique*, vol. lxxxiii. p. 81. Paris, 1816.

15. *On a Remarkable Property of the Diamond.* By SIR DAVID BREWSTER, D.C.L., F.R.S., and V.P.R.S.E. In *Philosophical Transactions*, 1841, p. 41.

16. *Travels in the Interior of Brazil, principally through the Northern Provinces and the Gold and Diamond Districts, during the Years* 1836-1841. By GEORGE GARDNER, F.L.S., Superintendent of the Royal Gardens of Ceylon. London, 1852. 8vo.

THERE is perhaps no department of general knowledge about which ordinary readers are less informed than that which relates to the diamond. Even the mineralogist, the chemist, and the natural philosopher have limited themselves to a very partial study of the origin, the history, and the properties of this remarkable substance. Ranked as it must be among the bodies of the mineral world, and regarded as it has ever been as the most valuable production which the earth embosoms, it has always occupied, from its value as well as its beauty, the first place among those precious stones which it is the highest ambition of wealth and power to accumulate. But though thus associated with zircon, sapphire, ruby, topaz, and the

emerald, it essentially differs from them all in its origin, its composition, and its physical properties; and while it takes precedence of them all, it is nevertheless the meanest in its elements, the weakest in its structure, and the most perishable in its nature. The full-grown diamond indeed exceeds in value more than a hundred thousand times its mass in gold:—It is the most cherished property and the proudest ornament of kings:*—It is the most prized and the brightest jewel in the chaplet of beauty, and yet it is but a lump of coal, which it reduces to a cinder, and dissipates into that insalubrious gas which ascends from the most putrid marsh, and bubbles from the filthiest quagmire.

The word *diamond* is derived, through the French *diamant*, from the Greek word Αδαμας, *invincible*, and this again from *a* and δαμαω, to crush or subdue,—from its supposed property of resisting the action of fire and the heaviest strokes of the hammer.† The diamond seems to have been known from the remotest antiquity; and though it has not yet been found among the ruins of Nineveh and Khorsabad, we have no doubt that it will yet be discovered among the interesting relics of the Assyrian kings. The diamond is more than once mentioned in Scripture, but we have no means of ascertaining with accuracy that the original Hebrew words are rightly rendered in our translation. With the exception of the sapphire, the other gems mentioned in the Old Testament do not correspond with those which now bear the same names. In the breastplate of judgment worn by the high-priest, the second row of precious stones consisted of the emerald, the sapphire, and the diamond; and as the *Urim* and *Thummim*, which signify *lights* and *perfections*, were "to be as Aaron's heart when he goeth in before the Lord," it has been conjectured that "they were diamonds of great beauty and splendour." The Prophet Jeremiah states that the sin of Judah was written with a *pen of iron*, and with the *point of a diamond;* and Ezekiel, in a mysterious passage, speaks metaphorically of the diamond and other precious stones as having been in the Garden of Eden. The Syrians are said to have carried on a trade in diamonds with eastern nations; and diamonds from the interior of Africa were procured from Etruria by the merchants of Carthage. Although, in speaking of the treasures at the time of the Trojan war, Homer does not enumerate any of the gems, yet it is certain that it was well known to the ancients. The Duke of Bedford possesses a diamond on which an antique head is engraven; and in the British Museum there is an ancient Roman gold ring with an octohedral diamond set in it.

In his work on Natural History, Pliny has devoted a whole chapter to the description of the diamond and its properties. He describes it as disseminated like gold in metallic veins—as accompanying gold, and as produced only in that metal. He says that the Ancients believed that it was found only in the metals of Ethiopia, between the Temple of Mercury and the Island of Meroè, and that it was never found larger than the seed of the cucumber, which it resembled in colour. Pliny then informs us that there were *six* kinds of diamonds,—the *Indian* diamond, the *Arabian*, the *Macedonian*, the *Cyprian*, a fifth called *Cenchron*, and the sixth called *Siderites*. The Indian diamond was not the product of gold, but had a relation to crystals. It was translucent like them, and it was hexangular, terminating in two opposite points, as if two rounded cones were joined together.* The size of this diamond was that of the kernel of a filbert. Similar to the Indian diamond, but much less, is the Arabian, which has the paleness of silver, and is found only in the finest gold. He describes it as of the most extraordinary hardness, breaking anvils and hammers, and resisting fire and heat. The Macedonian diamond which is also found in gold, (*Philippico auro*,) has the size of a cucumber's seed. The Cyprian, so called from being found in Cyprus, verges into the colour of brass, and is most efficacious in medicine! The variety called Cenchron, is of the size of a millet seed; and the Siderites, which has the lustre of iron, exceeds all the rest in weight, and is dissimilar in its nature, for it is easily broken, and may be perforated by another diamond. Fragments of these stones, adds Pliny, are sought after by engravers, and when fixed in an iron handle they cut and excavate the very hardest stones. When Pliny assures us that the hardest diamonds can be macerated in the fresh blood of a he-goat,—that a magnet ceases to attract iron when in contact with a diamond;—that the diamond is an antidote to poisons,

* Maximum in rebus humanis, non solum inter gemmas, pretium habet adamas, diu non nisi regibus et iis admodum paucis cognitus.—Plin. *Hist., Nat.*, lib. xxxvii. cap. 15.

† Incudibus hi deprehenduntur, ita respuentes ictum, ut ferrum utrinque dissultet, incudes etiam ipsae dissiliant. Quippe duritia inenarrabilis est simulque ignium victrix natura, et nunquam incalescens. Unde et nomen *indomita* vis Graece interpretatione accepit.—Plin. *Id. Id.*

* Duo turbines—thus describing pretty accurately the octohedron with rounded faces, which is the most common form of the diamond.

expels watery accumulations, and drives away from the mind vain fears, we obtain an insight into the low state of physics, chemistry, and medicine, at the time when he wrote. Pliny concludes his chapter with the interesting statement that Metrodorus Scepsius avers that diamonds are found in Germany and in the Island of Basilia, along with amber.

It would be a vain and unprofitable task to trace the history of the diamond during the centuries of intellectual darkness which followed the destruction of the Roman Empire. The diamond and other precious stones, pre-eminent in value above all natural bodies,—above even the gold and silver idols of human worship, were regarded if not as spiritual creations, at least as bodies with which spiritual influences were associated. The magical touch of the aristocratic gem, like the royal manipulation of more modern times, was an infallible specific in diseases which resisted the ordinary skill of the physician. It reconciled the parties in domestic feuds—it tested conjugal fidelity, and when the stone itself was worn as an amulet, it controlled the deadliest poisons—calmed the raving madman, arrested the magic wand of the enchanter,—paralyzed the witch's evil eye, and chased from the shades of night the restless spirits that hover round the couch of mortality. These precious qualities, which wealth alone could purchase for itself, and dole out to suffering humanity, were not likely to be dissociated from the crystals which possessed them, even when science had proclaimed the real character and properties of mineral bodies. It is difficult, under any circumstances, to dislodge error from the seat which it has long occupied, but more difficult still when it has been interwoven with our interests and our fears. To find relief from pain, to add a fresh lustrum to declining life, to steal a glance into the future, and to obtain an interdict against his spiritual enemies, suffering and trembling man will grasp even the shadow of what may be truth, and relinquish it only when it has repeatedly deceived him. Even in the beginning of the seventeenth century, in 1609, when Boetius de Boot published his treatise "on Stones and Gems," and corrected the errors, and denounced the absurdities of preceding writers, he does not scruple to assert that though the superstitious and metaphysical properties which were ascribed to the diamond do not reside in the gem itself, they nevertheless belong to the angelic spirits which it has pleased the Almighty to connect in a mysterious manner with certain substances in nature.

Although the art of cutting and polishing diamonds had been known at an early period in India and China, yet it was only by means of emery or the powder of corundum, and a rude apparatus, that these effects were obtained. European jewellers had striven in vain to overcome the extreme hardness of the diamond, and it was not till 1745 that Lewis Van Berquen, a native of Bruges, conceived the idea of cutting and polishing diamond with its own powder. In rubbing one diamond against another he found that a facet was formed on each, and he was thus led to construct a polishing wheel, upon which, by using diamond powder in place of emery, he could grind and polish diamonds with the greatest facility.

Diamonds have now been found in every quarter of the globe. In Asia, Africa, North and South America, and even in Europe. In India they have been found of a large size, and in greater quantities, and it is accordingly from that part of the world that we received the earliest and the best information respecting this remarkable mineral.

The traveller to whom we owe the earliest as well as the most interesting account of the Diamond Mines of India, and of the diamonds which have been obtained from them, is Monsieur Tavernier, who performed six journeys to India chiefly on foot. As a diamond merchant every facility was given him to obtain the information which he desired, and the native princes allowed him to examine, and even to weigh the diamonds and other precious stones which they had accumulated. He was thus enabled to visit all the Four Diamond Mines then known in Hindostan, and also one of the rivers where the diamonds are found. The first mine which he visited was that of Raolconda, about eight or nine days' journey from Visapour, and five from Golconda, which was discovered about the middle of the fifteenth century.*

"Round about the place where the diamonds are found, the ground is sandy, full of rocks, much resembling the parts near *Fontainebleau*. There are in the rocks several veins, some half a finger, some a whole finger, wide: And the miners make use of irons with hooks at the end, with which they pick out the earth or sand, which they put into tubs, and among that earth they find the diamonds. But because these

* *Les Six Voyages de Jean Baptiste Tavernier, Ecuyer, Baron d'Aubonne, qu'il a fait en Turquie, en Perse, et aux Indes pendant l'espace de quarante ans.* Paris, 1751. 3 tom. Our extracts are chiefly from the English Translation, by Phillips. Lond. Folio. 1778. But our principal facts are taken from the original French, which contains much curious matter omitted by the Translator.

veins do not run always straight, but sometimes down, sometimes upward, the miners are constrained to break the rock, following always the trace of the veins: when they have opened all the veins, and taken out all the sand, then they wash it two or three times over to look for the diamonds. In this mine it is that they find the cleanest stones, and of the whitest water. But the mischief is, that to fetch the sand out of the rock, they are forced to strike such terrible blows with a great iron-lever, that they flaw the diamond, and make it look like crystal: which is the reason there are found so many soft stones in this diamond-mine, though they make a great shew. If the stone be clean, they only give it a turn or two upon the wheel, not caring to shape it for fear of losing the weight. If there be any flaws, or any points, or any black or red specks in it, they cut all the stone into fossets; or if there be only a little flaw, they work it under the ridge of one of the fossets, to hide the defect. Now because a merchant desires rather to have a black speck than a red one, 'tis but burning the stone, and the speck becomes black. This trick at length I understood so well, that when I saw any stones in them that come from the mine made into fossets, especially very small ones, I was certain there was either some speck or some flaw in the stone."—*Tavernier*, p. 134.

At the mine of Raolconda there were several diamond cutters, who had each a steel mill, some of them like those used in Europe. "They cast water continually on the mill, to find out the grain of the stone," and when this is found they pour an oil (with abundance of powder of diamonds) to make the stone slide the faster, and in grinding a diamond which weighed 103 carats when cut, they laid on a weight of 150 pounds of lead.

The purchasers of diamonds paid two per cent. to the king on all that they bought. The miners, who know all the places where *the diamonds grow*, generally set 50 or 100 men to work, in a space about 200 paces in compass, and for the privilege of working this once they pay to the king two pagodas a day, and four when they employ a hundred men. When a workman meets with a stone of fourteen or sixteen carats, he carries it to the master of the works, who rewards him with a piece of calicut to make a bonnet, of the value of 25 sous, together with a half or a whole pagoda. When large diamonds are found, they are brought every morning at ten o'clock to the merchants, with whom they are allowed to remain for seven or eight days, when the price is agreed upon, and a bill granted for it upon Agra, Visapour, or Surat. When the diamonds are small they are disposed of in another way, which Tavernier thus describes:—

"'Tis very pleasant to see the young children of the merchants and other people of the country, from the age of ten to fifteen or sixteen years, who seat themselves upon a tree that lies in the void place of the town: Every one of them has his diamond-weights in a little bag hanging at one side, on the other his purse, with five or six hundred pagods in gold in it. There they sit, expecting when any person will come to sell them some diamonds. If any person brings them a stone, they put into the hands of the eldest boy among them, who is as it were their chief; who looks upon it, and after that gives it to him that is next him; by which means it goes from hand to hand, till it return to him again, none of the rest speaking one word. After that he demands the price, to buy it if possible; but if he buy it too dear, 'tis upon his own account. In the evening the children compute what they have laid out; then they look upon their stones, and separate them according to their water, their weight, and clearness. Then they bring them to the great merchants, who have generally great parcels to match: and the profit is divided among the children equally; only the chief among them has a fourth in the hundred more than the rest. As young as they are, they so well understand the price of stones, that if one of them have bought any purchase, and is willing to lose half in the hundred, the other shall give him his money. They shall hardly bring you a parcel of stones, above a dozen, wherein there is not some flaw or other defect."—*Tavernier*, p. 135.

The following account of the "mystery" in which the Indians, whether Mahometans or Hindoos, "drive their bargains" with the diamond merchants, is given by Tavernier as something exceedingly curious. The sale is made in absolute silence, and without the least "talking on either side."

"The buyer and the seller sit one before another like two tailors, and the one of the two opening his girdle, the seller takes the right hand of the purchaser, and covers his own hand and that with his girdle; under which, in the presence of many merchants that meet together in the same hall, the bargain is secretly driven without the knowledge of any person. For then the purchaser nor seller speak neither with their mouth nor eyes, but only with the hand, as thus: When the seller takes the purchaser by the whole hand, that signifies a thousand, and as often as he squeezes it, he means so many thousands pagods or rupees, according to the money in question. If he takes but half to the knuckle of the middle-finger, that's as much as to say fifty. The small end of the finger to the first knuckle signifies ten. When he grasps five fingers, it signifies five hundred; if but one finger, one hundred."—*Tavernier*, p. 136.

The mine of *Gani* or *Couleur*, seven days' journey west of Golconda, was next visited by Tavernier. It stands near a great town, between which and a mountain is a plain, where they find diamonds. The nearer they

dig to the mountain, the larger are the stones which they find; but none are found at the top. This mine was discovered about the middle of the 16th century by a man, who, in digging a piece of ground to sow millet, discovered a diamond of 25 carats. The news spread like wildfire, and the "moneyed men in the town set themselves to work," and found diamonds larger and in greater quantity than in any other mine. Among the largest was the celebrated diamond of nine hundred Rattees,"* or 793 carats, which belonged to the King of Golconda, and which his General Mirgimola presented to the Great Mogul. This diamond, known by the name of the Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light, passed through various hands, and after many changes in weight and in form, is believed to be represented by the Great Exhibition Diamond, belonging to her Majesty, and now weighing about 100 carats.

Although the stones in this mine are remarkable for their size, yet they are less clear than those of other mines, their *water*, or lustre, partaking of the quality of the earth in which they are found. When the ground is marshy, the colour of the stone inclines to black, and when red to redness. In other places they are green, and in some yellow, but what seems very curious, "upon the most part of these stones, after they are cut, *there appears a kind of greasy moisture*, which must be as often wiped off." In order to discover the water of these stones, they examine them with a lamp in the dark; but the most infallible process, according to Tavernier, is "to carry the stone to a tree thick of boughs," in order "to discern by the verdure of that shade, whether the water be bluish or no." Above 60,000 persons were employed in this mine.

The most ancient of all the diamond mines in India is that of Soumelpour, a large town, near which is the river Gouet, a tributary of the Ganges, in the sands of which the diamonds are found. In February, when the floods in the river have subsided, about 8000 persons flock from the town, and search for the diamonds in the sands of the river. The sand sometimes rises above the water, but when it does not, they drain off the water, and carry away the sand to another place, where it is washed, sifted, and examined.

About twenty or thirty years after Tavernier travelled in India, the Earl Marshal of England, who had visited several of the diamond mines on the coast of Coromandel, communicated an account of them to the Royal Society. Although mines of diamonds occur everywhere in the great range of hills which commence at Cape Comorin, and extend about fifty miles in breadth through the whole of Bengal, yet very few of them are worked, and it was chiefly from the kingdoms of Golconda and Visapour that the world was supplied with diamonds, before they were found in America. The Earl Marshal describes no fewer than *twenty-three* diamond mines in the kingdom of Golconda, and *fifteen* in the kingdom of Visapour. In one of these, called Currure, which is said to be the finest as well as the most ancient, and which is worked by the king for his own private use, diamonds weighing *eight ounces troy*, or 81½ pagodas, or 960 carats, are said to have been found. About the beginning of the 17th century, when the country was under the government of the Hindoos, and when strangers were permitted to dig, a Portuguese gentleman went for this purpose from Goa, and having spent in mines a great sum of money, "he sold everything he brought with him that would fetch any money, even to the wearing clothes he could spare. While the miners were at work for the last day's expense, he had prepared a cup of poison, resolving, if that night he found nothing, to drink his last with the conclusion of his money; but in the evening the workmen brought him a very fine and great stone, of twenty pagodas weight, (206 carats,) in commemoration whereof he caused a great stone to be erected in the place, with an inscription engraven on it, in the Hindoo or Tellinga tongue, to the following effect, which remains to be seen to this day.

> 'Your wife and children sell, sell what you have,
> Spare not your clothes, nay, make yourself a slave,
> But money get, then to CURRURE make haste,
> There search the mines, a prize you'll find at last.'

After which he immediately returned with his stone to Goa."*

The mine of Wootoor, which is near Currure, yields stones of equal magnitude, and of similar shapes and waters, and, what is singular, the diamonds are found in *black earth*. The mine of Muddemurg is celebrated for producing diamonds of a fine shape and water; and Melwillie, or the

* The translator says 900 carats, but this is a mistake, as will be afterwards seen.

* Phil. Trans., No. cxxxvi. June 25th, 1677 Vol. xi. pp. 909, 910.

new mine, discovered in 1670, gives well-shaped stones of a very considerable size. The earth in which they are found is very red; and many of the stones found there have it sticking to them, *as if it had clung there, while they were of a soft glutinous substance, and had not obtained their hardness.*

The mines of Visapour yield stones as large as those of Golconda, though it is celebrated for its small stones, which yield a higher profit than the large ones. The diamonds are found in red and sometimes yellow earth, in all the fifteen mines of Visapour, and they are frequently enclosed in clods. The earth is carried to a sort of tank, with walls about two feet high and six feet wide, made of rugged stones joined together by mortar made of earth and water. This rude enclosure is strengthened outside by a bank, and is floored with stones. The earth from the mines is soaked in this tank, the clods broken, and the great stones picked out. It is then stirred with shovels till the water is muddy, and when the gravelly stuff has fallen to the bottom, and all the earth washed away, by using fresh water, and running it off, the gravel is spread out and dried, and the diamonds which it contains discovered, and picked out by their reflecting the light of the sun. The diamonds thus found are sometimes secreted by the workmen. Tavernier states that they often swallow the diamonds when they discover a valuable one; and a merchant pointed out to him one of his workmen who had concealed one in the corner of his eye. In Golconda, where all stones under a pagoda weight were given to the miner, and all above it reserved for the king, this arrangement was often violated by the overseer of the mines, and when the workmen found a stone approaching in weight to a pagoda, "they conceal it till they have an opportunity, and then with wife and children run all away into the Visapour country, where they are secure."

The diamond mines of India have been more recently visited by Dr. Hamilton Buchanan, Dr. Voysey, and others, and we are enabled, by their descriptions, to give a more accurate account of the matrix of the diamond, or rather of the nature of the rocks of soil in which it is found. Dr. Buchanan visited the diamond mine of Panna in 1813. Round Panna is a table-land of great extent, from 500 to 1200 feet of perpendicular height above the level of the Gangetic plain. The whole plain in the table-land, for several miles round Panna, in all directions, is said to produce diamonds wherever it happens to be of a gravelly nature. The soil is very red in general, though in some places only slightly so, and is occasionally of a dark brown colour. The soil is from two to eight cubits deep where the diamonds are found, and contains many small pebbles a good deal resembling some ores of iron that Dr. Buchanan saw in Bhagalpur. The diamonds are found intermixed with this, but they never adhere to any stone or pebble. They are obtained, as usual, by washing away the earth from the gravel; and they are generally very small, usually worth only 500 rupees, though sometimes they are valued between 500 and 1000. The Ra'ah had one worth 50,000 rupees, which he placed in the head of an image. The workmen are allowed *three-fourths* of the value of stones the size of a pea, or smaller; *two-thirds* of the value of those about the size of a hazel-nut; and *one-half* of those larger than a filbert. Every person that chooses may dig; and the average number of diggers is about a thousand. The rock immediately under the gravel and earth, among which the diamonds are found, is a white granular quartz, too hard to be cut for building, stained red in many places, and containing more *black spots*, or dots, than usual. The workmen assured Dr. Buchanan "*that the generation of diamonds is always going forward, and that they have just as much chance of success in searching earth which has been fourteen or fifteen years unexamined, as in digging what has never been disturbed; and, in fact, he says, I saw them digging up earth which had evidently been before examined, as it was lying in irregular heaps, as thrown out after examination.*"

The late Mr. H. Voysey, who visited some of the principal diamond mines of Southern India, in January 1821, has thrown some light upon the matrix of the diamond. In the rock mines of Banganpalli the matrix of the diamond is a sandstone breccia, which is found under a compact sandstone rock, like that of the rest of the range. "It is composed of a beautiful mixture of red and yellow jasper, quartz, chalcedony, and hornstone of various colours, cemented together by a quartz paste. It passes into a pudding-stone, composed of rounded pebbles of quartz, hornstone, &c. &c., cemented by an argillo-calcareous earth, of a loose friable texture, in which the diamonds are most frequently found." For many years previous to Mr. Voysey's visit to these mines, no fresh excavations in the breccia had been made, and he therefore could not ascertain the mode in which the miners got at the brecchia; but he saw many holes about five feet in depth, under large blocks of sandstone, where he was told the diamond bed

was found. Mr. Voysey confirms the statement of Dr. Buchanan, that the diamonds are supposed to grow in the old rubbish that had been previously examined. Nay, the truth of this opinion may be considered as demonstrated by the fact, that the miners no longer quarry fresh breccia from beneath the sandstone, but "*are content with sifting and examining the old rubbish of the mines,*" *and in which they actually find diamonds.* The opinion that diamonds grow in the previously washed, sifted, and examined rubbish, and *that the chips and small pieces rejected by former searchers actually increase in size, and in process of time become large diamonds*, prevails everywhere in India; and even at Gani Parteal or Couleur, where the Great Koh-i-noor was found, the search is confined to the rubbish of the old mines. Dr. Voysey draws the following conclusions from his examination of the diamond strata in India.

1. That the matrix of the diamonds produced in Southern India, is the sandstone breccia of the slay slate formation.

2. That those found in alluvial soil are produced from the debris of the above rock, and have been brought thither by some torrent or deluge, which could alone have transported such large masses and pebbles from the parent rock, and that no modern or traditional inundation has reached to such an extent.

3. That the diamonds found at present in the beds of the rivers are washed down by the annual rains.

In speaking of the probability of the opinion that the diamond is continually growing, Dr. Voysey makes the important observation, that in hot climates crystallization goes on with wonderful rapidity, and that he hopes, at some future period, *to produce undeniable proofs of the recrystallization of amethyst, zeolite, and feldspar in alluvial soil.* Unfortunately for science Mr. Voysey who was geologist to the Indian Trigonometrical Survey, died soon after his paper was printed.*

An account of the diamond workings and diamonds of Sumbhulpore was published about twenty-five years ago by Mr. Breton of Calcutta. The valley of Sumbhulpore, about 410 feet above the level of the sea, and the streams at the mouths of which the diamonds are found, lie between the 83d and 84th degree of East Longitude and the 21st and 22d of North Latitude. Diamonds of various sizes, and of the first quality, are found at the mouths of the rivers Maund, Keloo, Eeb, and others, which rise in the mountainous parts of Koorba, Sirgoojah, Raeghur, Jushpoor, and Gangpoor, and fall into the Mahanuddee on its left bank. They are also obtained after the rains among the mud and sand deposited on the beds of islands upon the left bank, but never upon the right bank of the Mahanuddee, nor upon its left bank above its confluence with the Maund at Chanderpore, or below Soanpore. About 500 persons are annually employed from November till the rainy season, in searching the bed of the Mahanuddee for diamonds, wherever alluvial matter is deposited in its hollows, or where the current is obstructed by rocks. The earth, dug out by a pickaxe, is placed on a large concave board, with two raised rims, and the diamonds are found among the gravel which is left, by washing away the earth with water along the inclined board. The earth consists of a mixture of stiff reddish clay, pebbles, a small proportion of sand, and a little oxide of iron. At Sumbhulpore a diamond of the first quality is called Brahmin, of the second Chetree, of the third Bysh, and of the fourth Soudra, the four tribes of the Hindoos. A diamond of 308 grains or 77 carats in weight was obtained in 1807 by the Ranee Ruttun Coher, and in 1809 one of the Bysh quality, and weighing 672 grains, or 168 carats, was picked up at a place called Herakode, in the bed of the Mahanuddee. The diamond was not delivered to the Ranee, on account of her being occupied in the funeral rites of her husband's mother; and before they were finished the Mahratta troops arrived and expelled her from her territory. The existence of the valuable diamond was told to the commanding officer, Chunderjee Bhoonsla, who persuaded the finder to surrender it for a fine village and 1000 rupees. No sooner was the diamond in the possession of the Mahratta chief, than he reproached the finder for bringing a stone instead of a diamond, and drove him from his presence.

The diamond mines of Borneo were known in the time of Tavernier, who was dissuaded from going to that island, because *The Queen* would not permit a stranger to carry off any of the diamonds, the few that were exported being taken away by stealth, and sold at Batavia. The diamonds are found in the sand of a river called Succadan,

* It may be useful to those who study this curious subject, to know that Mr. Voysey has misapprehended the theory of Sir David Brewster, of the origin of the diamond, when he gives it as the opinion of that author, "that the matrix of the diamond is neither a rock of igneous origin, nor one of aqueous deposition;" whereas he merely stated, "that the *compressible* state of the diamond could not arise from the action of heat," and "could not exist in a mass formed by aqueous deposition."—*Edin. Phil. Journ.*, vol. iii. p. 109.

"I say the Queen," adds Tavernier, "and not the King, because in that island the women have the sovereign command and not the men. For the people are so anxious to have a lawful heir upon the throne, that the husband not being certain that the children he has by his wife are his own, but the wife being always certain that the children which she bears are hers, they rather choose to be governed by a woman, to whom they give the title of Queen; her husband being only her husband, and having no power but what she permits him."

A more recent account of the diamond mines of Borneo was published in the Singapore Chronicle of October 11, 1827. The mines in the residency of the north-west coast of the Island are worked by the Daya, the Malayu, and the Chinese. The earthy gravel called *Areng*, in which the diamonds are found, is obtained by sinking a shaft on the areng, about two feet in diameter, to enable the miner to turn round in it. The areng is from one to three feet thick, and is dug out to the extent of seven or eight feet from the sides of the shaft under the superincumbent strata, which are sometimes propped up. When the areng in the first mine is exhausted, and the course of the vein ascertained, a new shaft is opened in that direction, at the distance of fifteen or sixteen feet from the former one, to enable the miner when he reaches the areng to work back to the former mine, the same process being repeated till the vein is exhausted. The areng is hoisted up in small baskets, and then placed in conical circular trays, which are immersed in the nearest stream, and the areng washed by hand till the earthy particles are separated from it. The trays are then brought to the surface and whirled round, till the water they contain is poured off quite pure from all earthy matter. The Malayu use the same process; but the Chinese employ a more efficient one. The Chinese avail themselves of the shafts sunk and abandoned by the Daya or Malayu. Having formed a tank, or dammed up a small stream, a channel is cut in the direction of the vein, and the upper strata are entirely cleared away by the action of the stream of water. The areng is then dug out and washed in wooden troughs, fixed on an inclined plane. The largest diamond known with certainty to have been found in these mines weighed only *thirty-six* carats. The Sultan of Mattan is said to possess one weighing *three hundred and sixty-seven carats*, which he was afraid to cut lest it turn out to be flawed; but as the author of the article from which we quote informs us, "gentlemen to whom it has been lately shewn consider it not to be a true stone."

At one time all diamonds under *four* carats were the property of the miners; but all of that size and upwards were claimed by the Panambachan, then a tributary of Bantam, from the Sultan of which state the former Dutch Company purchased this monopoly or royalty for 50,000 dollars. By a treaty with the Panambachan made in 1823, all the diamonds must be delivered to government at 20 per cent. below the market price, ascertained by appraisement on the spot, the necessary advances having been previously made to the miners. The small diamonds are sold at Pontianak, and the large ones disposed of at Batavia, and the profits divided between the government and the Panambanchan. About 300 carats were found in the latter half of 1823, and 1900 carats in 1824. The quantity found in 1825 and 1826 was less than in 1824.

In his journals,* as published by Captain Mundy and Captain Keppel, Sir James Brooke speaks of his diamond works at Santah, where Palingi Ali assured him he and four men had in one day obtained *sixty* diamonds, some of them of four carats. He mentions his establishment there as consisting of two Banjar diamond workers and six labourers, to whom he added four Chinese for the diamond trench, presided over by Hajji Ibrahim, a Chinese Mahommedan, but he does not say that a single diamond has been found. The diamonds occur in a gravelly stratum, which is laid bare "after the Chinese fashion of trenching the grounds with a run of water through the trench." "The earth is washed at the water's edge in large round wooden pans shaped like shields; and when the diamonds are picked out there remains a residue of black sand like gunpowder, and gold particles."

The fullest and most interesting account of the diamond mines of Borneo has been given by Mr. Hugh Low, Colonial Secretary at Labuh-an†. The diamonds of Borneo, equal to any from India or Brazil in beauty, are found in the greatest quantity in Sango, Landak, and Banjarmassin, where they are worked to a small extent by the Chinese and Malays. Ever since the Malays settled in Borneo, the mines of Landak supplied them with diamonds. The mines of Sango and Banjar have been more recently explored. The principal, and indeed the only mart formerly opened for the Borneo dia-

* *Narrative of Events in Borneo and Celebes*, vol. i. p. 280. 2d Edition. *Keppel's Expedition to Borneo in the Dido*, vol. i. p. 293.

† *Sarawak, its Inhabitants and Productions, by Hugh Low*, pp. 26–29. London, 1848.

monds, was Batavia, and Sir Stamford Raffles says, that "few courts of Europe could perhaps boast of a more brilliant display of diamonds, than in the prosperous days of the Dutch was exhibited by the ladies of Batavia." The Borneo diamonds are found in a gravelly stratum, at various depths below the surface. The mines at Sarawak were formerly worked, but not very extensively. The gravel in which they occur is in some places not more than six feet, and in others as much as eighteen below the surface. They are generally small in size, but of the most brilliant water. Mr. Low saw a person get three small ones at one washing, together with a considerable portion of gold; and Sir James Brooke states that, previous to his time, "eleven men had, in three days, obtained a quantity of diamonds, which sold at Sandos (at half their value) for 5000 Java rupees." The great diamond of the Sultan of Mattan, which, as we have already stated, is erroneously supposed not to be a real stone, is, according to Mr. Low, still uncut, and if cut and polished, would be reduced from 367 to 183½ carats, that is, to one half its present size. Its present shape is that of an egg indented on one side. Its value, he says, is stated by Mr. Crawford to be £269,378, being less by £34,822 than that of the Russian diamond, and £119,773 more than that of the Pitt diamond. Mr. Low adds the important statement, that he has been informed "by a person who supposes himself to be a good judge of diamonds, *that the Sultan possesses the real stone*," (and therefore not a false one as stated in the Singapore Chronicle,) *which he had seen;* but that a crystal is shown to strangers, as the Sultan who has been already robbed of his territory fears that this last emblem of royalty will be also taken from him by his powerful and avaricious neighbours. The Malays of Banjarmassin and Landak have offered to work Sir James Brooke's mines at Sarawak, but their characters are so bad that he does not encourage their immigration. We trust, however, that active means will be taken to explore the valuable treasures in that interesting locality, and that we shall soon be able to announce the arrival of valuable diamonds from a British Colony.*

The discovery of diamonds in Brazil early in the present century, has doubtless led to the abandonment of many of the diamond mines in India. In the mountainous district of Serro do Frio, which is peculiarly celebrated for its diamonds, they are found in rivers or rivulets, in the banks adjoining water courses, and in ravines. The soil with which the diamonds are invariably found intermixed, is called *cascalhao*, which is a stratum of rounded pebbles and gravel, immediately incumbent on the primitive granite, inclining to gneiss, and covered with a stratum of *vegetable* earthy matter of variable thickness. Above the vegetable earth is a stratum called *burgalhao*, which consists of angular quartz pebbles, and not unfrequently large beds of solid quartz not more than four or five inches thick. The stratum, according to Mr. Mawe, does not seem to have been formed at the same time, or by the same means as the cascalhao. In the granite beneath the cascalhao there is a portion of hornblende and frequently mica. The soil is rich and remarkably ferruginous. In one part of the diamond district of Brazil the cascalhao forms a solid conglomerate or breccia of rounded pebbles, cemented by ferruginous matter, and in which the diamonds and gold are frequently enveloped. This pudding-stone is believed by Mr. Mawe to be of very recent formation. In order to obtain the diamonds from the *cascalhao*, the gravelly matter is freed from its adhering earths by the processes which we have already described. Mr. Mawe has given a drawing and description of the diamond workings at Mandango, on the river Fiquitonhoha in the Serro do Frio, where a thousand negroes are employed. The bed of the river is laid dry by an aqueduct, and the water is pumped from the deep pools left in the channel, by means of chain pumps worked by water-wheels. In former times the cascalhao obtained from these pools was carried to the washings by negroes, but it is now conveyed along inclined planes. When a negro finds a diamond of the weight of an 8vo (17½ carats) the event is celebrated with much ceremony. Crowned with a garland of flowers he is carried in procession to the manager of the washings, who presents him with his freedom, by paying his owner for it. He receives also a present of new clothes, and is permitted to work the mines on his own account. When a stone of 8 or 10 carats is found, the negro receives two new shirts, a complete suit of new clothes, and a handsome knife. For smaller stones of but little value proportionate premiums are given. The diamonds in the treasury of the king amounted in all to about 4000 or 5000 carats, the largest being a fine octohedral one of 17 carats. Diamonds, however, of a much larger size have been found, and one in particular in the alluvium

* Since this was written, we have learned that the Eastern Archipelago Company have obtained from the Sultan of Borneo the right of working all the mineral productions of his territory.

of the river Abaethé, of form approximating to the octohedron, and weighing *seven-eighths* of an oz. troy, or 105 carats, which Mr. Mawe in his Travels, from some mistake, says, "is perhaps the largest in the world." In his later work he does not repeat this statement. He says, "that no potentate is so rich in diamonds as the king of Portugal, whose suite, which he had the honour of being shown, he estimated at more than *two millions sterling*." This fine diamond was discovered under very peculiar circumstances. It was found about the year 1797 by three convicts, who were banished into the interior of Brazil, and who when thus driven from society were anxious to obtain a remission of their punishment by the discovery of some new mine or production which the sovereign would value. Influenced by this motive, they wandered for six years through the most unfrequented parts of the country, exposed at one time to the violence of the Anthropophagi, and at another to be seized by the soldiers of the government. As the last resource they explored the bed of the river Abaethé when its waters had been greatly diminished by a long continued drought, and while they were washing its gravel and expecting only gold, they discovered the fine diamond we have mentioned. Uncertain how to act they consulted a clergyman who took them to the governor of Villa Rica, who, as soon as he ascertained that the stone was a real diamond, suspended the sentence of the convicts as a reward for its delivery. The precious gem was sent immediately to Rio Janeiro. A frigate was despatched with it to Lisbon, and the clergyman was also sent to make a proper representation of the case to the Portuguese Government. The sovereign sanctioned the pardon granted by the governor, and Church preferment was given to the clergyman.

The diamond mines of Brazil are stated to have produced only £40,000 per annum. Between 1801 and 1806 the expense of working them (wages being about 6d. or 8d. per day) seems to have amounted to £204,000, while the diamonds obtained weighed 115,675 carats, the cost per carat being £1, 13s. 9d. In ordinary years the return of diamonds is only about 20,000 carats.*

Although the diamond district of Minas Geraes, so interesting from its mineral productions, has been visited since the time of Mr. Mawe, by MM. Martius and St. Hilaire, as botanists, and also by M. D'Eschwege, when geology was yet in its infancy, yet it was left to M. Claussen,* who resided twenty years in the country, to survey it with the care which it merits, and particularly in relation to the true matrix of the diamond and the euclase and topaz. The soil which yields diamonds, and has been long known in Brazil, extends into the provinces of Minas and St. Paul, from the 16th to the 26th degree of south latitude. When the diamonds disappear in this last latitude, in the province of St. Paul, the bituminous schists commence, which contain the coal in the province of St. Catherine. In the north of the province of Minas, the red sandstone is covered by a calcareous formation, equivalent to the Jurassic group, and which is itself covered with the gypsum marls with rock salt. In all the parts of this last formation, where the valleys have excavated sufficiently deep to shew the red sandstone, diamonds are found in the rivers—in the Rio Acary and others.

Early in 1839 diamonds were discovered in the psammite sandstone of the Serro do Santo Antonio de Grammagoa. This mountain consists of large beds of sandstone, which have occasionally the aspect of Itacolumite, but the strata having little inclination, and reposing immediately upon the macignos, (a transition formation,) leave no doubt of their identity with the Psammitic sandstones of Abaethé. The first discoverers of these rocks, owing to their being soft, obtained many diamonds from them, but at a greater depth they became harder and more difficult to work. More than 2000 persons rushed to this spot, and working without any plan, they caused a part of the

* "In the diamond district of Minas Geraes and St. Paul in Brazil examined by Claussen, plutonic forces acting upon dioritic veins have developed in one place common mica, in another ferruginous mica, in the quartzose *itacolumite*. The diamonds of Grammagoa are contained in layers of solid silicic acid. Occasionally they lie enveloped by plates of mica, exactly like the garnets formed in mica slate. The Russian diamonds found in 1829, in the European declivity of the Ural, also stand in geological relation to the black carboniferous dolomite of Adolfskoi, as well as to augitic porphyry, which have not yet been made the subject of sufficiently accurate observations."—*Humboldt's Cosmos*, p. 283. Sir Roderick Murchison and M. Verneuil do not concur in the opinion that the diamonds of Chrestovodsvisgensk have had their origin in the black dolomite of that place, for although this rock contains carbon, the alluvia in which the diamonds are found, though overlying the dolomite, have no carbon. They agree rather with Colonel Helmersen that the diamonds like the gold shingle, and the greater part of the accompanying detritus have been drifted from the adjacent flank of the higher mountains, in which micaceous quartz rocks exist, fragments of these (*itacolumite* or micaschist) being also found in the alluvium. See *Geology of Russia*, vol. i. p. 482, note.

* *Notes Géologiques sur la Province de Minas Geraes au Brésil.* Par P. Claussen, de L'Institut Brésilien, 1841. Published in the *Bulletins de L'Académie des Sciences et des Belles Lettres de Bruxelles.* 1841, Tom. viii., part i., pp. 322–343, with four plates.

mountain to fall, and by crushing the debris, they found many diamonds. Specimens of the rock with the included diamonds are not very rare. The diamonds are embedded in the Psammite sandstone, and in the Itacolumite sandstone, and sometimes between plates of mica, like the garnets in mica-schist. In the museum of Rio Janeiro there is a large rounded diamond, which has *very distinct impressions of grains of sand.* M. Claussen mentions a specimen of Pseudomorphous sandstone, two inches long and one wide, containing a diamond of nearly two grains, and crystallized in a rounded octohedron,* and also another specimen, the size of the first, of a yellowish sandstone, containing two diamonds, one of which weighs nearly a carat or four grains, and the other one grain. Both of them are crystallized in the perfect primitive octohedron; and M. Claussen has been assured that all the diamonds found in the Itacolumite sandstone are rounded octohedrons, while those found in the Psammite sandstone are perfect octohedrons. M. Claussen has given his views respecting the matrix of the diamond in the following interesting passage:—

"As I had already sent to the museum in Paris in 1838 specimens of red sandstone, as the presumed matrix of the diamond, I shall now explain the reasons which led me to this supposition, and which more recent discoveries have fully confirmed. In studying this subject for many years, I had remarked that the pebbles which are always found in the diamond-bearing *cascalhaos* were—1. Itacolumite (quartzose mica slate); 2. A sandstone, which I then took for a variety of Itacolumite; and, 3. some fragments of jasper; and I found that all other minerals in the cascalhao were quite accidental. I therefore believed that Itacolumite was the matrix of the diamond; but was not able to explain the cause of the total absence of the diamond in all the places where this rock was greatly developed. In a journey which I made in 1836 on the left bank of the Rio San Francisco, I visited the diamond bearing district of Abaethé, and on examining the cascalhaos of that river I found it composed nearly thus:—

Pebbles and angular pieces of macignos and petrosiliceous phyllades, .	4 eighths.
Psammite sandstone and jasper,	2 "
Itacolumite sandstone, . . .	1 "
Quartzose sand, with some grains of menakanite, peridot, garnets, &c.	1 "

"The presence of such a large quantity of macignos is not surprising, because the bed of the river is hollowed out in this formation, which prevails also in the environs to a great distance. What struck me more was the presence of a considerable quantity of pebbles of Itacolumite sandstone, which I then took for true Itacolumite or quartzose mica-schist, which I knew only *in situ*, at a distance of 50 leagues from this. I then began to think that the macigno formation might rest upon the Itacolumite, and that this ought to exist and be found somewhere in the deep ravines which the waters had excavated in the transition formation. In spite of my researches I found only the latter. I began then to ascend the mountains; and my surprise was great to find deposited here and there on the terraces which skirted them, pebbles and pieces of Itacolumite, of sandstone and of jasper, &c. At last upon the top I found beds of Psammite sandstone resting on the transition formation, with which they have a conformable stratification, and into which they pass gradually. These sandstones contain sometimes veins of jasper, and of jasper agate, and in the same beds they sometimes suddenly change their aspect and structure, and assume those of true Itacolumite, I then instantly recognised the origin of these pebbles, which I had considered as essential to the cascalhaos, and I was forced to admit the existence of a secondary Itacolumite posterior to the transition formation, and therefore supposed it to be the primitive matrix of the diamond, which is now confirmed. . . . The diamond is never found enveloped in an earthy crust, as has been stated. Its surface is sometimes rough, but generally smooth. The diamond is easily recognised by putting it into water, for it there preserves its lustre, having the appearance of a bubble of air; whilst all other precious stones lose it."—*Bulletin*, &c. &c., pp. 332-334.

The discovery of diamonds in Russia, far from the tropical zone, has excited much interest among geologists. M. Maurice Engelhardt, who visited the Ural Mountains in 1826, observed the resemblance between the platina sand of that region and that of the diamond districts of Brazil. Humboldt observed a similar resemblance between the Brazilian and Uralian Mountains, and in June 1829 two of his companions, when exploring the western declivity of the Ural range, discovered diamonds. Seven of various sizes were found on the estates of Count Porlier, about 160 miles west of Perm. The Count himself found one in a species of gold and platinum sand. In the summer of 1830 other seven diamonds weighing from three-eighths of a carat to one carat were found among the gold dust on the same property. In the detritus on the banks of the Adolfskoi, no fewer than forty diamonds have been found in the gold alluvium only twenty feet above the stratum in which the remains of Mammoths and Rhinoceroses are found.*

* The owner of this specimen asked 3000 francs for it.

* These diamonds were seen by Sir Roderick Murchison, in the cabinet of Prince Butera. Since that period Colonel Helmersen has shown that diamonds have been found at three points along the Ural chain, Ekaterineburg, Kushvinsk, and Versch-Urals.—*Geology of Russia*, p. 301, *note.*

Hence Humboldt has concluded that the formation of gold veins, and consequently of diamonds, is comparatively of recent date, and scarcely anterior to the destruction of the Mammoths. Sir Roderick Murchison and M. Verneuil have been led to the same result by different arguments. Colonel Helmersen, who, along with Humboldt and Rose, regard the *Itacolumite* as the real site or matrix of the diamond, discovered that quartzose micaceous schist really occurs in the portion of the Ural adjacent to the diamond mines.

Diamonds have recently been found in Africa, whence they were obtained in ancient times. The museum of M. de Drée contains three diamonds lately purchased at Algiers, and found in washing for gold in the auriferous sands of the River Sumee, in the Province of Constantine. Mr. Feuchtwanger informs us that Mr. Featherstonhaugh discovered perfect crystallized diamonds, a green and a white one, in N. America, south of the Potomac, and he adds that Mr. Charles Clemson of Philadelphia exhibited to him a diamond found in North Carolina, of a distinct octohedral form, and weighing three grains; but these facts do not seem to be known to, or admitted by, American mineralogists. Mr. Murray mentions on the authority of the Reverend Dr. Robinson of the observatory at Armagh, that a rough diamond with a red tint and valued by Mr. Rundell at twenty guineas, was found in Ireland in the bed of a brook flowing through the county of Fermanagh. It was brought to a lady resident in the district by a girl, who said she had picked it up in the bed of the brook.

Having thus submitted to our readers an account of the most celebrated diamond mines in the world, and of the localities in which diamonds are found, we shall proceed to give a description of the largest and finest diamonds of which a correct account has been preserved.

The most noted of all the diamonds, and the one most interesting to Englishmen, is "The Diamond of the Great Mogul," subsequently known by the name of the Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light. Tavernier, the celebrated diamond merchant and traveller, was permitted by the Great Mogul to see this diamond and all his other jewels. He was allowed to weigh it, and he found its weight 319½ rattees, which made 279 and 9–16th of our carats, one rattee being seven-eighths of a carat. This stone was part of a large one found in 1550 in the mine of Gani or Couleur, not far to the east of Golconda, and it came into the possession of the Great Mogul in the following manner:—When Mirgimola, the commander of the forces of the King of Golconda, betrayed his master, he carried off with him this large diamond, and having been kindly welcomed by Shah Jehan, the Great Mogul, he gave it him as a present. It was then rough and uncut, and weighed 907 rattees, which make 787½ carats. "It had," says Tavernier, "three several flaws in it, and if it had been in Europe, it would have been treated in a different manner; for very good pieces would have been got from it, and it would have remained when cut much heavier; whereas *it has been all ground away*. It was cut by the Sieur Hortensio Borgis, a Venetian diamond cutter, who was very ill rewarded for his labor, for when it was cut, they reproached him for having spoiled the stone which ought to have remained of a much greater weight; and instead of paying him for his trouble, the King made them take from him ten thousand rupees, and would have made them take more if he had had more to give." "Had the Sieur Hortensio," adds Tavernier, "been well acquainted with his profession, he might have obtained from this great stone some good pieces, without doing any injury to the King, and without having taken so much trouble in grinding it away; but he was not a very skilful diamond cutter."—"After having carefully contemplated," adds Tavernier, "this great stone, and having returned it into the hands of D'Akel Khan, he showed me another diamond, of a pear shape, and of a very good form and fine water, with three other table diamonds, two of them pure, and the other which has small dark points."

Having thus examined and weighed the diamond, Tavernier gives a drawing of it, and describes it as having the form of an egg cut through the middle. He says that it has a fine water, and is round and rose cut, very high on one side, and having on the lower edge a crack and a small flaw within. From this minute account of the Great Mogul diamond, there are certain conclusions that we are entitled to draw.

1. That the great rough diamond, belonging originally to the King of Golconda, and given by Mirgimola to Shah Jehan, was not cut into *two* or *more pieces* by the Venetian artist, but was *ground down* from 787½ to 279 carats, in consequence of the flaws which it contained. When Tavernier says that Hortensio, had he known his profession, might have obtained some good pieces by cutting the diamond, in place of grinding it down, he does not say this of his own knowledge, because he never saw the large rough diamond, but he says it on the

authority of persons who could not but know the fact, and who being interested in blaming the diamond-cutter, could only thus justify their harsh treatment of him, in fining him 10,000 rupees. It is very probable that the flaws rendered it necessary to grind down the diamond, in place of cutting off the parts separated by flaws, as was lately done in the Koh-i-noor, when they were obliged to grind it down to the required shape, in place of cutting off particular portions of it.

2. That the weight of the diamond thus cut was 279 carats, and that its shape was that of half of an egg, as drawn and described by Tavernier, a person thoroughly qualified to weigh, draw, and describe it

We have been unable to find at what date the diamond of the Great Mogul, which has the form of a *mountain*, received the name of Koh-i-noor, or the *Mountain of Light*. It was certainly not known under that name to the authors of the Hindoo Legends, which allege that it was worn by an Indian warrior who fell in battle in 3001 before Christ! According to the Autobiography of Baber, who became sovereign of Hindostan in 1526, Hamayun, the son of Baber, was sent, after the defeat of Ibrahim Lodi at the battle of Paniput, against Agra, the citadel of which had been held for Ibrahim by Bikermajit, Rajah of Gwalior, who fell in that battle. "The family of Bikermajit, as Baber himself relates, were at the time in Agra. Upon Hamayun's arrival they attempted to escape, but were stopped by the parties stationed to watch their movements, and were brought in prisoners. Hamayun would not permit them to be plundered, and of their own free will they presented to him a peshkash (or present), consisting of a quantity of jewels and precious stones, amongst which was *one famous diamond*, which had been acquired by Sultan Ala-uddin. It is so valuable that a judge of diamonds estimated it at half of the daily expenses of the whole world! It is about eight mishkals in weight. On my arrival Hamayun presented it as a peshkash to me, and I gave it back to him as a present."*

Dr. Horace Wilson, the author of the learned and interesting account of the Koh-i-noor, in the *Official Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of the Great Exhibition*,† considers it as very possible that the diamond of Baber was the one which Tavernier saw in the treasury of the Great Mogul. The translators of Baber make eight mishkals equal to 320 rattees, which would give 280 carats as the weight of the diamond, the very same as that of the Great Mogul Diamond; but Dr. Wilson says, that "according to Ferishta, who repeats the story, the weight was eight mishkals or 224 rattees only, which would make it only 491 grains or 125 carats. Baber's expression is 'ghaliban,' which would indicate not actual but estimated weight: According to the actual valuation of the Arabian mishkal at 72 grains, the weight of Baber's diamond would be 576 grains, (or 144 carats,) but it is always difficult to fix with precision the value of Indian weights and measures, as they vary at different places and at different times. It is sufficient to determine that Baber obtained a diamond corresponding *nearly if not entirely in weight* and value with one found above a century later in the possession of his descendants. The weight, however, of Baber's diamond being *much the same* as that of Aurungzebe's, (Shah Jehan's brother), the story of the original weight and the loss in cutting is not to be relied on."

These views of Dr. Wilson appear to us quite untenable and even contradictory; but before we can make our readers understand the question at issue, we must examine Dr. Wilson's opinion that the Mogul Diamond of 279 carats, as weighed by Tavernier, is identical with the present Koh-i-noor, weighing 186 carats. To prove this identity, he makes Tavernier ignorant of the value of a rattee, and asserts that it "has been found by trial to be equal to $2\frac{3}{16}$ grains," instead of $3\frac{1}{2}$ grains, as Tavernier assumed. With this value of the rattee, Dr. Wilson makes the Mogul Diamond 175 carats, "which," he says, "is a sufficiently near approximation to the actual weight of the present Koh-i-noor, 186 carats." Now, admitting this low value of the rattee, will any person believe that Tavernier, a skilful diamond merchant, committed a mistake of *eleven carats*, or *forty grains*, in weighing the Mogul Diamond? But we cannot admit that Tavernier mistook the value of a rattee. If he did, he must have found all the diamonds which he purchased in India, and resold in Europe, little more than half the weight at which he bought them, having weighed them in India "with the native standard of weight, the rattee," as Dr. Wilson alleges. He must, therefore, have found out his mistake long before he published his Travels, and would certainly have corrected it. But, as Dr. Wilson himself tells us "that Indian weights vary in different places and different times," why do we doubt the

* *Memoirs of Baber*, translated by Dr. Leyden and Mr. Erskine, p. 308.

† Part III. pp. 695, 696.

accuracy of Tavernier, (who bought diamonds in India by the rattee, and sold them in Europe by the carat,) when he distinctly tells us in his fourteenth chapter, "*On the diversity of weights used at the Diamond Mines*," &c.,—

"That at the mine of *Soumalpour* in *Bengal* they weigh by ratis, and the rati is seven-eighths of a carat, or three grains and a half. They use the same weights over all the empire of the Mogul."

We are now prepared to come to a decision respecting Baber's diamond. If eight mishkals are equal to 320 rattees, Baber's diamond is so exactly the same weight of the Mogul's, that we can scarcely doubt that they are identical, in which case the story of the cutting of the rough diamond of 793 carats must be false. Yet it is quite possible that there were two diamonds of nearly the same weight, in which case Tavernier's story may be true. But if we do not admit the translator of Baber's value of the mishkal, Baber's diamond must have been either 125 carats or 144, and, consequently, could not have been the Mogul diamond, as reduced to 175 carats by Dr. Wilson, nor the present Koh-i-noor of 186 carats.

Having thus placed it beyond a doubt that the Baber diamond was neither the diamond of Shah Jehan of 279 carats, nor that of Runjeet Sing, now called the Koh-i-noor, we shall now enter upon the question introduced by Dr. Wilson, where he says, "It still remains to be established how far the great diamond of the Mogul Emperors is to be considered as the same with the Koh-i-noor, *as that appellation is not given to it by the early writers.*"* Now, there are two kinds of evidence which may be adduced for or against the identity of these two diamonds—the testimony of history, and the still more important evidence to be derived from a comparison of their weight and form. There is certainly no distinct evidence that the Mogul diamond passed into the possession of the ruling family of Kabul. That they did possess it is "affirmed by the members of that family, and by the jewellers of Delhi and Kabul," but with such motives to adopt this opinion, who would place any trust in the affirmation either of the family or of the jewellers? It is doubtless true that when Nadir Shah occupied Delhi in 1739, Mohammed Shah, the great-grandson of Aurungzebe, surrendered to him the valuable contents of the imperial treasury, among which "his biographer and secretary specifies a peshkash or present by Mohammed Shah to his conqueror, *of several magnificent diamonds.*" But this surely is no evidence at all that the great historical diamond of India was one of these diamonds. The biographer and secretary of Nadir Shah, who is said to have first used the name of Koh-i-noor, would never have overlooked the "Mountain of Light" among the lesser jewels which composed the peshkash. We regard this therefore as an evidence either that Mohammed Shah did not possess the diamond of his family, or did not surrender it to his conqueror. But it is not improbable, nay, we think it very probable, that the diamond of Runjeet Sing, the present Koh-i-noor of 186 carats, was one of the *magnificent diamonds* referred to, and thus passed downwards through Ahmed Shah and his successors into the hands of Shah Shuja and Runjeet Sing. The historical evidence, therefore, entirely fails in identifying the Koh-i-noor with the diamond of the Great Mogul; nay, we are compelled, by the only part of the evidence which has any real bearing on the question, to infer that Nadir Shah never received from the descendants of Aurungzebe the Great Diamond of his family.

In entire conformity with these views is the physical testimony of weight and form—two sources of evidence which, taken separately, we consider irresistible, and which, when combined, amount to demonstration. Tavernier handled, and weighed, and delineated, and described the Mogul Diamond. Its weight was $279\frac{9}{16}$ *carats*—its form that of *half an egg;* it is of a *good shape*—it is *round rose-cut*, as elsewhere expressed, "there is a little flaw in the edge of *the cutting below, which goes round about the stone.*" With this description the drawing perfectly agrees. Now the Koh-i-noor weighed only 186 carats; its form had not the least resemblance to half an egg; it was not round rose-cut; it was not of a good shape, but of a singularly bad one; and it had not the slightest resemblance to Tavernier's drawing. We have already seen how Dr. Wilson meets the argument from weight, and we trust we have satisfactorily answered it. We may now add that Tavernier's drawings of different diamonds are to a scale, along with diamonds sold to the King of France, by the carat; and by this scale the diamond of the Mogul, in place of being 175 carats, has the appearance of 279. But

*Dr. Wilson is aware that another value of the rati has been given, namely, 1 5-16th grains, in which case the Mogul diamond would weigh only 105 carats, and the Baber diamond only 73 or 84 carats, results which he himself will not admit. The rati is the seed of the *abrus piscatorius*, but it is certain that the weight known by this name is heavier than the seed.

not only is the Koh-i-noor in every respect dissimilar to the Mogul diamond, the two cannot be identified even by supposing that the 279 carats have been reduced to 286 by cutting off a slice of 93 carats, (279—186=93,) because it is *impossible* to convert the Koh-i-noor into the Mogul diamond, by adding 93 carats to it, even in the smallest pieces or particles; and, of course, equally impossible to reduce the Mogul diamond into the Koh-i-noor by cutting a slice from it, or even by grinding it down.

This observation is of importance in reference to a theory brought forward by Dr. Beke in a notice read at the Ipswich meeting of the British Association, "*on a Diamond Slab supposed to have been cut from the Koh-i-noor.*"

"It appears," says Dr. Beke,* "that in 1832 the Persian army, under Abbas Meerza, Hereditary Prince of Persia, for the subjugation of Khorassan, found at the capture of Coocha, among the jewels of the harem of Reeza Kooli Khan, the chief of that place, a large diamond slab, supposed to have been cut from the Koh-i-noor. It weighed 130 carats, and shewed the marks of cutting on the flat or largest side. The only account that could be obtained of it was the statement that it was found in the possession of a poor man, a native of Khorassan, and that it had been employed in his family for the purpose of striking a light against a steel, and in this rough service it had sustained injury by constant use. The diamond was presented by Abbas Meerza to his father, Futteh Ali Shah, and is presumed to be among the crown jewels of Persia. The Armenian jewellers of Teheran asked the sum of 20,000 tomauns (£16,000 sterling) for cutting it, but the Shah was not inclined to incur the expense."†

This new theory of the Koh-i-noor is obviously in favour of our views, in so far as it shows that the relationship between it and the Mogul diamond can only be ascertained by supposing the one to be a portion of the other. The two portions, however, are unfortunately larger than the whole, for 186+130 carats, are equal to 316 carats, 36½ carats heavier than the Mogul diamond. The Persian stone, too, of 130 carats, must have been heavier before it was worn by the steel, and a considerable number of carats must have been removed by the cutting; so that we may estimate the difference between the great diamond and its two halves at nearly 50 carats, a difference which cannot be admitted. Besides, the large flat face of the Koh-i-noor is one of the natural faces of the octohedron, and it is not likely that a diamond cutter would have cut so accurately in that place.

In order to remove the objection on the ground of weight, Mr. James Tennant, mineralogist to the Queen, has proposed a new and very ingenious theory, according to which the Koh-i-noor formed part of a larger stone which had been split into *three* pieces by *two* cleavage planes. The original rough diamond of the King of Golconda, of 793 carats, he supposes to have been split into the Great Mogul diamond of 279 carats, the Koh-i-noor of 186, and a *third* now among the crown jewels of Russia, the weight of which he has not been able to ascertain, but which must not exceed 328 carats, even if the great stone was split without loss. We have now before us a model explaining this theory, kindly sent us by Mr. Tennant. The original crystal is assumed to be the regular rhombic dodecahedron. The *first* slice is supposed to be "The Koh-i-noor," as diminished since it was weighed by Tavernier. It is cut from the dodecahedron by a broad plane parallel to a face of the octohedron. The *second* or inner slice next to this is also supposed to have been split from the Koh-i-noor, since it was seen by Tavernier. It is bounded by planes parallel to the face of the octohedron, and we presume that Mr. Tennant considers this slice as that mentioned by Dr. Beke, as among the crown jewels of Persia. The *third* or outer slice is supposed to be the Russian Diamond. We have also before us a drawing of the original rhombic dodecahedron by the Reverend Mr. Mitchell, with separate drawings of the three slices, and we willingly admit that this is the only method by which the Mogul diamond of 279, and the present Koh-i-noor of 186 carats, can be placed in crystallographic relationship. The truth of the theory, however, is another matter, and will speedily be tested, for Mr. Tennant has written to St. Petersburgh for the weight and form of the Russian diamond, and the Persian Ambassador, Sheffee Khan, has kindly written to Persia for models of the royal diamond for our information. If the weights and planes of cleavage thus obtained are reconcilable with Mr. Tennant's theory, the coincidence, like many other coincidences, will be a very remarkable one; but, like the facts of clairvoyance and other apparently supernatural events, we never can regard it as anything but a coincidence. We have the highest evidence that the great rough diamond of 793 carats was never cut in pieces, but ground down to 279 carats; and when we consider that Tavernier himself

* Athenæum, July 5, 1851, p. 718; and Report of the British Association, 1851, p. 44.

† The above particulars were forwarded to Dr. Beke by his brother, Mr. William Beke, late Colonel of Engineers in the Persian service, who took part in the Khorassan campaign.

knew Mirgimola personally, and even visited him,—that he learned the facts of the grinding down of the diamond, and of the fining of the diamond cutter for doing this, not from tradition, but from the parties who were present, and who had no possible motive to deceive him, we must receive his testimony as overbearing any evidence of a physical kind.

It is obvious, we think, from the facts submitted to the reader, that there is no satisfactory evidence that the diamond of 279 carats, either in its unity or in its twin condition, came into the possession of Shah Shuja. We are willing, however, to believe the prevailing tradition, that he did possess either the original stone weighed by Tavernier, or the present Koh-i-noor, or both. It seems quite certain that the latter is the diamond which he surrendered to Runjeet Sing, and it has been confidently asserted by many gentlemen from India, that the Mogul diamond is still in that country; and if this is true, we have no means of ascertaining if it was ever in the hands of the Cabul family, or if it was retained by Shah Shuja when he presented an inferior one to the Lion of the Punjaub. There have been different accounts of the way in which this valuable gem came into the hands of Runjeet. The following account given by Dr. Wilson is probably the most correct.

"When Shah Shuja was driven from Kabul, he became the nominal guest and actual prisoner of Runjit Sing, who spared neither opportunity nor menace, until, in 1813, he compelled the fugitive monarch to resign the precious gem, presenting him on the occasion, it is said, with a lakh and 25,000 rupees, or about £12,000 sterling. According to Shah Shuja's own account, however, he assigned to him the revenues of three villages, not one rupee of which he ever realized. Runjit was highly elated by the acquisition of the diamond, and wore it as an armlet at all public festivals. When he was dying, an attempt was made by persons about him to persuade him to make the diamond a present to Jagannath, and it is said he intimated, by an inclination of his head, his assent. The treasurer, however, in whose charge it was, refused to give it up without some better warrant, and Runjit dying before a written order could be signed by him, the Koh-i-noor was preserved for a while for his successors. It was occasionally worn by Khurruk Sing and Shir Sing. After the murder of the latter, it remained in the Lahore Treasury until the supercession of Dhulip Sing, and the annexation of the Punjab by the British Government, when the civil authorities took possession of the Lahore Treasury, under the stipulation previously made, that all the property of the State should be confiscated to the East India Company, in part payment of the debt due by the Lahore government, and of the expenses of the war. It was at the same time stipulated that the Koh-i-noor should be surrendered to the Queen of England. The diamond was conveyed to Bombay by Governor-General the Earl of Dalhousie, whom ill-health had compelled to repair to the coast, and was thus given in charge to Lieut.-Col. Mackeson, C. B., and Capt. T. Ramsay, the Military Secretary to the Governor-General, to take to England. These officers embarked on board Her Majesty's steam-ship Medea, and left Bombay on the 6th of April 1850. They arrived at Portsmouth on the 30th of June, and two days afterwards relinquished their charge to the chairman and deputy-chairman of the Court of Directors, by whom, in company with the President of the Board of Control, the Koh-i-noor was delivered to Her Majesty on the 3d of July—an appropriate and honourable close to its eventful career."

The history of the Koh-i-noor, since it came into the possession of Her Majesty, is known to most of our readers. It was seen by thousands at the Great Exhibition, but owing to the manner in which it was cut, and to the great breadth of light which was incident upon its facets from the glass roof of the Crystal Palace, it exhibited less lustre and fewer colours than its glass models. But when fifteen or sixteen gas lights were placed behind it, which was done upon our recommendation, it threw out the most brilliant flashes of coloured light, which delighted those who took the trouble of moving their head into different positions in order to catch the refracted pencils which corresponded to the different jets of light by which it was shewn.

As the Koh-i-noor in the state in which it reached England was of no value as an ornamental gem, it was Her Majesty's wish to have it re-cut into such a form as would display its intrinsic beauty, and make it a true ornament. After consulting persons qualified to give an opinion respecting the best form to be given to it, it was entrusted to Mr. Garrard the Crown jeweller, who by a process of cutting which we shall by and by describe, has rendered it one of the finest ornamental diamonds which exists in Europe.

As the origin and growth of the diamond is one of the most perplexing and interesting questions in modern science, Sir David Brewster, who had devoted much time to the study of the structure and properties of that body, was anxious to examine such a large mass as the Koh-i-noor, before it was reduced in size, and unfitted for examination by the new form which was to be given it. Having been consulted by His Royal Highness Prince Albert respecting the form into which it should be cut, he received permission to examine it in its entire state; and in a future part of this Article we shall give a

brief account of the experiments which he made, and of the views to which they conducted him.

The next diamond which claims our attention is the Pitt or Regent Diamond, which, in its rough state, as brought from Golconda, weighed 410 carats, and 136$\frac{7}{8}$ when cut. It was purchased by Thomas Pitt, when governor of Fort-George, Madras, in December 1701, who states that when it was brought to him as a large rough stone it weighed 305 mangelins, or nearly 420 carats, reckoning a mangelin equal to 1$\frac{3}{8}$ carats. He paid for it 48,000 pagodas, or £20,400, reckoning the pagoda at 8s. 6d. It was cut into a fine brilliant, in the shape of an obtuse quadrangle, one inch and two lines long, one inch one and a-half lines broad, and ten lines thick. The cutting of it occupied two years, and the expense thus incurred was, according to one account, £3666, and others, £5000.* It was purchased in 1717, in the minority of Louis XV., by the Duke of Orleans, when Regent of France, and thus got the name of the Regent Diamond. This diamond is allowed to be the finest in the world, (though not the largest,) in beauty of form and in the purity of its water. Jeffries informs us that it has only one small foul speck in it, which cannot be seen when the stone is set. The Kings of France wore this diamond in their hats, and Napoleon had it fixed in the pommel of his sword; but it was subsequently transferred to the French crown, where it presides over 5300 of the finest brilliants, weighing together 1738 carats, and 96 of the most perfect sapphires, weighing 711 carats. The crown was made by M. Pabst, a native of Germany, and jeweller to the King. According to Patrin this diamond was carried to Berlin, which corresponds with a report mentioned by Mr. Murray, that, "it was played with such success before the king of Prussia, by the wily Sieyes, as to produce for the service of France 40,000 horses with their equipments." Mr. Murray was also informed that Charles X. tried to carry it off, and "that it was taken from his person on leaving France." According to one statement, it was valued in 1791, by a commission of jewellers, at twelve millions of livres; and according to a MS. now before us, at £458,333, which is nearly the amount of twelve million of livres.

The next diamond in point of size and beauty is that of the Rajah of Mattan, in Borneo, which we have already mentioned in our account of the diamond mines of that island. It was, according to Sir Stamford Raffles, found about the close of the last century, by a Dayak, and claimed as a droit of royalty by Guru Layo, the sultan of the country, but was handed over to the Pangeran of Landak, whose brother having got possession of it, gave it as a bribe to the Sultan of Succadana, in order that he might be placed on the throne of Landak. The lawful prince, however, having fled to Bantam, by the aid of the prince of that country and the Dutch, he succeeded in regaining possession of his district, and nearly destroyed Succadana. Sir Stamford Raffles adds, that it has remained an heir-loom in the family for four descents, and is almost the only appendage of royalty now remaining.* The Mattan diamond is said to be of the finest water, and to weigh 367 carats.† Sir Stamford Raffles says that it was *uncut* when he wrote, but since it is now cut, (as we infer from a drawing of its superficies, in which the facets are placed with great symmetry and beauty,) we have no means of ascertaining how much it may have been reduced in weight. Many years ago the Governor of Batavia was anxious to purchase it. He sent Mr. Stewart to Borneo, to offer for it to the Rajah 150,000 dollars, two large war-brigs, with their guns and ammunition, and a large quantity of powder and shot. But as the fortunes of the family are believed to depend upon the possession of the diamond, and as the Malays regard it as possessing the miraculous power of curing all kinds of diseases by means of the water in which the diamonds are dipped, the Rajah refused to deprive the family of so rich an inheritance, and his people of so valuable a medicine.

Though an inferior stone, the one next in weight to the preceding is the largest table diamond in the world. It weighs 242 carats and 5-16ths. Tavernier saw it at Golconda in 1642, and says that "it was the biggest he ever saw in his life in a merchant's hands." It was valued at 500,000 rupees, or 750,000 livres. He offered 400,000 rupees for it, but could not get it at that price. In a MS. before us, it is said to be remarkable for its purity, but inferior in shape, regular cut, and brilliancy, to the stones already mentioned. It is of a rectangular form, with one of its angles cut off. Its length is two inches, its breadth one inch and one line, and its thickness three lines only. Its upper surface has four facets, one on each edge, and it is quite flat below. Hence, as the writer of the MS. observes, it has no better appearance than a piece of the purest rock crystal. It was sold, he adds, for £4000, but he does not

* The chips and filings, amounting to nearly two-thirds of the original stone, were valued at nearly £8000.

* History of Java, vol. i. p. 266.

‡ Memoirs of the Batavian Society.

say to whom, and we have not been able to discover its purchaser or its present locality.

The next largest diamond is one which belongs to the king of Persia. Its weight, as we learn from the Persian ambassador, is 232 carats, and it is known by the name of the *Deria-i-noor*, or *the Sea of Light.* In the East India Company's office in Leadenhall Street, there is a portrait of the king of Persia, the grandfather of the present king, in which the Deria-i-noor may be seen placed on his right arm.

The great diamond in the sceptre of the Emperor of Russia, which has been called the Effingham diamond, was brought to England by the Earl of Effingham while Governor-General of India. We cannot discover how it left England, but it is said to have been purchased by a Jew for £17,000 or £18,000. After having frequently changed hands it came into the possession of a Greek merchant, Gregory Suffras, (another account says an American merchant named Luzauf,) from whom it was purchased by Prince Orloff for the Empress Catherine of Russia, who gave for it £84,500, and an annuity of $3660, together with a patent of nobility. It now adorns the imperial sceptre of Russia, being placed immediately beneath the golden eagle which surmounts it. This diamond was one of the eyes of an idol of Malabar, called *Scheringham.* A French grenadier who had deserted from the Indian service contrived to become one of the inferior priests of the idol, and having secreted himself in the temple, he stole its diamond eye. He then went to the English camp at Trichinopoly, and afterwards to Madras, where a ship captain bought it for 20,000 rupees. Its weight is 194¾ carats. Its shape is a circular pyramid, with five concentric rows of facets: At the top of the pyramid the facets are sectors of a circle, sixteen in number, meeting in the centre or summit of the pyramid. Its base forms a rhomboid, whose greatest length is 1 inch and 4 lines, and its thickness 10 lines.

Tavernier gives a drawing of a diamond which he bought at Amadabad, and which weighed 157¼ carats. It has a sort of pear shape, with a deep rounded grove along its whole length, with seven black specks and three triangular black cavities. How he disposed of it is not mentioned, and where it is now we cannot discover.

The fine diamond which originally belonged to the Grand Duke of Tuscany has been drawn by Tavernier. Its weight is 139½ carats, and the fault of it, he says, is, that the water of it inclines somewhat to a citron colour. It passed into the hands of the Emperor of Austria,* and is now exhibited in the imperial treasury at Vienna, where it attracts universal admiration. It is not regularly cut, and has neither the proper form of a rose nor that of a brilliant. Its lustre and brilliancy are greatly increased by its star-like cut, and though tinged with a shade of yellow it is, from its form and weight, one of the rarest specimens of its kind. It is 1 inch 2 lines long, and one inch broad. It is surrounded with other fine brilliants, and neatly mounted in a large sevignée. Its value is estimated at £90,000.

The discovery of the Abaethé diamond in Brazil has been already mentioned. Mr. Mawe in one place says, that its weight was nearly an ounce Troy, and in another *seven-eighths* of an ounce, (105 carats,) and yet he states in the same paragraph what is entirely inconsistent with this weight, that it "is perhaps the largest diamond in the world." In his Treatise on Diamonds, published eleven years afterwards, he repeats the statement of its being in the rough nearly an ounce Troy in weight. This diamond is not even mentioned by Mr. Murray; but he describes another diamond under the same name of the Abaethé diamond, and connects with its discovery the very same story of the three convicts which Mr. Mawe tells in reference to the diamond of an ounce Troy. Mr. Murray describes it as the largest in the world—the size of an ostrich egg, and weighing 1680 carats! Romé de L'Isle in his Treatise on Crystallographie, published in 1783, says, that "the most extraordinary stone which has been obtained from the mines of Brazil is a diamond (some pretend that it is a white topaz) which the present king of Portugal possesses, and which weighs 1680 carats, (c'est à dire onze ances, cinq gros, vingt quatre grains.) Besides this diamond, which is preserved rough," he adds, "this sovereign possesses another of less size but of rare beauty, which weighs 215 carats, and is consequently one of the largest that is known."† Mr. Murray mentions this diamond of 215 carats, under the name of the Round Brilliant of Portugal, which he says is extremely fine, and has been estimated at £388,290. Romé de L'Isle says that the figure and size of the great diamond of 1680 carats is given in the *Journal Œconomique.*‡ and he values it at £224,000,000 sterling, whereas, according to Jeffries' rule it should be only £5,644,800

* *Journal Historique et Politique de Geneve*, 28th February 1775, p. 316.

† *Crystallographie.* 2d Edition. Vol. ii. p 208. Paris, 1783.

‡ July, 1781, p. 141.

Mr. Murray says, that "Mr. Mawe, who had attentively examined it, informed him that he considered it to be a *white topaz*, and not a diamond," which we have no doubt is true.

The Sancy diamond, the product of the Indian mines, was brought to France by Baron de Sancy, who was the French ambassador at Souleure. Its weight is 53½ carats, and, according to Dutens,* cost £25,000, which was far below its value. It is what is called a brislet, that is, pear shaped, and covered on both sides with triangular rose facets, the effect of which method of cutting is to diminish greatly the value which it would otherwise have derived from its great purity and fine water. The following history of it is given by Mr. Murray :—

"This diamond was originally brought from India, and has remained in France for the last four centuries. Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, wore it in his helmet at the battle of Nancy, near the Lake Morat, in Switzerland, in 1475, and in which he fell. He is represented in the vignette of a MS. in the Bibliothèque Royale, wearing in his hat that which was afterwards taken in his baggage by the Swiss, after the battle of Grandison. It was found by a Swiss soldier among the spoils of the battle, and sold to a priest for a florin (1s. 8d.), who afterwards disposed of it for three francs (2s. 6d.) We subsequently, in the year 1849, trace the Sanci diamond to the possession of Antonio, King of Portugal, who being in want of money, first pledged it for 40,000 livres, and afterwards disposed of it entirely for the sum of 100,000 livres, to a French gentleman of the name of De Sanci. Nicolas Harlai de Sanci had it afterwards by succession. At the time of the Baron de Sanci's embassy at Souleure, Henry III. requiring money to recruit his forces, borrowed the diamond in order to pledge it for a sum of money, and it was entrusted to a confidential servant who was waylaid and assassinated by a band of robbers. The body, however, after some search, was found buried in a wood, and on being opened, discovered the gem, the servant having swallowed it at the first onset. Baron de Sanci afterwards disposed of it to James II. of England, in 1688, when he had escaped to France, and remained at St. Germains. From him it passed to Louis XIV., and Louis XV. wore it in his hat at his coronation. Its form is somewhat pear shaped, and is of the purest brilliancy."

This fine diamond has been lately purchased by Count Demidoff, the Grand Almoner of the Emperor of Russia, for 500,000 rubles.

The *Nussac* Diamond, weighing, according to one account, 89¾ carats, and according to another 79½, was captured during the Mahratta war in India, in the Peishwa's baggage, by the combined armies under the Marquis of Hastings. It is said to have been presented by the Marquis, as from himself, to the East India Company, but it was afterwards given up to form part of the Deccan booty. It remained ten years in the possession of Rundell and Bridge, and was purchased at a public sale in 1837 by Emanuel Brothers, for £7200, scarcely one-third of its estimated value. The Nussac diamond, and the diamond ear-rings, weighing 56 carats, and purchased for £11,000, were sold by him to the Marquis of Westminster, in whose possession they now are. The form of this diamond is triangular, and it has been cut and polished so as to retain the greatest possible weight.

The Pigott Diamond, not now in existence, was a "brilliant of great surface both in table and girdle," and from its superior water was the finest in Europe. Its weight was 47½ carats. In 1801 it was sold by lottery for £30,000. It became the property of a young man, who sold it at a low price. It was again disposed of, and Rundell and Bridge, into whose possession it afterwards came, sold it for the same sum to Ali Pacha, who always wore it in a green silk purse attached to his girdle. Mr. Murray informs us, "that when Ali Pacha was mortally wounded by Reschid Pacha, he immediately retired to his Divan, and desired that his favourite wife Vasilika should be poisoned, and he gave the diamond to Captain D'Anglas, with orders that it should be crushed to powder in his presence, which was forthwith done, and the beautiful gem utterly destroyed. Vasilika still lives, but the model of the diamond alone remains. The too obedient officer bitterly regretted his folly, and the destroyed diamond haunted him in his dreams for months afterwards."

The Vienna Rose Diamond is considered a remarkable specimen of large diamonds. It has the form of a square truncated at the angles. Its length is 1 inch 3 lines, its breadth 1 inch 2 lines, and it is very thick in the girdle. The upper face of the stone is flat, but not rising into a crown, as is invariably the case in a fine regularly cut Dutch Rose Diamond. Owing to these imperfections, its beauty is now less than might be expected from a brilliant of the same size. Its weight is 96 carats, and its estimated value $15,000.

In the King of Saxony's Repository at Dresden, called the Green Vault, there is a diamond called the Saxon White Brilliant, of considerable size and great beauty. It is of the first water, perfectly transparent, and of a pleasing form. It glitters and

* *Des Pierres Précieuses*, p. 81.

sparkles with unusual brilliancy of colour. It adorns the insignia of the order of the Gold Fleece, and is surrounded with other fine brilliants. It is 1 inch and 1 line square. It weighs 48¾ carats, and from its fine shape and great perfection, it is said to have been purchased by King Augustus for £143,833.

We have already mentioned the Deria-i-noor, or the *Sea of Light*, as weighing 232 carats. Mr. Murray says that its weight is 186, and that it is placed in a pair of bracelets valued at nearly a million sterling, along with the Taj-e-Mah, or *Crown of the Moon*, which weighs 146 carats. The Persian crown contains two diamonds of great size and value, namely, the *Sea of Glory*, weighing 66 carats, and valued at £34,848, and the *Mountain of Splendour*, weighing 135 carats, and valued at £145,800.

Our limits will not permit us to describe any of the colourless diamonds of inferior weight and value. We must, however, call the attention of our readers to the most interesting coloured diamonds which are known to exist. The value of a diamond is greatly enhanced if it is either *pink*, *blue*, or *green*. The *yellow* colour, which is not prized, passes into wine colour, and through cinnamon brown into black. The pale green passes into yellowish green, the bluish grey into Prussian blue, and the pink into rose red.

Such of our readers as visited the Great Exhibition of 1851 must have seen and admired the fine *blue* diamond of Mr. Hope which was exhibited in the gallery. To use the words of Mr. Hertz, this diamond is "a most magnificent and rare brilliant of a deep sapphire blue, of the greatest purity, and most beautifully cut: it is of true proportions, not too thick nor too spread. This matchless gem combines the beautiful colour of the sapphire with the prismatic fire and brilliancy of the diamond, and on account of its extraordinary colour, great size, and other fine qualities, it certainly may be called *unique*, as we may presume that there exists no cabinet, nor any collection of crown jewels in the world which can boast of the possession of so curious and fine a gem."* This diamond is mounted as a medallion with a border of small rose diamonds, surrounded by twenty brilliants, of the finest water and equal size, shape, and cutting, and averaging one carat each. The weight is forty-four carats, and the price once asked for it was £30,000. We are informed by Mr. Tennant that Mr. Hope gave £13,000 for it, and that it had been several times pledged for a much larger sum, viz., £15,000, and that £16,000 had been lent upon it. Messrs. Rundell and Bridge regarded this as the finest blue diamond ever known, and Mr. Mawe on referring to it calls it "a superlatively fine blue diamond, which may be considered matchless."

Other three blue diamonds have been mentioned or described. One of these is a rich *sky blue* brilliant belonging to the crown jewels of France. It weighs 67$\frac{3}{16}$th carats, and has been valued at three millions of livres: another, of a splendid blue colour, and of great beauty and rarity, was purchased by George IV. from Mr. Eliason. It weighs 44½ carats, cost £22,000, and was the principal ornament of the crown on the day of his coronation. The third blue diamond, called the "Blue Brilliant of Bavaria," is in the Royal Treasury at Munich. It is a perfectly regular *treble** cut brilliant. Its length is one inch, its breadth ten lines, and its weight thirty-six carats. The colour varies from the soft velvet blue of a perfect sapphire to the colour of steel. It is quite pure, and sparkles with the highest lustre. It is surrounded with beautiful white brilliants, in the Order of the Golden Fleece.

In the King of Saxony's Green Vault at Dresden, there is a large green diamond, which, in point of brilliancy and purity, is said to surpass every other known green diamond. It is cut into an oblong form. Its length is one inch and one line, its breadth ten lines, and its weight forty carats. It is mounted on a clasp, and is set round with large white brilliants. The price paid for this gem is kept a profound secret.

The Vienna *Rose* coloured diamond is one inch long, and nine lines broad. It weighs thirty-two carats, and has the shape of an obtuse oval. It is a regularly cut brilliant, and is of the finest rose colour and the greatest lustre. It is set in the middle of a knot of white brilliants, to which the decoration of the cross of Maria Theresa is attached.

Having thus given a history and description of the various diamond mines in different parts of the world, and of the finest diamonds which they have yielded, we shall now proceed to give a brief account of the form, the composition, the structure, and the origin of this singular body.

Like all other crystallized bodies, the diamond is found in two different conditions, the one amorphous or shapeless, like

* *Catalogue of Mr. Hope's Collection*, p. 25.

* A brilliant is said to be *treble* cut when the large facets on its side are flattened or cut into two smaller facets.

a pebble water-worn, or rounded by attrition in the bed of a stream,—the other a geometrical solid of great beauty, sometimes with its planes or faces rounded, as in the spheroidal diamond, and sometimes with its faces smooth and flat. These crystals are sometimes composed of two, and are then called hemitrope or twin crystals, and sometimes of a great number aggregated together, and yet the whole mass preserving the general form of a single crystal.* The general forms of the diamond are the cube, the regular octohedron, and the dodecahedron, the first with *four* faces, the second with *eight*, and the *third* with twelve. The second of these forms may be produced from the first, by cutting off all its *four* angles, till the faces of the cube disappear, and the solid thus produced is the octohedron, or the primitive form of the diamond, *i.e.*, every diamond may be reduced by cleavage to this form. The inclination of the faces of the octohedron to each other is 109° 28′ 16″, and that of the faces of the octohedron to the faces of the cube, 125° 15′ 52″.

It has been long known that the diamond, unlike all mineral bodies whatever, consists of vegetable matter which can be burned. Sir Isaac Newton had conjectured from its high refractive power, that the diamond was "an unctuous substance coagulated," and in 1694 a diamond of nearly 8 carats was so volatilized by a burning glass at Florence that the pieces into which it broke were dissolved. The same experiment has been often repeated, and in our own day Sir H. Davy, with the Grand Duke of Tuscany's burning glass, found that a diamond introduced into a glass globe supplied with oxygen, and kindled by the solar rays, continued to burn after it was removed from the focus. Carbonic acid gas was the exclusive result of the experiment. Sir George Mackenzie of Coul was the first person in this country who burned diamonds, making a free use of his mother's jewels; and by means of diamond powder he converted iron into steel. Mr. Smithson Tennant, the founder of the Smithsonian Institution in America, volatilized a diamond in a gold tube with a stream of oxygen, and found that the oxygen gas was transformed into an equal volume of *carbonic acid gas*. The diamond is therefore pure *carbon*, and hence various attempts have been made to make artificial diamonds, but hitherto without success. About twenty-five years ago M. Cagnard de la Tour announced that he had formed a diamond by crystallizing charcoal, but M. Thenard found that the crystals were only scilicates.* As M. Ebelman has succeeded in making several minerals and gems by an artificial process, such as perowskite, glucine, rutile, spinelle, ruby, peridot or chrysolite, and cymophane or chrysoberyl,† we may reasonably expect that the other precious stones, and the diamond itself, will yield to the advancing science of the age.‡

In its physical properties, as well as in its commercial value, the diamond transcends all the other gems. It is the hardest of all mineral bodies, scratching zircon, sapphire, ruby, rock-crystal, and all the gems, and cannot be scratched by any of them. The specific gravity of water being 1, that of diamond is 3·55, that is, a cubical inch of diamond would be equal in weight to a little more than 3½ cubic inches of water. Its *refractive* powers, that is, its power to bend a ray of light incident obliquely upon its surface, is 2·439, that of water being 1·336, and glass 1·500; but in this respect it is surpassed by octohedrite, artificial Realgar and Greenockite. Its power of *dispersing* a ray of white light, that is, of separating it into its component colours in reference to its refractive power, is only 0·038, whereas plate glass is 0·052, and oil of cassia 0·139, so that in this respect it is inferior to a vast number of fluids as well as solids. It is a curious fact, which we believe has not been noticed by optical writers, that this inferiority of dispersive power is necessary to the production of those splendid coloured refractions to which it owes all its value as an ornamental gem. Its high refractive power separates the red and blue rays more than a high dispersive does in most other bodies, and sufficiently to give each colour of the spectrum its full force. Had its dispersive power, on the other hand, been greater, the colours would have been widely separated, and proportionally diluted or weakened in intensity, and the green and blue rays would, in many of the most inclined facets, have been unable to emerge from the front surface of the stone. Hence the superiority of the diamond, as an ornamental gem, depends not only on its high refractive power, which alone separates the colours of white light to a very great degree, but also on its low dispersive power which prevents them from being separated too much, and detained as it were within the stone, or rather, prevented from emerging from it after reflection.

* This is finely seen in a specimen now before us, belonging to Mr. Tennant.

* See *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, 1827, vol. x. p. 369.

† See *Comptes Rendus*, &c., 1851, tom. xxxii. p. 330, 710, 713, and tom. xxxiii. p. 525.

‡ M. Despretz, a distinguished Member of the Institute of France, is specially occupied with this class of experiments.

A part of the beauty of the diamond, but only a small part of it, depends upon the great quantity of white light which is reflected from the outer surface of its facets, and gives it a sort of metallic or adamantine lustre. It is obvious, however, that if no light were thus reflected, and if it all entered the stone, and therefore suffered refraction, we should have the same quantity of light reflected back again in a coloured state, rather than in the state of white light. This property, which belongs to all bodies of a high refractive power, of reflecting much light both when it enters and quits them, has the effect of making the most transparent and perfectly colourless specimens of diamond, that is, those of the *purest water*, as it is technically expressed, less transparent than either pure water or pure glass; because the quantity of light reflected from the two surfaces of a plate of diamond is taken from the quantity transmitted, so that, were such a thing possible, a window glazed with plates of diamond would make a darker room than one glazed with colourless glass.

The diamond exhibits vitreous electricity, that is, the same as glass by friction, and it is stated, though we have not succeeded in confirming the statement, that when a diamond is held *for an instant* in the pure light, it exhibits a phosphorescence which lasts a considerable time. It is not improbable that this effect may be produced by the impression of light upon the retina, which continues for the third of a second, and that the subsequent luminous appearance may be the accidental or complementary colour in the observer's eye.

We come now to the most important part of our subject, to an examination of the internal structure of the diamond, as compared with that of other gems, and to explain some very simple and infallible methods of distinguishing the diamond from all other precious stones, and from artificial imitations of it; and also of distinguishing the precious stones from one another, and from the coloured glass imitations of them with which they are so often confounded.

In order that the general reader may peruse these pages with some degree of intelligence, we may remark that, within the last forty years, very remarkable properties of light have been discovered, which enable us to study the interior structure of organized bodies, whether they belong to the animal, the vegetable, or the mineral world. The light, which puts this power into our hands, is called *polarized* light, and is distinguished from common light by peculiar properties. The light of the sun, and moon, and of all flames is *common* light; but when these lights are reflected from the surface of transparent solids or fluids, at angles varying with the nature of the body, from 50° to 68°, they are by this reflection converted into *polarized* light.

When we transmit light, whether *common* or *polarized*, through a piece of well annealed glass, it suffers no change, and we see no structure in the glass different from what we would see if we looked through pure water. But if we make heat pass through the glass, by placing the edge of the plate of glass upon a heated iron, or if we either bend or compress the glass by mechanical force, its structure, or the mechanical condition of its particles, will be changed. If we now transmit *common* light through the glass thus changed, the change will not be visible; but if we transmit *polarized* light through it, and again analyze that light by reflection from a transparent body at an angle between 50° and 68°, and in a plane at right angles to that in which the common light was reflected and polarized, the observer, looking through the glass, will see the most brilliant colours, indicating the effects of the compressing or dilating forces, or of the contracting or expanding cause,—the degrees of compression or dilatation, of contraction or expansion being indicated by the colours displayed at particular parts of the glass. In this way polarized light enables us to discover that certain portions of a body have been subject to certain mechanical forces, the nature of which must be sought for in the circumstances under which the body has been originally formed, or in which it has been subsequently placed.

In applying this principle to the examination of transparent solids, such as gums, resins, glass, minerals, and precious stones, we are met with a difficulty which it is sometimes impossible to surmount. We can easily shape gums, resins, and glass, and even ordinary minerals, so as to make light pass through them, and exhibit, to the eye which receives it, the structure they possess; but when the minerals are *precious* stones, either cut or uncut, and when we cannot shape them to transmit light, we must adopt a special process to obtain the same, or, in some cases, a much better result.

If a solid body has the same refractive power as a fluid, or the same power of bending the rays of light out of their path, it is obvious that if we place a fragment of the solid, such as a piece of broken flint-glass, through which we can see nothing, in a fluid of the same refractive power, such as oil of aniseeds, the light will pass from the oil into the glass, and again out of the glass into the oil without suffering any change in its

direction. The observer will therefore see through the glass distinctly, and through all its various thicknesses, and he will even be able to read through what is in reality a broken and rugged fragment.* By this process we see what could not be seen by any other process; for if a lapidary had cut parallel faces upon the glass, we could only have seen through it in certain directions and through certain thicknesses; whereas by the present method we can see through the fragment in every possible direction and through every degree of thickness.

The method now described will apply to an immense number of transparent minerals and other bodies; but it is applicable only very imperfectly to the diamond, zircon, garnet, sapphire, and ruby, and most imperfectly to the diamond, on account of there being no fluids whatever whose refractive power is as high as that of these five precious stones, as will appear from the following Table:—

Solid Bodies.	Refractive Power.	
Diamond,	2·439	No fluids of nearly the same refractive power.
Zircon, -	1·961	
Garnet, -	1·815	
Sapphire,	1·794	
Ruby, -	1·794	
Spinelle, -	1·764	
Chrysoberyl,	1·760	
Euclase, -	1·643	
Topaz, -	1·632	
Emerald,	1·585	
Aquamarine,	1·585	
Amethyst,	1·564	
Cairngorm,	1·564	

Fluid Bodies.	Refractive Power.	
Muriate of antimony,	1·800	
Sulphate of carbon, -	1·678	
Oil of cassia, - -	1·641	Oil of cassia diluted with oil of olives may be employed for all inferior degrees of refractive power.

It is obvious from this Table that *muriate*, or *butter, of antimony* may be used for sapphire, ruby, spinelle, and chrysoberyl, and it would even do for garnet. *Sulphuret of carbon* would answer for certain minerals, and *oil of cassia* would answer for euclase, and, when diluted with oil of olives, for all the gems from euclase to cairngorm, and for all minerals, &c. of inferior refractive power. We have, therefore, no method of looking through crystallized or cut diamonds with any degree of satisfaction; but it is obvious that some advantage may be gained by plunging them in *muriate of antimony*, or *sulphuret of carbon*, or even *oil of cassia*. Hence we are forced to study the structure of the diamond through flat plates or laskes, as they are called, or through certain table diamonds, when we can see through faces slightly inclined, or when we can cement a prism of glass upon any of their faces, to refract the rays in an opposite direction, and permit them to reach the eye, as nearly as possible, colourless.

It was by the application of all these processes that Sir David Brewster was enabled to exhibit the remarkable optical structure of the Diamond, which had not previously been the subject of investigation. In 1815 he examined *fourteen* specimens of diamond, and found that seven depolarized light, in virtue of an irregular structure which others did not possess. He subsequently, in the same year, examined *nine* diamonds, in all of which this irregular structure was exhibited. In one of these diamonds, of which he has given a drawing, there are various patches of depolarizing structure, some of which are in a state of compression, and others of dilatation, as if a soft substance had been kneaded, as it were, and pressed in different directions; while in another specimen there were three luminous bands, two of which exhibited the action of a compressing, and the intermediate one of a dilating force. M. Biot, in commenting upon these experiments, gave it as his opinion that these effects were the result of heat or of rapid evaporation;* but whatever was the cause, which this could not be, it is clear that the diamond has been in such a state as to yield to mechanical influences which have not operated upon other regularly crystallized bodies—that is, it has been *in a soft state*. The truth of this opinion was subsequently demonstrated by new experiments published in 1835. In a diamond laske with parallel surfaces he found two black specks of different sizes, which, under the microscope, proved to be cavities, round which, when examined by polarized light, there were four luminous wings or sectors separated by a black cross, and appeared a compressed structure. It was impossible to discover what these cavities contained, whether a fluid or a vapour, or a compressed gas; but they obviously contained something which had a mechanical energy capable of compressing the diamond, and it is equally obvious that the diamond was in a *soft state* when this force was exerted. These conclusions may startle ordinary readers; but when they know that cavities containing fluids, vapours, and compressed gas have been discovered in topaz and other precious stones, by Sir David Brewster, and the fluids, vapour, and gas actually taken out of them, their surprise will cease.

Such was the state of our information re-

* This experiment was first made by Sir David Brewster, and used for measuring the refractive power of fragments of minerals and other bodies.

* *Traité de Physique*, tom. iv. p. 573.

specting the interior structure of the diamond when the Koh-i-noor arrived in England, and was shewn in the Great Exhibition. As this beautiful diamond had been cut, not to display its brilliant colours, but merely to preserve it of as great a weight as possible, it had no value as an ornamental gem. Her Majesty, therefore, was naturally desirous of having it re-cut, and wishing to have this done in the best manner, and with the least loss of weight, the opinion of different individuals was taken. In a Paper read at the Geological section of the British Association at Belfast,* Sir David Brewster stated, that having been consulted on this point by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, he expressed his anxiety to examine so large a mass of diamond before it was reduced in size, and rendered unfit for examination by the facets with which it would be covered. His request was graciously granted, and he accordingly examined it at Buckingham Palace with the microscope, and by the aid of polarized light. Its general structure was such as he had found in smaller diamonds, but of course much more beautifully displayed. The polarized tints produced by compression were as high as the *blue* of the *second* order of colours, though in many places not higher than the *white* and the *yellow* of the first order. Near the very centre of the diamond there were three black specks scarcely visible to the eye, but which the microscope shewed to be *cavities surrounded with* sectors of polarized light. These cavities were of a very irregular shape, and the sectors of light partook a little of that irregularity. In the two smaller diamonds there were also several cavities with sectors of polarized light, and the same polarizing structure which indicates the existence of compressing and dilating forces.

On one side of the Koh-i-noor there was an incision or flaw which was supposed to have been made to fix the setting upon the stone. Upon examining this cavity with the microscope, Sir David Brewster observed a yellow light on one part of it. This yellow light was supposed to come from part of the gold being rubbed off. As gold, however, is never yellow by transmitted light, and as gold rubbed off by friction could not possibly be transparent, Sir David had no doubt that the yellow matter was yellow diamond, and that it had originally existed in a fluid state in the cavity. Upon examining next day, along with Mr. Tennant, the collection of diamonds in the British Museum, he saw a remarkable specimen of colourless diamond on the cleavage surface of which there grew a semi-octohedron of *yellow* diamond. Upon a narrow examination he found in the edge of the specimen a cavity with the extremity of which this yellow diamond was connected, and finding in the other end of the cavity a portion of amorphous yellow diamond, he was led to the conclusion that the semi-octohedron of yellow diamond had existed in a fluid state in the cavity, and having been driven from the cavity, had crystallized upon the cleavage surface. In the paper referred to Sir David remarked that he was aware that such a conclusion made a great demand upon the faith of the mineralogist, but that those who had seen, as he had often seen, cavities of topaz filled with crystals of different properties, some of which were fused by heat and some not,—who had seen these melted crystals again crystallize and recover their former magnitude and shape,—who had seen the fluid contents of cavities boil, and throw up clouds of vapor,—and who had seen the fluid contents of a cavity when opened fall upon the surface of the specimen and change into a regular crystal,—that those who had seen such results would not be unwilling to believe that there might be fluids in the cavities of diamonds capable of exhibiting the same phenomena.

Desirous of gaining more information on this curious subject our author examined nearly fifty diamonds, which were kindly lent to him by Messrs. Hunt and Roskill, and in a vast number of these, or almost all, he found numbers of cavities of the most singular forms, round which the substance of the stone was compressed and altered in the most remarkable manner. The shapes of the cavities sometimes resembled insects and lobsters, and the streaks and patches of colour in polarized light were of the most variegated kind. In examining the hundreds of diamonds which form some of the Oriental ornaments of the East India Company's Museum, our author found that all these stones contained large cavities, and were, in short, coarse and flawed diamonds which could not be cut into brilliants, or used in rings and other ornaments. It seems indeed to be a general truth that there are comparatively few diamonds without cavities and flaws, and that the diamond is a fouler stone than any other used in jewellery. Some diamonds, indeed, derive their *black* colour entirely from the number of cavities which they contain, and which will not permit any light to pass between them. What these cavities contain remains to be discovered. We have now before us a *crystallized* cavity in a specimen sent us by Mr. Sebastian

* See *Athenæum*, September 18th, 1852, p. 1014

Garrard, Jeweller to the Crown, but whatever it does contain is transparent. Berzelius informs us that there is a diamond in the collection of the Countess Porlier, in which, Mr. Parrot says, there is a black mass resembling coal, and which he thinks "is coal which did not become crystallized into the transparent gem;"* but the most remarkable cavity we have heard of is that described by Tavernier in a diamond of 104 carats, which was so foul in the middle that nobody would buy it. "A Hollander, he says, at length bought it, and, cutting it in two, found in the middle of it, *eight carats of filth like a rotten weed!*"

The process of cutting diamonds is one of great interest, and as the facts observed during the cutting of the Koh-i-noor are both new and valuable, we have much pleasure in adding the following communication, for which we are indebted to Mr. Garrard, under whose skilful care and superintendence this important operation has been so well and so safely performed.

"The process of diamond cutting is effected by a horizontal iron plate, of about ten inches in diameter, called a schyf, which revolves from two to three thousand times per minute. The diamond is fixed in a ball of lead which is fitted to an arm, one end of which rests upon the table in which the plate revolves, and the other, at which the ball containing the diamond is fixed, is pressed upon the plate by moveable weights at the discretion of the workman. The weights applied vary, according to the size of the facets intended to be cut, from two to thirty pounds.

"The recutting of the *Koh-i-noor* Diamond was commenced July 16, 1852, by his Grace the late Duke of Wellington, and the part first worked upon was that at which the planes P and F† meet, as it was necessary to reduce the stone at that part to level the set of the stone before the table could be formed, the intention being to turn the stone rather on one side, and to take the incision or flaw at E, and the fracture at M, as the boundaries or sides of the girdle. The next important step taken, was endeavouring to remove an incision or flaw at C, described by Professor Tennant and the Rev. W. Mitchell, as having been made for the purpose of holding the stone more firmly in its setting, but this incision was pronounced by the cutters (after having cut into and examined it) to be a natural flaw of a yellow tinge, a defect often met with in small stones. This statement, if correct, will prove that that part must have been an original plane of the Octohedron. The next step was cutting a facet on the top of the stone, immediately above the last mentioned flaw: Here the difference in the hardness of the stone first manifested itself, for while cutting this facet the lapidary, noticing that the work did not proceed so fast as before, allowed the diamond to remain on the schyf rather longer than usual, without taking it off to cool: the consequence of this was, that the diamond became so hot from the continued friction and greater weight applied, that it melted the lead in which it was fixed: Again, while cutting the same facet the schyf became so hot from the extreme hardness of the stone, that particles of iron mixed with diamond powder and oil became ignited. The probable cause of the diamond proving so hard at this part is, that the lapidary was obliged to cut directly upon the point or angle at which the two cleavage planes meet, so that he was cutting across the grain of the stone. Another step that was thought to be important by the cutters, was removing a flaw at G. This flaw was not thought to be dangerous by Professor Tennant and the Rev. W. Mitchell, as if it was allowed to run according to the cleavage, it would only take off a small piece, which it was necessary to remove in order to get the present shape. The cutters, however, had an idea that it might not take the desired direction, and therefore began to cut into it from both sides, and afterwards directly upon it, getting rid of it in this manner. While cutting, the stone appeared to get harder and harder the further it was cut into, especially just above the flaw at A, which part became so hard, that after working upon it for six hours, it was found impossible to proceed with the work at the usual speed, the schyf was then revolving at 2400 times a minute. The speed was then increased to 3000 times a minute, when the work gradually proceeded. When the back of the stone (the former top) was cut, it proved to be so soft, that a facet was cut in three hours, that would have occupied more than a day if the stone had been as hard at this part as at the top; the stone got gradually harder afterwards, especially underneath the flaw at A, which part was nearly as hard as that directly above it. An attempt was made to cut out the flaw at A, but it was found not desirable on account of its length. The flaw at N did not at all interfere with the cutting."

We had intended to give some account of the other precious stones of unusual

* Berzelius's *Rapport Annuel*, 1839, p. 297.

† We have left the letters in the text, though we cannot give the diagrams to which they refer.

magnitude and value, such as the *sapphires*, *rubies*, *emeralds*, and *topazes*, which have been preserved in the Royal Repositories of the eastern and western world; but our restricted limits will not permit us, and we shall therefore conclude this article with an explanation of the methods which may be successfully employed in distinguishing the diamond from the precious stones to which it has an outward resemblance, and the artificial pastes or glasses which are made to resemble it; and also the methods of distinguishing all the precious stones from their artificial imitations. These methods are very little known, and very little practised, and we think it discreditable, in an intellectual age like the present, that those who buy and sell and wear the rarest and finest jewels, should scarcely know the simplest rules for determining whether they are buying, selling, or wearing pieces of coloured glass.

When the diamond is rough and uncut it may be distinguished from rough and uncut sapphires, rubies, topazes, cairngorms, amethysts, and quartz, from its giving *vitreous* electricity by friction, while all the others give *resinous* electricity. The diamond, in its octohedral form, is distinguished from the octohedral spinelle, by the former easily scratching the latter. It is distinguished from the sapphire, whether colourless or coloured, by the latter having a specific gravity greater than the former; and it is distinguished from the colourless topaz by the latter giving signs of electricity for several hours after it has been rubbed, whereas the diamond loses its electricity in a quarter of an hour.

These methods are obviously suited only for the mineralogist and the jeweller, who have instruments for the purpose. When the stones are cut and set in gold, another method must be adopted. The *diamond* and the *garnet* are distinguished from all all other precious stones, by their having only *single refraction*, the others having *double refraction*, or giving a *double* image of a taper, or small light, when it is viewed through their facets. By the same means all precious stones, except diamond, and garnet, and spinelle, are distinguished from artificial ones, by the former having double refraction, and the latter only single refraction. Even when the precious stones are set opaque, that is, when we cannot see through them, it is easy to find whether the refraction is single or double, by looking into the stone at the image reflected from the posterior facets. If any of the precious or artificial stones are immersed in alcohol, or even water, they lose their lustre, while the diamond does not. This arises from their having an inferior refractive, and, consequently, reflecting power, so that the light reflected from their facets is very small compared with that which comes from the diamond. On a modification of this principle Sir David Brewster has constructed an instrument which he calls a *Lithoscope*,* for distinguishing precious stones from one another, and from their imitations. It consists of a small glass prism, which moves round a fixed joint, so that the lower surface of it may be laid upon the surface, or upon a facet, of the stone to be examined. In this position the two surfaces are parallel, and the image reflected from the lower surface of the prism would coincide with that reflected from the surface or facet of the stone. A drop of oil—oil of olives, oil of aniseed, oil of cassia, or sulphuret of carbon, may then, according to circumstances, be placed between the prism and the facet, and when this is done the observer turns a screw, so as to raise the prism a little round its joint. The effect of this is to separate the image of a taper, or a small luminous aperture, as given by the prism, from that given by the facet, and the difference in the intensity and the colour of these two images is an infallible indication of the nature of the stone. In the case of the diamond, with all oils, the image reflected from its facets will be many more times brighter than the image reflected from the face of the prism,† than with any other of the precious stones.

In perusing the preceding pages the reader cannot fail to have been struck with the singular nature of the substance to which his attention has been called. In all its characters and relations the diamond occupies a peculiar and a lofty place. It is the monarch of the subterranean world :—the material divinity which the Pagan, the Jew, and the Christian worship with equal idolatry. The *sacra fames auri*, the accursed thirst for gold, is an inferior and less exciting passion than that with which we would struggle for the gigantic brilliant, or scramble for its glittering fragments. Over this globe of ours there rules many a mighty

* From λιθος, a stone, and σκοπεω, to see. This instrument as made by Dolland, was exhibited to the British Association at York in 1832. See *First Report*, &c., p. 78.

† A well known though generally ill-practised method of distinguishing precious from artificial stones, is to touch them with the tongue. The stone being the best conductor of heat, will feel cold, and the glass much less so. The two should, previous to the experiment, be placed close to each other, till they have acquired the same temperature.

sovereign—on its surface are many rich and powerful empires—many a cloud capt tower and gorgeous palace rises above its plains—many a mass of gold and of silver has been wrenched from its bowels—and many a gem of art has arrested the intellectual eye;—but more loved than Sovereigns—more prized than empires—more coveted than gold—more admired than the creations of Raphael, is the sparkling diamond which flashes in the imperial crown or adorns the royal sceptre, or adds to beauty its only "foreign aid." Nor is this an ideal appreciation of its rarity and worth. It is in truth the very essence of property. It is riches condensed and wealth secured—too small to be seen by the midnight burglar—too easily hid to be seized by the tyrant—and too quickly carried away to be wrested from the patriot exile, or torn from the hunted outlaw. In vain would the vanquished monarch strive to remove his bags of gold, or transport his territorial domains;—but a diamond is an empire made portable, with which he might purchase a better kingdom and mount a prouder throne. Had the treasury of Crœsus been invested in brilliants he might have founded a nobler Lydia beyond the reach of his Persian invader.

It is difficult to express in words or in numbers the commercial value of the Diamond; but we may truly say that a string of Koh-i-noors, a furlong in length, would purchase the fee-simple of the globe, while a ring engirdling the Arctic Zone would buy up the whole planetary system.

A moral as well as a secular lesson is read to us by the diamond. Like every organism of this world it bears the impress of decay. The stoutest metal and the toughest gem exist by forces which time weakens and the elements destroy; and in that great catastrophe when the "Earth and the works which are therein shall be burned up," the jewel so highly prized will pass into its primeval cinder, while the silver and the gold will only change their form, and reappear perchance brighter and purer in the new earth which is to arise. Let us covet then the virgin gold and the pure silver of truth and justice, and estimate at their real value the glittering qualities and the dazzling possessions which bear so high a value in this world, but which have none in the next.

ART. VII.—1. *Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life among the Lowly.* By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Boston, 1852.

2. *Aunt Phillis's Cabin, or Southern Life as it is.* By MRS. EASTMAN.

3. *Slavery in the Southern States.* By a CAROLINIAN.*

THE ordinary office of a Review is to introduce a book to the notice of its readers. But no such task is ours in the present instance. The question asked with respect to "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" is not "have you read it?" but "what do you think of it?" It is already the book of two hemispheres. The number of its readers is one of the chief literary and social phenomena of the age. Within a few months it has been more than twenty times reprinted. It has spread in hundreds of thousands on both sides of the Atlantic, and has occupied the minds and tongues of men more than any other book of our time. Ordinary criticism has here for the present no place. We covet not the office of criticising a picture before which all that have eyes and hearts are still standing breathless as before the living reality. We deem it idle to tell of the author's powers of pathos to those whose eyes are yet moist with the tears it has called forth—to speak of mastery over human passions, to those whose hearts are still in turn shuddering with horror, glowing with indignation, and melting with pity. It is not for us to wield our critic-rod even but as a divining-rod, to point to where treasures lie; and gladly do we lay it down at the feet of the gifted authoress, whose highest praise it is that we lose the recollection of the genius that has produced this book, in the intense power of its truth, appealing to every human heart and conscience. We hail it as the noble work of a noble woman in a noble cause. And as a woman's work, we hail it, not merely admiringly, but hopefully, as a bright omen of the speedy triumph of this noble cause. We remember that it was a woman, Elizabeth Heyrick, who wrote the pamphlet that moved the heart of Wilberforce, to pity, and to pray over, the wrongs of the oppressed sons of Africa, and sent him forth to his life-long struggle on their behalf. We bid this true-hearted woman accept the omen of his success.

One mark of genius displayed in Mrs. Stowe's work it may be worth while to notice, because many of her readers are likely to have overlooked it, though feeling its effects. A work of fiction, read with more

---

*Published in *Fraser's Magazine*, October 1852.

intense and more widely-spread interest than any this age has seen, is destitute of that which is the ordinary resource of writers of fiction—the adventures of *two lovers*. The omission of this is what hardly any writer of fiction, bad or good, has ever ventured ont since Shakspeare, with the single exception of Defoe. Not even Sir Walter Scott, nor even Miss Austen, could venture on this omission. But it is to be found in two of the most powerfully interesting works that ever were produced—Robinson Crusoe and Uncle Tom.

But, as we have said, our object is not to furnish a literary criticism of this extraordinary book. We turn to the hideous social malady which roused the genius of its author, to compare with these awful pictures which all the civilized world has been studying for months past in a work of fiction, some specimens selected at random from the mass of plain but authentic documents now in our possession, illustrating the reception of her book in America, and more generally slave life, and the social position of the slaves in that country. Here we find ourselves so overloaded, that our chief trouble and grief is caused not by the difficulty of finding facts, but by the impossibility of finding a place in our pages for more than a few small fragments of the evidence which has been recently placed in our possession.

A preliminary word on the charge of partisanship which some have alleged against Mrs. Stowe. Amid all the horrors of her tale, and the anguish she keeps alive in every reader, she has taught us to feel deep sympathy with a class of slaveholders of whom, in her St. Clare and Mrs. Shelby, she has furnished us with types. Canning is reported to have said that "to depend upon the honour of another is to depend upon his will; and to depend upon the will of another is to be a slave." Now, while Mrs. Stowe has shown that circumstances uncontrollable by the slave-owner must render his *honour* no security at all to the slave, from any extremes of evil possible under the *system*, yet none can read her book without saying, "there *is* honour among slaveholders." She has fully recognised what we know to be a fact—the existence of many slave-owners in the South States who care for and take pains to promote the welfare of their slaves—who would choose to be the victims rather than the inflictors of the cruelties she has laid bare. We know that there are many to whose high moral natures the system of slavery is an overwhelming burden—who having received it as a heritage from their fathers, feel it to be a heritage of wo, and are ready to say "the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." Mrs. Stowe has taught us generous sympathy for these men, while she has revealed to us the uncontrollable necessities of a *system* which is an incubus on the moral energies of the western world, and deliverance from which is become a matter of life and death. Her book leaves the conviction that the evil lies in the *essence* of the system and not in its *accidents*. She illustrates the manner in which the most frightful sufferings naturally issue out of the most favourable circumstances in which slavery can exist. The dramatic power of the work is not more remarkable than the moderation, large views, and excellent sense of the writer.

Amid all the tributes to this appeal of Mrs. Stowe to every human feeling and every christian principle, there is, perhaps, no greater tribute to its power than the kind and multitude of *answers* that have issued, and are still issuing, from the upholders and abettors of the slave-system, of whose horrors this tremendous revelation has been made. We have said that the power of the book lies in its truth, directed to the consciences of men—and, accordingly, we find that the consciences of men are dealing with it *as* truth. And perhaps it is in its being an appeal to conscience, and in its being responded to as such, that the book stands out from the class to which it nominally belongs. When did an army of journalists, and novelists, and pamphleteers—in fact, all the legal organs of society, ever before so set themselves in battle-array to contend against the truth of a so-called "work of fiction?" When, before, were so many pens employed to refute the "wild and unreal pictures"—the "monstrous exaggerations"—the "abominable libels"—to repel the "calumny and insult" of a novel? But the fact is, that Mrs. Stowe has told the truth fearlessly; and therefore is she not only answered, but answered wrathfully; and should these answers not teach us to doubt her statements, they will, at least, teach us to estimate the degree of moral courage, the power of christian principle, required to enable her to speak the truth in America.

We shall first give our readers a specimen of the many answers to Mrs. Stowe, which we think may assist them to decide whether her assailants give more honourable testimony to the character of Southern slaveholders than she herself does. We give the following article at full length:—

(*From the Weekly Picayune, New Orleans, August* 30, 1852.)

"Uncle Tom."

"It is stated in Eastern papers that an experienced writer in Boston is engaged in dramatizing the abolition novel, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and that it is about to be produced upon the stage in that city. The gross misrepresentations of the south, which have been propagated so extensively through the press, with the laudations of editors, politicians, and pious fanatics of the pulpit, are to be presented in tableaux, and the lies they contain acted by living libellers, before crowds of deluded spectators. The stage is to be employed in depicting to the people of the north the whole body of the people of the south, as living in a state of profligacy, cruelty, and crime—tyrants, who fear not God, and cruelly oppress their fellow-creatures; and the drama is thus enlisted among the promoters of sectional hatred, a teacher and preacher of national discord, whose end inevitably would be the disruption of the Union. How long is it supposed that political harmony can subsist, after the alienation of feeling shall have been fully established which this organized system of misrepresentation and insult, on one side, and the natural instincts of resentment and retaliation on the other, must create? What better materials can be found for mutual hatred and perpetual warfare? How long would men consent to live together on such terms; and from a severed Union, what else can follow but open and unappeasable hostilities, more real and more insatiate than those which, for hundreds of years, made France and England, divided only by a narrow firth, look on each other as natural enemies; and every individual Englishman think of a Frenchman as something he was bound to hate and destroy? The tendency of all the anti-slavery demonstrations in the north—abolition novels, abolition lectures, pictorial abolitionism, and now the abuse of the stage to the purposes of calumny and insult, in aid of abolitionism—is to create a more intense international enmity, than could ever rage between nations of different languages and institutions. There are no feuds so deadly as those of disunited families; no enemies so remorseless as brothers who have once torn asunder all the ties and charities of kindred blood.

"It is with a shuddering thought of these consequences, which the folly and cupidity of the times will not see, that we read of the popularity, at the north, of such books as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin;' and the attempts to give it a more effective form, by presenting it on the stage, fixing it with all the arts of scenery, on the memory of thousands who do not read, as a true picture of life and morals at the south; bringing up a new generation with the ineradicable idea that there is in one-half the territory of the United States, a people to whom the monstrous inhumanities and shameless corruptions described with so much deplorable art by this authoress, are familiar and welcome as their daily food. The success of the attempt must be a dreadful calamity, the source of innumerable horrors to both sections and both races; and even if it should not prove to be successful, the attempt itself is a great crime, meriting universal abhorrence. It is deplorable that a woman should be the chief instrument in this labour of mischief. We know nothing of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, except from her book; but there is enough in that to give her an odious notoriety. She has too much mind not to comprehend the wicked injustice and dangerous consequences of the distorted picture she has drawn of slave-life and southern morals. She knows that a picture of northern society, in which the Polly Bodines, the Ann Hoggs, and John W. Websters, were portrayed as true representatives of the principles and habits of New York or Massachusetts, would be as correct in material facts, as her story of planting life in the south; and she would no doubt feel an inexpressible disgust for the yellow bound literature which should circulate such abominations.

"But her own task has been not a particle more honourable, nay, her work ought to be ranked below those in its moral purpose, and herself rebuked with sterner severity; because she has degraded to her unseemly and mischievous labours powers which might have been usefully and gracefully devoted to delicate and womanly compositions. The secret of this voluntary debasement is, we fear, to be found in a calculation of profit most cordially masculine, in the misusing of her thoughts for the sake of gain. The dollars with which she has been enabled to make herself rich, to buy that snug country place, and seat herself down for a life of luxurious leisure, had more attractions for her than the love of truth, or the natural feminine instincts for peace. Hence she dipped her pen in the bitterest gall of malevolence, and has written one of the most abominable libels which the age has produced, full of all manner of calumnies and uncharitableness; and provocative of mischief beyond her power to check, if she would. Such a desecration of woman's nature is a sorry and a rare sight, even in this age of feminine aspirations to rivalry with man in all his harshest of traits, and all his most unamiable pursuits."

Now assuredly the writer of such a paragraph as the above leaves little doubt that he is very angry. He does not pretend to any philosophic indifference to unjust accusation, still less to the calm dignity of christian patience under calumny. He does not say, "Let the galled jade wince, my withers are unwrung." No, he honestly says, "We have galls, and though we have some grace, yet have we some revenge." He *is* angry, and he lets us see it. Not only to Mrs. Stowe herself does he attribute heartless cruelty, shameless falsehood, and gross cupidity, but also to all those aiding her efforts, or even giving credit to her statements; and, according to him, the number is very great. In justice to him, we are bound to mention that a similar testimony is borne to the character of a large proportion of the "Northerns" by the author of "Aunt Phillis's Cabin," another of the answers to "Uncle Tom." Now, sup-

posing this to be true, or half true, it follows that in about half of the United States, there are very many persons mercenary, unjust, reckless, passionate, cruel, and merciless; and we are naturally led to inquire which of these qualities render the persons in whom they are displayed, fit to have *uncontrolled power* over their fellow-men? And if it be established that in the *Northern* States there is a considerable proportion of persons unfit to be entrusted with *uncontrolled power*, what warrant have we that it is not the same in the *South?* what reason have we to believe that the "Southerners" are universally mild, humane, conscientious, and considerate? We cannot find a reason in the difference of race, for they are, on the whole, the same race; nor can we suppose a few degrees of latitude can make so great a difference of character. Where then can we find any reason to trust the "Southerns" while distrusting the "Northerns," unless, indeed, we are to believe that the *non-existence of slavery* can corrupt the morals of a people, or its *existence* confer and promote moral elevation?

On the whole, we think we have reason to congratulate Mrs. Stowe on having at least a candid opponent in the editor of the New Orleans paper. Not only by not attempting to deny does he admit the *possibility* of the occurrence of these "outrageous inhumanities," and "shameless corruptions described with so much deplorable art," but he furnishes us in the very same paper with an instance of their actual occurrence. We copy the paragraph:—

"*Outrageous Cruelty—Quick Retribution.*—The *Memphis Eagle* states that, some time since, one Matthew Rayner, who resides in the vicinity of Raleigh, Tenn., had one of his negro men to run away. He apprehended him in Memphis, and took him home. The next day he commenced a cruel and fiend-like punishment, and, after inflicting upon him hundreds of lashes, concluded by cutting off both of the negro's ears close to his head. The shocking facts spread through the neighbourhood, and news was *someway* conveyed to Rayner that a warrant had been issued for his apprehension. Upon hearing this he immediately left the county, and arrived at the residence of a Mr. Beard, in Tipton county, where he died the next day, and was buried at his residence on the 10th instant."

There, certainly, is here strong expression of very natural horror; and yet we cannot but suspect that it is the *cropping off the man's ears* that has excited it, from his expectation that legal punishment was to follow the deed. For it is certain that this would not have been entailed by any amount of mere *flogging*. Indeed, how could it? Unless every slave against whom his master had any complaint, were brought before a magistrate, who should allot the due amount, and also see it inflicted? But this would involve the master's passing his whole life before the tribunal: and therefore, with all due regard for his valuable time, and to the claims of justice for immediate satisfaction, by the laws of South Carolina and Louisiana, a discretionary power is given to the master himself to punish his slaves "by whipping or beating with a horse-whip, cow-skin switch, or stick, or by ironing or impressing."*

But though the paragraph states that the legal authorities did take cognizance of this crime so far as to issue a warrant for the arrest of its perpetrator, with a view, it is to be presumed, to bring him to trial; yet we cannot be sure what the result might have been, or whether punishment would have been inflicted. And our doubt will not appear irrational when it is remembered that this occurrence took place in Memphis, a town in the State of Tennessee, whose slave-code actually contains a provision that makes the penalty of false witness to be "*a cropping*" of both ears, with an exposure of the negro in the pillory for two hours, each ear being successively nailed to it for one hour, and then cut off.†

But we have other testimony besides that furnished by the indignation or the alarm of this New Orleans exponent of the minds of the Southern slaveholders, to the truthfulness of Mrs. Stowe's representations of the realities of slave-life; we have ourselves obtained the strong testimony of a distinguished author, a Barbadian by birth, and who has himself owned slaves. He says, (in a letter to a friend,) "The picture of American slavery in Uncle Tom is not the less faithful because a stranger visiting the country sees so little of it; and because the *general* conduct of slave-owners may be humane. The worst cases no one sees. Slavery was mitigated in our West Indian Colonies by the small size of the islands, and the check of public opinion which reaches every corner. But in the remote districts of America, and even of Jamaica, what may and must have taken place when every master was a law to himself?"

And this last fact enables us to reconcile the contradictory reports which present the condition of the slave in such totally different aspects. "Every master is a law to

* Laws of Carolina. Brevard's Digest. Slaves, 543. And Digest of Louisiana. Code Noir, sect. Crimes and Punishments. Sect. 16, vol. i.

† Statute Law of Tennessee, vol. i. Slaves, p. 313.

himself," and according as he is humane and generous, or selfish and cruel, controlled or uncontrolled, by the external circumstances in which he is placed, so does he deal with his slaves. A friend of ours told us that he was once staying in a house where a lady who was visiting rebuked him for saying something against slavery, asking whether he had ever been in the West Indies. He said "No, but that he was intimate with many West Indians." She replied, that he could not be any judge. She had spent six weeks in Jamaica with her friend Mr. Smith, or Mr. Jones, and she could testify that the slaves were well treated, and very happy, and far better off than the poor of this country. The lady of the house, who had much sly humour, observed to her, "Your friend Mr. Smith was a *remarkably* kind-hearted, good man, was he not?" "Oh, yes, most *singularly* so." Her auditors exchanged glances, but left her contented with her supposed proof.

Such was the good lady's report, and we doubt not there are many similar instances. But we are obliged to present another and not quite so pleasing picture of the negro's *happiness*, under the beneficent rule of the absolute owner of the negro, "body and soul." This picture of human life under a slave system is drawn from informations sworn before the House of Commons, on occasion of the inquiry into the state of the West Indian Colonies. We would gladly spare our readers and ourselves the disgusting details of facts which, taken from legal documents, exhibit as cruel an infliction of *physical suffering* as do those statements of Mrs. Stowe, which her milder assailants characterize as "gross exaggerations," as "a most wild and unreal picture of slavery," as "imaginative sketches," as "well-seasoned horrors." It is matter of fact, that in the island of Tortola, on one plantation, during a period of three years, *sixty* negroes died from severity of punishment, and for that whole time but *one* negro died a natural death. Children of nine years old were taken up by the heels and dipped into tubs of water with their heads downward, kept there till stifled, then taken out and suffered to recover breath, when they were again treated in the same manner, and afterwards suspended from a tree with the hands tied together, and cart-whipped. In one case a child, about ten years of age, died with its skin almost entirely off. It had been dipped, by its master's order, into a caldron of boiling liquor. Three women suspected of an attempt to poison their mistress, had a quantity of boiling water poured down their throats, and after being severely cart-whipped, were sent chained together and in a state of entire nakedness to work in the fields. But we pause. There are other parts of this Aceldama upon which we dare not enter. Could it be credible by any one unacquainted with the baleful influence of this system upon all who breathe its atmosphere, that this wretch was regarded by the people around him as a "gentleman that had a 'comical way' with his negroes, but was in the main a good man."

The late Sir Charles Wale, when governor of an island taken from the French, set himself to devise plans (which were put a stop to by the cession of the island to France) for mitigating the horrors of slavery. One of the instances which came under his notice (we speak on the best authority, and are prepared to verify the facts by indubitable proofs) was that of a negro who had been suspended by the arms for several weeks, until he had so completely lost the use of them, that he was ever after obliged, unless some one fed him like an infant, to take his food like a dog by putting down his mouth to it.

But it may be said further, that the particular cases we have mentioned happened many years ago, and in an obscure island of the West Indies. We will call another witness to bear his testimony to the state of things at this day in New Orleans. That witness is Dr. Howe, the friend and instructor of Laura Bridgman.* In a letter from him to Mr. Charles Sumner, which we have read, he thus bears the testimony of an eye-witness against slavery:—

"I have passed ten days in New Orleans, not unprofitably, I trust, in examining the public institutions—the schools, asylums, hospitals, prisons, &c. With the exception of the first there is little hope of amelioration. I know not how much merit there may be in their system, but I do know that, in the administration of the penal code, there are abominations which should bring down the fate of Sodom upon the city.

"If Howard or Mrs. Fry ever discovered so ill administered a den of thieves as the New Orleans prison, they never described it. In the negro's apartment I saw much which made me blush that I was a white man, and which for a moment stirred up an evil spirit in my animal nature. Entering a large paved court-yard, around which ran galleries filled with slaves of all ages, sexes, and colours, I heard the snap of a whip, every stroke of which sounded like the sharp crack of a pistol. I turned my head, and beheld a sight which absolutely chilled me to the marrow of my bones, and gave me, for the first time in my life, the sensation of my hair stiffening at the roots. There lay a black girl flat upon her face on a board, her two thumbs tied, and fas-

*Mentioned in Archbishop Whately's *Elements of Logic*, (note, pp. 19, 20, 9th edition.)

tened to one end, her feet tied and drawn tightly to the other end, while a strap passed over the small of her back, and fastened around the board, compressed her closely to it. Below the strap she was entirely naked. By her side, and six feet off, stood a huge negro, with a long whip, which he applied with dreadful power and wonderful precision. Every stroke brought away a strip of skin, which clung to the lash, or fell quivering on the pavement, while the blood followed after it. The poor creature writhed and shrieked, and in a voice which showed alike her fear of death and her dreadful agony, screamed to her master, who stood at her head, 'Oh, spare my life; don't cut my soul out!' But still fell the horrid lash; still strip after strip pealed off from the skin; gash after gash was cut in her living flesh, until it became a livid and bloody mass of raw and quivering muscle.

"It was with the greatest difficulty I refrained from springing upon the torturer, and arresting his lash; but alas, what could I do, but turn aside to hide my tears for the sufferer, and my blushes for humanity!

"This was in a public and regularly organized prison; the punishment was one recognised and authorized by the law. But think you the poor wretch had committed a heinous offence, and had been convicted thereof, and sentenced to the lash? Not at all! She was brought by her master to be whipped by the common executioner, without trial, judge, or jury, just at his beck or nod, for some real or supposed offence, or to gratify his own whim or malice. And he may bring her day after day, without cause assigned, and inflict any number of lashes he pleases, short of twenty-five, provided only he pays the fee. Or if he choose, he may have a private whipping-board on his own premises, and brutalize himself there.

"A shocking part of this horrid punishment was its publicity, as I have said; it was in a court-yard, surrounded by galleries, which were filled with coloured persons of all sexes—runaway slaves committed for some crime, or slaves up for sale. You would naturally suppose they crowded forward and gazed horror-stricken at the brutal spectacle below; but they did not; many of them hardly noticed it, and many were entirely indifferent to it. They went on in their childish pursuits, and some were laughing outright in the distant parts of the galleries;—so low can man created in God's image be sunk in brutality."

And now, has Mrs. Stowe exaggerated? Do the colours of her "most wild and unreal picture"—"the phantoms of a prurient imagination" fade before the light of sober reality? The heart shudders and the nerves quiver as we read her tale of torture and of death; but, in the actual working of the system itself, there are deeper horrors which she has *not* unrolled, on that scroll like unto the Prophet's, "written within and without, lamentations, and mourning, and woe." Hear her own words. We have ourselves been favoured with the sight of a letter from her, and we give the heart-words of this true-hearted woman. She is speaking of her book:—"There has been hardly a day since it has been published that confirmatory voices have not come from southern slaveholders; men who have long waited for an opportunity to speak, and who now come out to attest its truth—for, alas! they know what I know, and they must perceive that I know it, that the half is not told in that book. A book that should tell all would not be credited—*it could not be read.* . . . . I have only wondered some moments, in the anguish of the survey, that the firm earth does not collapse to hide such horror from the sun!"

But now assuming that no single instance could be proved of wrong suffered from this entire dependence of many men upon the arbitrary will of one man—and this absolute dependence is the essence of slavery—this surely could be no ground for the defence of a system under which there could be a *possibility*, not merely of its occurring, but of its occurring without violating one essential principle of that system. "Nephew," said Algernon Sydney in prison on the night before his execution, "I value not my own life a chip; but what concerns me is that *the law* which takes away my life, *may* hang every one of you whenever it is thought convenient."

But even supposing the *system* were such as to be quite unexceptionable, when well administered, and that nothing but its *abuses* were ever deserving of censure,—are the citizens of the United States prepared to pass a verdict of acquittal in *all* cases, and on every kind of system, on such grounds? Are they prepared, for instance, to substitute for their boasted republican institutions an absolute monarchy? Yet it is plain that a perfectly wise and good monarch would devote himself to the welfare of his people, and would most effectually promote it. And if so *many hundred thousands* of their slave-owners are thus qualified, (which they must be, to insure the good treatment of the slaves,) it would not be difficult for them to select *one* who should be thus qualified, and make him their autocrat. As for the atrocious cruelties of a Nero or a Domitian, they do not belong to the "institution itself;" they are only the *abuses* of it.

True it is that we ought to distinguish between the legitimate purpose—the intrinsic character—of any system, and its abuses. But to put out of account altogether the greater or less liability to abuses, and the greater or less enormity of them, and quietly to ignore every *incidental* evil, would be, in the ordinary concerns of life, regarded as proof of insanity. Who, for instance,

would leave children at play in a room full of loaded fire-arms, and edge-tools, and open casks of gunpowder? Yet the tools were not *designed* to cut them, or the guns to shoot them. If they maim, kill, or blow up one another, these are only *abuses*. But what American, North or South, would like to be himself exposed to the risk of such abuses as, by their own shewing, slavery is liable to?

A writer in a late number of "The Times," finds security and protection for the slaves against the neglect, the recklessness, the violence, and the cruelty of their owners, in the principle of self-interest—because ill-treatment of them would impair their value. But does self-interest, we ask, avail to secure from man's neglect, or his violence, or his cruelty, the *brute* animals that are his property? Surely, we need only point to the daily police-reports, to find abundant evidence that, in the case of brute property, legal interposition is necessary to protect the horse, the donkey, the cattle, from him who on the ground of self-interest is the most concerned in their wellbeing. Why, then, should self-interest suffice to guard the negro from the passions and cruelty of an owner, in whose eye he ranks not higher than his cattle? And what is the rage of a passionate man against a *brute*, compared with what is felt against a fellow *man?*

The following advertisement, copied verbatim by Sir Charles Lyell from a Natchez paper, illustrates the spirit and manner in which human "chattels" are disposed of in America in the intercourse of commerce:—

"NINETY NEGROES FOR SALE.

"I have about ninety negroes just arrived from Richmond, Virginia, field hands, horse-servants, carriage-drivers, two semptresses, several very fine cooks, (females,) and one very fine cook, (male.) One black-smith, one carpenter, and some excellent mules, and excellent waggons and harness, and one very fine riding horse—all of which I will sell at the most reasonable prices. I have made arrangements in Richmond, Va., to have regular shipments every month, and intend to keep a good stock on hand of every description of servants during the season.

"Natchez, October 16th. JOHN D. JAMES."

And in a St. Louis paper, the following passage occurs in the account of a steam-boat collision:—

"We learn that the passengers lost all their *effects;* one gentleman in particular lost nine negroes and fourteen horses."

The law of South Carolina expressly declares—"Slaves shall be deemed, taken, reputed, and adjudged, to be *chattels personal* in the hands of their masters and possessors to all intents and purposes whatever." There is, moreover, a plain admission on the part of the Slave States Legislature, that there is nothing that can be inflicted on a man, in this life, worse than slavery, in the fact that the punishment affixed to crimes committed by the slaves, is always *death*. Cases of arson, theft, and burglary, which would be comparatively lightly dealt with, if committed by white men, are all death, to the slave. But the legislature could not do otherwise, and this necessity is strongly stated in the following extract from "The Cincinnati Herald:"—

"A negro has committed a crime, is convicted and brought for sentence, and the question arises, what shall that sentence be? Shall he be fined? No, for we have already robbed him of all his property,—not a penny left which he can call his own. A fine, therefore, is out of the question. Shall we deprive him of liberty? We have done that already. We have completely stripped him of every right; we have sacrificed them to our avarice. We cannot take away that which he has not; and imprisonment to him would be a sweet pastime, a relief from the burning sun of the field, a source of real enjoyment. We cannot *punish* him by imprisonment; the dungeon would be a solace, a reward. We might separate him from his wife and children, and cause him to suffer thus as a punishment. No wife and children he has; they were sold away from him long ago. His children are torn from each other, and the mother from children and husband both. We cannot make him feel again on that point. The wound was made, but the agony is over now, and the medicine was a despair, which palsied the heart beyond all power of feeling again. Shall we load him with chains? No, the marks on his wrists and ankles show yet, now raw and bloody, where the fetters were, when he was manacled *without* a crime, when he was chained in the gang, to be *driven* as a brute. There is no *punishment* in chains for him. Can we not scourge him? No, look at his back, fresh torn as it is with the lash. Scourging and torture are a familiar part of daily life with him. Everything but life has already, and often, been drained by the overseer's scourge; and scourging, therefore, would scarcely rise in his judgment to the dignity of a judicial infliction, and would produce very little *moral* effect.

"We might thrust him out of the pale of humanity, and pursue him and hunt him down as we would a beast of prey. That has been done already, more than once, and such incidents are familiar to him, and would present none of the terrors of novelty. That long scar on his cheek was where the bloodhound tore him; and that red line along his head was ploughed by a rifle-shot from his pursuing master. He has been *hunted* already. What then can be done with one whose common life, whose daily experience, is so horrible, that legal ingenuity and power, panting for revenge, can de-

vise nothing worse than what is already upon him! One thing only remains, as the editor of the *Herald* has said,—*He can be killed.* Everything but death he suffers now. *Let him be killed!*"

Such, then, is the light in which the slave is regarded by the slaveholder, by the laws of the country, and by a large proportion of its inhabitants. But still worse than this is the light in which the poor negro considers himself. And surely the worst feature of slavery after all, is that *conscious degradation of the man*, which is inseparable from his contented acquiescence in being a "chattel." Nor has Mrs. Stowe, in her admirable delineation of the negro character, omitted some happy touches in reference to this point. Eva is pleading with Topsy:

"'What does make you so bad, Topsy? Why won't you try and be good? Don't you love *anybody*, Topsy?'

"'Donno know nothing 'bout love; I loves candy and sich, that's all,' said Topsy.

"'But you love your father and mother?'

"'Never had none, ye know. I telled ye that, Miss Eva.'

"'Oh, I know,' said Eva, sadly; 'but hadn't you any brother, or sister, or aunt, or——'

"'No, none on 'em—never had nothing nor nobody.'

"'But Topsy, if you'd only try to be good, you might——'

"'Couldn't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I was ever so good,' said Topsy. 'If I could be skinned, and come white, I'd try then.'

"'But people can love you if you are black. Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you if you were good.'

"Topsy gave the short blunt laugh that was her common mode of expressing incredulity.

"'Do not you think so?' said Eva.

"'No, she can't bar me, 'cause I'm a nigger! She'd's soon have a toad touch her. There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin'. I don't care,' said Topsy, beginning to whistle.

"'O Topsy, poor child, *I* love you!' said Eva, with a sudden burst of feeling—and laying her little thin, white hand on Topsy's shoulder—'I love you, because you haven't had any father, or mother, or friends; because you've been a poor abused child! I love you, and I want you to be good. I am very unwell, Topsy, and I think I shan't live a great while; and it really grieves me, to have you be so naughty. I wish you would try to be good for my sake;—it's only a little while I shall be with you.'

"The round keen eyes of the black child were overcast with tears; large bright drops rolled heavily down, one by one, and fell on the little white hand. Yes, in that moment a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love, had penetrated the darkness of her heathen soul! She laid her head down between her knees, and wept and sobbed! while the beautiful child, bending over her, looked like the picture of some bright angel stooping to reclaim a sinner.

"'Poor Topsy!' said Eva. 'Don't you know that Jesus loves all alike? He is just as willing to love you as me. He loves you just as I do,—only more, because he is better. He will help you to be good, and you can go to heaven at last, and be an angel for ever, just as much as if you were white. Only think of it, Topsy! *You* can be one of those spirits bright Uncle Tom sings about.'

"'Oh dear Miss Eva, dear Miss Eva!' said the child, 'I will try, I will try! I never did care nothin' about it before.'

"St. Clare at this instant dropped the curtain. 'It puts me in mind of mother,' he said to Miss Ophelia. 'It is true what she told me; if we want to give sight to the blind, we must be willing to do as Christ did—call them to us, *and put our hands on them.*'"

A similar consciousness of inferiority is apparent in some of Aunt Chloe's little speeches. It was not in keeping with Mrs. Stowe's object to make it more prominent.

But still we are told on every side that the slaves are the happiest people in the world. The New Orleans paper says so, and Mrs. Eastman says so, and, indeed, almost every Anti-Abolitionist says so.* Slaves, we are told, *like* slavery. And if this be meant to apply only to individual instances, we are ready to admit it to be true. But if it be meant to assert that such is the case universally, or even generally, we feel bound, before we can give our assent to the proposition, to make a few inquiries. What is the meaning of the countless advertisements, offering rewards for the apprehension of runaway slaves, to be recognised by marks sufficient to prove the "happy" state they left, and which they were too dull or too ungrateful to appreciate? What is the meaning of certain legal provisions and enactments in the slave code of the States? Surely those legislators could not have been so fully impressed with this contentment with, not to say, preference for slavery, when they penned such enactments as that of Mississippi, which declares that "any

* The application of the word "happy" to slaves, suggests a circumstance related by Clarkson, the Negro's Friend. It occurred during the course of the Parliamentary Inquiry, previous to the passing of Sir William Dolben's bill, brought in with a view to lessen the horrors of the middle passage, by limiting the number of the slave cargo in proportion to the tonnage of the vessel. The evidence offered by the opponents of the measure was wound up by the statement that this voyage was one of the *happiest periods* of the niggers' lives, and it was given as a proof that, when upon the deck, they were in the habit of amusing themselves by dancing. But, when the witnesses came to be cross-examined, what description did they give of the dancing? The negroes, who usually lay chained two and two by the hands and feet, and heavily ironed, were made, after meals, to *jump for exercise*, deemed so necessary to their health that they were whipped if they refused to do it, and this jumping was what the witnesses called "*dancing*."

person finding a fugitive negro, may seize, apprehend, and whip him on the spot—that any negro travelling without a pass is liable to be seized and put into jail—that the jailer shall interrogate the prisoners, and write by mail to the person by them described as master; if the account be false, he shall give each prisoner twenty-five lashes—well laid on," and "interrogate them anew," &c.; and for the space of six months it shall be his duty "alternately to interrogate and whip as aforesaid." What is the meaning of that law of South Carolina,* declaring death to be the punishment not only of the runaway slave, but of any person who shall choose to aid him in his escape? Or of that of Louisiana,† declaring it lawful to "fire upon any slaves who do not stop when pursued? Or of that of Tennessee, declaring it lawful for any person whatsoever, and by such ways or means as he or *she* (and it is such as these that charge Mrs. Stowe with being unfeminine) shall think fit to put to death any fugitive slave?"‡

Why is it that there is not anything like an admission of this love of slavery in the negro throughout the whole *legislative* code of the system, unless he find it in the enactment which, in the laws of Louisiana and Tennessee, provides for the gratification of this very natural desire for restoration to his cherished bondage, by ordering that if unreclaimed by the master, from whom he has escaped, he should be sold, or in that other of those morally elevating edicts, which decrees rewards to any citizen who shall apprehend the runaway? What is the meaning of the provision of the constitution of Mississippi?—"The legislature shall have no power to pass laws for the emancipation of slaves, without the consent of their owners, *unless when the slave shall have rendered the State some distinguished service.*"‖ Who can reconcile freedom being there offered as a fit reward for distinguished service rendered to the State, with the continual assertions that the slaves would not accept freedom if offered to them? We think we shall scarcely be accused of pressing our argument too far, when we assert that we have been furnished with abundant proof, not only that the love of slavery is neither inherent in the negro, nor universally acquired by him, but that it is not considered to be so by the *legislators* for this "Domestic Institution."

This pretence, that slaves love slavery, that they are but coquetting with it, and want only to have a little gentle violence used, is like the Irish vindication in each case of the common crime of abduction,—"The girl wished in her heart to be carried off, and only wanted an excuse to give her father and mother." Thus, too, the French, when invading Rome, urged that the Romans in their hearts wished for the overthrow of the Republic, but were overawed by bandits, and were glad of the coercion. If true, these statements only prove the consummated moral ruin of the victims of the system.

But perhaps we might be better able to form some conception of this "happiness," if we could clearly understand the meaning of an expression which seems a favorite one with the Carolinian, whose letter, in vindication of the slaveholders and Southern slavery, has just appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*. It professes to be an answer on the part of the southern slaveholders to the question, "What do you think of Uncle Tom's Cabin?" In this pamphlet the writer speaks more than once of the "*vis medicatrix* of nature correcting the insufficiencies of legislation." Truly such "insufficiencies" must be intended as Montesquieu thus describes,—"La loi de l'esclavage n'a jamais pu être utile à l'esclave; elle est dans tous les cas *contre* lui sans *jamais* être *pour* lui: ce qui est contraire au principe fondamental de toutes les sociétés."

According to Montesquieu, there is not merely inadequate provision but adverse power. But to correct these "insufficiencies of law," the "*vis medicatrix* of nature" comes in, according to the Carolinian. He had better have said that the law of the slave system comes in to correct nature—that is after the fashion of a slaveholder's correction—to trample upon it and to crush it. And he might have added that it was necessary to the very existence of slavery that law *should* come in to defend and maintain it. To use the eloquent language of Mr. Charles Sumner, in his speech on the 26th of August in the American Senate, on the Fugitive Slave Bill:—"A power so peculiar and offensive, so hostile to reason, so repugnant to the law of nature and the inborn rights of man, which despoils its victims of the fruits of their labour; which substitutes concubinage for marriage; which abrogates the relation of parent and child; which, by a denial of education, abuses the intellect, prevents a true knowledge of God, and murders the very soul; which, amidst a plausible physical comfort, degrades man, created in the divine image, to the level of a beast;—such a power, so eminent, so

* Brevard's Digest, vol. ii. p. 236.

† Brevard's Digest of the Laws of Louisiana, Code Noir, vol. i. § 33.

‡ Laws of Tennessee, 1831, vol. i. p. 321.

‖ Laws of Mississippi, Section ii.

transcendent, so tyrannical, so unjust, can find no place in any system of government, unless by virtue of *positive sanction.* It can spring from no doubtful phrases. It must be declared by unambiguous words, incapable of a double sense." So self-evident is this, that even the slaveholding tribunals have seen it. Mr. Sumner quotes the Supreme Court of Kentucky as declaring,—"We view this as a right existing by *positive* law of a municipal character, without foundation in the law of nature or the common law.

The main argument of the Carolinian may be thus shortly stated,—"Whatever is not evil *in itself* ought to be judged favourably and acquitted without any reference to its *abuses.* Slavery is not evil in itself; therefore it must be judged irrespective of its abuses." We deny both premises, and for reasons already given. We deny the first premiss, because, though it is true that we ought to *distinguish* between evils that are intrinsic, and incidental evils arising from accidental abuse; and also true that we ought not to condemn *at once* whatever may be abused—for food may cause death to the intemperate; yet to put *out of account altogether* the danger of abuses to which any thing is liable, is an absurdity which no one would be guilty of in ordinary life. The tyranny of Nero was only the abuse of power which an absolute sovereign *might* have exercised for the benefit of his subjects.

We also deny the second premiss, that slavery is not evil in itself. Slavery is an evil when not abused, and when the master is kind and judicious. Even if we could find security for a despot, that he should exercise his despotic power benevolently, yet his sway must degrade and paralyze the character of his subjects. For proof we need only point to the Indians under the rule of the Jesuits in Paraguay.

Slavery unnaturally dissociates the ideas of *labour* and of *subsistence and enjoyment.* Any clown in England talks of "looking out for work," and grieves at being "out of work"—thereby meaning wages. Now the most intelligent slave can have no such association in his mind. But the Carolinian regards slavery as an excellent *training.* What then, we ask, is its end? Children are kept in a state of implicit submission, and compulsory training, on purpose that they may grow up into men fit to take care of themselves; and slaves it seems *on purpose* that they may *not.*

Mrs. Stowe has perceived (what is often overlooked) the peculiar difficulty, arising from his condition, in giving such moral lessons to the negro as shall be consistent with slave institutions. She puts the remark into the mouth of St. Clare, the intellectual, the refined, the humane and generous St. Clare, who would have been the great and the noble but for

> "Things incomplete and purposes betrayed,
> The saddest transits o'er truth's mystic glass."

He says, "As to honesty, the slave is kept in that dependent semi-childish state, that there is no making him realize the rights of property, or feel that his master's goods are not his own, if he can get them. For my part, I don't see how they *can* be honest." Most persons would say, teach the slave that theft is a sin—granted, but he will deny that it *is* a theft. It is enemy's property, and fair spoil. He is not a member of the community. It is a hostile one.

> "Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
> To spoil the spoiler as we may,
> And from the robber rend the prey."

His master has stolen *him*, or at least is a receiver. And he will ask whether if you were taken prisoner by bandits, and either kept by them or transferred by them to others—you would, though you might be deterred by *fear* in some cases from attempting to escape, feel any scruple of conscience—any doubt of the *right*—to mount their best horse and ride off! Such is the slave's case. You cannot prove to him that he has not a fair right to anything (including himself) belonging to his master, or to any other member of the community which is hostile to him. It is not coveting one's neighbour's goods to sue another for damages for false imprisonment.

It is this impossibility of reconciling moral right with the institutions of slavery, that causes the peculiar difficulty of imparting moral instruction to the negro, and makes the slaveholder so averse to its being even attempted. Thus it is that most missionaries, except the Moravians, have made slaves discontented and rebellious. For when men acquire any notion of justice, they apply it very readily universally: and assuredly the negroes might well inquire why *their* prescriptive title to traffic in the personal effects of their master, or to dispose of his person, should be one degree less inviolate than that of the master to trade upon their flesh and blood. It is not quite so easy a matter to give a negro as clear ideas of the *meum* and *tuum* as Mrs. Eastman's Aunt Phillis had. "I am an honest woman," she says, "and not in the

habit of *taking* anything. I would not *take* my freedom." We might easily shew that a similar difficulty stands in the way of inculcating any other moral precept.

But, how then do the Moravian missionaries proceed? And how did Paul proceed? How did he freely instruct slaves, while guarding his instructions against anything tending to a servile war? We find that Paul based his exhortations to them, as indeed to all his Christian converts, on the duty of not *raising a prejudice against the gospel.* If respect for authority is to be inculcated, it is thus he urges it:—"Let as many servants as are under the yoke count their masters worthy of all honour, that the name of God and his doctrine be not blasphemed." Are honesty and fidelity urged?—they are urged on the same ground: "Not purloining, but shewing all good fidelity, that they may *adorn the doctrine* of God our Saviour in all things." It has been well said that "the christian system is one which substitutes sublime principles for exact rules." And the apostles, while labouring constantly to inculcate these principles, left men who had embraced them (as Dr. Hinds remarks in his "History of the Origin of Christianity") to rectify their institutions accordingly for themselves. They carefully abstained from politics—that is, from all direct interference with social institutions. Every political question may be made out to be somehow connected with religion; but the apostles were not satisfied with abstaining from all interference with whatever had no connexion with religion; they abstained from any direct interference even with current politics, in the works of their christian mission. They shew, by their example, that it is not the office of the Church of Christ to ally itself with any *one* party in the community; but rather to permeate all human society, by an indirect (often unconscious) influence and reconciling power. But if this silence of the apostles on the special and individual application to slavery of the principles they inculcated, be the sanction for the system, as some American slaveholders maintain it is, then *despotism* is as much sanctioned by Scripture as *slavery.* The American defenders of slavery will scarcely like to accept this conclusion from their premisses: and yet certain it is that the tyranny of Nero is as much sanctioned by this silence, and by the apostolic exhortations to "honour the king," as the oppression of the slave.

If, then, there be no sanction for slavery in this apostolic silence and submission, as regards the then existing institution of slavery, we assuredly cannot find it in the principles, the motives, and the examples which the New Testament sets before us. We need not multiply commonplace quotations. Indeed it seems that the inconsistency of slavery with the spirit and general principles of Christianity was clearly seen by the legislators of South Carolina themselves; for one of the first articles of the code organizing slavery contains a formal declaration, "that a slave who shall be baptized is in nowise, in virtue thereof, to be given his freedom."* But the Carolinian, as the organ of the southern slaveholders, declares the system to be of God, and regards it as the "five talents" committed to them, which it "would be a weak and wicked prayer to ask to be taken from them." Indeed, such stress do slaveholders lay upon the divine sanction, that it would seem as if they were such only in homage to religion. But such homage to the Prince of Peace—to Him with "the easy yoke and the light burden"—to Him who "takes the lambs in his bosom, and gently leads those that are with young,"—such tribute pours foul scorn on Him, and reminds us rather of the "purple robe," and the "reed," and the mocking.

But it is suggested that the relation of the slave to his master may even be a spring of moral elevation, generating great blessings, and becoming a relation of kindness and charity "eminently calculated to give rise to the christian virtues,"—that thus the very spirit of Christianity may be incorporated in the actual system of slavery. While among the New Englanders the poor are only occasionally seen, and that chiefly by the humane Jews, the slaveholders, having the poor always with them, are in a position that promotes their active usefulness, at some sacrifice perhaps of their romantic sensibilities. Is this meant for an illustration of Butler's well-known doctrine of the active and passive habits? ought not the Bishop then to have enjoined us to keep slaves chained to our hall-doors, in order to secure an increase of our "active usefulness," even at the expense of our romantic feelings?

As to the argument, that slavery was from the first intended as the fulfilment of God's curse upon the descendants of Canaan, we can only say, that however little we may desire to feel as Mrs. Eastman says Aunt Phillis did under her full conviction of this—as if burning in Hecla, though fully submitting to the inevitable decree—yet we still less envy the feelings of those slave-

* Laws of South Carolina, Digest ii., Slaves, p. 210.

holders who are content to believe themselves the fulfillers—the executioners—of a curse on their fellow-men. But it does seem a strange perversion to turn a prophecy of evil into a precept to commit it. On this shewing, the Pharaohs were obedient servants of God in evil-entreating his people, and the Jews were justified in their crime against Him whom they crucified.

There is one point more in the Carolinian's pamphlet which we must notice. He has taken advantage of a fallacy put by Mrs. Stowe into St. Clare's mouth, but merely for the purpose of putting the slaveholder's most plausible argument in the most plausible way. He states that a *capitalist* is virtually a slaveowner as much as a Virginian planter, since, with the employed in England, it is only "work or be starved," instead of "work or be flogged." This fallacy, the slaveholder catches at, "glad," as Mrs. Stowe says, "of any fig-leaf of covering from the intolerable blaze of the scorn of civilized humanity." He makes up his mind that "this power that slavery gives to one man over another is met with everywhere in society," that all the actual misery and degradation of the slave is nothing more than what is to be found in all countries, and that it is as vain to contend against what he believes to be an absolute decree of Providence, in regard to the constitution of society, as it is to contend against storms, earthquakes, and blights. He admits that the slave is wretched and degraded, but he takes comfort to himself in pointing to human Beings still more debased. Indeed, the way this argument is pushed, would seem to imply that *better* must always mean *good*. But it is totally false that the condition of the slave is not infinitely worse than that of the poorest labourer in England. Indeed, it must be so, as long as a position in which evil is *legally inevitable*, is worse than that in which it *may lawfully be avoided*. If our poor are effectually taught to lay by when they have good wages, not to marry improvidently, not to bring up their children in ignorance, not to join trade-unions, (a horrible slavery, but self-imposed,) and to guard against various other things prejudicial to their well-being and dependent upon themselves to avoid, their condition will indefinitely improve. No *legislative* restriction sets any limit to that improvement. If a man be not "straitened in himself," the law of the land does not straiten him, nor does any impassable barrier narrow up his career. The man of the lowest grade in England *may* attain any position, not hereditary. And in these days of philanthropic effort, amid many deplorable social evils, much effort, wise and unwise, is making to impart to our poor that knowledge, and to encourage them to the exercise of that forethought, which would give them self-dependence and self-respect.

An American writer of a book, entitled "England's Glory and her Shame," gives the result of his (supposed) observations during a "tour in the *manufacturing districts* of England," and draws a most appalling picture of the misery and degradation of the manufacturers; to the great consolation, no doubt, of the American slave-owners, who are thus left satisfied that if slavery is a bad thing, there is no alternative but something worse. Now, we happen to have ascertained, through the medium of a gentleman who personally knew the author, that he *set foot in Europe*, but concocted his work partly from Blue-books, and perhaps partly from imagination.

It must, however, be added, in fairness to the author, that he was probably not aware of the amount of misrepresentation some of these Blue-books contain. They are the Reports of the Evidence taken before the Committee on the Ten-hours' Bill—a work which too much resembled a supposed botanical examination of a certain farm and garden, resulting in a collection of a few nettles out of one field, and four or five thistles out of another, and a handful of groundsel from the garden; representing these as *the produce of the estate.*

But we shall place before our readers a short digest of slave-laws of the South and West, and ask them to contrast the condition to which the slave is shut up by law in America, with that of the very poorest freeman in a free country. If the following statement does not exhibit what American slave-holders *actually* practise, it shows at least what it is *possible* for them to practise, within the limit of American law.

"1. Slavery is hereditary and perpetual, to the last moment of the slave's earthly existence, and to all his descendants to the latest posterity.

"2. The labour of the slave is compulsory and uncompensated; while the kind of labour, the amount of toil, the time allowed for rest, are dictated solely by the master. No bargain is made, no wages given. A proud despotism governs the human brute; and even his covering and provender, both as to quantity and quality, depend entirely on the master's discretion. To use the language of Judge Stroud, 'The slave is entirely under the control of his master—is unprovided with a protector—and, especially, he cannot be a witness or make complaint in any known mode against his master.'

"3. The slave being considered a personal chattel may be sold, or pledged, or leased, at

the will of his master. He may be exchanged for marketable commodities, or taken in execution for the debts or taxes either of a living or dead master. Sold at auction, either individually or in lots to suit the purchaser. He may remain with his family, or be separated from them for ever.

"4. Slaves can make no contracts, and have no legal right to any property, real or personal. Their own honest earnings, and the legacies of friends, belong in point of law to their masters.

"5. Neither a slave or a free coloured person can be a witness against any *white* or free person in a court of justice, however atrocious may have been the crimes they have seen him commit, if such testimony would be for the benefit of a *slave;* but they may give testimony *against a fellow slave*, or free coloured man. Even in cases affecting life, if the *master* is to reap the advantage of it.

"6. The slave may be punished at his master's discretion — without trial — without any means of legal redress; whether his offence be real or imaginary; and the master can transfer the same despotic power to any person or persons he may choose to appoint.

"7. The slave is not allowed to resist any free man under *any* circumstances; *his* only safety consists in the fact that his *owner* may bring suit and recover the price of his body, in case his life is taken, or his limbs rendered unfit for labour.

"8. Slaves cannot redeem themselves, or obtain a change of masters, though cruel treatment may have rendered such a change necessary for their personal safety.

"9. The slave is entirely unprotected in his domestic relations.

"10. The laws greatly obstruct the manumission of slaves, even where the master is willing to enfranchise them.

"11. The operation of the laws tends to deprive slaves of religious instruction and consolation.

"12. The whole power of the laws is exerted to keep slaves in a state of the lowest ignorance.

"13. There is in this country a monstrous inequality of law and right. What is a trifling fault in a *white* man, is considered highly criminal in the *slave;* the same offences which cost a white man a few dollars only are punished in the negro with death."

A word, in conclusion, in reference to Uncle Tom himself and his history. If there is nothing in American law to justify any presumption against the truth of this picture, neither is there anything in human nature to prevent the possibilities of the law from being converted into realities of social life. Cases strikingly similar to Uncle Tom are not unknown, though it is said that Mrs. Stowe in pourtraying the meekly heroic old man has drawn altogether on her fancy. We have been furnished with a case of actual occurrence, which we offer as proof that this exhibition of Christian principle and devotedness unto death is not without a parallel:—

"In the summer of 1849," says the editor of the Pittsbury Visitor, "we were in Louisville, Kentucky. As no great change has ever taken place in our opinion on this slavery question, we were at some loss then for a place to go to preaching, and used on Sabbath to walk out to a grave-yard, or into the fields, or up and down the streets in search of sermons.

"One forenoon passing a little church from whence the sound of singing arose, Brother Samuel, who was with us, remarked that it was a congregation of Methodists, and a missionary station, and that he had once dropped in there and heard a sermon he liked.

"We went in and took a seat. A plain-looking elderly man preached in the style usual for Methodist preachers in country places — all about religion—its comforts in life, and triumphs in death. He insisted, with great earnestness, that it was a 'great thing to be a Christian.' Religion—it made the weak strong, and the meanest most honourable. To illustrate this grand truth he told an anecdote, as something coming within the range of his own knowledge, of an old slave who had 'got religion.' His master was kind, but irreligious and reckless, and was withal much impressed by the earnestness of his servant's prayers and exhortations. But one day, one evil day, on Sabbath, too, this same kind master, was drinking, and playing cards with a visitor, when the conversation turned upon the religion of slaves The visitor boasted that he could 'whip the religion out of any nigger in the State in half an hour.' The master, proud of possessing a rare specimen, boasted that he had one out of whom the religion could not be whipped. A bet was laid, and the martyr summoned. A fearful oath of recantation and blasphemous denial of his Saviour was required of the old disciple, upon pain of being whipped to death. The answer was, 'Bless de Lord, Massa, I can't.' Threats, oaths and entreaties, and noise were tried, but he fell on his knees, and holding up his hands, pleaded, 'Bless de Lord, Massa, I can't. Jesus, he die for me. Massa, please Massa, I can't.' The executioner summoned his aids, the old man was tied up, and the whipping commenced; but the shrieks for mercy were all intermingled with prayers and praises—prayers for his own soul and those of his murderers. When fainting and revived, the terms of future freedom from punishment were offered again and again; he put them away with the continued exclamation, 'Jesus, he die for me; Bless de Lord, Massa, I can't.' The bet was to the full value of the property endangered. The men were flushed with wine, and the experimenter on nigger religion insisted upon trying it out. Honour demanded he should have a fair chance to win his bet; and the old disciple died under the lash, blessing the Lord that Jesus had died for him!

"The preacher gave his recital with many tears, and before he was done we do not think there was a dry eye, except our own in the house. Our pulses all stood still with horror,

but the speaker did not appear to dream that his story had any bearing against the institutions with which he was surrounded.

"We cannot remember how he said the particulars came to his knowledge, but think the martyr had been under his pastoral care, and that he got the minute from slave witnesses in 'love-feast.'

"He gave us the story simply to shew what a good thing religion was. Of those who heard it, and the many persons there to whom we related it, we found not one who appeared to doubt it. Any indignation felt and expressed was against the individual actors in the tragedy."

We are compelled by our limits, to bring this article to a close—not by having exhausted, or nearly exhausted, the subject. In fact, the most *practical* part of it remains behind. We shall perhaps return to it on some future occasion. Meantime, we beg to assure all really humane and christian Americans, whether Northern or Southern, that we have written "more in sorrow than in anger;" that we sincerely wish their deliverance from the truly difficult position in which they are placed, and that we are actuated by no spirit of hostile rivalry, but have endeavoured to speak the truth in love.

Art. VIII.—1. *Twelfth General Report of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners.* Presented to Parliament by Command. London, 1852.

2. *Practical Instructions to Boards of Guardians as to the Emigration of Poor Persons at the Cost of the Poor Rate.* By W. G. Lumley. London, 1852.

3. *Correspondence relating to Emigration from the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.* Parliamentary Paper. London, 1852.

4. *Memoir and Labours of Caroline Chisholm.* London, 1852.

Emigration is the natural method by which old countries are to be relieved, and new countries to be peopled; the operation designed by Providence for at once mitigating the evils of civilisation and eradicating those of barbarism; the mode of transferring the surplus wealth and population which in the course of time have become a burden instead of a benefit in the limited field of employment where they had their origin, to lands which need nothing but this transfer to be converted from a wilderness into a garden; the means of spreading over the globe those arts, those luxuries, that knowledge, that religion, those literary and scientific achievements, in a word, that aggregate of social gains which have sprung up in remote and specially favoured centres of human existence. To the more improving and energetic races of men, emigration from an overcrowded home to emptier and more attractive quarters, is as natural and instinctive a movement as swarming is to bees; it is forced upon them by nearly the same necessity; and, if well-timed and wisely conducted, is rewarded by pretty much the same results.

There probably never was a nation to which emigration on a great scale was more urgently suggested than to England in the middle of the nineteenth century—both by difficulties at home and by attractions abroad. Her population and her wealth were rapidly increasing, but the field for the employment of both was limited; the rate of profit was diminishing; the rate of interest was being reduced; all professions were overstocked; distress, in one circle or another, was frequent and recurrent; and in all ranks "the uneasy class" was on the increase. On the other hand, our colonies were clamorous for a supply of labour; they were boundless in extent; they embraced every variety of climate, from the arctic to the tropical; they offered every variety of occupation to the emigrant, from the shepherd to the lumberer; and they promised a field to nearly every description of talent and activity. Above all, they assured to every one the certainty of an unanxious future. On the one side was an insatiable demand: on the other an inexhaustible supply.

We are not disposed to draw a gloomy picture of the condition of our people. That condition on the whole has greatly improved in the last forty or fifty years. Not only has wealth and luxury greatly increased, but the mass of the community have been more than ever before participators in all those advantages which enterprise and science have created. The consumption of luxuries has greatly augmented among all classes; the price of food and clothing has diminished; locomotion has become immensely cheaper, more rapid, and more general; agriculture has improved; and commerce and manufactures are still extending and generally flourishing. In the general aspect of the country there is unquestionably much ground for gratitude, and for self-congratulation. But if, descending from the statistical height which has given us this bird's-eye view, we examine the constituents of English society a little in detail, we are perplexed and pained by much that is exceptional or contradic-

tory. The whole community seems to be afflicted with what the French call a sort of *malaise générale;* and the symptoms of the malady are nearly uniform in each rank. The "uneasy class," as it has been aptly termed, is not a distinct section of the nation, but consists of a vast aggregate of contributions from every section. The highest and the lowest orders alike furnish their quota. All, in every rank, who cannot indulge in the common privilege of humanity, the enjoyment of the domestic ties, without losing their status in society—who can only purchase a wife and children at the cost of every other blessing, and who therefore shrink from the absorbing price—belong to the "uneasy class." Among the aristocracy, those younger sons, whose parents can bequeath to them no adequate income; whom the exhaustion of the family interest, or the progress of popular retrenchment, cuts off from the old chances of a comfortable sinecure; who are too poor, too proud, or too unenterprising for the exacting occupations of commerce; who, if they enter the Church, have no fat family living to inherit, and feel no superior capacities by which to carve their way to a prebend or a bishopric, who know that the army or the navy, though an honourable profession, is scarcely ever wealth, and seldom even livelihood, to any but the favoured children of fortune; whose talents at the bar—where they would have to meet the competition of rivals inured to labour, trained to endurance and stimulated by actual want—would probably never secure them a single brief; whose only prospect, therefore, is to vegetate on some wretched subordinate post in the administration, or to purchase an income by expatriation as governor or secretary to some cheerless and uncultured colony,—these are among the contributions of our nobility and gentry to the "uneasy class." The poverty and privations of these unprovided scions of the great are severer than is commonly supposed, and their numbers are very considerable. They have often to live as dependants through the whole of life; they have to maintain the externals not only of gentility but of wealth, on an income barely adequate to the merest needs of high society; by the right and the necessity of birth they live in daily contact with the most enervating and enviable luxury which they must in a manner share and endure, yet scarcely enjoy or grasp; and they are condemned to perpetual celibacy, from the curse of which they can only escape by the low achievement of hunting down an heiress. The junior branches of the other sex are little better off: with hundreds of them the sweet natural ties of wife and mother are felt, at an early age, to be almost unattainable: if they are beautiful they must barter their loveliness for a wealthy suitor; if they have few personal attractions, their probable lot is either to fritter away existence in insipid distractions, or to wither slowly,—wretchedly virtuous—poor lay nuns, torn and shaken by earnest natural affections—unconsoled even by the sad delusions of a religious vocation—a perpetual protest against the great undiscovered wrong or blunder of the world.

As we descend in the social scale the contributions to the "uneasy class" increase. All who are anxious, and with reason, as to their own future or that of their children, belong to it. The farmers, as a body, it is well known, belong to it. They scarcely ever accumulate property: they can seldom even hold their own. People with fixed money incomes have indeed, for many years, been rising in the world, in consequence of the steady and considerable reduction which has taken place in the price of all articles. But the recent discoveries of gold make it questionable whether the tendency henceforth will not set in an opposite direction. People, too, with fixed money incomes have generally small incomes, and the very circumstance that these incomes *are* fixed and incapable of increase, renders their possessors anxious about the future, and fearful of encountering the burden of a family, which they have even fewer facilities than others for placing out in the world. Persons, again, living on the interest of money, have, for a long series of years, found their incomes alarmingly diminished. Five per cent. used to be attainable where three and a half is scarcely to be got now. The profits of trade, too, have fallen off, *pari passu*, with the interest of money. Political economists explain to us that this must be so: any one who will compare his own rate of profit with that which his father tantalizes him by describing as usual in his day, knows that it is so. Numbers of merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen belong to the "uneasy class." The year 1847 shewed how even the wealthiest might be reduced to poverty at a stroke. These classes are far more numerous than they used to be; but how few among them feel any real security as to the subsistence or the careers of their children! How frequent and how stern have been the warnings against indulging in any such security! Every merchant knows how difficult it is to place his son in first-rate counting-houses. Every manufacturer knows how difficult it is to find for his son, however diligent and steady, a safe partnership, unless he

has a large capital wherewith to purchase it. "The desire to establish children in the world is the same as ever, while the difficulty of accomplishing that object is much greater; since beginners in trade require a much larger capital than formerly to obtain the same income; unfavourable accidents happen as before, while bankruptcies, complete or partial, are more frequent than ever. The existence, therefore, of all those whose incomes are derived from the employment of capital—except great capitalists, who can easily save out of diminished incomes—is a continual struggle with difficulties. How to make the two ends meet; which way to turn; how to provide for one claim without neglecting another; how to escape what they consider degradation; how on earth to manage for their children:—these are the thoughts which trouble and perplex them. The anxious, vexed, or harassed class, would be a better name for them than the milder term which I have used."*

The case is the same in professions: all are overstocked; in all there is the same intense competition; in all there are vast numbers of disappointed votaries; in all the blanks are many and the prizes few. Every year sees fresh clergymen issuing from college, anxious, and often for long years anxious in vain, for a miserable curacy; and reduced to support life by the most strenuous contrivances till they can obtain one. How many never get beyond a curacy! How many pass their whole lives in a ceaseless struggle with embarrassment and want! How many are summoned down from their most aspiring dreams of human regeneration

"To stoop to strive with misery at the door!"

How many find themselves unable, even by the severest labour and the strictest frugality, to escape debt and disgrace!—In the medical profession again, how few are those who grow rich in comparison with those who remain poor! How few are those who make a large income compared with those who make no income at all! And how many anxious and suffering years have been endured even by the most successful, at the outset of their career! Probably at least half of those who have embraced this profession have lived during the greater portion of life upon their private fortune, not on their professional gains. Diligence, skill, science, prudence—unless far beyond the average—are unavailing to *secure* practice or emolument. More than average opportunities—more than average good fortune—are needed in addition. The case of the bar is even more dispiriting. Here it is certain that only a minority actually live by their profession. The majority pass the best years of their life sickening in expectation of a brief, though thoroughly acquainted with their profession, unremitting in their application, and inured to any severity of toil. It was, indeed, given in evidence before the Official Salaries Committee, which sat two years ago, that legal business was becoming more diffused than formerly; and that fewer barristers made enormous fortunes, while a larger number were in receipt of moderate emoluments. Still it is notorious that not more than one-third of those who are annually called ever rise to live by their profession. The same remarks apply to the class of engineers, artists, literary men, and clerks: "Two-thirds of them live by snatching the bread out of each other's mouths." The case of governesses speaks volumes; and volumes of indescribable sadness. A vast proportion of them have never been intended or educated for their occupation, but have been reduced to it by the misfortunes or non-success of their families. Numbers of them have fallen suddenly—numbers more have sunk gradually—from the easy into the uneasy class. They are now to be had of any character, with any acquirements, on almost any terms. Every one who advertises is embarrassed and overwhelmed by the multitude of the applicants. And for what? For the wages of a butler or a London footman; and for a situation in some cases—be it said with pain and shame—more equivocal and ignominious.

Now, in all these instances the root of the evil is identical. The labourers are too many for the vineyard. The hands are seeking for the work, instead of the work being clamorous for the hands to do it. For every job there are two applicants; and, of the two, one only can be employed and fed. Notwithstanding the vast increase in our national wealth; notwithstanding the multiplied and daily multiplying wants which our luxurious civilisation has engendered,—the field of employment is still too limited for the numbers who are crowding into it. Hence the severity of competition; hence the intensity of pursuit necessary to success in any line; hence the uncertainty of victory even to the best-strung energies. Hence that sad aspect which, amid all its more glorious features, English society presents,—of a race of men, capable of a higher destiny, meant for calmer enjoyment and for nobler aims, to whom life is not a pilgrimage but a race,—whose whole existence, from the cradle to the grave, is one breathless hurry—a crush, a struggle, and a strife!

* England and America, i. 93.

Things do not brighten as we go down. The agricultural labourers, who may now number about a million, exclusive of their families, have long been in a condition which is at once a grief, a perplexity, and a reproach. It is not that they are worse off now than formerly,*—we believe the reverse to be unquestionable—but still their state is to the last degree unsatisfactory; and has been so, time out of mind. In some counties they are more prosperous and better paid than in others: generally speaking, their position deteriorates in proportion as agriculture is the only occupation of the district. The labourers are better off in the north than in the south. In Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, they have in ordinary times not much to complain of. In Dorsetshire and Devonshire they seem to be permanently wretched. In Leicestershire and Lincolnshire the wages are often regular and ample: in Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire, they are seldom such as adequately to support life. But as a whole it is, we fear, indisputable that the usual earnings of the rural day-labourer are not sufficient to provide his family with food, clothing, and habitation, of fitting kind and quantity; life is spent in "the hard struggle of living,"—a struggle successful or unsuccessful, as the case may be; but on either supposition, leaving no leisure for enjoyment or improvement, and offering no possibility of rising; on either supposition, scarcely an existence suitable for men with intellects, souls, and human affections,—scarcely an existence which we can bear to regard as the normal and inevitable one for large classes of our countrymen.

If from rural we turn to artisan life, we find evils of a different, but scarcely less lamentable sort. As a rule, the *employed* artisans are in receipt of earnings which, rightly spent, might support them in comfort, raise them above want, provide for the future, and often elevate them into the class of capitalists. But great numbers of them —perhaps the majority—are reckless and wasteful: they make no provision for future vicissitudes; and when reverses come, they are as destitute as if they had never known what wealth was. The people engaged in the iron works of Wales and Monmouthshire, in the hardware trades of Birmingham and its vicinity, and in the manufacture of Lancashire and Cheshire, are specimens of this class. Others, again, as the handloom weavers of Lancashire, Paisley, and Spitalfields, are either always or periodically in distress; their numbers are greater than the regular demand for their productions can support; sometimes they can find no employment; at other times they are compelled to work excessive hours in order to scrape together wages adequate for their subsistence. There are some localities (as in Leicestershire for example) where distress has arisen from the dying out or the removal of a once lucrative trade. But throughout a great body of the artisan population, the complaint—made less by them than for them; true to a great extent, but to a great extent also self-caused—is the same: their toil is so incessant and severe, as to leave no time nor wish for anything but sleep, and to render their life an alarming approximation to that of the brutes that perish.

There is yet another class, of whose condition fearful pictures have of late been laid before the world—the distressed workpeople of large towns—the distressed needlewomen; the distressed tailors; the distressed bootmakers, and others, who, in the very midst of wealth, are said to be in destitution and squalor indescribable; in the midst of freedom to be actually and physically in bondage as savage and inescapable as that of the American negro. These classes are said to number some thousands in the metropolis alone; and their sufferings and privations to be such as can scarcely be credited in a civilized and Christian country. Nor, whatever may be our opinion as to the causes of their wretchedness, or the undue colouring thrown over it, can we refuse to believe in the general fact of its existence.

There was enough, one would have thought, in such a state of things as we have described, to induce whole swarms of our countrymen to leave the old world, where they were so anxious and so wretched, and flock to those more favoured scenes where a cordial welcome awaited them, and where at least they might feel secure of ample subsistence and an improving future. But many difficulties and determents stood in the way. The educated and refined classes, painful and anomalous as was often their position here, shrunk from leaving behind them all the elegancies of polished life, all the amenities of cultivated society, and plunging into scenes where success must be purchased by unremitting toil and frequent and cheerless isolation; where the

* In the whole of this picture it must be borne in mind that we are describing the English community, not precisely as it presents itself to our observation in this autumn of 1852, when emigration, free trade, and a succession of good harvests, have combined to place all classes—especially the labourers—for the time, in a condition of unusual comfort and prosperity: we are delineating England as it averaged in the aggregate from 1840 to 1850.

gentleman and the labourer was nearly on a level, and sometimes the latter had even the advantage; and where those, who in England had belonged to the ruling class, would often find themselves at the mercy and under the control of meddling and vulgar officials. The industrious classes, whose education had taught them little of any country but their own, were alarmed at the length of the voyage, and the distance of the colony, and had formed exaggerated notions of the dangers and embarrassments which attend the emigrant life—of the contest with savage nature and savage men. The destitute did not know how to go, and for many years no arrangements were made to facilitate their transfer. Emigration therefore proceeded but slowly, though at an increasing rate: some new and extraordinary stimulants were wanting to give an impulse to the movement adequate to the requirements of the case. These stimulants Providence sent, in the famine in Ireland and the Highlands, and the gold discoveries in Australia. The effect of these in giving vigour and expansion to the previously languid exodus from our shores, may be seen from the following table, from which it appears that in twenty-two years, from 1825 to 1846 inclusive, the emigration from the United Kingdom was only 1,480,000, or about 67,300 yearly, whereas in the five years from 1847 to 1851, it has been 1,422,670, or more than 284,500 per annum.*

EMIGRATION FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM FROM 1825 TO 1851, INCLUSIVE.

Years.	N. American Colonies.	U. States.	Australia and New Zealand.	All oth'r Places.	Total.
1825	8,741	5,551	485	114	14,891
1826	12,818	7,063	903	116	20,900
1827	12,648	14,526	715	114	28,003
1828	12,084	12,817	1,056	135	26,092
1829	13,307	15,678	2,016	197	31,198
1830	30,574	24,887	1,242	204	56,907
1831	58,067	23,418	1,561	114	83 160
1832	66,339	32,872	3,733	196	103,140
1833	28,808	29,109	4,093	517	62,527
1834	40,060	33,074	2,800	288	76,222
1835	15,573	26,720	1,860	325	44,478
1836	34,226	37,774	3,124	293	75,417
1837	29,884	36,770	5,054	326	72,034
1838	4,577	14,332	14,021	292	33,222
1839	12,658	33,536	15,786	227	62,207
1840	32,293	40,642	15,850	1,958	90,743
1841	38,104	45,017	32,625	2,786	118,592
1842	54,123	63,852	8,534	1,835	128,344
1843	23,518	28,335	3,478	1,881	57,212
1844	22,924	43,660	2,229	1,873	70,686
1845	31,803	58,538	830	2,330	93,501
1846	43,439	82,239	2,347	1,826	129,851
1847	109,680	142,154	4,949	1,487	258,270
1848	31,065	188,233	23,901	4,887	248,089
1849	41,367	219,450	32,091	6,590	299,498
1850	32,961	223,078	16,037	8,773	280,849
1851	42,605	267,357	21,532	4,472	335,966
Total,	884,306	1,750,682	222,955	44,056	2,901,999

* England is not the only country which is relieving herself largely of her surplus population. The emigration from Germany is at the present moment, and has been for some years, most extensive and systematic. The Germans emigrate mainly to the United States, and go in whole villages and communities at once, taking their clergymen with them, and having generally sent over some one before-hand to survey the promised land, and to make purchases and preparation for them. We have no means of ascertaining the numbers who have gone with any exactness, but they are estimated at 400,000 in recent years. The Central Emigration Society of Germany gives the numbers who sailed in 1852 as follows:

From Bremen,	37,943
„ Hamburg,	18,127
„ Havre,	35,000
„ Rotterdam,	3,000
„ Antwerp,	9,243
Total,	103,313

Carrying with them on an average 200 Thalers, or about £30 each, or a total of £3,000,000.

This year the emigration promises to be greater still. The following are the numbers who have gone out in the first six months of 1852:—

To the United States,	136,204
British North America,	19,453
Australian Colonies,	25,810
All other Places,	1,519
	182,986

This is at the rate of 365,972 for the whole year, or exactly 1000 a day.

Let us now give attention for a few moments to the mode in which this emigration proceeds, and to the various arrangements which have been made to promote and facilitate it.

First, with regard to the emigration from Ireland, which is two-thirds of the whole. Of 335,966 who left the United Kingdom in 1851, 257,372 are stated to have been Irish; and of the 182,986 who have emigrated in the first six months of 1852, not less than 126,000 are Irish. There are two peculiar features about this Irish exodus. The first is, that nearly the whole of it is directed to the United States, either directly or through Canada. The *precise* numbers we have no means of ascertaining; but from data furnished by the Emigration Commissioners, (at pp. 11 and 13 of their last Report, which we have placed at the head of this Article,) we may calculate, that of the 257,372 who left Ireland last year, not less than 230,000 went to the United States. The second feature goes far to explain the first. Nearly the whole of the emigration from Ireland is conducted by funds furnished either by the emigrants themselves or by their friends in America. A few of the Irish proprietors have assisted their former tenants to escape to a more fortunate country, as a humane and peaceful method of effecting the necessary clearance of their

estates, and the Emigration Commissioners have, in the course of ten years, aided 34,052 to reach Australia; but by far the greater proportion of the passage-money of the Irish emigrants has been sent over from America. The sums remitted for this purpose, which the Commissioners have been enabled to trace, amounted, in

1848,	to upwards of	£460,000
1849,	.. ..	540,000
1850,	.. ..	957,000
1851,	.. ..	990,000

Now the average expense of reaching the Australian colonies is about £15 a-head; that of emigrating to America does not exceed £4. Everything therefore combines to direct Irish emigration to the United States—the comparative cheapness of the transit, the fact that both the means and the attraction are furnished by their relatives who have preceded them, and added to these motives, we fear, is the strongly operative one of a desire to escape from the hated domination of the Saxons.

The emigration movement next in importance is that conducted by the "Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners," who are supplied with funds from the Cape and the Australian colonies (chiefly arising from the sale of land) for the purpose of affording a free (or nearly free) passage thither to such emigrants as they shall deem suitable. Between 1847 and 1851 inclusive, about £800,000 had been thus expended, and 62,664 persons have been sent. The funds in the hands of the Commissioners are increasing, and their operations are beginning to be on a proportionately extensive scale. The discovery of gold has given an enormous stimulus to emigration to this quarter, and it appears probable that its entire amount (assisted and unassisted) will this year reach 50,000 against 21,000 last year.

There are three or four New Zealand colonies, each of which has its special corresponding society at home; they sent out last year an aggregate of 2677 emigrants.

But perhaps the most useful and the best conducted of all the emigration arrangements of this country is that which has been set on foot for transferring a portion of the population of the Western Highlands and the Hebrides to Australia. These districts, which had long been both poor and overpeopled, had suffered from the potato failure, in the same manner and nearly to the same extent as Ireland. Like Ireland they were inhabited by Celts—far more peaceful and manageable, indeed, than their brethren over the Channel, but equally impoverished and unenergetic. They lived in the same way, on small crofts or farms, divided and subdivided as the families increased, keeping sometimes a cow, sometimes a few sheep, but subsisting mainly on potatoes and fish, and on the wages they could obtain in the Lowlands as agricultural labourers. Their numbers had become sadly redundant, and their condition very wretched, before the famine of 1846 and the succeeding years came to give them the *coup-de-grace*. Since that period they had been to a great extent supported by charity—a system which rapidly dried up their few remaining resources, and sapped their little remaining energy. Last year it became obvious that nothing but emigration on a large scale could save them. It is calculated that from 25,000 to 30,000 will have to be removed before the population in those barren and rocky districts will be reduced to an amount commensurate with their indigenous resources. At the same time the gold discoveries in Australia, by attracting away a large proportion of the herdsmen of the great grazing establishments, alarmed the proprietors of that colony for the safety of their flocks and the preservation of their yearly supply of wool. An urgent and sudden demand was made upon the mother country for some thousand shepherds. Now it happens that the Highlanders, both from taste and habit, are admirably adapted for this occupation. They are less fitted than either the English or the Lowlander for the steady and laborious pursuits of tillage; but the wild, rough, and comparatively easy life of the keepers of sheep and cattle exactly suited them. A society was therefore formed, under the skilful and energetic superintendence of Sir John M'Neill and Sir Charles Trevelyan, for removing the superabundant population of the Western Highlands to the Australian colonies. Subscriptions were raised, and an Act of Parliament to facilitate aid from the Highland proprietors was passed. The arrangements made were most judicious and complete. Calculating on and respecting the strong family affections which are so marked a feature in the Gaelic race, and arguing that a shepherd surrounded with his wife and children in the bush would be far less likely than a single settler to desert his post for the feverish attractions of "the diggings,"—it was decided to send out whole families together. This made them both more willing to go, and more valuable and more reliable when they arrived. Moreover it was found that old men, though past the full vigour necessary for the severe labours of agriculture, would be still service-

able as shepherds from their steadiness and experience. Accordingly the Emigration Commissioners agreed to relax their rules as to passage-money, and to afford the whole family, young and old, a (partially) free passage to Australia at the expense of the colony, the deposit payable by the emigrant (in aid of the passage-money) rising with the tender or advanced age of the individual. This deposit, and the necessary outfit and the transmission to the port of embarkation, are provided in the proportion of *one-third* by the proprietor, whose estate is thus relieved of a heavy burden, and *two-thirds* by the general subscription. But in order at once to prevent the exhaustion of the funds thus obtained, and to prevent the injurious and demoralizing effects upon the emigrant of reliance on eleemosynary aid, a promissory note is required from him before he goes on board, by which he engages to pay back the amount advanced to him, by fixed instalments, the details of which are to be arranged with him by the society's correspondents in the colony, and which are to be deducted from his wages by the master by whom he is employed. In consideration of his entering into this engagement and keeping it, the society promises to charge no interest on the sum advanced, and to forego acting on the promissory note, which was made *payable on demand.* If, however, the emigrant should quit the ship, and escape with his outfit, or when arrived out should attempt to abscond to "the diggings," or should refuse to take regular employment, the promissory note can be at once acted upon. By this means, it is expected that nearly the whole of the advances will be recovered in little more than a year, and be available for new emigrants. The society has this year sent out nearly 4000 persons, at an average cost (over and above the passage-money afforded by the colony, and their own private resources) of about £3 a head; and it hopes every year to send out an equal or greater number till the population of the Western Highlands shall have been brought down to a level with the means of subsistence which those barren regions can supply.

For many years back there has been a considerable amount of emigration partially or wholly conducted by parochial funds. By the 4th and 5th of William IV. c. 76, parishes were authorized to borrow money on the security of their rates for the purpose of aiding such of their poor as might be willing to emigrate, whether paupers or not. Under this Act the following numbers have been aided to emigrate:—

	Persons.		Persons.
Up to the year 1836	5,521	Brought over,	11,855
In 1836	1,189	In 1844	900
1837	754	1845	750
1838	726	1846	208
1839	529	1847 }	1,294
1840	613	1848 }	
1841	729	1849	1,576
1842	936	1850	1,962
1843	858	1851	1,840
Carry over	11,855	Total,	20,385

This year, however, another parochial movement has commenced which may become extensive and serviceable. The parish of St. Martin's-in-the-field has discovered that pauper families may be transported to Australia and fairly settled there for life, at the same cost as would only support them for a year at home. The rate-payers have therefore consented to a special rate of one penny in the pound for the purpose of thus removing those who have become chargeable, and who are willing to be removed to a more hopeful scene. They have just sent off the first shipload of sixty emigrants in good health and spirits, at a total cost of about £1000, or about £16 a head.

The name of Mrs. Chisholm is widely known to all who are interested in Australian colonization. This excellent, judicious, and able lady, has probably done more than any one individual to protect emigrants, and to render emigration easy and attractive. Her first undertaking was the establishment of a "Home for female emigrants" in Sydney, where young women were received on their first arrival, and retained till suitable situations could be found for them, and were thus saved from the almost certain ruin which awaited them, if left to their own resources, and compelled to find quarters for themselves. Her next step was to establish affiliated "Homes" in the interior; and she was in the habit of travelling long distances into the bush with batches of her *protégées*, and locating them all, one after another, in respectable families. Her exertions soon procured her aid from settlers, and the confidence of emigrants, and men as well as women used to apply to her to find them situations; while of those already doing well in the world, many would apply to her to send them servants, and some to recommend and choose them wives. From first to last she has succeeded in establishing 11,000 emigrants in comfortable situations, as well as in founding an institution and a system which, it may be hoped, will long survive. It is not easy indeed to overestimate either her merits or her services. She is now in England; and has set on foot a society for enabling families to emigrate al-

together, and thus avoid those painful separations so common under the old system (when the young and unencumbered only were taken,) which so greatly both retarded it and added to its hardships. She has not only enabled numbers of wives to rejoin their emigrant husbands, and children their emigrant parents, but has arranged a most admirable system by which young men and women go out, not as formerly, isolated and unprotected, but under the wing of respectable families; while Captain Chisholm remains in Australia to watch over the location of the emigrants whom his excellent lady thus consigns to him.

Finally, there remains for notice the Female Emigration Society, started by Mr. Sidney Herbert. This was first established with a view of providing a remote and respectable home for those destitute needlewomen of worthy character, on whose behalf public sympathy had recently been so largely aroused. We have no wish to speak of the difficulties which the founders of this society experienced in finding fit objects for their benevolence. In spite of these difficulties they have sent out, and we believe placed respectably and comfortably in Australia, a considerable number of females. They still continue their exertions, but we believe on Mrs. Chisholm's plan, and with her aid.*

Under the combined influence of the various inducements and facilities we have enumerated, emigration from the United Kingdom has now reached a height which begins to excite considerable alarm in the minds of many. It appears as if the old country had reached its culminating point, in population at least, and must henceforth decline. On a rough estimate it seems that the emigrants at least equal the addition to our numbers by the surplus of births over deaths; and in Ireland very considerably exceed this addition. "If this drain goes on, how (it is asked) shall we recruit our army? how find an adequate supply of labourers and servants? how meet the increased cost of agriculture? how maintain our manufacturing superiority in the face of rising wages and augmented cost of production?" Let us look all these dangers fairly in the face, and examine them a little in detail; for it is most important that we should ascertain as far as may be, the future that is before us, and that the public mind should be harassed by no vague or unfounded fears.

The case of Ireland must be considered separately. The facts are concisely these. By the combined effect of emigration and famine, the population of Ireland was reduced from 8,175,124 in 1841 to 6,515,794 in 1851. But as there is every reason to believe that up to 1846, when the potato-rot first appeared, the previous moderate rate of annual increase (about half per cent.) had been maintained, the real amount of depopulation in the five years from 1846 to 1851, was from 8,379,500 to 6,575,794, or 372,740 per annum. The stream of emigration which set in from Ireland after the famine, has ever since continued to flow at an accelerated rate. The tie of affection to the old country seems to have been fairly broken; the attractions of the New World are annually increasing, as friends and relatives multiply on the other side of the Atlantic; the potato-rot continues, though in a mitigated form; labour has become scarce, but owing to the absence of capital, wages have not materially risen; farms are every day being consolidated, and estates are every day being cleared; and we are bound to say that we see no reason whatever to believe that the tide of emigration has received, or will yet receive, a check. From 1847 to 1850 inclusive, about 200,000 Irish emigrants annually left their country; in 1851, this number had risen to 257,000; and in the first six months of 1852, 125,000 have gone. Now, the total annual addition to the population by the surplus of births over deaths was from 1831 to 1841, (before any of the recent disturbing causes began to operate,) 65,157. But as for many years back Ireland has been exporting the most healthy and vigorous portion of her children, those in the prime of life by whom mainly multiplication is carried on, the Emigration Commissioners, in their recent Report, estimate that those who remain—being in an unusual and increasing proportion the old, the feeble, and the infantine—do not more than barely *keep up* their numbers. We believe this calculation to be quite correct. It follows, therefore, that the emigration from Ireland represents accurately enough the actual decrease of numbers; in other words, that Ireland is being depopulated at *the rate of a* QUARTER OF A MILLION *per annum—a process which, if continued, will empty her entirely in the course of* TWENTY-FOUR YEARS.

This is so: yet we avow that we view the process without either alarm or regret. We regard it as both a necessary and a most salutary operation. By no milder process—by no less wholesale exodus—could Ireland be regenerated and refloated. For generations she has had her head under water, and the chief part of her people have been in

* It is gratifying to know that of 319,000 steerage emigrants in 1851, 147,000 were women.

a state of chronic distress. They have multiplied like rabbits, and cultivated the soil like savages. It was stated ten years ago on the highest official authority, that 2,400,000 were habitually in a state of destitution, and dependent on eleemosynary aid for a considerable portion of the year. The Irish had few manufactures, and were little addicted to fishing. They looked almost exclusively to agriculture for subsistence; and their numbers were immeasurably greater than mere agriculture—especially such agriculture as theirs—could support. We borrow from the Quarterly Review of last December an argument and some figures which place the whole matter in a transparent and irrefragable light. The agricultural counties of England can scarcely maintain their own actual numbers, and do not even profess to support or employ their own increase. The cultivators of the soil have of late years actually diminished: more tillage is carried on with fewer labourers. The surplus and the increase of these counties find employment in other districts and in other occupations: they migrate to the towns; they find engagements in the factories or the railways. Now, the ten most purely agricultural counties in England, with a climate equal to that of Ireland, a far richer soil, and an immeasurably more efficient and productive style of cultivation, find themselves fully peopled (if not overpeopled) with a *population of one individual to four acres*:—Ireland, even with worse land, and with a population already decimated by famine, had in 1851 *a population of one individual to 2¾ acres*;—in some districts the allowance was only two acres and a quarter, as will be seen by the following table:—

Provinces.	Statute acres inclusive of Lakes, &c.	Statute acres absolutely unimprovable.	Net available Stat. acres.	Population in 1852.	Acres to each Individual.
Ulster, . .	5,262,000	712,000	4,550,000	2,004,289	2·28
Leinster, .	4,825,000	200,000	4,625,000	1,667,771	2·78
Munster, .	5,913,000	873,000	5,040,000	1,831,817	2·79
Connaught,	4,180,000	750,000	3,430,000	1,011,917	3·39
Total Inland	20,180,000	2,535,000	17,645,000	6,515,794	2·71

In order then to bring agricultural and ill-cultivated Ireland to a level with agricultural and well-cultivated England, her population must be reduced to 4,500,000, or two millions below its amount in 1851. The tide of emigration may therefore go on at its present rate for at least eight or ten years before it has even done enough. For be it remembered we have in this case *two* evils to remedy—we have not only too many people, but we have the wrong kind of people—we require not only to remove redundant numbers, but to replace them by a more energetic, more aspiring, and more improvable race. The state of things which every patriot and statesman should desire, is a continuous annual emigration (for at least a decade) of 250,000 Catholic Celts, and a simultaneous immigration of 50,000 Protestant Saxons or Scotch. In this direction lies the salvation of Ireland, the peace of England, and the solution of those political, social, and religious difficulties which have so long harassed and perplexed alike the most courageous, the most able, the most conscientious of our rulers. To this point should our most earnest efforts be directed:—not to check or discourage the actual Irish exodus, but to counterbalance it by encouraging a large infusion of more vigorous and hopeful British and Protestant blood.

We are not blind to the many excellent and estimable qualities of the Irish: blended with others, controlled, disciplined, guided by others, they are a useful and serviceable people;—left to their own devices, a prey to their own indolent, slovenly, and improvident tendencies, all history shows how helpless and prone to degenerate they are. They make a bad nation, but admirable ingredients in a nation. It is the same in other regions. Wherever they settle singly among Americans or British, they improve, advance, and civilize; wherever they *congregate*, so as to carry Ireland about with them, they continue what we see them at home. We do not, in saying this, by any means wish to imply that they are an *inferior* race, but simply that they are a *peculiar* one, and not fitted *to stand alone*, being deficient in that restless energy, those indefinite desires, which are the very mainsprings of successful colonization—deficient also in that faculty of self-government and self-control, in the absence of which free institutions can never flourish or be permanently maintained. But when their peculiarities have become modified, and their capacities developed, and their activity directed by an adequate amount of Scotch and English colonization of their country, we may hope to see all their good qualities brought out and *utilized*, and all their bad ones repressed, and controlled, till Ireland, so long a "howling wilderness," shall begin "to blossom like the rose." This colonization was recommended by Sir Robert Peel; it was attempted by Cromwell; and it is curious enough, that long before their time it was proposed by Lord Bacon, in an elaborate Memoir which he addressed to James I. in 1606. The chief reason why it has proceeded so slowly is to be found in

the inadequate security hitherto afforded to life and property in that unhappy country, in the perpetual outbreaks and disturbances which deter peaceful men from casting in their lot with such an unquiet race. It has now, however, fairly commenced, and will, we doubt not, proceed with accelerated pace. The extent to which it has already gone it is not easy to ascertain; but in many quarters we hear of the settlement both of English and Scotch purchasers of land, and tenant farmers. A short time since, a traveller happening to sit down at an ordinary at Ballina, with a dozen other diners, discovered, in the course of the meal, that *they were every one of them Scotch.* At the recent meeting of the British Association at Belfast, the Earl of Mayo made the following statements. He said that—

"Having just returned from the west of Ireland, he could bear his testimony to the work of regeneration having begun in the west in a most remarkable manner. It must be gratifying to every one to know that in the west, taking in Galway and Mayo, Englishmen were coming to reside; and what was most singular was, that they went to the uncultivated and not to the cultivated parts. In one of the wildest parts—at Ballycroy—he found a small cottage inhabited by an English gentleman, and he (Lord Mayo) had the curiosity to ask for what reason he had purchased that particular place. His reply was convincing. He considered that, by buying that uncultivated spot, and paying attention to it, he would be able to double his income in a very short time. The place he had purchased was extremely low, flat, and marshy soil, and yet he had succeeded in cultivating some of it, and intended, in consequence of the success of his experiment, to cultivate more. With respect to other parts of Connemara—say from Westport to Clifden—he was surprised to find the number of houses occupied by persons who were almost all Englishmen; and he might add that even in that wild district a very beautiful shop had been opened. It was a business-establishment almost worthy of Regent-street; and he could not help asking himself, on looking at it, how was an individual so unwise as to set up such a shop there? But no doubt Mr. Ellis, when he bought a place, had calculated well, and he was doing wonders in regenerating the people. If they proceeded further they would still find gentlemen coming and spending their money in these wilds. During the short time he (Lord Mayo) had been there, he met hundreds of English people, and there could be no doubt that property would increase remarkably in value."

On the same occasion Mr. Locke of Dublin read before the Statistical Section a very interesting analysis of the purchases in the Encumbered Estates Court, from which it appeared that 772 estates had been sold to 2355 purchasers, so that the number of proprietors has more than trebled. The following extracts are very interesting, as showing the amount and distribution of English capital that has lately been invested in Ireland:

ACREAGE AND AMOUNTS PURCHASED BY ENGLISH AND SCOTCH ARRANGED ACCORDING TO PROVINCES.

Provinces.	Acreage. A.	R.	P.	Purchase-Money. £	s.	d.
Leinster,	31,012	0	34	222,385	0	0
Munster,	54,342	0	9	362,399	12	6
Ulster,	7,385	0	2	55,922	0	0
Connaught,	310,326	2	9	454,420	0	0
Total,	403,065	3	14	1,095,126	12	6

"The fourth table shows the localities from whence the purchase-money came:—London and its vicinity, £720,641, 19s. 2d.; Lancashire, (including £39,276, 13s. 4d. from Liverpool and Birkenhead,) £56,526, 13s. 4d.; Buckinghamshire, £1,220; Cheshire, £53,205; Derbyshire, £2,525; Devonshire, £14,445; Durham, £7,750; Gloucestershire, £11,830; Hampshire, £24,400; Hertfordshire, £11,000, Lincolnshire, £5,490; Norfolk, £16,500; Oxfordshire, £6,280; Pembrokeshire, £3,820; Suffolk, £5,730; Shropshire, £7690; Sussex, £7,610; Staffordshire, £57,450; Somersetshire, £2,550; Warwickshire, £5,750; Yorkshire, £3,517; Scotland, £46,220; Calcutta, £24,250; Isle of Man, £1,406; America, £2,320; total, £1,100,126, 12s. 6d. The fifth table shows the number and comparative amounts of English and Scotch purchasers—£1000 and under, 24; £1,000 to £2,000, 18; £2,000 to £5,000, 26; £5,000 to £10,000, 21; £10,000 to £20,000, 13; £20,000 and upwards, 12; total, 114. Of these, one purchaser was from Calcutta, amount, £24,250. Three from the Isle of Man, all under £1,200; and eight from Scotland, viz. one between £2,000 and £5,000, and seven between £5,000 and £10,000.

"The sixth table exhibits, as accurately as can be ascertained, the classification of these purchasers: Gentry, including 8 titled persons, 52; manufacturers and merchants, including 8 firms, 36; insurance and land companies, 6; farmers, 20; total, 114.

"Of the eight purchasers from Scotland, two were gentry, and six farmers. It is a fact of considerable importance, as affecting the improvement of the far west, that English and Scotch purchasers, and tenant farmers also, have usually settled in groups. Thus, 63,000 acres of Sir R. O'Donnell's Mayo estate have been purchased by English capitalists, led by Mr. Ashworth, whose work, entitled 'The Saxon in Ireland,' has been of great service to this country. And now a large portion of Erris and the northern shores of Clew Bay is in the possession of Englishmen. Again, in Galway, another set of English purchasers, Messrs. Twining, Eastwood, Palmer, and others, are grouped on the shores of Ballinakil Bay, and in the vale of Kylemore. Many tenant farmers also from the other side of the channel have settled in the western counties within the last three years. Large tracts have been taken on the Marquis of Sligo's estate by English and Scotch gentlemen, and many other landlords in the west have also induced skilful

and enterprising agriculturists to settle on their lands, by granting long and beneficial leases at low rents; but I have no means of arriving at even an approximate estimate of their number; however, it will be observed, upon examination of the foregoing tables, that the greater extent of English and Scotch purchases is in those western districts where the population has been most diminished, and where capital and improvement are chiefly required, three-fourths of the total average being in Galway and Mayo, and two-fifths of the total amount being invested in the same counties. The immigration, too, is confessedly not of an expulsive character, abundance of unoccupied land, perished from water, or the surface of which has been only scratched in scattered patches for centuries, being in the market, and inviting the advent of a more productive system of culture. The number of English and Scotch purchasers, as well as the amount of their purchases, is also steadily on the increase. Up to January 31st of this year the purchases were one-twenty-fifth as to number, and one-tenth as to the total amount of purchase-money. On referring to these tables, we shall find that up to July 31st the proportion as to number is one-twentieth, and as to amount about one-sixth of the total purchase-money."

When this infusion and substitution of a new race—this Celtic exodus and Saxon immigration—shall have continued long enough and proceeded far enough, a large portion of the anomalies which now afflict Ireland will cease, or be reduced within manageable compass. Her present wretchedness and difficulties all spring originally out of two sources—race and religion. A population consisting of seven millions Celts and one million Saxons—seven millions of the conquered and one million of the conquerors—seven millions of dispossessed cultivators fancying, rightly or wrongly, that they were entitled to, and had been wrongfully deprived of, the land held by the single residuary million—might well be difficult to govern. A population—four-fifths of whom looked upon the law as their ruthless oppressor and their natural enemy, who sympathized with the criminal and abetted the crime, who held no oath as binding when the interests of their Church, their race, their party, or their family, could be served by setting it at nought—might well baffle and drive to despair rulers who endeavoured to control and curb them by institutions which can suffice and flourish only among a truth-loving and a law-loving people—by jury-trial, of which the very essence and basis is reliance on the word and oath of jurymen and witnesses—by legal technicalities which seem contrived to secure the escape of the guilty—by a constabulary force which must be nearly powerless when not aided by the general sympathy of the community with peace, order, and justice. But when the proportions shall have been adequately changed,—when instead of a population of eight millions—of whom seven millions are Irish, we have to deal with four or five millions, of whom half are Britons or of British extraction, the case will be wholly altered, and our difficulties will cease as by magic; the remaining aborigines will not only be controlled by, but will take their tone of feeling and opinion from, the more energetic and right-minded fellow-citizens with whom they are intermingled; as they cease to be criminals and outlaws, the law will become their protector and their friend; it will be easy to find witnesses who will dare and wish to speak the truth, and jurors who will be both able and willing to convict according to the evidence; and for the first time the government of Ireland by British institutions will become a matter not utterly hopeless or impossible.

Another source of grievous embarrassment will also be cleared away. The Irish emigrants are nearly to a man Catholics as well as Celts. The Established Church—which, in its actual proportions, was an indefensible enormity when it was the church of one million out of eight—will lose much of its colossal monstrosity when it has become the church of two millions out of four. And if judicious reform should mitigate even this disproportion, it may well be that as the hostility of race dies out under the process of improvement, juxtaposition, and amalgamation, that of religion may also fade away, and the process of conversion which has already set in at the west of Ireland, may continue with accelerated pace. Those who remain may, with changed circumstances, abandon their old religious creed, as we know is the case with a large proportion of those who have sought a new home in a new world. The Irish who have emigrated to the United States are not fewer than two millions: it is calculated that they and their descendants now number about three millions;* the French,

* These are subjects on which it is impossible to speak with absolute certainty. We are pretty *certain* that above one million and a-half of Irish have gone to the States in the last twenty-five years. Professor Tucker in 1830 analyzed the white inhabitants of the Union thus:—

English and their descendants,	6,000,000
Scotch,	500,000
Irish,	2,000,000
German,	1,000,000
Dutch,	500,000
French,	300,000
Swedes, Spanish, &c.,	200,000
	10,500,000

Another writer, taking the same view, gives the following in 1850:—

Spaniards, and Italians, are estimated at above one million; many of the German emigrants and their descendants are Catholics; yet the total number of Catholics in the Union did not probably in 1850 exceed 2,000,000.*

We confess we have no fear of the emigration from Ireland being carried too far or continued too long. As soon as the inducements become sufficient, English capital, enterprise, and industry, will flock in to fill any gap that made be made, provided only peace and security be established. Englishmen and Scotchmen would seek Ireland as a field both for investment and for speculation, in preference to more distant lands, if life and property were once fully protected.

Anglo-Saxons,	11,000,000
Lowland Scotch,	700,000
Scotch and Anglo-Saxon Irish,	1,500,000
Celtic Irish,	2,000,000
Welch,	300,000
German,	2,000,000
Dutch,	800,000
French,	1,000,000
Others,	350,000
	19,650,000

While this article was passing through the press, we have received from America, by the kindness of Mr. Ticknor and Dr. Chickering, (to whom we take this means of expressing our acknowledgment,) a number of documents bearing on this interesting question, from one of which (the New Englander) we extract another analysis of the American population, evidently made with great care and from the best materials:—

Anglo-Saxons by birth and blood,	15 000,000
African,	3,594,762
Irish,	2,269,000
German,	1,900,000
French, &c., &c.,	499,736
	23,263,498

We are satisfied, however, that this writer *under*-estimates the number of Irish, and probably also of Germans. For example, he gives the total number of immigrants, from all countries, from 1790 to 1850, at 2,759,329 Dr. Chickering, a first authority, however, shows them to amount, in the 33 years ending October 1852, to 3,212,385, of whom 1,597,897 arrived in the last five years.

* On this point, however, we cannot speak with positive certainty. There is no official return of the numbers of different religions. The Catholic Archbishop Hughes, of New York, estimated the number of Catholics in 1850 at 3,000,000. On the other hand, the Catholic Almanac, published under the auspices of Archbishop Eccleston, estimates them only at 1,650,000. The only certain fact is, that their own organs and dignitaries lament bitterly the constant falling away from the old faith of both residents and new arrivals. We have heard of another Archbishop who states the number of Catholics at 1,200,000, (the same as ten years ago), whereas they ought by immigration and natural increase to be at least 5,000,000. The *Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge* published at Philadelphia, gives the number of Catholics of the Union at only 800,000. Again, the *Freeman's Journal* gives a fifth estimate, also a Catholic one, on the authority of a priest, Mr. Mullen, who has lately visited the United States to obtain subscriptions for a Catholic College. He states the number who *ought to be* Catholic (by emigration and descent) at 3,970,000, and the number who *are* Catholic at 1,980,000.

The want of this security and this protection has hitherto been the curse and privation of that unhappy country. But Government is, we believe, more alive than it has yet been as to the necessity of performing this, its first duty, at whatever cost; and every emigrant ship that leaves the shores of Ireland makes the task more easy. The first effect of this *immigration*, then, will be, to raise the wages of labour: hitherto the scarcity of hands in many districts, consequent on the exodus, has not had this effect, because the capital in the hands of the employers of labour was so miserably insufficient. The labour-market was scantily supplied, but the labour-fund was scantier still. Hence we have seen the strange anomaly, of a great outcry for workmen, while wages remained at fivepence a-day. The second effect will be a vast increase in the produce of the soil: the old barbarous inefficient modes of tillage will be abandoned, and new ones, at once cheaper and more productive, will be introduced. The early reports of the Poor Law Commissioners stated, that though in Ireland *twice* the number of men were employed per acre, yet that the acreable produce was only *half* what it was in England. When this state of things is rectified, and Irish is assimilated to English agriculture, Irish wages will rapidly approximate to those of England; for the Irish, as we well know, *can* work as hard and as efficiently as Englishmen or Scotchmen, when mixed among them, and directed and stimulated by them. British labour, too, as well as British capital, will flow in to give fresh impetus and introduce a higher standard of exertion. And when the land has become prosperous and peaceful, when wages are at two shillings a day, when labour is at once efficient and well rewarded, and the Poor-House is no longer the only prospect of the peasant, we have no fear that those who then remain will not prefer old Ireland—in its renovated state—to the chances of transatlantic emigration, which by that time may have met with many discouragements. It will be, therefore, with no sorrow or alarm, but, on the contrary, with hope and gratulation, that we shall see the exodus continue at its present rate at all events till the next census—till in fact circumstances have so changed that Ireland has become more attractive than America.

So much for the case of the sister island. Let us now inquire whether the extensive emigration which has set in from Great Britain to the colonies is really such as to afford us any rational cause for alarm, or whether it is not rather a matter for cheer-

fulness and congratulation. Taking the first half of 1852 as the groundwork of our calculation, we find that the total *yearly* number of emigrants from England and Scotland, (allowing for the Irish who have sailed from Liverpool and the Clyde, and the Scotch who have gone by way of Liverpool,) has reached about 116,000, viz., about 96,000 English and 20,000 Scotch. But the annual increase, or surplus of births above deaths, have been in England, on the average of the five years ending 1848, (the last of which we have the returns by us,) 165,000, or nearly one per cent. on the population. If we assume that the same rule holds in Scotland, the annual increase in *Great Britain* by natural multiplication will be about 206,000. If emigration then continues at its present rate, more than half our annual increase will be exported, *leaving* us, however, an annual augmentation of our numbers, of 90,000 souls. Let us tabularize the whole case :—

	England and Scotland.	Ireland.	United Kingdom.
Annual Surplus of Births over Deaths,	206,000	....	206,000
An. Emmig'n according to 1st 6 mos. 1852,	116,000	250,000	366,000
Increase of Population,	90,000	....	....
Decrease, ...	....	250,000	160,000

In other words; whereas during the last decennial period Ireland lost *a million and a half* of her population, in the next decennial period she will have to face a loss of *two millions and a half;* whereas in the last decade our total increase in Great Britain was *above two millions*, in the next decade it will be *less than one million;* and whereas in the last decade the entire United Kingdom *increased* in population nearly half a million, in the next decade it will *decrease* above a million and a half.* The British Isles have reached and passed their maximum—in numbers. Such a result may well startle us, and assuredly demands careful consideration.

Nevertheless we look upon the fact as one of no sinister augury, but the contrary—if we are wise and know how to use the golden opportunity. This, however, we are aware, is not the general impression. Many fear that we shall be unable, in such an altered state of things, to find recruits for our army, or sufficient labourers for our fields, or manageable servants for our households, or cheap and efficient artisans to maintain our manufacturing superiority. Let us look at our prospects in these respects *seriatim*.

And first as to our supply of soldiers. These, it is said, have hitherto been chiefly supplied from Ireland and the distressed districts in Scotland, and it is precisely from these quarters that the emigration is the greatest. *The allegation is not true.* Even in the last war it was well known that many of the Highland regiments had comparatively few Highlanders in their ranks. But we have now lying before us returns of the recruits who were inspected in 1845, (an average year,) and we find that of 13,370 7145 were English, 4009 Irish, 2061 Scotch, and the rest Welsh or foreigners. England, therefore, still furnishes more than half, and Great Britain more than two-thirds of our land forces, and nearly all our naval forces.

The total number of British troops may be taken in round figures as averaging 140,000 men—(fewer considerably, we believe, than will in future be found desirable; but let that pass.) The number of recruits annually required appears latterly to have ranged from 10,000 to 20,000—say about 15,000. It is feared that out of a population of twenty-seven millions, which ours now is)—still more out of a population of twenty-five millions and a half, (which we are assuming it will be in 1861,) we shall be unable to keep up this army, or to procure this number of recruits. But let us look at what we did in 1806 and 1813, when our population was only *eighteen* millions. In those years our army numbered from 234,000 to 267,000 men, besides which we kept 83,000 regular militia constantly on foot, in addition to the local militia, which numbered from 200,000 to 300,000.* The annual wear and tear of the army was then calculated at 15,000 men in peace, and 25,000 to 30,000 in war; and no difficulty whatever was found in raising the number required by voluntary enlistment.† The same facility of finding voluntary recruits con-

* It is, however, scarcely probable that the emigration from Great Britain will continue quite at the extreme rate of the present year. Last year it was only 78,000 against (apparently) 116,000 this year. The chief increase has been to Australia—stimulated mainly no doubt by the gold discoveries—as will be seen from the following Table. It may well be, however, that the Saxon emigration to Ireland will counterbalance any diminution of that to Australia :—

Total Emigration from the United Kingdom during the first Six Months.

	U. States.	British N. America.	Australia.	Other Places.	Total.
1847	92,478	86,388	3,448	1,274	183,588
1848	95,651	21,406	7,773	2,161	127,081
1849	132,046	27,691	16,639	2,693	179,069
1850	111,292	20,326	8,564	4,319	144,501
1851	140,336	24,160	8,473	1,871	174,860
1852	136,204	19,453	25,810	1,519	182,986

* Alison's History of Europe, x. 172; xviii. 13.
† *Ibid.* x. 173; xviii. 14.

tinued during the whole period of the war; nor can it in any degree be attributed to want of demand for labourers in agricultural and manufacturing occupations. The very contrary was the fact. During nearly the whole of that period, agriculture was notoriously flourishing, and the demand for labour may be in some degree estimated from the fact that from 1804 to 1814, upwards of 1000 Inclosure Acts were passed, and nearly 2,000,000 acres were brought into cultivation.* In the same period our manufacturing industry had also been decidedly though not rapidly on the increase. The *official* value (or quantity) of British produce and manufactures had risen from £22,000,000 in 1804 to £34,000,000 in 1814; and the declared or real value, from £37,000,000 to £45,000,000.† Now, if under such circumstances, and with a population of only eighteen millions, Great Britain was able to recruit an army of 250,000 men, besides militia, and often to raise 30,000 and 40,000 fresh volunteers every year, we cannot possibly fear that with a population of twenty-six millions, and such numberless inventions for economizing labour, notwithstanding the enormous increase that has taken place in all departments of industry,—we shall find any real difficulty in keeping up an army 150,000 strong, or in finding 15,000 recruits annually, provided only that we really want them, and are willing to offer them adequate inducements to enlist. It is true enough, no doubt, that with trade brisk, and agriculture flourishing, and the colonies clamorous for hands, we shall not be able to procure soldiers *so cheap* as we used to do: the greater the distress, the easier of course is always the task of the recruiting sergeant. But *it will be a mere question of inducement*—pecuniary or otherwise. Our officers will have to compete with a higher rate of wages and more inviting and numerous occupations and outlets than formerly: they will have to bid higher for their men, either in the shape of pay, of treatment, of promotion, or of pensions; but *the article is still there*, if only we are willing to purchase it at its now enhanced value. An improvement in the condition of our troops, and a material increase in their cost, we may unquestionably anticipate.

Secondly, as to agricultural labourers. It is true that it is principally from this class that emigration has hitherto proceeded, and mainly also from this class that our army is habitually recruited.* Still a little reflection will shew how groundless is the alarm now felt by many, and professed by more, as to the possible insufficiency of the remaining hands for the adequate cultivation of the soil. In the *first* place, we must remind the alarmists, that even if the emigration from Great Britain should continue at its present rate it would still leave us an annual *increase* of nearly 100,000, so that if more hands are annually wanted for agricultural purposes they can be procured. In the *second* place, we may remark, that the rural population in Great Britain generally is at this moment actually redundant, (notwithstanding the inconvenience said to have been felt in some localities at harvest time,) as may be plainly seen, both from the number of able-bodied labourers still wholly or partially dependant on parochial aid† —greatly as this number has of late years been diminished—and still more from the miserably low wages still current in many of our southern counties. *Thirdly*, the number of hands required for the cultivation of the soil appears to diminish rather than increase as the style and efficiency of agriculture improves. The census returns for 1851 have not yet been analyzed, and those for 1841 were made out in a manner which precluded comparison with any former year.‡ But if we can trust the returns for 1821 and 1831, there was an actual *diminution* in the number of families employed in agriculture, in England from 773,732 to 761,348, and in Scotland from 130,699 to 126,591; and this diminution took place although 200 inclosure Acts had been passed, and about 400,000 acres of fresh land had been brought into cultivation.‖ It appears then that we have already more hands than are needed in agricultural occupations; that the number needed is further progressively diminishing; and that if more were needed they could still be had. It is true, no doubt, that when the various crops ripen simultaneously, some difficulty may be experienced

* Porter's Progress of the Nation, i. 156, 171.

† *Ibid.* ii. 98.

* Occupation of Recruits inspected in 1845:—

Husbandmen, Labourers, &c.,	8,277
Mechanical Trades,	4,083
Shopmen and Clerks,	982
Professional,	28
	13,370

† On January 1, 1850, 172,800. On January 1, 1851, 147,500.

‡ The number of *individuals* given in the census returns of 1841 as engaged in agriculture in Great Britain in 1841, was 1,500,000, to which M'Culloch adds 800,000 as engaged in subsidiary trades, making a total of 2,300,000. But we cannot regard these figures as very reliable.

‖ Porter's Progress of the Nation, i. 52, &c.

—which was not felt formerly—in procuring the extra hands necessary to harvest them; but what does this mean but that *hitherto we have maintained a large population in costly idleness for eleven months in the year, in order to have their labour in the one remaining month*, and that in future we shall not be able to do so—a result which is surely a matter for congratulation in both an economical and a philanthropic point of view. We know well that scarcity or dearness of labour is the great stimulus to the introduction of improved processes and mechanical contrivances; and when the farmer finds that he can no longer have so many hands as he wants, exactly when he wants them, and nearly on the terms which it may suit him to pay, labour will be economized and rendered efficient, reaping machines and thrashing machines will soon come into general use, and new and improved tools will be substituted for those which have so long satisfied that stationary and unenterprising race. That wages will rise in the rural districts there can, we think, be no question; we should be grieved if it were not so: the fact of heads of families receiving only 7s. and 8s. a week, (and that not regularly,) is precisely one of those monstrous evils and anomalies for which emigration is the appointed cure. But it by no means follows that the farmer will suffer in consequence, or that the cost of raising agricultural produce will be enhanced thereby: we believe the contrary will be the result. For not only will the labour of the well-paid man be more efficient and valuable than that of the pauperized and ill-fed rustic, (as is even now found to be the case by the more skilful and energetic farmers of Leicestershire and Lincolnshire,) but the improvements consequent upon the necessity of economizing labour will give a stimulus to agriculture which it has long wanted. Moreover, the same operation which makes labour scarce and dear will make the poor-rates light; and if the opportunity is used as we trust it may be, the heaviest and most irritating burden of the farmer may be removed. He will pay his labourers higher, but will employ fewer of them; his outgoings (in rates) will be much less than now, and his crops will be improved both in quantity and quality.

Thirdly. It is feared that our manufacturing progress will be arrested, and our manufacturing superiority be jeopardized by the enormous emigration from our shores. Hitherto, it is alleged, we have been enabled to keep down the cost of production, to force our productions into every market, and to undersell all competitors, in consequence of the abundant supply of labour which we have been able to command. The whole increase of the rural districts has flocked into our industrial towns; Ireland has poured her superfluous numbers into Lancashire and Lanarkshire, and even Yorkshire has had her share. On the cost of manufacturing production depends the whole question of our successful commercial rivalry with other nations:—if that should be materially enhanced—nay, if it should not be progressively diminished as other producing nations diminish theirs, we shall be defeated in the contest; and already our competitors are everywhere treading close upon our heels. Now, mechanical improvements have gone on and are going on in all branches of our manufactures (unlike the case of agriculture) as fast as avarice or ambition could stimulate our ingenuity; we can hope for no accelerated advance in this line; and in all these improvements our rivals participate as fully as ourselves. The whole question therefore, has become one of a cheap and abundant supply of labour—precisely the thing which the wholesale exodus you are rejoicing over threatens to destroy.

We will concede at once that the effect of emigration will necessarily be to enhance the general wages of labour, and to diminish the supply, *or rather to prevent those wages falling as they must otherwise have done. Pro tanto*, and as far as it goes, it will counteract the operation of the repeal of the Corn Laws, which was, *first*, to equalize (or approximate) the wages of labour here and on the continent; and, *secondly*, not indeed to lower them here at once, but to make it possible to lower them, if at any future time the relation between demand and supply in the labour market should render such reduction just and necessary. The effect of emigration will, therefore, probably be to keep the rate of wages permanently higher here than in those continental countries which have not our facilities of outlet for their increasing population; and moreover, there can be no doubt that the rate of wages is one of the most important elements in the cost of manufacturing production. But *it is only one;* and it is precisely that one in which we have never had an advantage—in which we have been always at a disadvantage;—*in despite of our disadvantage in which our manufacturing superiority has been earned and maintained.* Our advantages have been, *first*, in more excellent machinery: this we are fast losing, if we have not already lost it; *secondly*, in greater concen-

tration; this we still maintain;—*thirdly*, in the greater energy of our people: which diminishes yearly as other nations improve; and *fourthly*, in our abundance of capital and our low interest of money, and the consequent low profits for which our capitalists are willing to work: an advantage which certainly there is at present no appearance of our losing. It is only of late that as foreign competition has become closer and more menacing, and as the hours of labour have been reduced by legislative enactments, that we have begun to look anxiously to the possibility of reduced wages of labour as necessary to enable us to hold our ground. Moreover, it is worthy of remark, that our most formidable rivals, the Americans, are precisely the only ones who have *no advantage* over us in the price of labour; and that our most formidable European rivals, the Swiss, are those who have *least advantage* over us in this item of expense.

But again: Is there any reason to fear that the annual increase of our united population *left at home*—amounting, be it remembered, to nearly 100,000—will not be sufficient to supply the demands made upon it by the supposed annual increase of our manufacturing industry? We have no certain knowledge of the actual numbers now employed in the various branches of manufactures in Great Britain;* but the following is Mr. M'Culloch's estimate of the principal ones, and we have no reason to believe it is far from the truth. It relates to the year 1845.

Number employed in the coal trade and manufacture,		177,000
" "	Iron,	100,000
" "	Tin, copper, &c.,	70,000
" "	Lead (say conjecture,)	50,000
" "	Woollen,	300,000
" "	Cotton,	550,000
" "	Silk,	35,000
" "	Linen,	85,000
" "	Hardware,	275,000
" "	Leather,	290,000
		1,932,000
Add for sundry manufactures,		68,000
		2.000,000
Add increase for seven years at 2 per cent., say,		300,000
Number now employed in manufacturing occupations,		2,300,000

Now, we have no accurate means of knowing the rate of annual increase in the number of hands employed in our various manufactures, nor even in the production in any one. It is, however, generally believed, that the cotton trade is that which increases most rapidly, and it is that also whose increase we can most exactly ascertain, as all the raw material used up is imported, and therefore accurately registered. Now, on an average of a number of years, and in round numbers, the quantity of raw cotton imported into Great Britain has increased at about the same rate as the negro population of America, (whence our chief supply is derived,) or three per cent. But, as is well known, both labour and machinery are much more efficient than formerly; a given weight of raw cotton does not require nearly the same number of hands to manufacture it as it used to do. If, therefore, we assume *two* per cent. as the increase in the labour required in the cotton trade, we shall probably be up to the mark; and if we assume that the other manufactures increase as fast as the cotton, we shall certainly be beyond the mark. Now, two per cent. on 2,300,000 persons is 46,000 a year. If, therefore, all our manufactures should increase as fast as that of cotton, and if the cotton manufacture should increase as fast as it has done for the last fifteen years,—altogether they would only require half the annual increase that remains in these islands after emigration has done its worst.*

But further;—is it necessary that our manufactures *should* increase in the same ratio as hitherto, or is it likely that they *will?* If indeed England could become, what it has always been her ambition to be—the great workshop of the world; if even it were at all probable that she could remain so much as she is at present,—we might then rationally enough look with some uneasiness upon the expatriation of so large a number of those sons through whom she was to maintain her manufacturing supremacy. But those who are intimate with the condition and history of our industrial progress, have long been aware that these hopes are utterly delusive. It is true that till now we have gone on increasing our production and our exports, because the world has been growing wealthier, our customers have been

* The census of 1841 gives 3,110,000 as engaged in commerce, trade, and manufactures, but this will include all shopkeepers, merchants, &c.

* It will, we hope, be borne in mind that we give these figures and calculations only as conjectural estimates, and with a strong impression of the uncertainty of all similar data; but they will at all events aid us in our search after the truth. Many will be startled by the reflection, "if our manufactures have hitherto absorbed only 46,000 a year of our annual increase of 200,000, what has become of the remainder?" We confess our inability to answer this question; we can only observe that whereas we have estimated our manufacturing population to increase at the rate of *two* per cent., our total population has increased at the rate of little more than one per cent. per annum. Our impression is very strong, that 100,000 additional persons every year are quite as many as we shall be able to find occupation for at home, without overstocking still further trades and professions that are already overstocked, and keeping the standard of living at an undesirably low point.

multiplying, and new markets have been opening to us as fast as old markets have closed,—but this cannot always continue at the same rate as formerly. We have now many rivals, where thirty years ago we had none; we formerly supplied nations which now partially or entirely manufacture for themselves;* we formerly had the monopoly of many markets, where we are now met and undersold by younger competitors. To several quarters we now send only that portion of their whole demand which our rivals are at present unable to supply. A far larger proportion of our production, now than formerly, is exported to distant and unproducing countries. A far larger proportion, now than formerly, is exported to our own Colonies, and our remote possessions. More relatively is sent to Asia and America, and less to Europe. Countries which we formerly supplied with the finished article, now take from us only the half-finished article or the raw material. Austria meets us in Italy; Switzerland and Germany meet us in America; the United States meet us in Brazil and in China. We formerly sent yarn to Russia: we now send cotton-wool. We formerly sent chiefly plain and printed calicoes to Germany: we now send mainly the yarn for making them. All these countries produce more cheaply than we do;—but as yet they are not producing *enough:* we therefore *supplement* them. Partly by our old restriction system, partly by the natural effect of an increasing population, they have been driven from the plough to the loom,—or have been driven to add the loom to the plough; and henceforth our manufacturing production can increase only, not by underselling or successfully competing with our rivals, but by *the demand of the world increasing faster than our rivals can supply it.* This is more or less the case with all our principal manufactures: it is pre-eminently the case with our chief manufacture, the cotton. The following tables relating to our cotton manufactures will bear out the statements we have just made:—

TABLE I.—*Shewing the Exports in* 1840 *and* 1851, *to European Producing Countries, now our rivals, of the* half-manufactured, *the* manufactured, *and the* finished *article*, i. e., *Cotton Yarn, Plain Calicoes, and Ornamental or Finished Calicoes.*

COUNTRIES.	COTTON YARN—Lbs.		PLAIN CALICOES—Yards.		PRINTED AND DYED CALICOES—Yards.	
	1840.	1851.	1840.	1851.	1840.	1851.
Russia, ...	16,884,000	3,073,000	1,685,000	1,501,000	428,000	439,000
Germany,— (Prussia, Holland, Germany, Belgium,)	63,591,000	62,232,000	27,673,000	32,173,000	46,443,000	39,948,000
France, ...	76,000	72,000	1,182,000	1,348,000	1,656,000	1,713,000
	80,551,000	65,377,000	30,540,000	35,022,000	48,527,000	42,100,000

This Table shews, that, in spite of a considerable increase of population and consumption, the chief countries of Europe, now become manufacturers themselves, take from us *less* than formerly.

* The following comparison, taken from the circular (Oct. 1852) of Messrs. Dufay and Co., (quite the first authorities on such matters,) will shew how far other countries are treading on our heels in the cotton manufacture.

Consumption of Raw Cotton by the following Countries—given in millions of lbs.

	1836-7-8.	Per cent. of the whole.	1849-50-51.	Per cent. of the whole.	Rate of Increase since 1837. Per cent.
Great Britain, . .	1154	56·6	1859	52.6	61
Russia, Germany, Holland, Belgium	176	8·6	411	11.6	133
Other continental countries, . .	449	22·0	711	20.1	58
United States, . .	260	12·8	551	15.7	112
Total, . . .	2039	100·	3532	100.	73

The comparison of 1852 will be still more against this country.

Something of the same process seems to be going on in the wool trade. The Belgian manufacturers are now competing, on more than equal terms, with the Leeds clothiers; and the following figures will give us an idea of the increase of the continental manufacture:—

Export of Foreign and Colonial Wool from Great Britain.

1848, ...	6,575,000 lbs.
1850, ...	14,054,000 „

Export of British Wools.

1848, ...	3,978,000 lbs.
1849, ...	11,200,000 „
1850, ...	12,002,000 „
1851, ...	8,517,000 „

In this year an immense increase has taken place.

First 8 months of 1851, .	5,215,000 lbs.
Do. do., 1852, .	0,203,000 „

TABLE II.—*Shewing the proportion of our Cotton Exports taken by Europe, Asia, America, and our Colonies.*

	Cotton Yarns—Lbs.			Plain Calicoes—Yards.			Printed and Dyed Calicoes—Yards.		
	1840.	1851.	Increase per cent.	1840.	1851.	Increase per cent.	1840.	1851.	Increase per cent.
Europe,	94,013,000	88,295,000	(Decrease) 6	99,347,000	126,838,000	28	107,304,000	94,878,000	(Decrease) 12
Greece, Turkey, Levant, and N. Africa,*	4,630,000	10,239,000	(Increase) 121	41,015,000	82,776,000	101	26,586,000	47,784,000	(Increase) 80
East Indian Territories,	16,014,000	23,772,000	(Increase) 48	115,217,000	284,205,000	147	29,866,000	38,227,000	28
China, Java, Sumatra, &c.,	2,681,000	5,882,000	(Increase) 119	23,015,000	150,563,000	550	6,867,000	33,300,000	385
United States,	265,000	181,000	(Decrease) 32	8,827,000	16,864,000	91	23,246,000	47,263,000	102
S. America and Foreign West Indies,	440,000	391,000	(Decrease) 11	99,041,000	150,094,000	53	97,503,000	159,715,000	64
†Our own Colonies, out of Europe,	666,000	577,000	(Decrease) 14	44,966,000	45,627,000	1½	62,093,000	60,705,000	(Decrease) 2
Our own Colonies, excluding the West Indies,	490,000	563,000	(Increase) 15	19,132,000	29,685,000	55	29,600,000	40,280,000	(Increase) 36

This Table shews an actual diminution in our exports to Europe; an increase to more distant quarters, and newer markets, varying from 48 to 550 per cent.; and an increase to our own colonies (excepting the West Indies, which we have wilfully thrown to the dogs) of from 15 to 55 per cent.

* Including Malta and Ionian Islands.

† Including West Coast of Africa.

TABLE III.—*Shewing the declared value of British Exports to different quarters of the world in* 1830, 1840, 1845 *and* 1850, *and the proportion of total Exports sent to each division.*

QUARTERS OF THE WORLD.	1830.	Per Centage.	1840.	Per Centage.	1845.	Per Centage.	1850.	Per Centage.
Europe,	£14,415,000	38	£19,713,000	39½	£22,651,000	39	£23,150,000	33
Greece, Turkey, Levant, &c.,*	1,507,000	4	1,785,000	3½	3,600,000	6	4,470,000	6½
East Indian Territories,	3,270,000	8	6,023,000	12	6,704,000	11½	8,025,000	11½
China, Java, Sumatra, &c.,	870,000	2	1,200,000	2½	3,026,000	5	2,275,000	3
United States of America,	6,132,000	16	5,288,000	10½	7,148,000	12	14,805,000	21
South and Central America and Foreign West Indies,	6,128,000	16	6,202,000	12½	6,443,000	11	7,825,000	11
British West Indies,	2,838,000	8	3,575,000	7½	2,789,000	4¾	2,213,000	3
Our other Colonies (out of Europe.)†	2,955,000	8	5,718,000	11½	6,311,000	10¾	7,674,000	11
Total,	£38,115,000	100	£49,499,000	100	£58,672,000	100	£70,437,000	100

* Including Malta, Ionian Islands, and N. Africa. † Including West coast of Africa.

Now, a careful consideration of these Tables will shew, that unless we could continue to extend our distant and colonial markets as fast or faster than we have done of late years, which even the most sanguine among us could scarcely hope for, we should ere long have been driven to seek some other provision for our increasing population than that which our manufactures have hitherto afforded them. We should have been compelled either to *create new markets*, or to lessen the numbers (or forbid their increase) who worked for the supply of foreign markets. The advantage of emigration is that it *effects both these operations*—more especially when directed to our own colonies. It diminishes or tends to check the increase of the number of producers at home, and it augments the number of consumers abroad. It checks production and multiplies markets. It increases the demand and checks the increase of the supply. The weaver, who at home was obliged, in order to maintain himself, to make calicoes for which it was often difficult to find a customer, now goes to Australia and becomes a customer himself. He *consumes* instead of *producing:* a shirt more is wanted, and a shirt less is made. Hence emigration is a double safeguard against those periods of glut and "over-production," of which we have seen so many in the last twenty years. The following Table is interesting, as showing how much better customers for British productions our own colonists are than foreigners. We cannot guarantee its *minute* correctness, because it is difficult to obtain with perfect accuracy the population of different states for particular years; but we believe it will be found a pretty fair approximation to the truth, and it is compiled from the most authentic documents.

TABLE IV.

COUNTRIES.	Population in 1849.	Consumption of British Produce and Manufactures in 1850.	Consumption per head in shillings.
China,	250,000,000	£1,575,000	·12
E. Indian Ter.	150,000,000	8,023,000	1·06
Europe,	230,000,000	23,000,000	2·0
United States,	23,000,000	14,802,000	12·9
N. Amer. Col.	2,280,000	3,235,000	28·3
Australian Col.	380,000	2,600,000	137·0

But, finally, even supposing that the emigration from these islands should continue so extensive as altogether to change the conditions of the labour market, to check our manufacturing increase, and endanger our manufacturing supremacy, is not the alarm felt at this prospect rather a consequence of mistaking the means for the end, than well-grounded and rational? No one imagines that there will not always be an ample supply of hands to maintain existing establishments: the evil apprehended is that, by draining off in a different direction the crowds which have hitherto pressed into the labour market, the rate of wages in this country will be materially enhanced, so that our manufacturers will no longer be able to produce as cheaply as formerly, nor therefore to extend as rapidly, or compete with rival nations as successfully as of yore. But what is the object of our manufacturing industry? What hitherto has made the steady increase of that industry a matter of vital and first-rate moment to us? Clearly, to provide employment and subsistence for our advancing population. But if that necessity no longer exist—if that object is provided for in another way—if our working-classes find elsewhere more lucrative employment and easier subsistence,—where, in a national point of view, is the reason for regret or fear? The increased rate of wages, which

is the real object of our alarm, can only arise from the improved prospects, the enlarged openings, the raised condition, of our labouring poor:—it therefore simply indicates that they have obtained, through another channel, the advantages which it was the aim and purpose of our manufacturing activity to secure to them. The increased rate of wages, which enhances the cost of our productions, and therefore *ceteris paribus*, limits the markets for them, is the consequence of a state of things which makes extended markets, *pro tanto*, less necessary than they were. The moment that an extension of our manufactures becomes again wanted in order to afford employment for our artisans—either in consequence of their multiplication, or of the new fields of employment closing upon them or being filled up—that moment will wages naturally fall, the cost of production be again reduced, and manufactured articles again force themselves an outlet. This or that manufacturer may be inconvenienced; this or that branch of our industry may be temporarily deranged; great changes may take place in the distribution of employments; but as the sole object of industry is to earn the necessaries and comforts of life—as the sole benefit of brisk and advancing trade is to afford ample and regular reward to those engaged in it,—*then if these objects are already present and attained—as the fact of high wages show that they are*—what more can we, as a people, desire? As soon as the check given, or expected to be given, to manufacturing activity, by scanty and high priced labour, becomes a national evil, labour will immediately and inevitably cease to be—or rather will have ceased to be—either scanty or high priced.

Why, in the vast majority of cases, do wages rise? Because labour has become more productive. Why are hands difficult to be procured for one trade? Because they are in greater demand—more highly tempted—that is, more productive in another. If, indeed, depopulation were going on to such an extent that manufacturing capital, already invested and fixed, were in danger of being thrown idle for want of hands to work it, then an actual loss of property might be deplored. But no one conceives that this will be the case. All that is feared is that we shall not be able to invest *more* capital or find *more* hands (on the old terms) for an increase of our production. But why? Simply and obviously because this capital and these hands find more tempting occupation elsewhere, and in some other line. Instead of producing calico here at 7 per cent. profit, and 10s. a-week wages, they are producing corn or wool at the antipodes, at 20 per cent. profit, and £3 a-week wages.* If the whole of our emigrating capital and labour went to our own colonies, there could be no doubt about the matter: the aggregate community would be benefited and enriched precisely in the degree in which the new field of industry was more productive than the old one. "But a large proportion of our emigrants go to America." Very true: what is the result? The British capital, which otherwise would have employed them here, partially and with difficulty, will follow and find them employment in more productive occupations, and therefore at a higher rate of profit at the other side of the Atlantic. Merchants are well aware of the enormous and increasing amount of English money now employed in America. At the moment we are writing we have received much curious information as to the extent to which Americans are endeavouring, (and succeeding,) as in 1836, to carry on their business with British capital.

So far, then, from being disposed to augur ill to Great Britain from the extent of this Modern Exodus, we augur from it the greatest and the widest good. We see in it an opening for a splendid and a happy future such as has rarely, if ever, been vouchsafed to an old country. We see in it the solution of most of our social difficulties, the cure of many of our social sores. It will supersede, render superfluous, and scatter to the winds all wild and foolish theories for national regeneration, and render practicable many sane and sober ones. Viewed aright, and used aright, it should be the commencement of a new era, richer, lovelier, nobler, and grander, than any previous epoch of our history. It is one of those critical "tides in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood lead on to fortune"—one of those glorious opportunities which, if neglected, Providence offers not again; which, if promptly seized, and judiciously and diligently turned to account, need no second advent. Let us briefly hint at a few of the consequences which it will or may produce.

1. It will greatly check and reduce within

* Many, we believe, fear that wages may rise so high that all the manufacturer's profit will be swept away, and he will no longer therefore be able to employ his people. But it is obvious that this can never be the case, (except partially and momentarily.) For it is only the manufacturer's profit that enables him to employ people or to pay wages at all. The moment that profit ceases, or falls so low as to be no inducement to carry on business, he ceases to be able to employ the people or to pay them. Employment then immediately becomes *wanted*, and wages necessarily fall, till the margin of profit is again large enough to induce the resumption of production.

beneficent limits, if not altogether terminate Irish Immigration into England. For half a century back the western shores of our island—especially Lancashire and Glasgow—have been flooded with crowds of half-clad, half-fed, half-civilized Celts, many thousands of whom have settled permanently in our manufacturing towns, reducing wages by their competition, and what is far worse, reducing the standard of living and comfort among our people by their example—spreading squalor and disease by their filthy habits—inciting to turbulence and discontent by their incorrigible hostility to law—incalculably increasing the burden of our poor-rates—and swelling the registers of crime both in police courts and assizes, to the great damage of the national character and reputation. The abundant supply of cheap labour which they furnished had no doubt the effect of enabling our manufacturing industry to increase at a rate and to reach a height which, without them, would have been unattainable; and so far they have been of service. In every other respect the Celtic settlers in the west of England have been a source of unmixed evil. We have taken considerable pains to collect a few facts which may serve as a specimen of the extent to which Irish immigration really swells the burden of British pauperism and the returns of British crime. Here are some of them:—

First. We have a carefully prepared document lying before us, from which it appears that in the three years, from November 3, 1848, to October 12, 1851, (omitting a period of nine weeks during which no account was kept,) the number of *deck passengers* arriving in Liverpool from Ireland, was 756,674, of which 531,469 were emigrants and jobbers, and 225,205, or *nearly a quarter of a million, were paupers.*

Secondly. The number of paupers passed back to Ireland by the Liverpool overseers, having become chargeable on that parish, were in

1847,	. .	15,008	
1848,	. .	7607	
1849,	. .	9507	
1850,	. .	8012	at a cost of £1386.
1851,	. .	8800	„ „ 2120.

In addition to this, the Chairman of the Board of Guardians stated, (in 1851,) that £15,000 was expended annually in relief to Irish paupers.

Thirdly. We have lying before us a report made to the Manchester Board of Guardians by their clerk, Mr. Harrop, from which it appears that while in five years, from 1846 to 1851, the *English* paupers in that union receiving out-door relief, have increased only from 2463 to 2624 families, or less than *seven per cent.*, and in total cost only £7, 10s. a week, the Irish paupers have increased from 427 to 1478 families, or more than *three hundred per cent.*, and in total cost £132 weekly, or £6864 per annum!

Fourthly. The number of cases relieved by the District Provident Society of Liverpool in 1843 and 1844, (before the famine, observe,) were 36,403, of which 19,102, or *more than half were Irish.*

Fifthly. The returns of our assize courts do not unfortunately discriminate the native country of the criminals brought before them, but the police courts of Manchester and Liverpool supply us with a standard of comparison.

Return shewing the Number of Persons taken into Custody for Offences committed in the Borough of Manchester in 1850.

Country of Offender.	Males.	Females.	Total.	Per centage of the whole.
England, ...	2393	795	3188	69·64
Ireland, ...	778	446	1224	26·72
Scotland, ...	64	29	93	2·04
Wales, ...	32	21	53	1·16
Foreigners, ...	13	7	20	·44
Total, ...	3280	1298	4578	100·00

A Return shewing the Number of Prisoners brought before the Magistrates for the Borough of Liverpool, distinguishing the different Countries to which they belong, during the following Years:—

Country.	1848.			1849.			1850.		
	Males.	Females.	Total.	Males.	Females.	Total.	Males.	Females.	Total.
Liverpool, .	..	..	..	2,862	1,607	4,469	3,043	1,776	4,819
English, . .	7,138	3,650	10,788	3,228	1,401	4,629	3,237	1,403	4,640
Irish, . . .	5,280	3,514	8,794	4,823	3,301	8,124	4,550	3,432	7,982
Scotch, . . .	644	243	887	617	207	824	620	225	845
Welsh, . . .	519	265	784	455	231	686	533	261	794
Manx, . . .	128	25	153	60	52	112	79	37	116
Foreigners, .	607	23	630	618	25	643	637	18	655
Total, . .	14,316	7,720	22,036	12,663	6,824	19,487	12,699	7,152	19,851

Sixthly. The number of low lodging-houses in the borough of Manchester (sinks of vice and crime of every sort) are 358, containing 1017 rooms, and 1953 beds, and tenanted, on an average, by 3544 lodgers every night. The persons who keep these lodging abominations are,—

English, ...	91
Irish, ...	252
Scotch, ...	5
Foreigners, ...	10
	358

2. Of the effect which our wholesale emigration will produce on the long depressed agricultural population, we have already spoken. If the advance in their earnings, and the improvement in their position, should, as we trust it will, raise their standard of comfort and of wants, instead of merely inducing them to add recklessly to their numbers, their condition may be permanently and incalculably elevated. The effect will be still more marked on the *classes dangereuses*—the distressed, reproachful and criminal classes—of our great towns. Numbers of those tailors, bootmakers, and needlewomen, of whose redundant multitudes and severe sufferings we have of late years heard so much, will no doubt emigrate themselves. Many have already done so, some through Lord Ashley's aid, and some through that of Sidney Herbert's society. Numbers more will emigrate out of the class from which these superabundant handicraftsmen have hitherto been recruited. By the combined operation they will, we may fairly hope, soon cease to be too numerous for the requirements of the community: Fifteen thousand tailors may find full employment where twenty-three thousand could only become slaves of the "sweaters," or crush each other in the internecine strife. We shall no longer hear—at least we ought not—of thousands driven into habitual theft, from the impossibility of finding any honest means of maintenance; of thousands more compelled to seek in prostitution the required addition to the scanty earnings of the needle. That "unrestricted competition," so beneficent in its healthy and natural results, so crushing to the weak when the labour market has become filled up, and yet when labourers persist in crowding into it as before—so hateful to benevolent theorists, who regard it only in its more superficial workings, and its more anomalous results, and have not insight enough, or faith enough, to trace "a blessing in disguise,"—that "unrestricted competition," which it has been of late the fashion so passionately to denounce, will again appear in its true shape, as at once a salutary stimulant, a natural check, a trustworthy and self-operating guide. We shall no longer be inundated with well-meant but ill-digested schemes for setting artificial contrivances to check-mate natural laws, and for purchasing a bureaucratic utopia by the sacrifice of individual free action. Socialism, Communism, elaborate and magnificent schemes of association—*le droit au travail*—will all disappear with that disordered condition of "the demand and supply of labour," which alone gave birth to them, or could secure them a moment's currency; the axe will have been laid to the *root* of the tree; the evil, which could never have been checked by assaults on its secondary and symptomatic operations, will have been assailed and extinguished at its *source*.

3. The diminution of our population, and the consequent lightening of the pressure in all branches of industry, will probably go far to rectify what has been pointed out as a very serious evil by our first living political economist, J. S. Mill, viz., the disproportionate and needless numbers employed in the work, not of production, but of *distribution* of the productions of others. The number of retail traders and shopkeepers is out of all proportion to the requirements of society, or the numbers of the producing classes. There are in many places ten shopkeepers to do the work which one would suffice for—such at least is Mr. Mill's estimate. Now these men, industrious and energetic as they are, do not add to the production, and therefore not to the wealth, of the community; they merely distribute what others produce. Nay more, in proportion as they are too numerous, do they diminish the wealth of the community. They live, it is true, many of them, by "snatching the bread out of each other's mouths;" but still they *do* live and often make great profits. These profits are made, it is obvious, by charging a per centage on the article they sell. If therefore there are *two* of these retailers to be supported by a community, when *one* would suffice to do the work, the articles they sell must cost that community more than need to be the case, and so far the country is impoverished by supporting an "unproductive labourer" too many. Any one who examines into the subject is surprised to find how small a portion of the price paid by the consumer for any article goes to the *producer* or importer, and how large a portion is absorbed by the distributor.* But these retailers are pre-

* "I think any one who has had occasion to inquire, in particular cases, what portion of the price paid at a shop for an article really goes to the per-

cisely the class of partially educated, shrewd, energetic men, to whom a new colony, as soon as colonization has been made attractive and customary, will be most inviting, and are peculiarly well fitted to thrive there.

4. Emigration will give us such an opportunity as probably no nation has ever yet been blessed with, of retracing our many fatal false steps on the subject of pauperism, and placing, once for all, our entire Poor-Law system on a sound, innocuous, and defensible foundation. A poor-law which taxes the industrious for the support of the idle—the frugal and provident for the sake of the wasteful and improvident—those who have accumulated property by diligence and self-denial for the behoof of those whom fecklessness and self-indulgence have kept poor—is, considered *per se*, a curse to a country, not a blessing—a sin, not a virtue, in those who have enacted it. To compel the man who has kept himself above poverty by abstaining from marriage to maintain the wife and children of the man who by marriage has sunk himself in destitution, is a monstrous injustice—a clear and crying impolicy. One only circumstance can make such a poor-law as ours *not* unjust as well as not unwise; and that is where it is obligatory upon us as a compensation for previous injustice. Where destitution has been caused by the sole fault or misfortune of the destitute, a poor-law—*i.e.* compulsory charity—is, we conceive, wholly indefensible. But where pauperism and destitution have been caused or stimulated by bad laws, by unjust social arrangements, by the sin of the community in short, then the indigent and incapacitated have a claim on public aid, *not as an inherent right, but as compensation for a committed wrong.* Now, this unquestionably has hitherto been our case. By our corn-laws, which enhanced the price of food—by our restrictive commercial policy, which curtailed the demand for labour—by our old legislative and administrative follies, which stimulated multiplication, and thus unnaturally increased the supply of labour—by our false doctrines and neglected duties which taught the people error, and did not educate them till they could perceive the truth, on subjects which directly bore upon their social condition—we wronged them, and made ourselves responsible for much of their poverty and incapacity. As far then, and as long, as we had caused or aided their pauperism, we were morally bound to endure it and relieve it. But now we have abjured our blunders, and retraced our steps. We have done much towards educating the people in better habits and in sounder views. We no longer stimulate population by parish allowances regulated according to the multitude of children. We have removed all restrictions on trade, and all taxes on food. The working classes have now, in all respects, fair play. In future,—*i.e.*, as soon as the destitution we have caused shall have died out, and the superabundant population we have tempted into life shall have been absorbed,—the only *claim* of the poor upon the rich for compulsory aid will have been cancelled. And of the mischievous and demoralizing effect of a poor-law, when no longer demanded by justice, nearly every man with whom we need to reason is painfully convinced. As soon, therefore, as the demand for labour has overtaken the supply, and there can, in consequence, be no able-bodied pauperism which is not voluntary and wilful, the moral claim of the able-bodied to relief ceases, and their legal claim should cease also. But with the claim of the able-bodied, the claim of the aged and infirm ceases too. For they are a natural and providentially ordered burden, not upon the community, but on their relatives. The able-bodied man ought by the law of Nature, and is enabled by the power which Nature has given him, to support not only himself, but those dependent on him. And the moment ample work and wages are at the command of the able-bodied, that moment does the maintenance of *his* children, *his* sick, *his* disabled, devolve upon him. *That moment emigration has now brought*, or will probably bring. And if our legislators do not seize the happy opportunity to undo a great evil, to amend an enormous blunder, to repeal a most disastrous, paralyzing, and corrupting enactment, on them, and no

son who made it, must have been astonished to find how small it is. It is of great importance to consider the cause of this. . . . . It does not arise from the extravagant remuneration of capital. I think it proceeds from two causes: one of them is, the very great, I may say, *the extravagant portion of the whole produce of the community which now goes to mere distributors;* the immense amount that is taken up by the different classes of dealers, and especially by retailers. Competition has, no doubt, some tendency to reduce this rate of remuneration: still I am afraid that, in most cases, and looking at it as a whole, the effect of competition is, as in the case of the fees of professional people, rather to divide the amount among a larger number, and so diminish the share of each, than to lower the scale of what is obtained by the class generally." "If the business of distribution, which now employs, taking the different classes of dealers and their families, perhaps more than a million of the inhabitants of this country, could be done by a hundred thousand people, I should think the other nine hundred thousand could be dispensed with."—*J. S. Mill: Evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons*, 6th June, 1850.

longer on inevitable circumstance or on ancestral fault, will lie a terrible responsibility and an ample penalty.

5. The great stimulus that our extensive emigration will give to every branch of the shipping interest must not be overlooked. According to M'Culloch, (British Empire, ii. 71,) the registered amount of British and Irish tonnage (above fifty tons, and such vessels only are used in ocean voyages) was in 1845, 2,856,000. It is certainly now not less than 3,000,000. Now, since each ship carrying emigrants to America can make about three voyages in the year on an average—and each one sailing to Australia can make one voyage, out and home, every year; then since the Passengers' Act limits the number to be taken to one person to every two tons; and since, in round numbers, about 50,000 go to Australia and 300,000 to America, we arrive at the fact, that the emigrant business alone gives full employment to 300,000 tons of shipping, or ten per cent. of our whole mercantile navy, independent of the coasting trade.*

6. The effect of emigration in relieving the overstocked professions—the Church, the Bar, the Army, and the Medical Profession—seems at first sight scarcely likely to be so powerful as its operation in other directions. But we are disposed to think that this is merely a question of time and directness. It is very true that comparatively few of those now engaged in, or intended for, the learned professions, are likely to emigrate, or to make good emigrants. On the other hand, some of the most energetic and successful emigrants have been officers of the army and navy. And though many physicians, clergymen, and lawyers may not go out, yet as soon as, under proper management, the colonies become as attractive as they might be made, ought to be made, and, we believe, soon will be made, numbers of those whom the lack of any other eligible outlet now forces into the learned professions, will direct their prospects into the more hopeful channel of colonisation. They will early be taught to look to that as their line of life, and will qualify themselves for it accordingly; and thus the professions will yearly become less crowded, not because many will leave them, but because fewer will flock into them. In addition to this, the vacancies made by the emigration of the more energetic classes below them, who now monopolize such situations as clerkship, railway officials, &c., will make an opening for them. On the whole, we are inclined to hope that the higher and middle classes may ultimately feel the relief as sensibly as every other section of the community. Even now they emigrate in considerable numbers. We have no means of stating *precisely* how many of these classes are now leaving the mother country, but the number of cabin passengers returned by the Emigration Commissioners give us at least a good approximation. These were, in 1851, 16,616, or just *one-twentieth* of the whole emigration,—of whom 9979 went to the United States, 1111 to the North American colonies, and 2401 to Australia, or *one-ninth* of the total number who went there. Surely these numbers are encouraging enough.

Further, all this emigration causes a certain, inevitable increase of our commerce, by which the upper classes in this country, if they are not too foolish and languid, cannot fail to profit.* Every emigrant becomes not only a customer for what England can produce, but a producer of what England wants and can purchase. Every man who goes to Canada grows corn and wants calico. Every man who goes to Australia sends us wool and takes from us broad cloth. He becomes a purchaser to the extent of £6 or £7, and a producer to probably ten times that amount.

But our higher classes must prepare themselves for this change in the future career which lies open to them: the education which fitted them for the liberal professions will not fit them for the active ones—the education which sufficed while elegant indolence was their destined lot, will be fatally inadequate when they are to strive and struggle in conflict with nature and in competition with their fellows. They must brace up their energies, and prepare and resolve to do their work in life; and then, to them as to all other ranks, the Modern Exodus may be an incalculable blessing and a noble opportunity.

* The demand for vessels for the purposes of emigration is now so great that the passage money to Australia has risen from £12 to £21 per head.

* A previous Table (p. 158,) shews that our present emigration cannot fail to increase the demand for our productions less than half a million yearly. Thus.

275,000	Emigrants to United States,	at 13s. a-head,	£178,750
40,000	„	North American Colonies, at 28s. „	56,000
50,000	„	Australia, at £6 „	300,000
			£534,750

INDEX TO VOL. XVII.

A

Albert, Prince, his Industrial College of Arts and Manufactures. See Industrial College.
Alfred, King, 78—the two great elements of our race, ib.—original condition of mankind one of culture, ib.—difference between a rude and a savage people, 79—youth of Alfred—journey to Rome, 80—his mysterious disease, 82—his relations with the Church, 83—his first interview with Asser, monk of St. David's, 84—character of his literary works, 85—his political institutions, 86—his Protestantism, 87—merits of Dr. Pauli's book—character of the Rev. J. A. Giles' "Life of Alfred, 87, 88.
American poetry, 212—its general character, ib.—Longfellow, 213—Bryant, 219—Thomas Buchanan Read, 220—Edgar Poe, 222—mediocrity of American poets, 224—recommendations, 224–226.
Anglo-Catholics found their tenets upon the Liturgy, 203.
Aquilonius on binocular vision, 91, note.
Archæology. See Primeval.
Asser, monk of St. David's, his connexion with King Alfred, 84.
Auchterarder case, statement of, 136.
Australia, Ornithology of, 180.

B

Balmez, Rev. J., leader of a new intellectual school in Spain, 57—aims at the internal revival and restoration of the Spanish Church, ib.—his work on civilisation reviewed, ib.
Baptismal regeneration, 207—no trace of infant baptism in the New Testament, 209.
Binocular vision and the stereoscope, 88—inventions have their infancy and manhood, 89—Leonardo da Vinci's observations, 90—each eye sees dissimilar pictures of solids, ib.—Mr. Wheatstone's theory of the stereoscope erroneous, 92, 93—Sir David Brewster's law of visible direction, 93—history of his lenticular stereoscope, 94—his theory of the stereoscope, 95—method of taking accurate binocular pictures, 96—why the perspective of a picture is best seen with one eye, 98—influence of size in lenses, ib.—monocular and binocular portraits incorrect, ib.—method of uniting the two, 99—superiority of the lenticular stereoscope, 100—use of the stereoscope to painters and sculptors, 101—photographical pictures combined by the stereoscope, 101, 102—effects of the union of similar pictures, 103—illusions resulting from this union, 104—conversion of relief, cameos and intaglios, 105, 106—inversion of form, single and binocular cameoscopes, 107—chromatic stereoscope, relief from colour, 108—binocular perspective, theory of a picture, 108, 109.
Brain, its relation to the mind, 24.
Brewster, Sir David, account of his stereoscopes, 94.
British statesmanship and policy, prospects of, 1—requirements and dangers of the day, 2—list of potential statesmen, 3—materials for future cabinets, 4–6—administrators wanted rather than legislators, 7—real irresponsibility of ministers, ib.—cause of the scanty supply of public men, 9—character of middle-class representatives, 10—undesirableness of parliamentary life, 10, 11—administrative genius and dialectic skill seldom meet in one mind, 12—bounded sympathies of London senators, 15—union of the two functions of the Lord Chancellor, ib.—remedy for existing evils, 17—need of *ex officio* seats, 18—suggestion as to unrecognised statesmen, 19—Henry Taylor's opinion, 20—temper of Mr. Roebuck's work, 21.
Burns, Robert, his interview with Walter Scott, 153—Francis Jeffrey attracted by the sight of him on the High Street of Edinburgh, 154.
Bryant, W. C., review of his "Thanatopsis," 219.

C

Cabinets, materials for future, 4–6.
Calamus, its origin and use in the Church, 64.
Cameoscopes, single and binocular, 107.
Carlyle's Latter-Day Pamphlets reviewed, 1.
Chalmers, Dr., Memoirs of, 110—the man of an epoch, ib.—a great man, 111—distinguished for *momentum*, unity of intention, transparent simplicity, 111, 112—conflict between the man and the Christian, 112—conquest over the idolatry of self, 113—the secret of his power lies in the concentration of his faculties, and their subordination to the higher purposes of his life, 114—relative religious condition of England and Scotland in his time—moderatism, 115—religious revival and the Westminster Confession, 116—his evangelic mission, ib.—ordinary pulpit style, 117—his personal influence, 118, 119—influence in the professorial chair, 119, 120—preference of the chair to the pulpit, 120—impulse communicated to the ministerial mind of Scotland, 123—his function as a systematic philanthropist, 124, 125—his advocacy of establishments, 125—harmony between the principle of establishments and the principles resulting in the Disruption, 128–130—Dr. Chalmers's connexion with it misunderstood, 131—the Veto Law, 135—Non-intrusion controversy, 136—his part in the Disruption, 143.
Church of England, liturgical reform in, 144.
Church Establishments, Dr. Chalmers's advocacy of, 125—light thrown upon the question by the Disruption, 149.
Church of the middle ages, its effects on European society, 61.
Civilisation, progress of, under Popery and under Protestantism, 59.
Clarendon, Lord, qualifications as a statesman, 3.
Cockburn's "Life of Jeffrey" reviewed, 153.
Combe, George, review of his "Constitution of Man," 22.

D

Despotism, priestly, effects of, upon a nation, 67.
Disruption of the Scottish Establishment, 128—es-

sential differences between the Scotch and English Reformations and the established forms of worship, 129—absurb to subject the two to the same treatment, 130—increase of the evangelical party, 131—the outcry against patronage a necessary result, 132—the Call of the people, ib.—rendered a nullity, 133—different proposals for giving effect to it, 134—the Veto Law, 135—warmly commended by Lord Brougham, ib.—Non-intrusion controversy, 136—the Auchterarder case, ib.—the two parties in the Church, 137—the temper of statesmen, 138, 139—the preceding events, 141—the pleas of Government, 142—reason of the Disruption, ib.—English and Scotch Church principle, 144—the Headship, ib.—co-ordination practicable, 146—problems involved in the Disruption, 148—Church Establishments, 149—waste of religious organization, 150—fiscal economy of the Free Church, 150, 151.

E

Earle, Sullivan, review of his Life of Gilbert Arnold, 38.
Establishments, Religious, Chalmers's advocacy of, 125—in harmony with the principles which resulted in the Disruption, 128–130.
Exhibition of 1851, statistical details of, 287—its results, 289, 290.

F

France, industrial education in, 280—the first exhibiting nation in the Crystal Palace, 291, 292.

G

Giles, Rev. J. A., character of his Life of King Alfred, 87, 88.
Gladstone, Mr., his qualifications as a statesman, 3.
Gould, John, his "Birds of Australia" reviewed, 176.

H

Hall, James, notice of his paper on binocular perspective, 109.
Hanna, Dr., review of his Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers, 110.
Hensler, Madame, her Life of Niebuhr, 226.
Hexameters next to impossible in a language like ours, 214.
Holland, New, birds of, 180.

I

Industrial College of Arts and Manufactures proposed by Prince Albert, 278—neglect of industrial education in England, 279—Industrial institutions of France, 280—Account of the *Ecole Centrale des Arts*, 281—decline of English science, 285—resolution to establish a great Central College of Industry, 292—relation between abstract science and art, 294—views of Liebig and Humboldt, 296—Minister's pledge to develop industry, art, and science, 298.

J

Jeffrey, Cockburn's Life of, 153—merits of the biography, 160—his boyhood, 161—juvenile performances, ib.—"command of language," 162—residence at Glasgow and Oxford, 163—political condition of Scotland, 163–165—Lord Melville the *Pharos* of Scotland, 164—Jeffrey attaches himself to the Scottish Whig party, 165—professional life, 165, 166—the Edinburgh Review, 166—his understanding of Scottish Whiggism, 167, 168—qualifications as a critic, 171—specimens, 172, 173—new era in British literature, 175.

L

Lenticular Stereoscope, account of its invention by Sir D. Brewster, 94—its superiority, 100.
Leonardo da Vinci on binocular vision, 90.
Life and Chemistry, 70—the Lord of science, 72—the chemical elements, ib.—chemistry of exorganic forms, 73—only analytical, not synthetical, 74—histological physiology, 75—the brain and the nervous system, 76—Swedenborgian physiology, ib.
Lewis, G. Cornewall, his work on the "Method of observation and reasoning in politics" reviewed, 298.
Liturgical reform in the Church of England, 199—unrivalled excellence and beauty of the liturgy, ib.—the cause of this, ib.—the Church of England a Church of compromise, and with this view the liturgy was framed, 200—Parliament averse to making changes on the liturgy, 201—an age of religious earnestness adverse to compromise, 202—the liturgy the bulwark of Anglo-Catholics, 203—the Athanasian creed, 205—no error of doctrine in the burial service, 205, 206—objection to the absolution in the service for the visitation of the sick, 206—the ordination service, 206, 207—the service for infant baptism, 207—Sacerdotalism, ib.—fatal objection to the present baptismal service, 208—authority for infant baptism, 209, 210—the language of the Apostolic Church does not apply to infant baptism, 211—importance of exegesis, 212.
Longfellow, H. W., criticism of his poetry, 213.

M

Monastic Orders, services of, in multiplying books, and in redeeming Christian slaves, 63.
Moseley, Joseph, his "Political Elements, or the progress of Modern Legislation" reviewed, 298.

N

Niebuhr, Life and Letters of, 226—his boyhood, 227 intelligence and information, 228—master of twenty languages, 229—philology and history his favourite studies, ib.—first residence at Copenhagen, 231—his opinion of London and Edinburgh, 232, 233—his marriage, 233—his political life in Prussia, 234—Lectures on Roman History at Berlin, 235—his own opinion of the first volume of his history, 236—Niebuhr and Goethe's opinions of one another, ib.—second marriage and mission to Rome, 237—opinion of Rome and its inhabitants, 238—his son, opinions as to infant training, 238, 239—life and lectures at Bonn, 239, 240—illness and death, 241—impressions of his character, 241—his religion, 243—merits and defects as a historian, 245.

O

Ornithology, 176—pleasure derived from the study, 177—numerical amount of species, ib.—the condor of the Cordilleras the largest, 178—the Tringa the most widely extended, 179—the representative species, 180—birds of Australia, 180, 181—special features of Australian Ornithology, 182—the buzzard, 183—bower-birds, the parrot, 183, 184—the pigeon, 185—mound-building birds, 186—swimming birds, 187—pelicans and cormorants, 188—birds of Ireland, 189—migratory movements of birds, 189, 190—geographical distribution, 190—effect of industrial operations on birds, 191—eagles, 192—hawks and owls of Ireland, 193, 194

incessorial or perhaps perching birds, 194—thrushes and titmice, 196—the crow, the magpie, 196, 197.

P

Parliament, Mr. Carlyle's view of, 13.
Parliamentary life, undesirableness of, 10, 11.
Pauli, Dr. Reinhold, his biography of King Alfred reviewed, 78.
Periodical Literature, recent change in, 174.
Photography, benefit of the stereoscope in, 97.
Phrenology, its place and relations, 22—general view of Combe's "Constitution of Man," ib.—its relation to religion, 23—relations of the brain and the mind, 24—the pretension of phrenology to point out not only the *places where* but the *manner how* the brain and mind are connected, 25—new light thrown upon old and familiar doctrines by phrenological jargon, 27—organs as indications of character, 28—size and activity of the organ, ib.—phrenology and moral science, 29, 30—Mr. Combe's three sources of crime, 30—if man is the victim of his nature, punishment inadmissible, 31, 32—phrenology and religion, 33—spiritual beliefs, 35—Mr. Combe's key to the true theory of the divine government, 36—evils of our social system, ib.—chief fault of Mr. Combe's work, 37.
Playfair, Dr. Lyon, on the decline of science in England, 285—lecture on the results of the Exhibition, 291.
Poe, Edgar, criticism of his poetry, 222.
Political Parties, crisis of, 299—condition of our "political elements," ib.—fatal equipoise, 300—danger of a lax morality among public men, 301–303—Mr. Disraeli's recantation indefensible, 304—unworthy language of Lord Derby, 304—prolongation of the Whig party not desirable, 305—the real parties in England, 306—the Grand Desideratum, the Eclectic party, 308—its composition, 308, 309—its policy, 309, 310.
Portraiture and Sculpture, application of the stereoscope to, 101.
Primeval Archæology of Britain, 246—importance of the science, ib.—estimate of Dr. Wilson's work, 246, 247—aims of the science, 248—the stone period, 249—its remote antiquity, 250—the bronze period, 251—the races of these periods, 253—the "stone" men Allophylians, 254—two Allophylian or ante-Celtic races, 256—bronze probably of Gaelic introduction, 257.
Protestant divisions indicative of freedom and intellectual activity, 70.
Protestantism and Romanism compared in their effects on civilisation, 59, 60.

R

Read, T. B., criticism of his poetry, 220.
Roebuck's "History of the Whig Administration of 1830" reviewed, 1.
Romanism, errors of, 257—Archbishop Whately's "Cautions for the Times," 259—specimens of successful refutation of Popish errors, ib.—the *new* and the *old* religion, ib.—private judgment, 260—worship of saints and the Virgin, ib.—transubstantiation, 261—Popery confirms the depraved tendencies of human nature, while Protestantism opposes them, 263—superstition, 264—extreme unction and purgatory, 265, 266—vicarious religion, 266—pious frauds, 267—infallibility, 268—origin of Romish errors, 269—persecution, 271, 272—self-righteousness, 272—views of the Reformers to the time of Bishop Bull, 273—Bishop O'Brien on justification, 275—Cardinal Bellarmine and Bishop Bull, 276—the true author of Popery, 278.
Romanism and European civilisation, 56—connexion of the Roman Church with European progress, 58—the terms Catholic and Christian synonymous with Balmez, 59—the Church of the Empire, 60—the Church and the Barbarians, 62—emancipated the body but enchained the soul, 64—the cup and calamus, ib.—civilizing effects of the two elements as manifested in Spain and Great Britain, 65—priestly despotism, 67—partial civilisations, 68—Protestant divisions, 70.

S

Sacerdotalism the prolific source of almost every corruption, 207.
Saxons, character of the, in the days of Alfred, 75.
Scotchmen, century of eminent, 154—their classification, 154, 155—*Scotticism* of Scotchmen, 155—peculiarity of Scottish as compared with English thought, 157—Scottish influence in philosophy, 158—in literature, 159—Scottish Whiggism, 167 Scottish criticism, 170.
Spain, effects of Popery on, 67.
Statesmen, survey of present and prospective British, 2, 3—qualifications required in, 12.
Stereoscope, its history, construction, and application, 89—superiority of the lenticular, 100.
Swedenborg's description of what poetical language should be, 225.

T

Taylor, Henry, his work entitled "The Statesman" reviewed, 1.
Thompson, William, review of his Natural History of Ireland, 176—short notice of his works, 176, 177, note.
Tractarian poison insidiously conveyed in stories for the young, 40.

V

Village life in England, 38—books for the poor, 39—Tractarian story-books, 40—Mr. Sullivan Earle's "Gilbert Arnold," 40, 41—"Companions of my Solitude," 41—Communication between rich and poor, ib.—duties of the English housewife, 42—antidote to the alehouse, 43—houses for the poor, 44—condition of the daughters of the poor, ib.—great sin of great cities, the source often lies in rural districts, ib.—seduction, 46—judicious treatment at the turning-point of the career, 47—employment of females, needlework, 49—evils in the management of village shops, 50—duty of the rich to employ their poorer neighbours, 51—the schoolmaster, 52—lending libraries, 53—savings club, ib.—remissness of the clergy, ib.—opportunities for good, 54, 55—claims of the poor and duties of the rich, 55, 56.
Voss, the poet, his connexion with Niebuhr, 228, 230—Niebuhr's opinion of his poetry, 231.

W

Whately, Archbishop, on the "Errors of Romanism"—see Romanism—defects of his work, 263.
Wheatstone, Charles, his theory of binocular vision, 89.
Whiggism, Scottish, 165—Jeffrey's theory of, 167, 168.
Wilkinson, J. J. G., review of his work on the Human Body and its connexion with Man, 70—a disciple of Swedenborg, 72.
Wilson, Daniel, LL.D., his work on Archæology reviewed, 256.
Worsaae, J. J. A., his "Primeval Antiquities of Denmark" reviewed, 256.